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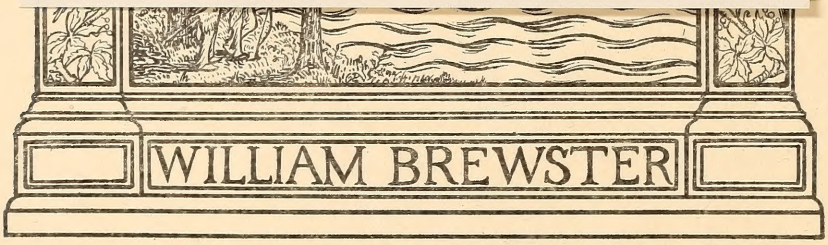

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RECREATION

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO EVERYTHING THE NAME IMPLIES

◆

VOLUME XV
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1901

◆

G. O. SHIELDS, (Coquina), Editor and Manager

◆

NEW YORK
23 West Twenty-fourth Street
1901

C.

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NUMBER 1

JULY 1901

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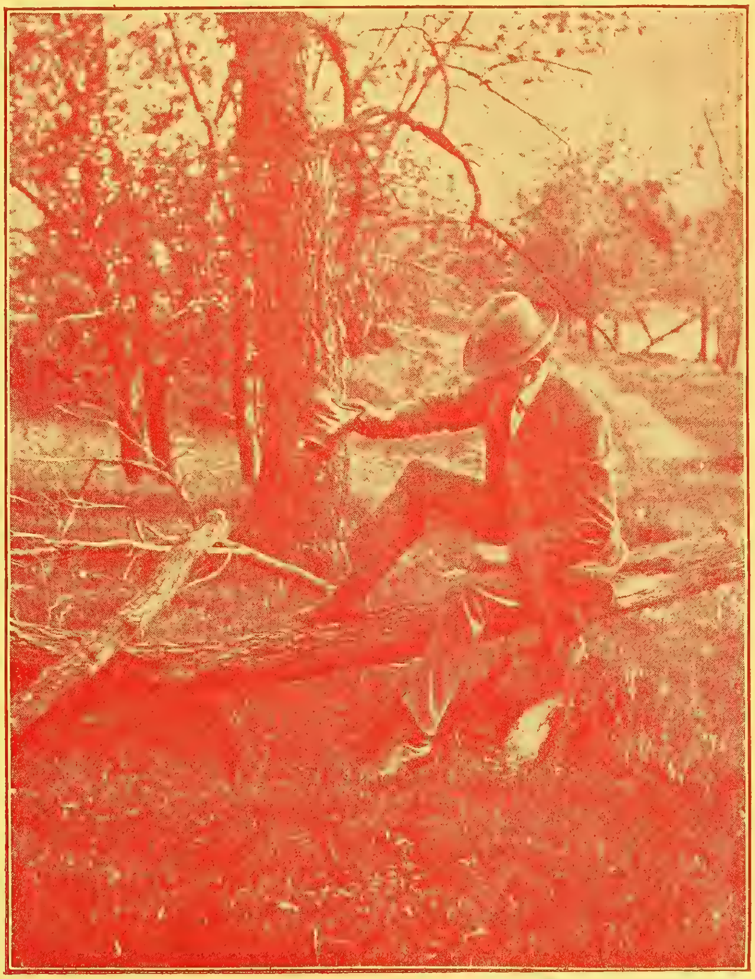
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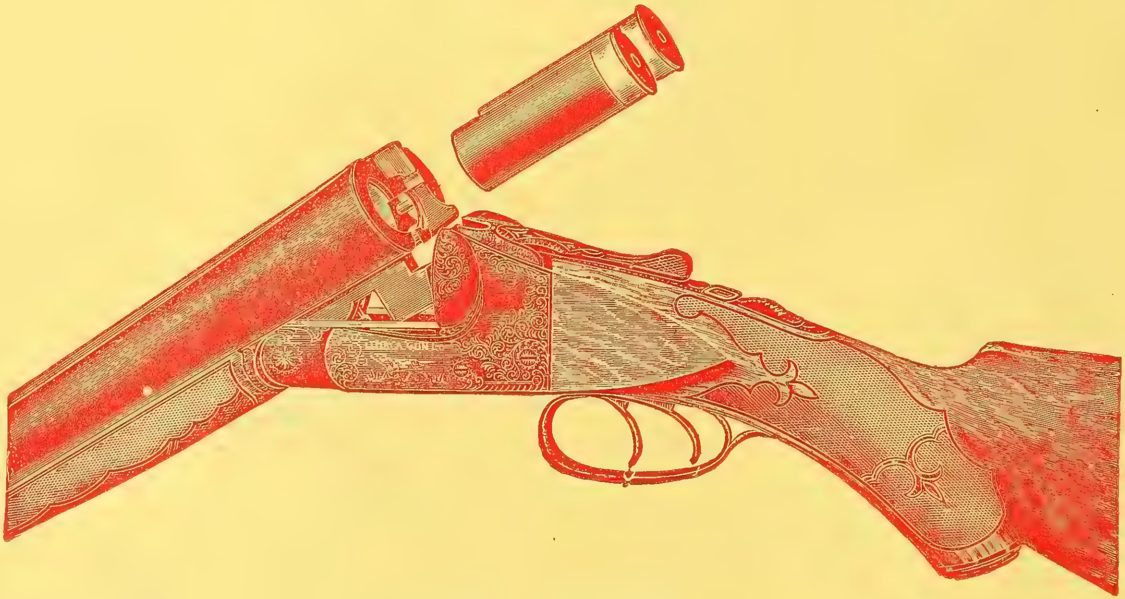

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
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Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post-Office, Oct. 17, 1894.

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GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS, ...	$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½% basis)	2,484,392.52
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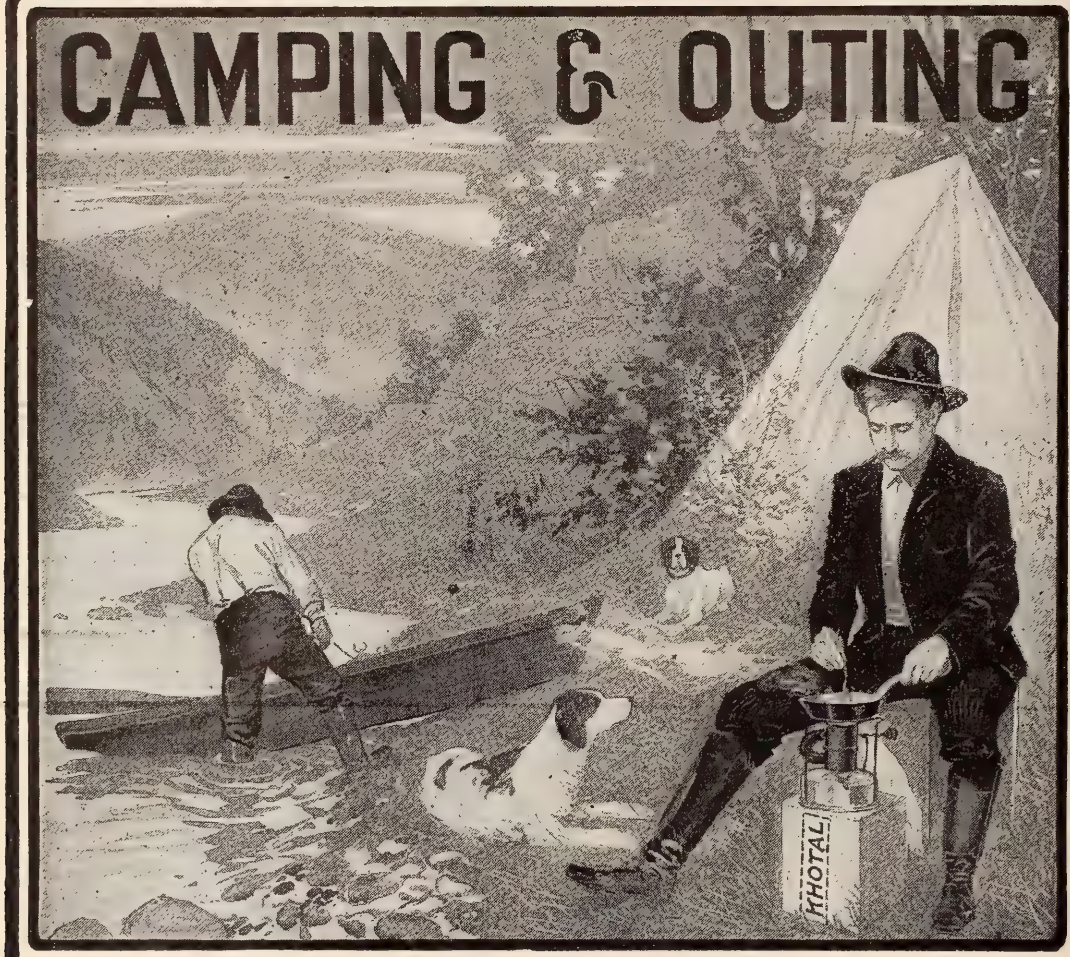

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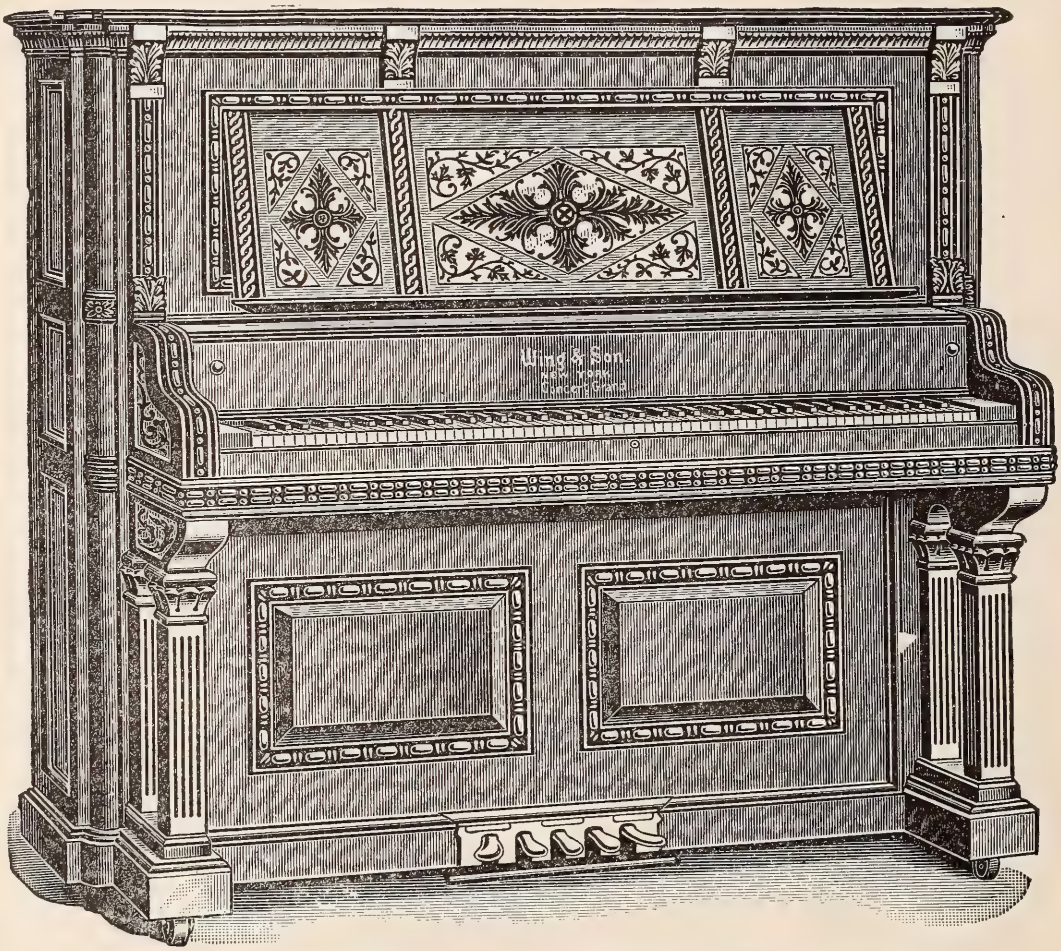

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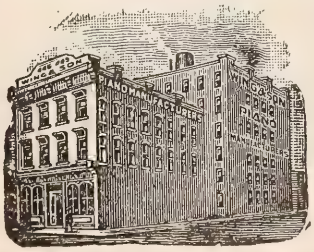

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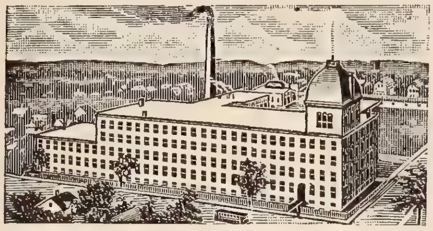

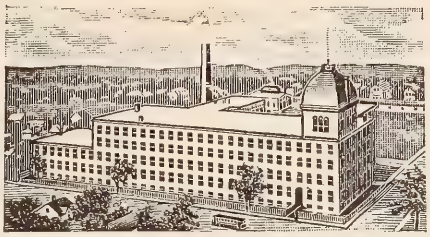

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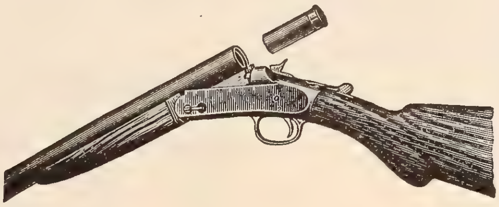

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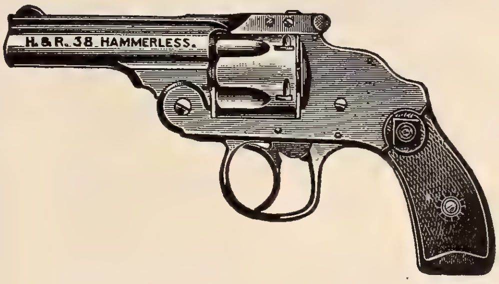

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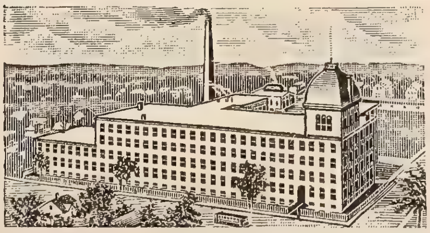

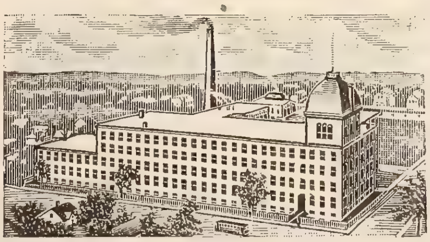

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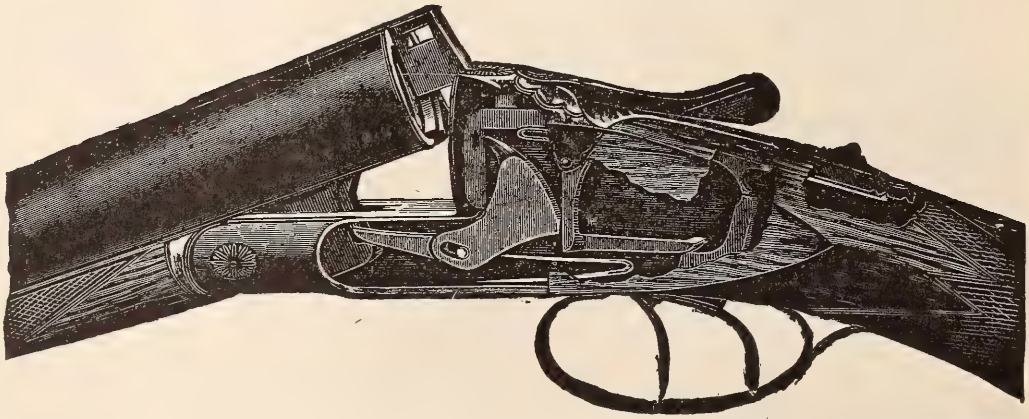

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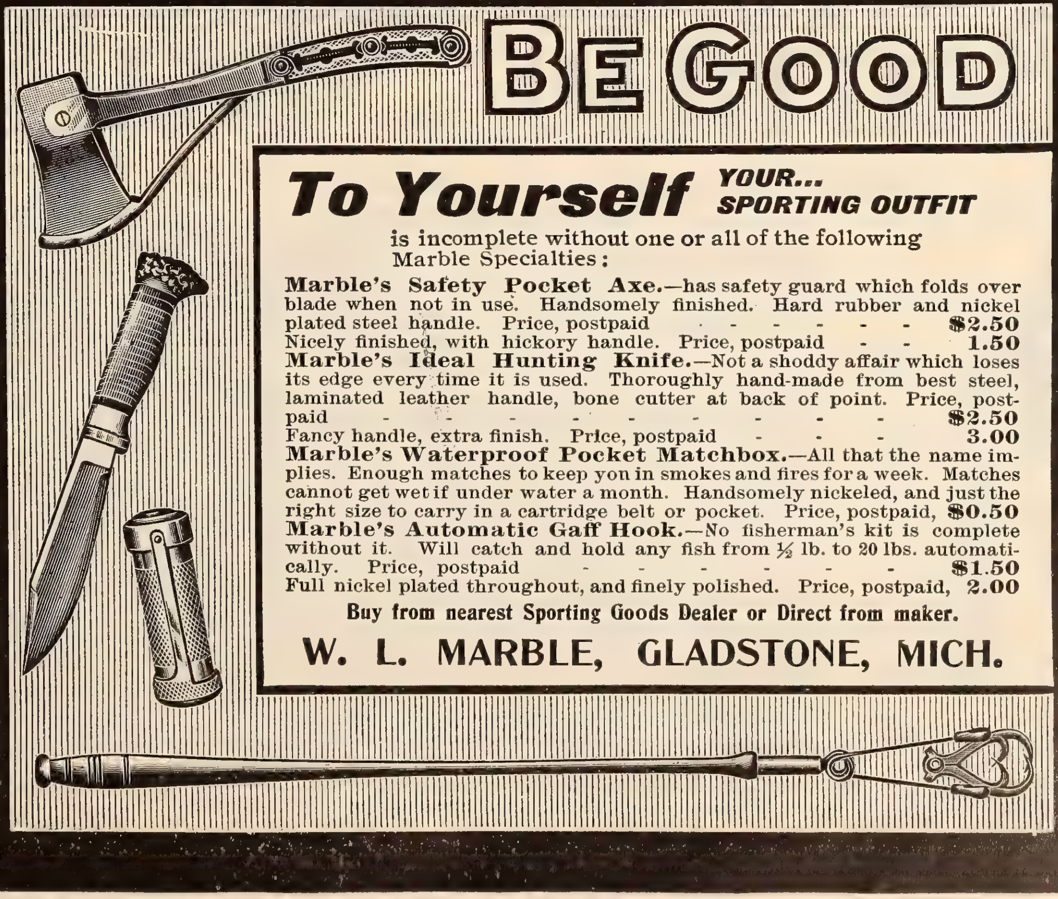

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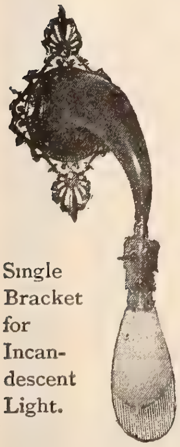

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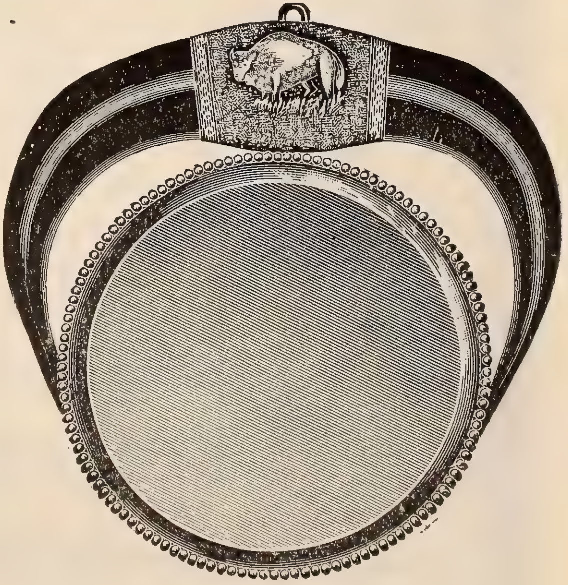

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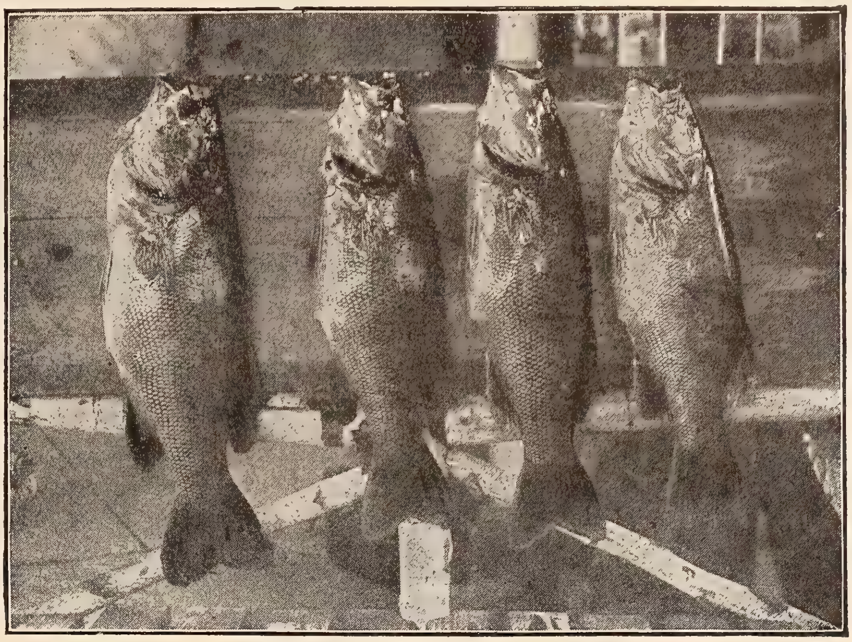

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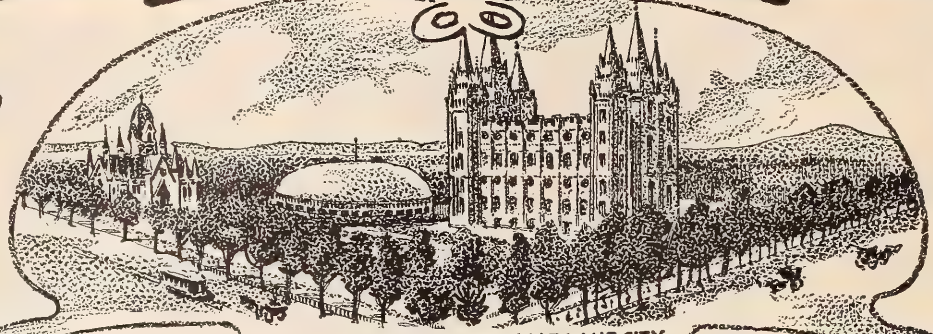

THE TEMPLE SQUARE—SALT LAKE CITY

SUMMER TOURS

IN THE

Rocky Mountains

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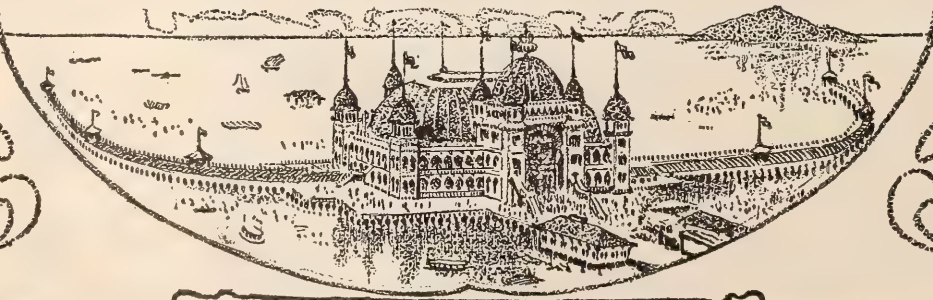

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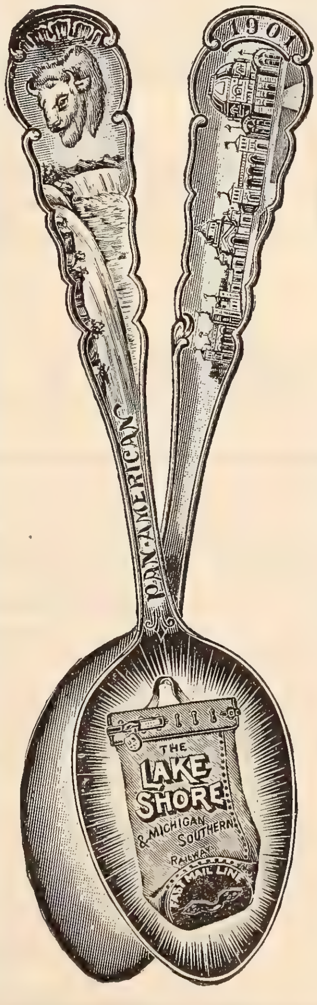
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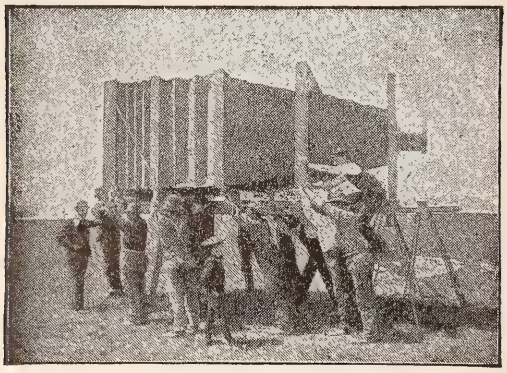

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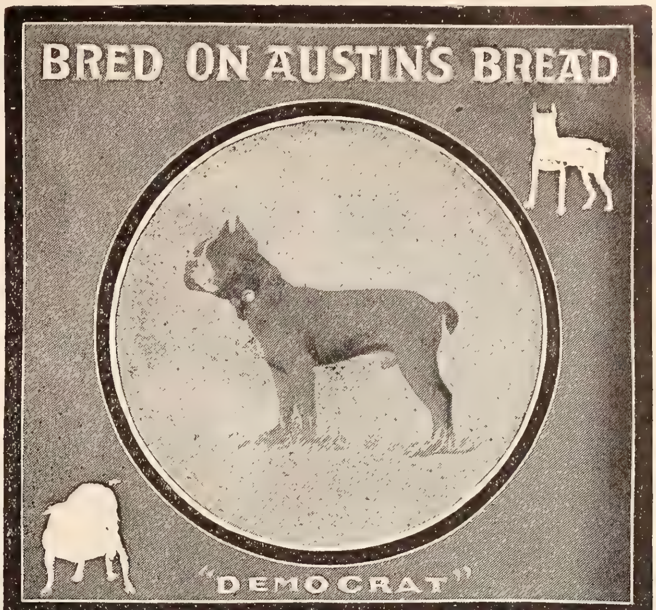

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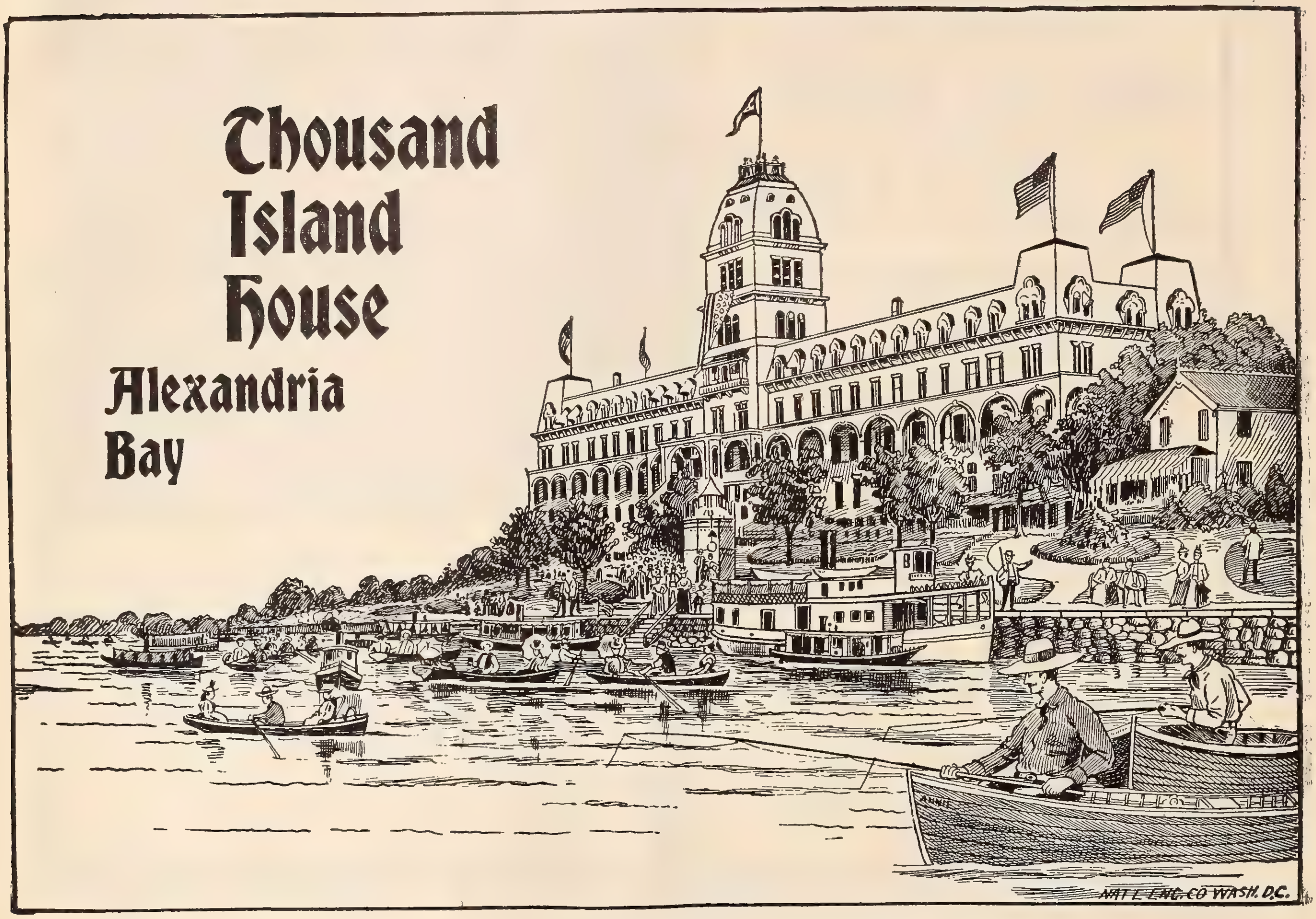

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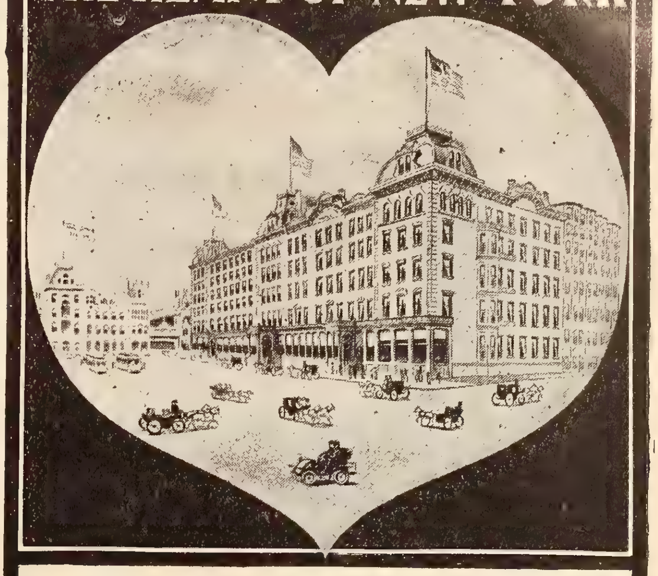

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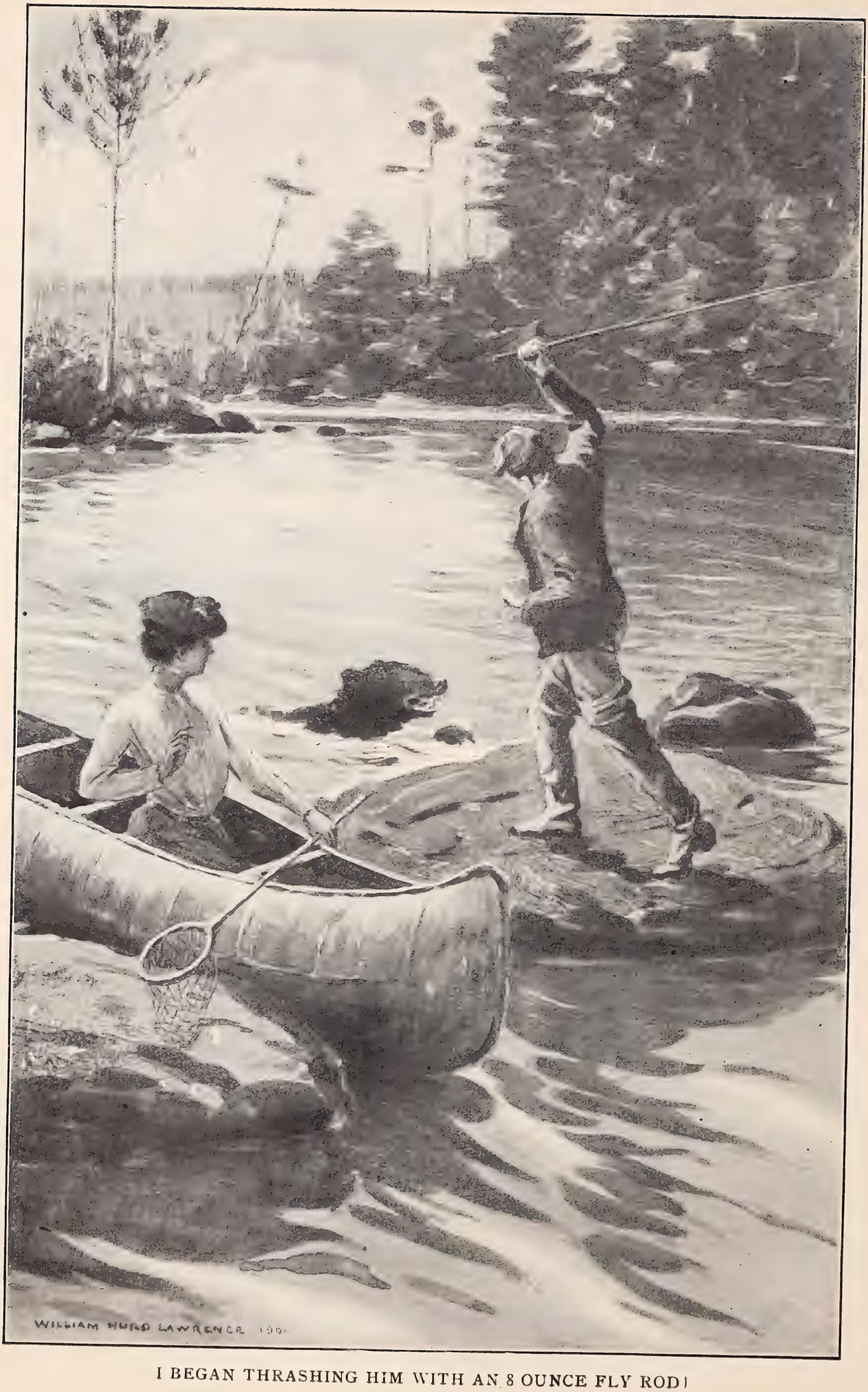

WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE 1901

I BEGAN THRASHING HIM WITH AN 8 OUNCE FLY ROD!

RECREATION

Volume XV. JULY, 1901. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

CANOE AND CAMP IN NOVA SCOTIA.

F. C. STOWELL.

September's sun never shone more fair nor did the ship's deck ever carry a jollier crowd. Our quartette bunched early and settled on deck, just as the big steamer swung into the stream and began nosing her way through the ubiquitous small fry of the inner harbor. We were a congenial party, for there we sat through the devious harbor passage, through the panorama of islands with forts and without, and of beacons with and without lights; sat till the gilded dome on Beacon Hill had faded out of sight; till the autumnal sun, poising an instant on wavy crests, had sunk, reluctant, into the sea. As darkness fell we, too, joined the procession and went below. And why not? The supper gong was sounding.

When I awoke next morning and poked my head through the solitary opening of fresh air and daylight into our berth the sun was just swinging up over the fair Isle of Evangeline, and I could see the steeples and housetops of a coast city lying low on the horizon. I informed Mrs. S. of this discovery, and by the time we had finished toilets and strapped up belongings the steamer was at her pier. We hastened ashore for the usual interview with customs officers and, having made peace with them, returned to the steamer for breakfast.

A rail run of 70 odd miles through quaint Annapolis valley took us to Annapolis proper, whence we were to detour radically from the main thoroughfare. The number of tourists and sportsmen who recognize Nova Scotia as a delightful field for an outing increases every season. But these people usually hasten across the Province by the only rail route from Yarmouth to Halifax direct, or vice versa. They know little of the remoter settlements or their people, and nothing of the great interior wilderness of the island.

A leisurely stroll about the old earthworks and crumbling magazine once defending and still overlooking the picturesque Annapolis basin interested us till we started on our long drive 60 miles inland. Fine weather favored this drive; even the ladies were not much fatigued, and we enjoyed every foot of the journey. We pulled into the mining settlement of Whiteburn about noon of the second day, having rested comfortably overnight at a halfway house.

Whiteburn did not suggest an origin from any such feverish excitement and turmoil as culminated in a Leadville or a Cripple Creek, or it must have been long, long ago. However, extensive gold operations were carried on there in the past. Several mines are still worked profitably, and prospecting continues apace. But our interest there was our host, an old friend, a miner and a royal good fellow. He was to captain our outing, a happy circumstance, for in addition to a perfect knowledge of the territory, he was a thorough sportsman, an expert with rod, rifle or paddle.

Two days at Whiteburn completed details, and on the morning of September 7th we sent off the first team with our canoes and camp duffle. A few hours later we donned our woods regimentals and followed in a lighter rig. The mining settlement had seemed almost at the end of the world, yet we pushed into the wilds 13 miles farther before we launched our canoes and the real trip began. Like grim death we hung on over some of the worst stretches of that 13 miles. The main road was generally good, but there were a few short cuts that a "crow would have wept tears of blood to fly over." to say nothing of going in a spring wagon. Springs are worse than a bare axle in such places, for though they mitigate sudden shocks, they likewise react each time with the vigor of a Roman catapult, and you go heavenward and overboard, unless you cling to the rigging. Of course, we laughed away the hard jouncings as best we could, but there were many really permissible jokes that failed of even a charitable smile. It was such a short time between bumps the risibles were shaken out of our faces before we could even grin; or it would be a sickly grin, wherein our puckered physiognomies rather suggested the colic than an impending smile. Risky place to expose a pet joke.

We arrived at the lake landing late in the afternoon and at once set to making a temporary camp. Supper was hurried on account of the teamsters who were to return. We urged upon them full bumpers of—strong coffee—and to eat heartily, for we were reasonably certain that gorge as they might, their provender would be far below their waistbands before they had redone, by night, all the rocks of the road we had just traveled. Away to the Westward the sun was fast settling into an illimitable Nova Scotia bog when the men who had served us so faithfully and cheerfully mounted their teams and, wishing us a well meant *bon voyage*, turned homeward.

We were abroad with the blue jays in the morning, and after a hasty breakfast distributed our luggage and bent to the paddle. We were anxious to cover a stretch of 6 miles of open water before the wind, rising with the sun, should grow strong enough to hang us up till another day. But old Boreas outwitted us. We had only done 3 miles when it grew so choppy we were obliged to run under the shelter of an island. We decided to land and await the wind god's pleasure. A lunch and hot coffee dispensed, the ladies spread shawls and read, while the sterner trio, for diversion, emulating Ulysses of old, "paced the shore of the loud roaring sea," muttering at the cussedness of many things and the wind in particular.

Early in the afternoon, the breeze seeming to slacken a little, we re-embarked. By brisk paddling we edged out, lobster fashion, a mile or more to windward of the island until we were able to jibe and scud before the gale for the East run. We missed the main channel run, but luckily found a smaller outlet into the clear, still waters of Fairy lake. A fairy lake it seemed in truth. How wondrous calm and blissful, after our struggle with wind and wave outside, to glide along over this placid, sleepy lakelet. The gale seemed suddenly hushed; not a sound intruded on the mysterious quiet save the dip of the paddles, while the graceful birches sped through the dreamy silence.

Among the myriad islands we sought one in particular, a pyramidal mass, covered with giant hemlocks. From a distance the lofty profile of treetops, sharply defined against a shifting background of blue sky and great cottony clouds, looked pretty enough. But as our fragile fleet floated timidly into the intensely deep shadow of the primeval growth it all had the uncanny look of a lair for beasts, not for men. But external impressions were misleading, for once ashore the big trees about the summit were found to stand far apart, allowing a plenteous intermingling of sunshine with the shadows. A thick mat of fragrant needles covered the ground, while a general absence of undergrowth made getting about easy.

I joined in the bustle of camp making with a will, for a spell; then suddenly bethought myself of a likely spot, just around the end of the island where at that hour I would be pretty certain of a rise, if I were there. No use. The pent up desires of a year to go a-angling were plainly getting the best of me. I walked about, around and through the camp duffle, picking up this and that and laying it down again where it could not be found. I drove stakes in the most out of the way places, and got myself in the way generally. Finally Mrs. S., noticing my dilemma, bless her! suggested that we try for some fish for supper and breakfast before nightfall. At the first breath of that suggestion I dropped an armful of camp miscellanies, made a bee line for my rod, jointed it in a jiffy, and started for the canoes, adjusting my reel *en route*. Before we got away my enthusiasm infected another rod and it came along also.

The guide put the canoe up to some boulders well in the current of a still run. I stepped out and he landed the other rod in a good position on the opposite side of the run. While I was adjusting a few preliminaries an ominous splash near my perch set my nerves off and I made before I was half ready a shambling, zigzag cast that the veriest tyro would have been ashamed of. Howbeit I got the flies out and the fish were not fastidious about graceful casts, for scarcely had the hackles and silver doctor fallen in a snarl on the water when I felt a heavy strike and my bamboo curved from my very fingers. My first fish landed, I got over my foolishness and managed to cover the remaining waters within my reach in a little better form.

A brief time sufficed for the 2 rods to bring to net a dozen handsome trout, and we returned to the unfinished camp. Our spirits were buoyant, and progress was lively. Two of us set to work on the tents; the women rummaged and rattled tin dishes, while ever and anon from over the guide's way came the merry sizzle of frying trout and potatoes and an occasional sniff of the aroma of boiling Mocha and Java; welcome sounds and odors to hungry mortals wearied yet invigorated by the day's experiences. Ere long we fell to and ate with such zeal and relish as only comes to campers whose appetites prompt them to eat 2 adults' doses 3 times a day.

When at last we were filled and "shoved back," the friendly light of day had gone out, and the shades of twilight, marshaling on noiseless pinions, had settled down among the great trees, deeper and deeper, until it was night. What a strange sensation always is the first night in the woods. No matter what may have been one's previous experience, the stoutest will send his imagination buffeting off into the realms of night, only to be frightened back by its own denser shadow. This is not timidity. Why the imagination should be so shy about renewing its familiarity with the wood nymphs I can not say. But if the nights under the old firs and hemlocks were black, they only heightened the cheer and brilliancy of the camp fires about which we nightly gathered. What incomparable pleasures we derived from those camp fire talks! The guide's interesting experiences, ranching, mining and hunting in the early days of the far West were well suited to our surroundings and, of course, we occasionally sandwiched in some of our own more modest exploits. Then, if the narrative spirit did not move, what better than to wrap up in oneself and watch in silence the glowing embers or the crackling flames, and the sparks scurrying up through the curling smoke.

We remained on Hemlock island nearly a week, fishing, photograph-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HARRY Q. HIGBEE.

THE FIRST CARRY.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. EMERINE, JR

THE TRUANTS.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

ing, paddling among the many islands, or lounging about camp, reading, repairing broken tackle, etc. One incident before we leave our island camp and this sketch will be complete.

One bright afternoon toward the last I started with my wife in a canoe for a certain narrow run of water, where we wished to try the fish and take some pictures. Others of the party followed a little later. On reaching the run I shoved the canoe up into the swift water to 2 large flat topped boulders lying about 10 feet from the shore. Having made everything fast, I stepped out on the rock toward the stream, while Mrs. S., thinking she would not fish, remained in the canoe, merely exchanging her paddle for the landing net, with which to land the prospective fish. Of the fish we had no doubts, for we had never failed to secure them at this place.

I had only made a few trivial casts to work out my line preparatory to a long cast mid stream when suddenly from the other canoe, just entering the run, came a frantic shout, "Hey there, look behind you!" We turned, and, ye Shades! Shall I ever forget the sight? On the bank, scarcely the length of a canoe paddle away, stood fiercely snarling and eyeing us, the most formidable looking black bear I had ever seen, alive or mounted. I had no weapon, save a short belt knife, and I did not yearn to try conclusions with that. I felt outclassed. I trembled like a jelly fish, and the most warlike determination I could muster was to sneak ignominiously, if chance offered. My wife was deadly pale, but she made no outcry and had the courage and presence of mind to offer me one of the paddles for protection. I think I should have made a sorry defense with a light spruce paddle. My first thought was to cast off the canoe and free my wife from danger. If I could jump in, well; if not,——?

I had scarcely evolved this scheme when I was horrified to see the bear plunge into the water and swim around the canoe toward my rock. I thought the jig was up then. I had no doubt the brute meant to attack, for if, as seemed probable, he had run blindly upon us, why, unless there was blood in his eye, did he not turn and flee into the woods? The whole broad domain of Nova Scotia was at his service.

The last and what seemed likely to be the most serious act of this drama was hardly so serious as ludicrous, for when Bruin neared my rock I stooped and soused his head with a vigorous kick and then began hysterically thrashing him over the back with an 8 ounce fly rod! Just what I hoped to accomplish by such hostilities I am not certain myself, unless it was to "shoo" him off. I have thought many times since what a strike it would have been if any of my dangling flies had caught in his hair or hide.

Well, he did not attack, but swam to the other shore, and when his stub tail disappeared in the bush it was to me a joy. It appeared that the party following saw our visitor first, a 100 yards below us on the shore, and snapped at him with a .38 revolver, which I am thankful missed fire. The bear fled up the shore, intending from the first to cross the stream at what the guide thought was an old runway, viz., the rocks of which we had taken possession. No doubt he was nonplussed to find us in the way, but thinking himself pursued, determined to cross, and run the gauntlet. Probably he was as badly frightened as we were.

On the morning of September 16th we bade adieu to the island of hemlocks and steered our canoes for the outlet which heads a narrow, swift stream, 15 miles long, through which our lakes drain into Lake Rosignal. Our voyage down stream was novel and frequently exciting. It was delightful to slip over the long stretches of smooth water, watching the ever changing shores and the handsome foliage, now doubly beautiful with the first tints of autumn. Then suddenly ahead the swift, white waters of a series of rips or falls would gleam in the brilliant sun like burnished silver. Often these rips were easily run, but in some instances the water was disagreeably shallow, while in others huge boulders so interposed as to require no little vigilance to put the canoes through safely. We took our time and fished many of the most likely looking pools. In every instance the trout rose freely and apparently at any time of day. In the early afternoon we stopped at the head of Loon Lake falls and went into camp on the Western side.

We had our best fishing at Loon Lake falls. The morning after our arrival 3 rods, in less than 2 hours, took from a single stretch of water not over 40 feet wide by 200 long more fish than discretion would now allow. But the fun was so fast and furious we took them before we realized it. Double strikes were frequent, and one disciple for experiment adjusted a leader with 3 flies and made a triple strike. It is comforting to reflect that these fish were nearly all returned to the water to do battle again.

The third day at Loon lake we went cranberrying. We seemed out for everything. This trip was to please the ladies, but I doubt if they or their escorts returned to camp the better pleased for going. This reflection is not due, however, to the cranberries gathered. Landing on a chosen bog, we sighted berries at once and fell upon them. The berries hid in the low, thick grass, and we had to get right down to business to find them. The work was too arduous for me. I picked till the fruits of my labors nearly obscured the bottom of a pint tin cup; then I straightened up on a soft tuft of grass, hugged my knees and admired Mrs. S.'s nimble fingers and the fusilade of berries that showered into her cup.

While thus hustling the succulent crans, I observed the guide wildly beckoning from a canoe out on the water. I ran shoreward, and looking in the direction he pointed saw 2 moose moving from the open bog into the timber. A bit of old slang about the "sights we see when we haven't got our guns" rushed through my mind, as I stood watching the retreating quarry. It was in the open season, but our 45's and 30's were stacked harmlessly in camp, just as they were when we ran on the bear or vice versa.

Enough. A day came when we must give over these pleasures by flood and field. We planned for an unusual task with the paddles that last day out, so we were not disappointed that the day was far spent when we rounded the last headland and saw our teamsters waiting on the shore, punctual to agreement.

Our trip was ended. Every hope had been realized, and our enjoyment had been complete. But like most of the good things of life, the time had been all too brief. With regret we saw our canoes lifted for the last time from the water. What wonderful craft those Indian birches are, when skilfully handled, and how admirably adapted to cruising in regions of alternate lake and forest! Our canoes had come miles over land at no great cost of exertion, but once in their natural element each bore a precious burden of many times its own weight over long stretches of open water, through rushing rapids and swirling eddies, nor left a scar on nature in the doing.

But the teams were ready to move and we obeyed an inelegant summons to pile in. Reluctantly we wheeled into the wood, while at our backs the sun's huge disc was nearing a horizon of wilderness, lake, and bog, the last time for us in many suns, though not for aye; for the "serpent will cease to wiggle while he wanders" sooner than we shall weary of pleasures to come in canoe and camp.

HUNTING AND PROSPECTING IN IDAHO!

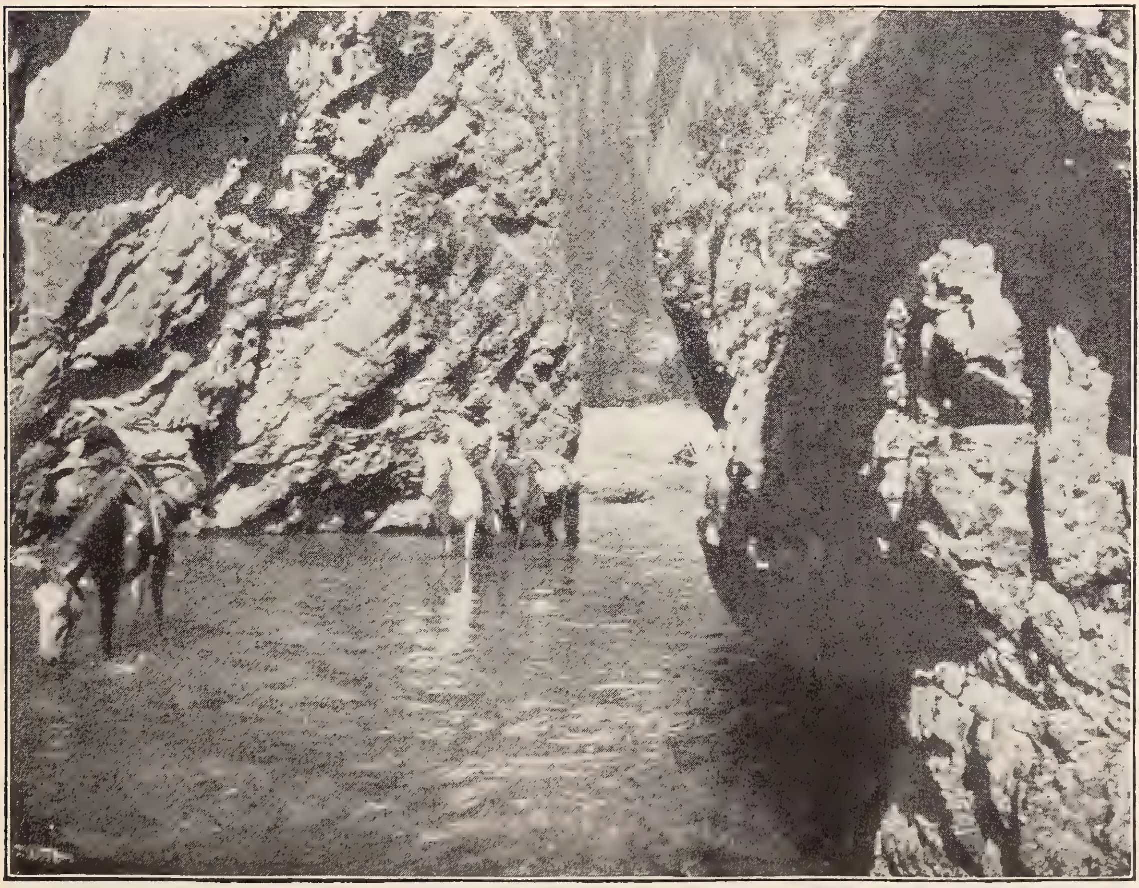
GEO. F. WRIGHT.

There are thousands of RECREATION readers who go to the hills each year, and after a day's hunt or so get tired and wish they were home. I've seen many such people, and for their amusement and my own have talked mining and prospecting to them and have shown them a few samples of rock. In 5 minutes they would be all excitement. During the rest of their stay they would be out prospecting all the time, and for them game became a secondary consideration. What man or woman in the East but will eagerly read any glowing ad of a mining outfit? And doubtless many wish they were in the hills with a chance to discover a fortune themselves.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. F. WRIGHT.

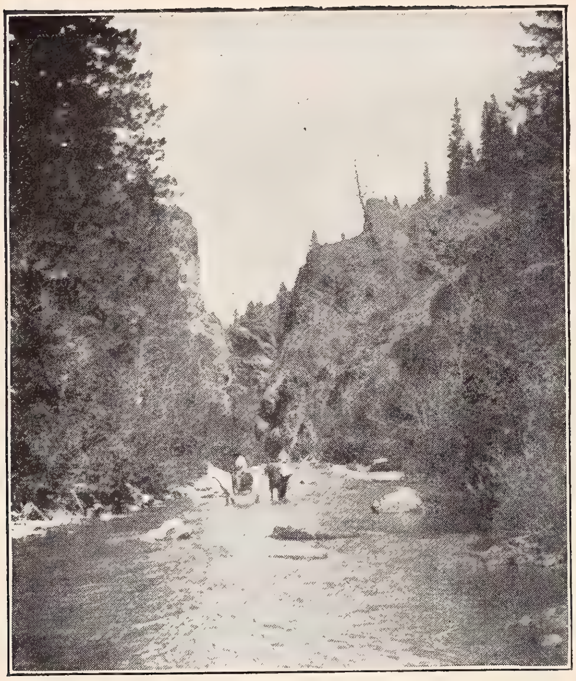
NEAR MONUMENT CREEK, IDAHO.

It is not necessary to have experience; some of the greatest finds have been made by tenderfeet. And, by the way, tenderfoot is a term I've never heard used except by some Eastern fellow whose Western experience consisted of a few months' hanging around a railroad station, wearing a pair of chaps and a set of fluted biscuit cutters for spurs. A textbook or so and a few weeks' study will make a novice more competent to prospect than some old moth-eaten mountain rat who is always looking for a grub stake to take out and eat up. Why? Because for the old-timer the conditions must be just right. The formation must be the same as it was in Leadville or California basin, or some



AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. F. WRIGHT.

MIDDLE FORK OF SALMON RIVER.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. F. WRIGHT.

LOOKING UP THE CANYON,

other place, before he will put a pick in the ground. Therefore, he is always busted. A green prospector, on the other hand, is breaking rock all the time and getting assays on everything from grindstones to 18-carat nuggets, and thereby he often hits it rich.

You will never find a prospector who is not a hunter. The first thing he buys on reaching town, after a drink, is a sportsmen's paper. Your true prospector is as near a man as the article can be made. Although mining is his hobby, the journals devoted to that business have no interest for him. They are too technical; he does not understand them. What he wants is plain information regarding other mining regions, their climate, topography, game and to get it he turns naturally to a sportsmen's paper.

I took the enclosed photographs in the fall of 1900, in Idaho, 200 miles from a railroad by trail. The fish, a salmon, was swimming up a creek to spawn. It was nearly worn out in every sense of the word, the flesh being gone in places from contact with rocks. The water was 3 inches deep and the creek 4 feet wide.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. F. WRIGHT.

TRAIL THROUGH THE NOTCH.

There are plenty of wild places in Idaho where few white men have penetrated and where mountain sheep, mule deer, bear, salmon and trout are fairly plentiful. While hustling for these, you may stand a good show to find pay dirt or good rock, if you keep your eye open and your pick busy.

THE SWARMING OF THE BEES.

FRANK H. SWEET.

What a joyous, summer sound
  Has the swarming of the bees,
As they break from hive or ground,
  And go humming through the trees,
  Like the murmur of a breeze.

What a wild and gipsy way
  Of preferring wood and fen;
Seeking forests deep and gray,
  And their old-time life again,
  Far from hives and haunts of men.

What a joyous, pleasant hum
  As the myriads break away,
And their voices to us come
  Through the fragrant air of May,
  O'er the fields of making hay.

THUMPING FOR BASS.

A. M. MANN.

There runs through Susquehanna county, in the Keystone State, along the hilltops and skirting picturesque woodland and fertile farms, a railroad known as the narrow gauge. This road has been in operation many years, has earned its modicum of success, and is more or less known to fame as the only railroad in the United States without a dollar of indebtedness. It is noted, as well, for the obliging spirit of its management; having been known to stop its trains to permit a party of pretty girls to pick blackberries from the bushes that fringe its tracks.

While a passenger on this quaint old road a number of years ago, I met a stranger. In endeavoring to exercise the divine quality of patience, we drifted into conversation, finally reaching the subject of the gentle art of which Izaak Walton is the exponent and I an humble and persistent follower. Speaking of an adjacent lake well known for its black bass, the stranger remarked that the angling was not good at present, but people who visited the place were capturing numbers of fish by thumping for them at night. I thought I detected a fish story; but an inquiring mind is ever willing to be informed. According to the narrator, it was the custom of sportsmen of his acquaintance to rig up a skiff with wings of canvas running fore and aft, and then at night row along the shore, the oarsman thumping vigorously on the stone bottom with the inshore oar; a person seated in the stern of the boat meanwhile directing on the water the rays of light from a lantern. Whereupon, fish feeding near the shore, frightened by the thumping and blinded by the light, would jump into the boat in their frantic efforts to escape.

Persistent cross examination elicited but renewed assurances of the truth of the story, and an anxious and evident desire to dispel from my face the expression of disbelief which even courtesy could not prevent from appearing there.

On reaching home, I unloaded this fish story on the partner of my fishing joys, my companion on many a trip, the Judge, than whom a better or more sportsmanlike angler never wet a line. The Judge had heard many fish stories, but this was new to him. Both skeptical, we yet resolved to test this new method of bass catching.

At the larger of the Twin lakes, which lie in a valley surrounded by high hills, glittering jewels in a setting of green, the Judge had planned for the coming week a camping trip with a party of lawyers and physicians. I, with my wife and the girl who, at 8 years, promises to be as fond of the woods and the water as her father, were to occupy our cottage under the big pine tree on the shores of the same lake.

With some misgivings, the Judge and I imparted to the men in camp our thumping story and invited them to participate in our experiment. We were requested to go out and cool our heated brains in the lake. Somewhat dismayed, we left our friends to their slumbers and started out, the Judge at the oars and I in the stern of the skiff with a lantern, using my storm stained fishing hat, which is ever a harbinger of success, as a reflector. For 10 minutes we paddled along without sight or sound of a fish, the light keeper meanwhile anxiously flashing the light here and there on the water. Our confidence in my communicative stranger was evidently misplaced. Nothing but the thought of our reception at the hands of our friends prevented us from returning and sneaking in discomfited at the back door. Suddenly there was a splash, a flash of silver, and a yell like the cry of a lost soul from the Judge as he fell over backward in the boat. A big bass shot out of water, struck the Judge in the side and fell back into its native element. Another struck the lantern, startling me so that it dropped from my hands into the water, to be rescued by a lucky grab. Occasionally a large fish would make a beautiful arching jump clear over the boat. From that time on ensued the most remarkable exhibition of fish that was ever witnessed. The water fairly boiled with their jumping, most of them striking the high sides of the boat. Occasionally one would land on a thwart, flop as only an active bass can, and go overboard again. The excitement was intense, and I could not repress a feeling of nervousness in the uncertainty as to where I was going to be struck. This continued during 2 trips around the lake, and until we slowly pulled for home at midnight.

Our catch consisted of one bass, weight about one pound, which the Judge carried to the camp as corroborative evidence to our companions of the successful demonstration of the feasibility of thumping. I returned to the cottage to receive a sleepy remonstrance from my wife at the undignified behavior and indecent hours of a man of family.

Early the next morning my peaceful slumbers were disturbed by a message that I was wanted below. Hastily dressing, I descended to our living room to find myself waited on by a deputation of 2 lawyers from the camp. They immediately proceeded to question and cross-question me concerning the events of the previous night. Finally the most distinguished of the legal twain announced that while our stories dovetailed, it was the sense of the camp that there was no truth in our words. "Personally," said he, "in my long experience in practice I have learned that the bench is entirely unworthy of the confidence of an honest lawyer, therefore the Judge is lying, and his co-conspirator, while a professed total abstainer, probably imbibed surreptitiously from his wife's medicine bottle and was just drunk."

After returning to my desk, I began to tell the thumping story to other friends. There was little variation in the manner of its reception. One would listen quietly, smile and talk about the weather; another would say, "That's pretty good, but I am somewhat of a romancer myself."

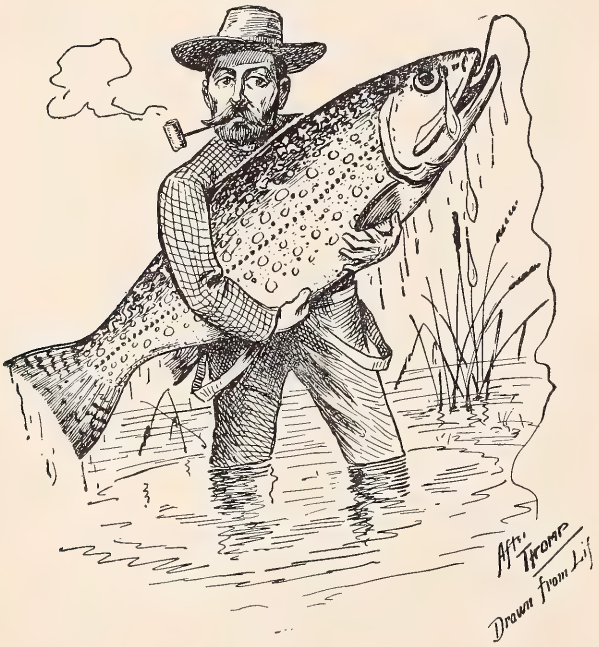
When finally I found myself frequently invited to recount my tale, I began to avoid the subject. In a month I had acquired a reputation as a liar which required years to live down, and I became known as the fisherman around whom bass flocked at his call and jumped into his creel.

Time has cast the veil of charity over my tarnished reputation for veracity, and I tell the story once more. Perhaps some reader may be able, from his own experience, to bear witness that bass *can* be thumped.

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

F. THOMPSON.

There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise.
He caught a trout, weighed 11 pounds; it was a great surprise.
This man he told the truth when asked;



He'd say, "It weighed just 11."
Unlike the man in Glenwood now,
This man he went to heaven.
Now my advice to fishermen, both old and young as well,
Is, tell the truth and shun the D,
And thus keep out of ——.

A CALIFORNIA IDLER.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

A road runner dodged in the chaparral
As a coin will slip from the hands of a wizard,
A black wasp droned by his sun baked cell,
While flat on a stone lay a Nile green lizard,
And a wolf in a rift of a sycamore
Sat gray as a monk at the mission door.

A sage hen scratched 'mong the cactus spike
And high in the sky was the noon sun's glamour,
While steady as ever rose anvil strike
Came the rat-tat-tat of a yellow hammer,
And a shy quail lowered his crested head
To the dust lined sweep of a dry creek's bed.

And out of the earth a tarantula crept
On his hairy legs to the road's white level,
With eyes where a demon's malice slept
And the general air of an unchained devil;
While a rattlesnake by the dusty trail
Lay coiled in a mat of mottled scale.

Then the gray wolf sprang on the sage hen there,
And the lizard snapped at the wasp and caught him,
While the spider fled to his sheltered lair
As though a shadowy foeman sought him,
And the road runner slipped from the wayside brake
And stuck his beak through the rattlesnake.

—Exchange.

A FLORIDA KID ON A CAMP HUNT.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

III.

Nex' mornin' me 'n' Pa got up at daybreak an' fried us some steaks from th' doe an' some pertaters, an' took th' traps an' my gun an' pulled out fer th' ponds. Uncle Dick 'n' Mr. Sam sed they'd stay in camp an' take it easy an' make us a shelter outen palmetter fans. Me 'n' Pa took down th' branch, an' purty soon we come ter where I seen otter signs when I wuz fishin'. The bank wuz 'bout 6 foot high, an' th' otters had er slide there an' up on top th' sand wuz jest natchally tore up where theyd' wallered an' played. It look like they'd been there not 5 minutes before, an' th' water wuz riled up at th' foot uv th' slide. Pa sez, "By grannies, son, we won't find no better place 'en this in er week"; so we stopped an' sot er trap.

Pa studied wether ter set th' trap in th' waller er in th' water at th' bottom uv th' slide, an' he finally c'ncluded ter set it on th' bank. I took th' hatchet an' cut er stake, an' Pa he scraped er little hole under th' edge uv er bunch uv grass that was jest covered with sign an' put th' trap in it an' put er little fine trash 'round th' pan. Then he took er pine limb an' raked sand over th' place till it looked like it did before. He wouldn't let me step near th' place, an' he wuz mighty keerful hisself. He took th' stake I cut an' drove it through th' ring an' raked sand over th' chain, an' went on ter find another place. We hadn't gone far till up jumped er big ole fox squir'l an' run up er saplin'. I wuz goin' ter shoot 'im, but Pa sed, "Let 'im go; we ain't got no use for 'im"; so I never shot 'im.

The ole whoopin' johns wuz walkin' about in th' woods er hollerin' th' loudes' I ever hearn. Up round home they're mighty wild, but down there they wuz plum gentle an' we'd walk up in 50 yards uv 'em before they'd fly, an' then they'd lope er little piece, an' jump up an' fairly split th' air er hollerin' as they flew. I sed, "Pa, lemme kill one," an' he sed, "What in th' worl' do you want ter kill 'im fer? You ain't got no use fer 'im. Don't never kill nothin' you ain't got no use fer"; an' I promised 'im I wouldn't.

We went on down till we come ter th' first pond. It wuz sorter muddy round it, an' tall grass, an' out in th' pond wuz bunches uv saw grass an' th' most blue peters I ever seen. There wuz shore lots uv varmint sign. The coons had trails through th' grass same as hawg trails, an' there wuz er right smart uv other tracks, an' 'casionally en ole cat's track. I cut er gallberry switch as long as I could find an' tied er line ter it, an' we went back er little piece ter er hole in th' creek ter ketch some perch fer bait. I put on er little frog an' throwed in, an' th' ole perch an' brim jest darted at it, an' I pulled out 3 or 4 big ones 'fore you could fix. Pa he sez, "Gimme th' pole, son, an' lemme try 'em a round"; an' he got ter ketchin' 'em an' wuz jest er throwin' 'em out, an' gittin' more'n we had any use fer, an I sez, "Pa, 'member what you tole me 'bout not killin' what you couldn't use"; an he sez, "Well, I'll be dinged if I knowed how many I wuz er ketchin'." We throwed back some uv th' live ones an' strung th' balance on er palmetter stem.

Then we went an' set th' traps in little clare places offen th' trails an' scattered er little trash over 'em, an' stuck er fish up over 'em on er stick jest higher'n er coon could sit up an' reach. We went on down ter another pond an' set th' balance uv ar traps. We jumped en ole doe an' er yearlin' by er little bay head, but I never got ter shoot 'em. There wuz blue peters an' di-dabbers th' most I ever seen out in th' pond, an' more pond birds en you could shake er stick at 'round the edge. There wuz flint head gannets, scoggins, cranes, an' curlews, an' er little bunch uv th' purtiest pink curlews I ever seen. Doggone if they weren't as red as fire, some uv 'em. It wuz nearabout noon when we got th' traps sot an' I wuz hungry as th' dickins, an' I sez, "Pa, lemme kill er whoopin' john, an' les' brile 'im fer dinner; an' Pa he sed, "We ain't got no salt," but I swore I could eat er raw beet. So Pa sed, "All right, but don't shoot near the traps."

We pulled out towards camp an' hadn't gone more'n 200 yards till we seen er couple uv whoopin' cranes, an' I slipped up back uv er palmetto bunch ter shoot one uv 'em, an' doggone if they hadn't walked er 100 yards while I'd been crawlin' on 'em. Pa jest laffed when he seen how chawed I wuz an' sed, "Le's eat when we get ter camp; tain't more'n 3 mile," so we pulled out. We cut through th' woods an' went between 2 bay heads, an' there wuz er little dreen run from one ter t'other an' made some big water holes, an' Pa he stops all uv er sudden an' sez, "Look er here, son," an' showed me some powerful big dog tracks, look like, on'y there didn't no toe nails show like er dog track, an' I sez, "Pa, is them pa'nter tracks?" an' he sez, "Yes, son, an' er tolable big one, too." I didn't say nothin', but I made up my mind not ter git fur from th' fire uv er night. There wuz er good many cabbage palmetto 'round some uv th' dry ponds an' ever' one wuz clawed up where coons had clomb 'em ter lay up endurin' th' daytime. I got ter watchin' fer 'em, an' dreckly I seen somethin' black in one, an' we went ter it, an' there wuz 2 ole coons layin' up in th' sun, big as Ike. Pa sed, "There's er couple uv hides fer you, son," an' I walked aroun' till I had 'em double an' pulled down on 'em with er load uv low mould buck shot, an' they come er rollin' ter th' ground', an I wouldn't fool you. We snatched th' hides off 'fore you could fix an' went on ter camp.

They had er big chunk of venizon an' sweet pertaters baked in th' skillet, an' biskit, an' I never et nothin' that good before. Uncle Dick 'n' Mr. Sam had th' slickest little palmetter shack you ever seen, built beside th' shelter ter keep ar hides an' other truck under. I got some sticks an' stretched my coon hides an' hung 'em in th' shack, an' by that it wuz gittin' tolable late in th' evenin', an' me 'n' Mr. Sam went to th branch an' ketched another big mess uv perch an' cleaned 'em an' brought 'em ter camp. Pa 'n' Uncle Dick fried 'em, an' what was left uv th' little doe, an' er lot uv pertaters, an' Pa swore if he wuz ter eat sich er bait as I did it 'ud kill 'im. It wuz tolable cool after sundown an' we built th' fire up with light'ud an' sot 'round it, an' I don't want no better'n ter lie 'round er big fire in camp an' hear tales 'bout huntin', an' varmints an' sich.

CONFIDENCE.

REV. H. E. FROHOCK.

I'm far from home
  Amid the eternal hills;
Alone I roam,
  Strange awe my spirit fills.

From forest haunts
  The bird notes flutter clear,
And nothing daunts
  The squirrel's chatt'ring cheer.

I'm far from home
  And in the gloom complain;
These are at home,
  As trill and note explain.

I dread and fear,
  Misfortunes apprehend;
These bound with cheer
  Upon the boughs that bend.

Ah! forest life,
  More confident than we
Who foster strife
  And fell the forest tree,

Teach me the art
  To live as blithe and free;
Rejoicing from the heart
  Alone with God to be.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. E. HAMMOND.

ANTELOPE AT HOME.

A FISHING FORAY.

A. WHISNART.

The Blacksmith, the Merchant, the Schoolmaster and the Superintendent decided one day last summer that they would take a much needed rest. They proposed to recreate their jaded minds and bodies on the banks of the West branch of the Wolf, in the reservation of the noble Menominees, and catch the festive trout of that dancing stream.

Two days were spent in provisioning the wagon which was to convey them to their desire. Foragers were sent to make nocturnal raids on neighboring hen roosts and inroads were made on vegetable gardens in the suburbs. The Blacksmith pawned his sledge hammer; the Schoolmaster his cane; the Merchant gave a chattel mortgage on his dog; and the Superintendent sold his spare shirt. With the joint capital thus acquired, they bought various things, solid, fluid, and spirituous; all conducive to the internal, external, and eternal welfare of man. They awoke from peaceful dreams of big fish about 3 o'clock Friday morning, and just as the sun gilded the East the 4 disappeared into the dark forests of the reservation.

There is a road running through that fastness of the aborigines. At least there is a tradition that there was once a road, and that men drove horses to and fro thereon beneath the murmuring pines and hemlocks. The 4 admit that perhaps a road used to run there, but assert that it long ago ran elsewhere and has not returned.

The Blacksmith mounted the driver's seat because he had once driven a mule on a tow path and knew more about the business than the rest of the party. He requested the Schoolmaster and the Superintendent to lead the way and chop fallen trees from the road. He was chopfallen himself before we got 2 miles into the woods. The Merchant followed and gathered up the sunbeams which were strewn along the way, together with the rods, bait cans, cooking utensils, etc., which leaped for joy from the wagon box to the ground. The Blacksmith's stentorian "Whoa!" as 3 wheels of the wagon went over the same stone, would occasionally shatter the stillness of the morning, while the sound of the woodman's ax beat time to the songs the Merchant sang behind the band wagon. All songs sung by the party are copyrighted and can not be reproduced here; but will be furnished on application, enclosing 10 cents, to The Merchant, Mattoon, Wis.

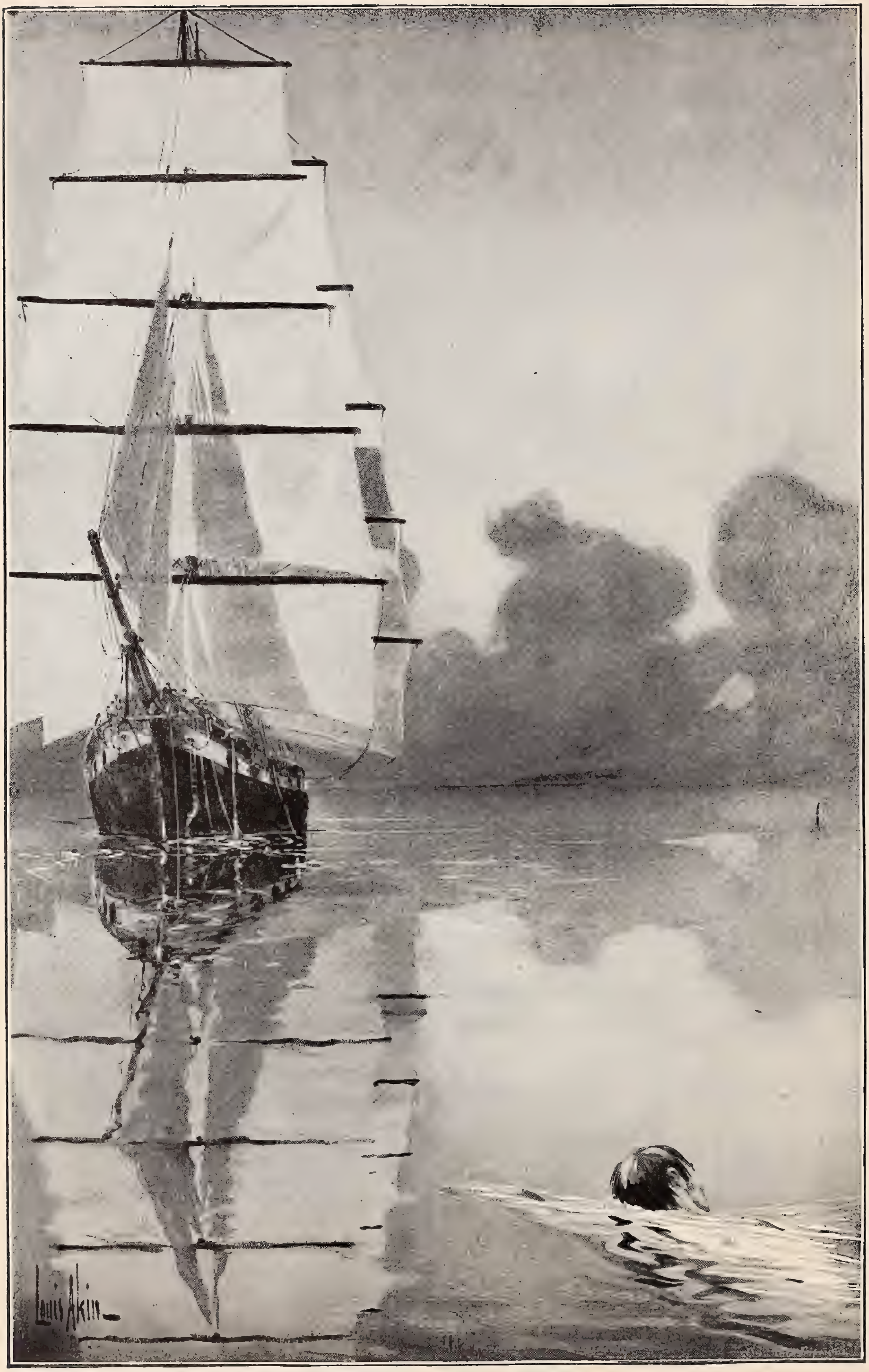
Tree after tree was chopped from the way and several rods of corduroy constructed ere the party stood on the banks of the Wolf, lost in admiration of the scene before them. The Merchant repeated a poem adapted to the occasion, while the Blacksmith, Schoolmaster and Superintendent compared blisters and thought hard thoughts. It was decided that the Blacksmith and Superintendent remain and patch the tent while the Schoolmaster and Merchant should catch fish enough for the next meal. When the sun had reached the zenith they returned, bearing between them 4 fish just out of the nursery.

The Blacksmith claims to have prepared the meal, but all he was really guilty of doing was burning some bacon. The Merchant made the coffee, the Schoolmaster set the table, and the Superintendent superintended. After a portion of the good goods had been demolished, the Blacksmith introduced to the party an old friend of his, a beneficent jinnee, sealed up by Solomon's Sons at Moonshine, Ky.

After singing a hymn, they departed each into his own place at the stream, agreeing to return to camp when the sun was low. The Merchant was in first, carrying his basket heavily laden with 2 trout. The Schoolmaster came next with 7, then the Blacksmith with 13, and the Superintendent with 31.

By the time supper was over, the sun had sunk behind the Western pines, the owl was calling in the distance, and a choir of mosquitoes sang merrily about the tent. The little stars came out one by one, and their reflections danced in the stream. The night was perfect. Around the campfire the party sang songs and told stories until the mosquitoes forced them into the tent, where on a bed of boughs they slept the sleep of the just. The tent grew warm. The Schoolmaster went out, breathed the fresh air, gazed on the stars, listened to the sighing pines, got bit by 103 mosquitoes, went back in the tent and perspired. Silence reigned supreme save when the Blacksmith moaned as a hemlock butt rasped his spine. Suddenly the sweet voice of the Merchant arose in beautiful cadence, "I feel like hel-ping mother." Then one by one they dropped asleep.

The next day found them early astir and at the trout stream. Twelve o'clock brought them to camp with 90 fish, all told. After dinner the tent was struck and preparations made for departure; at 4 o'clock the party was on the road home.



I SWAM AS NEVER BEFORE.

CHASED BY A SHARK.

C. S. HANDCOCK.

In 187- I was serving as a midshipman on board the clipper ship O. O., of Liverpool, bound to San Francisco. We had been nearly 4 months on the trip, and no one but a sailor, whose whole existence is passed on the ocean, can realize the utter monotony of a life on a sailing ship. We had passed few ships, but had encountered an overabundance of heavy gales. Both officers and men felt the strain of constant battling with adverse winds and heavy seas. Finally we caught the Northeast trade winds, and, having a good sailing breeze, were congratulating ourselves that perhaps in 2 weeks we would be in port, with all the delight of home letters, fresh provisions and long nights of rest.

At 8 o'clock one morning I went on deck to relieve the watch. The ship lay in a vast mirror, still and glassy. The sky was clear, and by 11 o'clock the heat was overpowering. The pitch in the seams of the deck actually bubbled, and there was no sign of even a gentle breeze to relieve the oppressive heat.

At noon I was relieved and, going down to my cabin, I proposed a swim to my messmates. Six of us hastily prepared for a dive into the ocean.

How deliciously cool the water was, and how buoyant it seemed, as if no one could sink in it.

Swimming well ahead of the ship, I saw her for the first time as she lay in all her beauty; for what is more beautiful than a full rigged ship? Alas! they are daily growing rarer!

My bosom swelled with pride to think I was one of her officers. How beautiful she looked! All her brass work flashed back the sun's rays, and her snow white canvas towered above the hull as stately as that of any yacht. It was a picture I never have forgotten.

Suddenly I was startled by one of the men on the ship's forecastle excitedly calling out,

"For God's sake come aboard! A shark! A shark!"

A quick glance over my shoulder caught the sinuous black fin of the sailor's dreaded enemy, gliding through the still water. Thoroughly frightened, I swam as I never swam before, every nerve strained to its utmost, to reach the haven of the ship. I saw my comrades hastily climbing up the rope ladders quickly thrown over the ship's bows. All hands had turned out at the watch's cry, and hasty preparations were made to lower a boat. It was but a few feet more to safety, but oh, God! how close that fin was! A few more strokes and I caught the ladder. Eager hands drew me quickly up. There was a rush, a swirl of the water, and a monstrous shark dashed after me, heaven be praised just grazing my heel, as I was drawn on deck, nearly fainting from exhaustion and fright.

About 2 o'clock I was again on deck, the heat making my quarters under the poop almost unbearable. Leaning over the rail, I was admiring the clearness of the water; and, thinking of my late narrow escape, I was vowing never again to bathe in shark infested waters, when I noticed 2 pilotfish, ever faithful companions of the shark, coming from under the ship's counter. I knew my late enemy was not far off, perhaps hoping I would tumble overboard, so he could have the pleasure of making a meal of me.

Calling one of the men, I told him to get a shark hook and we would try to capture the monster. The man soon returned with the hook, shaped like an ordinary fish hook, but of great size. It was made of the finest steel, and had a shank nearly 2 feet long, to which was attached a 6-foot steel chain. To the end of that we bent a manilla rope heavy enough to lift a bullock.

Baiting the hook with a large lump of salt pork, I threw it overboard. With a heavy splash it struck the water and in a moment the pilotfish darted toward it. After examining it, they returned to the ship's counter, as if to tell Mr. Shark of the dainty morsel awaiting his pleasure. A second later the weird gray form darted through the clear depths. We could see him open his cruel, teeth-filled jaws as he turned on his back, and in an instant the pork disappeared down his capacious maw.

Then the fun commenced. The hook had evidently obtained a perfect hold, and the struggles of the monster tried the stout rope to its utmost. All hands were on deck by that time, for it takes little to rouse a sailor, and any excitement to break the weary monotony of his life is hailed with pleasure.

A block and tackle were hastily rigged and several stout men soon hauled the ugly brute up the ship's side on board. One of the men put a handspike in its mouth. Its jaws closed with a vicelike grip it was impossible to loosen, the great teeth crunching deep into the hard wood. Care was taken to keep away from the terrific blows of its tail, that would break a man's leg as easily as a clay pipe stem can be broken by one's fingers.

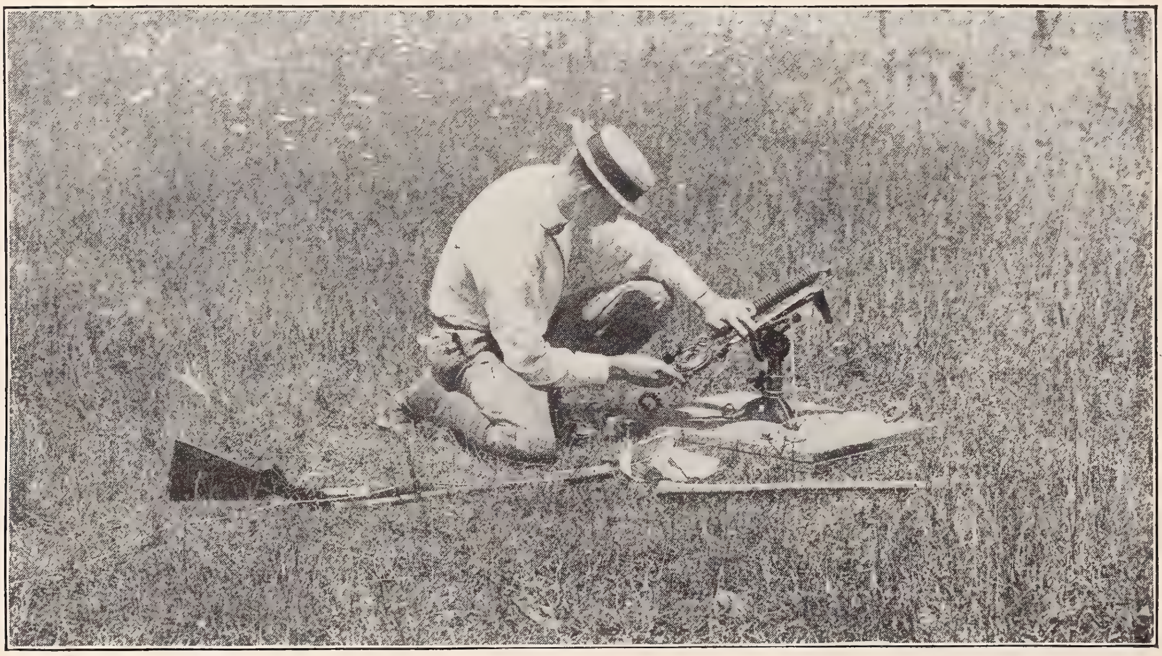
Hauling him well forward, we promptly

cut off his head and his tail. The head, although separated from the body, kept opening and shutting the jaws by muscular action. It gave one an uncanny feeling to look at it. Indeed, the whole carcass kept struggling for some time after it had been dissected, as if it longed to seize and tear its human foes. I do not exaggerate when I say the heart, after removal from the body, beat fully 15 minutes by the chronometer.

On the body I noticed a number of small parasitic suckers, remarkable for being almost identical in shape and form with the shark. They were about 2 inches long, and were a species of salt water lice, having something under the lower jaw that looked like a nutmeg grater, enabling them to stick to the great fish's hide.

Returning to the rail, I was almost sorry to see the pretty pilotfish, striped black and blue, aimlessly swimming about, evidently searching for their defunct friend. Presently they darted off and I saw them no more.

The shark measured over 10 feet long, and its backbone I treasure as a memento of the fastest race I ever swam in my life, and a fortunate escape from perhaps a fearful death or mutilation.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.

IT WILL FLY ALL RIGHT.
Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

FISHIN' LUCK.

J. D. LA B. VAN SCHOONHOVEN.

Th' fish is allers bitin' bes'
  On t'other side th' brook;
Th' other feller's bigges' fish
  Is one got off my hook.

Th' wind is blowin' contra'wise,
  The drinkin' stuff's all gone;
I ain't no luck today, nohow—
  Guess I'll be movin' on.

LOCUST BLOSSOMS.

W. H. NELSON.

O the locusts are in bloom,
And the heavy, sweet perfume
Loads the air with lotus languor, calling up the dreamy past;
Present pain is all forgot,
Fades each dark and sinful blot,
And the days are bright with gladness, each one fairer than the last.

Hark, the burly bumble's drone,
As he culls the clustered cone,
Reeling off with tipsy tumbles and a roystering drinking song!
See the dandy Robin, drest
In his crimson satin vest,
Hear him fill the sky with music! How he pours his soul along!

Yonder humming bird in green,
Brooch of dazzling ruby sheen,
See him hang above each flow'ret on his tiny, veinless wing!
Fairy soft his touches light,
Fairy swift his arrowy flight,
And how dainty is the cradle where his wee, wee darlings swing!

Lying here upon the grass,
Gazing on the clouds that pass,
Childish eyes grow wide with wonder if they be not angels' boats,
Sailing o'er an ocean blue,
Each one to its guidance true,
Whence away and whither sailing, every snowy frigate floats.

Ah, the happy dream is sped,
And the locust blossoms shed,
Fall in faded showers about me on the whispering evening wind.
Flowers of childhood, one by one,
Faded, fallen, all are gone,
Hither, thither, drifting, sifting; only Hope is left behind.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HERBERT K. JOB.

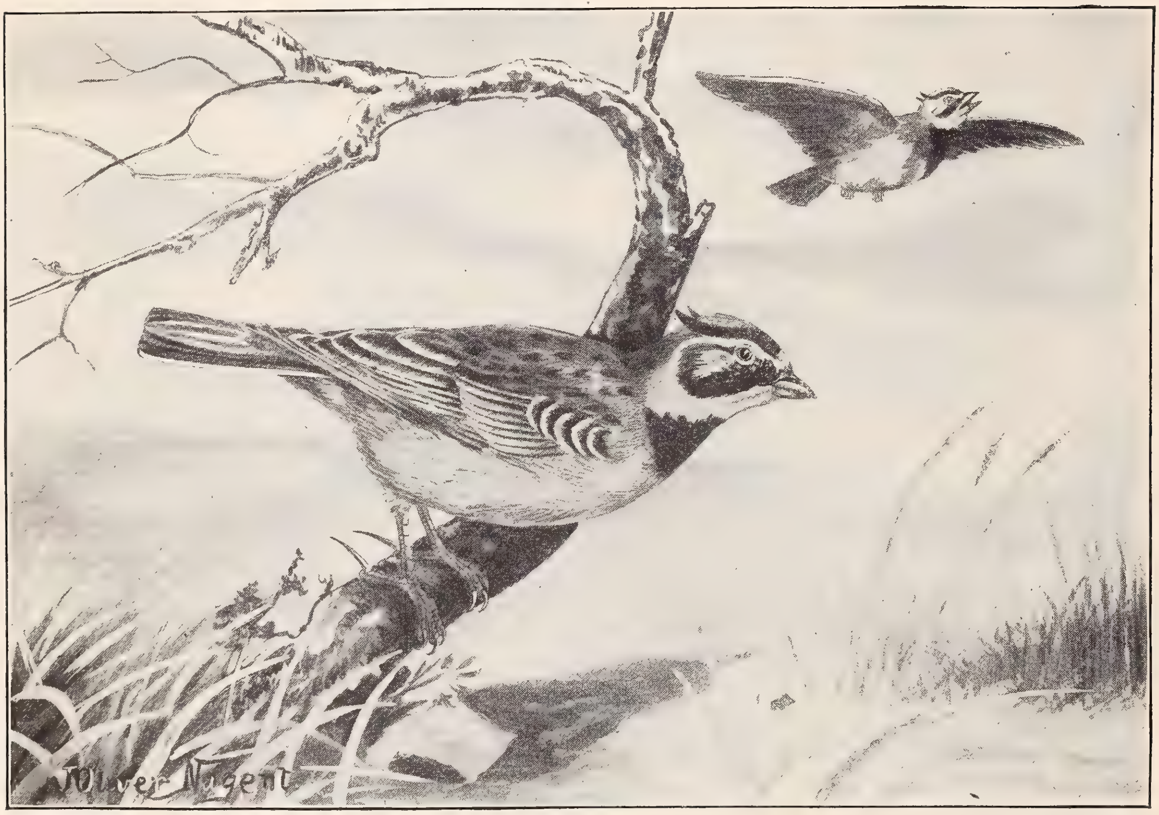
NIGHTHAWK ON NEST.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

THE SHORE LARK.

EDWIN I. HAINES.

The family of *Alaudidæ*, or true larks, of which the skylark is a typical species, is represented in this country only by the horned lark and its geographical varieties. From the Mexican tableland Northward to Labrador and Alaska, no less than 11 geographical races are known. Each reflects the influence of the conditions under which it lives, and all intergrade one with another Only 2 of these races are found in the Eastern United States, the horned lark and the prairie horned lark. It is with the latter species that this paper has to deal



PRAIRIE HORNED LARK, *OTOCORIS ALPESTRIS PRATICOLA.*

The prairie horned lark, *Otocoris alpestris praticola,* popularly known as the shore lark, is a common winter resident in the neighborhood of New York, and is found at that season in most parts of Long Island, but it is infrequent in the Hudson river valley

Hitherto little has been known about the true breeding range of this lark. One great naturalist says, "It breeds in Northern Europe, Greenland, Newfoundland, Labrador and Hudson Bay region; Southward in winter into Eastern United States to about latitude 35°." Another claims it is not found breeding East of the Mississippi. Another says, "The Southernmost nesting locality of the prairie horned lark is Fort Judson, Alaska."

Of course it must be other species of horned larks to which those authorities refer.

In view, therefore, of our deficient knowledge of the breeding range of this bird, the discovery of its breeding in the Catskill mountains is of interest; not only as greatly extending the area within which its nest has actually been found, but also as helping to clear the apparently misunderstood subject of its faunal relationship.

Mr. John Burroughs, writing to me in regard to this species, says, "The shore lark breeds and spends the summer in the Catskills. It first appeared there about 1878."

My first acquaintance with this bird was made at Stamford, N. Y., at the head of the upper valley of the Delaware river. July 5, 1897, while walking along a country road South of the town, I saw 4 small birds running along the roadway in front of me. At a glance I knew the species was unfamiliar to me. When one of the birds stopped and turned toward me, I recognized by the black collar about its neck and the tuft of feathers, or horns, on the side of its head, that it was one of the horned larks; but of what variety, I did not know.

It was not until 3 years afterward that I again met this species in the Catskills, though the second encounter was in an entirely different section of the mountains. That was July 23, 1900, in the open fields, far up on Eagle mountain, one of the numerous peaks of the Belle Ayr range of the Shandalsen chain of the Catskills. It is in the heart of the mountainous region of Ulster county, on the Western side of Big Indian valley.

While crossing those fields, a pair of larks suddenly appeared in the short grass in front of me. By the aid of my field glass I was able to identify the species. I knew by their staying around that they had a nest in the vicinity, but though I made a close search, I was unable to find it. The next day the birds were still there, and by going to the place daily during the following week, I was able to study many of their habits. Noticing that they gave their attention to one particular spot, I had the good luck to find 3 of their fledglings, apparently just out of the nest. Those I took as specimens, and I also secured the old birds.

This bird has been lately reported as breeding in the Teconic mountains of Massachusetts, and there is one record of its having probably bred on Long Island. (Dutcher, Anls. V., 1888, p. 180).

The prairie larks are sociable little birds, and during the winter mingle with horned larks, snow buntings and other birds which wander about the seaside in great flocks. All winter they stay close to the ocean, never venturing far from the thunder of its surf; but as the spring advances they wander inland in 2's and 3's. Finally they reach the mountainous portions of the country, where they settle down in solitary nooks to nest.

The wildness of the shore lark is proverbial among Long Island farmers and hunters. Yet in its summer home this little bird is tame and confiding in its habits. Like other horned larks, it is eminently terrestrial, rarely if ever choosing a higher perch than a fence. The peculiarities of its labored flight are exactly described by Shelley when he says, in his Ode to the Skylark, "Thou dost float and run." Flying seems hard work for the lark, and is avoided when possible. When it starts up from the meadow, it goes in a direct line to the rock or fence it wishes to reach. While on the ground it does not hop, but walks and runs, which appears ludicrous in so small a bird. If flushed, it takes wing with a sharp, whistled note, but often returns to the place from which it started. The bird does not nest in colonies, as has been supposed, but is found only in scattered pairs throughout its breeding grounds. Much has been said about the lark's song, and how, like its European relative, it sings while on the wing. During my study of the species I never observed this performance, though I have often heard its song. This is plaintive and subdued, with a suggestion of melancholy, which, however, may have been induced by the loneliness and silence of the situation. The mournful melody of the prairie lark is best heard in the evening, when in solitude he gathers up into short waves of song the silent music of the sunset.

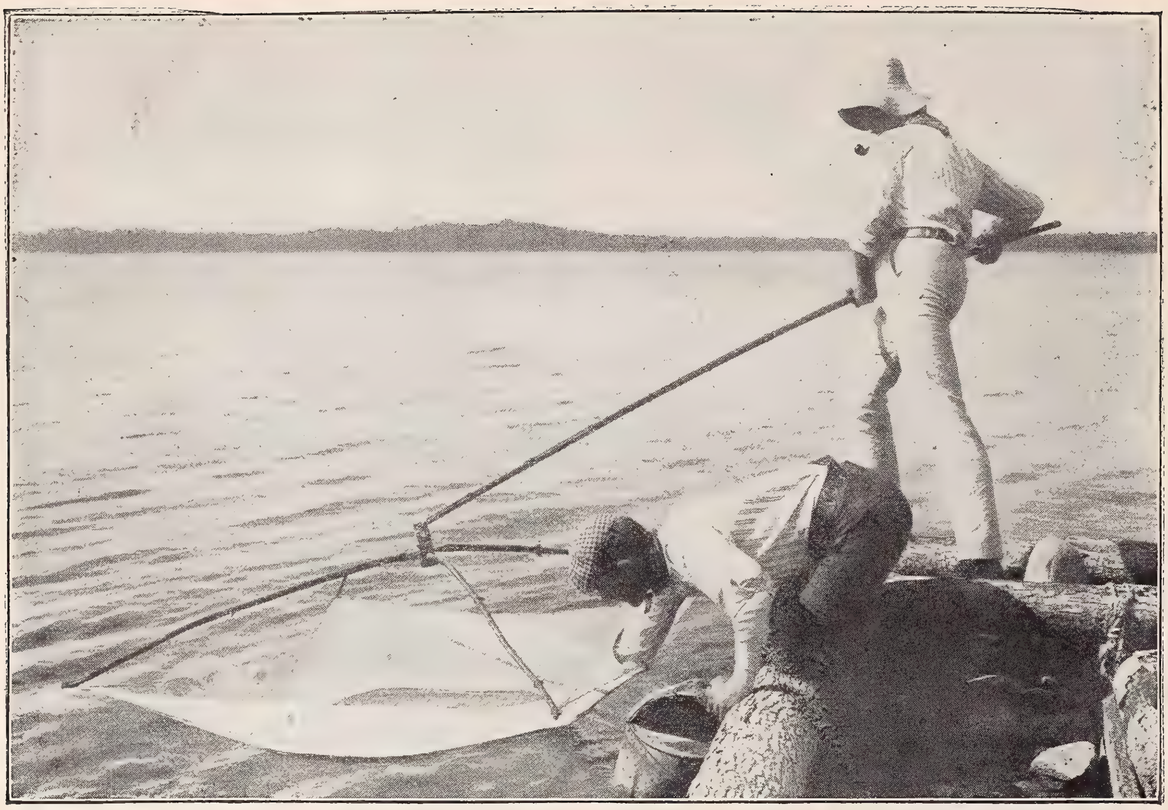
WHIP-POOR-WILL.

GEO. E. WINKLER.

When the ev'ning shadows lengthen
  Down the hill and 'cross the vale,
And the trees are imaged darkly
  Where the river glimmers pale;
Then I love to sit and listen,
  While the air is warm and still,
To a voice from out the poplars,
  Crying softly, "Whip-poor-will!"

Slowly, slowly creeps the twilight
  From the East unto the West,
Till it fills the peaceful valley,
  Sends the forest folk to rest;
All except a noisy fellow
  In the poplars near the mill,
Whose demands are most insistent
  For the punishment of "Will."

Soon the vale is dark and lonely,
  Closed in sleep each drowsy eye;
Through the clouds the stars are peeping
  For their watch tower in the sky;
Only winds that whisper softly,
  In the poplars by the mill,
Listen to the night-bird calling
  Till the daybreak, "Whip-poor-will!"



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. EMERINE, JR.

HUSTLING FOR MINNOWS.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

RECREATION.

MARY SALES.

Jes' let me go a-campin' when I want to
hev some fun;
In one hand fishin' tackle, an' in t'other
hand a gun;
An' set my canvas wigwam by a little runnin' stream
Where the pussy willows waver, an' the
water lilies dream.

Some fellers goes a-vis'tin' for to rest
their weary brain,
An' when they're through their gaddin'
they are feelin' half insane.
They need to dwell with Nature, where
you're all alone with God,
An' kin hear the pines a-sighin' o'er your
bed upon the sod.

It seems so kinder restful as about the
woods you roam;
You do a sort of thinkin' that you never
do at home.
You light your pipe of briar, an' the smoke
curls in the air,
While life's a dream ecstatic, where intrudes no vexin' care.

Don't try to break the record catchin' fish
er shooting' game,
Unless you'd like for "Game Hog" to be
tacked on to your name.
Then when you're through your campin'
you'll jest simply want to yell,
For you've been real close to heaven; close
to paradise a spell.

Adam—Come, Eve, we are ordered out of the garden.

Eve—I really can't go out now, for I haven't a thing to wear.

RAISING CHINESE PHEASANTS.

H. R. FOSTER.

Aviaries for breeding birds may be built in various ways and forms, to suit circumstances; but my ideal would be a building 12 x 24 feet, corner posts 6 feet above ground, with double roof, sloping North and South, the North slope to be boarded waterproof, the South slope covered with lath or wire netting, or both. Through the middle there should be a partition 6 feet high, with hole one foot square on ground level, for birds to run through. This would make 2 divisions, each 12 x 12 feet. The outside should be boarded solid by 2 feet above ground, and boards or masonry should extend at least one foot under ground, to protect the birds from burrowing enemies. Perfect drainage should be provided.

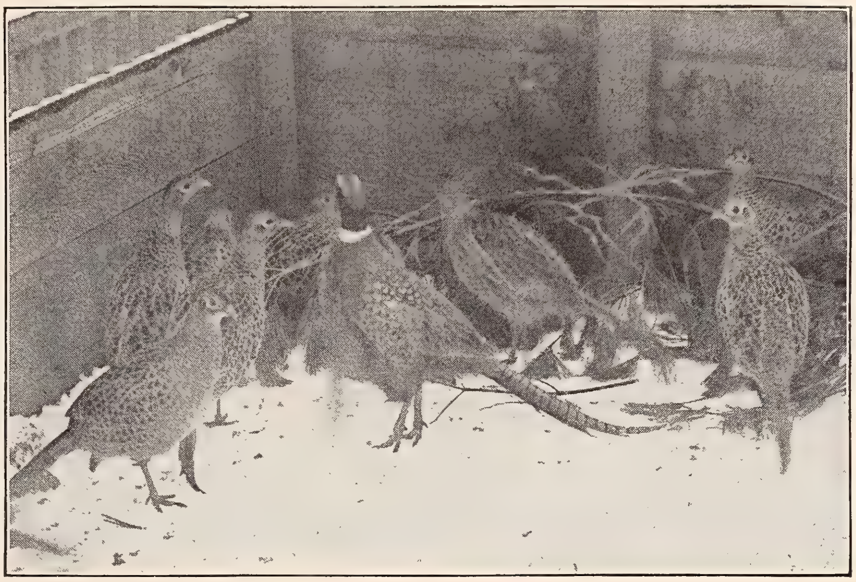
Above the boarding the aviary should be covered with 1¼ inch mesh wire netting, or with laths. Laths are best for protecting birds from injury, but soon get loose, and for permanent pens wire should be used. Each part of this double pen should be easily accessible by doors. Any number of pens can be made by increasing length East or West.

Give the birds plenty of perches, a number of short ones being better than one long one, as sometimes one bird will take possession of the whole perch. A board 4 or 5 inches wide makes the best perch. Provide, also, plenty of coverts for the birds to hide in. Pine or other evergreen boughs are excellent for this.

Sharp grit in some form should be provided. If the natural ground does not furnish dust baths, they should be provided.

It is best to obtain stock for breeding in the fall. They get more accustomed to the place, more tame, and settle down better in every way than birds obtained in the spring. Chinese pheasants are peculiar in their habits. They are wild when placed in new quarters, no matter how well domesticated, and when frightened they think of nothing but to escape. Sometimes in the effort they dash themselves to death. Beginners often make the mistake of obtaining their birds late in the season, just before or at laying time. The birds are removed to strange quarters, cared for by strangers, admired by curious visitors, and kept so frightened they will scarcely eat, to say nothing of mating. The results are unsatisfactory.

Young birds are best for breeding in confinement, but for liberating, old ones are just as good. A trio are sufficient for a breeding pen. I have tried various matings, as high as 7 hens with one cock. The eggs hatched well at first, but later they lacked vitality in hatching, and those hatched were weak and many died. One breeder in Oregon says, "One hen is enough. I never use 2 unless I am obliged to."



A GROUP OF CHINESE.

In confinement Chinese pheasants commence to lay early in April and continue until August. My record for 1900, with young hens, shows 62 eggs for some hens with an average of 41. The birds are much more wild at the approach of and during the laying season, and should be left alone as much as possible.

One of the most important helps to success, and the hardest to obtain at present, is new blood. There have been so many English ringnecks distributed through the country and often sold as Chinese or Mongolian pheasants, that much care has to be taken and large expense incurred to get a change of breeding stock.

For feed, I give in the morning a scalded mash of mixed Indian meal and beef scraps, equal weight, and pure, fresh water. At night I give wheat and rice. The birds should have plenty of green food, such as lettuce, chickweed, cabbage and grass sods. They especially enjoy the sods, eating roots and all but the dirt. I keep oyster shells by them, and they are fond of old brick mortar, cinders and coal ashes.

The eggs must be gathered every day and placed in fresh bran, small end down, and turned every day until set. The shorter time they are kept before being set, the better. Keep in a cool, dry place, in a covered box.

Buff Pekin bantams make the best sitters and mothers, as they are quiet and light in weight, hence not so likely to break the eggs as are larger hens. I always hatch in an incubator, taking from hens as soon as pipped. Then there is no danger from lice or that the little birds will get away and hide or will be killed by the hen. I should always raise in a brooder even if hens hatch them.

A good nest may be made by placing a strong sod in the box where the hen is to sit, and pouring it nest shape in the center, being sure there are no loose sticks or stones to mix with the eggs. Fine, soft hay or pine needles may be used for lining, and it is ready for the eggs, which, for a bantam, should not be more than 10. Great care must be taken to have the box so constructed that the young birds can not creep away or jump out and hide. I have known many cases where they have got away from the hen when first hatched and have never been seen afterward.

Eggs are due to hatch on the 22d day. I have had large experience with incubators, but hesitate to recommend them for pheasant eggs, although I have had good hatches in the machines.

When the chicks are 36 hours old they, with the hen, should be moved to a prepared coop out of doors, on grass ground. A small, tight yard should connect with coop, and grass should be mown close. They should be kept in this until they learn the call of the hen. Then they may be allowed to run out until time for the hen to wean them. Feed same as when using brooder. The hen should be taken out and fed, or the yard partitioned with a board 12 inches wide and her food placed on the side away from the chicks.

The birds, when first hatched, are very small. They can go through a half-inch mesh wire netting. One of the little birds weighed 2 drams and one scruple, and it took 2 of the largest to weigh an ounce. They are wild, and if possible will escape. One man bought some eggs and after they were hatched he said the chicks were so little and lively and wild he became doubtful of being able to do anything with them, and gave them to a friend, with the remark that he didn't feel capable of raising humming birds or bumble bees.

Young pheasants are very tender the first few weeks, and if allowed to get wet or chilled are almost certain to die. In hot weather they must be shaded from the sun, as too much exposure to it will cause them to die. As the weather is so variable during pheasant raising time, incessant watching is required.

When the little birds are 36 to 48 hours old, I put them into a brooder. The kind I use is the New England, my own make. I use pine needles for covering the brooder floor. I gather the needles the fall before, so they are dry and free from insects. I have a yard 2 feet square, made of boards 10 inches wide and covered with ½-inch mesh wire netting, which I attach to the brooder. This yard is placed on fresh, short grass, which is thoroughly raked so it contains nothing the chicks can pick up and eat. They will eat anything they see that they can swallow, and this lack of discrimination has caused the death of many.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. R. FOSTER

300 CHINESE PHEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BROODERS.

In the sunny corner of the yard I put 2 shovels full of fresh earth, so the birds can dust themselves to their hearts' content. They are fond of dusting and of basking in the sun. This earth is renewed as needed. I have an old window I put over the top of this yard rainy days, and when a shower comes up, I let the birds into this yard the first or second day, according to weather. They must have exercise or they will not thrive.

When the chicks are a week old I let them into long runs, which are made of wire netting, one-inch mesh, 3 feet high, 6 feet wide and 50 feet long. These runs are covered with wire netting of the same size, which is carefully tied every 6 inches around the edge and pegged down around the bottom. I put a large pile of brush in the farther end for them to sit on, hide in, etc. One-half of this run should lie in the shade or should be shaded with brush or burlap. The birds like both sun and shade, and need both. These runs should be on grassy ground and can be moved to fresh ground as necessary.

The food I give at first is unseasoned custard, fresh water, crisp lettuce and maggots. The custard is made of 8 eggs to one quart of milk. The dish the custard is in is set into a pan of water and baked until it is firm and dry. It must not be wet or sloppy. At first I put this custard on a flat stone. The chicks will begin to eat it as soon as they are put into the brooder. I have fresh water in an earthen drinking fountain. They must have the water in something they can not get into and get wet. A clean saucer full of stones as large as walnuts will do. They must have all the tender lettuce they will eat. If it is weighted down with a stone, they can pick it themselves. If not, I have to cut it up fine for them at first. I keep these 3 things by them all the time. It is their nature to eat only a little at a time and often. My birds have done better when so fed than in any other way. The sun must not shine on the drinking water or on any of their food, and everything must be kept perfectly sweet and clean.

When the birds are 3 or 4 weeks old I begin giving them a scalded mash made of equal weights of Indian meal, mixed feed and best beef scraps. When they eat this well, I gradually leave off the custard. Whole wheat, buckwheat, cracked corn and rice, which is a native food, are then kept by them all the time, as well as the mash. Fresh water and green food must not be forgotten at any time. At this age they like chickweed, grass sods, and they will pick out the seeds in grass heads. Bugs, worms and insects of all kinds are their most natural food, and when the birds are raised in confinement something must be supplied to take the place of such insects.

Judge Denny, of Oregon, who introduced Chinese pheasants into this country, bred them while Consul to Shanghai, feeding them on ants' eggs, which are a native food. Here we must have something else, and maggots seem to take the place the best of anything tried. If maggots are used, they should be kept in constant supply, and to do this is a business by itself. I have 2 sources of meat supply for this purpose, in sheep plucks and calves' heads, from the butcher's. I also utilize any cheap meat, like woodchucks, stray cats, which have been known to catch pheasants, etc. The maggot house should be situated at least one-quarter of a mile from a dwelling. When the weather is suitable for blowflies to be out, the meat should be exposed in racks, where they can get at it. As soon as it is well blown it should be put in boxes and covered with an old bran sack until the eggs hatch and the heat begins to develop. If more maggots hatch than the meat will mature, more meat should be added. In 4 or 5 days after hatching the maggots should be full grown. They should then be turned into hopperlike boxes, with slat or one-inch mesh wire bottoms, placed on a rack, with tight bottom boxes or sheet metal pans underneath, to catch the maggots. Wheat shorts or middlings should be strewn over the bottom of these pans to dry the maggots and prevent their crawling out. It also helps to clean and scour the maggots. For very young pheasants, the maggots must be free from the bran. To effect this, pour the maggots into a bran sack, hang it over the pan or box, and let them crawl through, leaving the bran inside.

The young pheasants should also have a lot of bright live oats. I begin feeding a few of these twice a day when the birds are 2 or 3 days old. After they are a week old, feed 3 times a day, as long as they care for the oats.

These instructions have reference to the absolutely pure Chinese pheasant. Breeders of English ringnecks claim they are easy to raise. One man who has raised both and kept the Chinese pure, says you can't raise them alike. The Chinese are hard to raise. He says he can tell whether one has the pure Chinese or not by knowing how he feeds the young.

I have been raising Chinese pheasants 5 years. Have had them die from not knowing how to care for them, from no apparent cause, from disease, from eating green apples that fell from the tree just after the blossom had set, the stem being an inch long; sand, small tacks, bits of wood, gravel stones, grass roots and stolen food that didn't agree with them. Have had trouble with hawks, cats, dogs, skunks, and weasels. A good many chicks have liberated themselves. Many others have committed suicide in a variety of ways. The 2 most unexpected things were a frog that made a breakfast on one young pheasant, and had killed another for supper before we found out what he was about, and a butcher bird that killed some of my full grown birds last winter and dined on their brains, leaving the rest. Now my question is, What next? I can not imagine.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. R. FOSTER.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Another pleasant experience is to be awakened in the night by a noise that sounds like a tornado coming. You say, "What is that?" Then you realize it is the pheasants flying against the wire. Something has disturbed them, and you make a hasty trip out to see what is the trouble. Many such trips have I made, and at all hours of the night. I have had broken legs and wings, and many gashed breasts have I had to sew up.

These birds, however, are destined to become the game birds of this country. The cocks, with their brilliant plumage, are a beautiful sight. Since they have proved a success as a game bird in Oregon, other States, gun clubs and individuals, even, have obtained birds and liberated them in their localities. The Fitchburg Gun Club has liberated some 500 in this vicinity, with satisfactory results. Nests have been found containing 12 to 20 eggs. The cock and hen have been seen together, with their brood, and broods of all sizes have been seen.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HERMAN MAYLATH.

WEAKFISH.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

THE SPORTSMAN AND GEOLOGY.

KIRBY THOMAS.

The true sportsman, be he a devotee of the gun or a disciple of Mr. Walton, loves Nature and her varying manifestations. He is a naturalist by instinct, and his observations of natural phenomena are a satisfaction to him. Often they are not scientific, nor is his knowledge classified; but the trees and grasses, the beasts and the birds, the rocks and soils, the lakes and rivers, are all associated definitely with his pleasures afield. What sportsman has not paused on the hot trail of game to observe and enjoy a rare bit of mountain scenery or a gemlike lake which burst in view from his unfrequented path? What angler has not ceased to cunningly cast his line, for a view of sputtering, murmuring falls or a secluded and shadowed bend in the stream, mirroring sky and tree? It is not alone the excitement of the chase or the delightful uncertainty of angling which attracts the sportsman, it is Nature. Some take pleasure in observing her manifestations more in detail. These are the sportsmen naturalists. This one knows zoology, or, better, animalology. When the game is quiet or scarce he finds satisfaction in observing the beasts and the birds. He studies their characteristics and habits. He knows the name of a score of birds which never get into the hunter's bag. This sportsman never returns empty handed from the hunt. He learns something every time he goes afield.

Another is an amateur botanist. As he trudges through the forest or plunges astream after the fascinating finny fellows, he notices the trees, the herbs and the flowers. Perhaps he picks some curious and interesting specimens. He learns from his guide the haunts of this rare plant, the flowering season of that strange herb. He drinks in the great literature of the woods, full of legends and allegory and rich in true poetic figures and fancies. He confirms the science of botany he has learned from books and adds a store of practical knowledge of plant life. His is always a full day when abroad, no matter what the condition of the side basket. Both these sportsmen scientists find great pleasure in supplementing their trips by reading popular books and magazines along the line of their particular observation.

Another sportsman scientist makes a hobby of geology. This is no indoor study. It can only be thoroughly learned and enjoyed by observations in the field. It is the study of the book of the earth, indelibly and legibly written in mountains, valleys, plains and seas by Nature herself. This book is everywhere, and always presents new and interesting chapters. If the hunter knows the language of geology, he can read a page of this book as he climbs the crags of the unfrequented mountain. Perhaps a day's journey may reveal an interesting story, covering millions of years, and unfolding great catastrophes such as no records of man can disclose. As the angler follows a stream from lake to source he can see Nature today making geology in the deposits of silt and sand in the lake and the eating away of hills and rocks by the never ceasing tooth of the running stream. And all this can be observed incidentally to the main purposes of the trip.

The general principles of geology are not hard to learn. One of a dozen good textbooks will give the searcher after the knowledge a clear idea of the general theories of the science. A few winter nights spent in study will familiarize him with the more common terms used in the science, while an occasional odd hour given to reading the classics of geology will instill the proper spirit into the slowest intellect. Then he is ready for field work. The various State and Government geological reports on localities usually give details and local geological applications. These reports can generally be obtained for the asking, or are available in all public libraries. Every sportsman is necessarily a close observer. Let him turn that faculty to geology, and he will have a never failing pleasure when afield. He will never be lonely, for he will have always with him a serial of the most interesting plot and greatest mystery which he may read as he runs.

It is a great advantage to associate in the field with a geological crank as a means of learning the first lessons, and acquiring proper methods. In almost every community such a man can be found, and he will usually be willing to tramp all day with an appreciative listener for the privilege of telling his story and making new observations. Perhaps he may be ignorant of books, but wise in experience; or he may be some well read man who loves geology and never tires of it.

The observations of a trip all supplement and illuminate the reading which the sportsman geologist has done and enlighten many an hour's subsequent reading at home when the season is over. To see Nature with intelligent eyes and then to compare, by reading, your experiences with those of others is a delightful way of becoming educated.

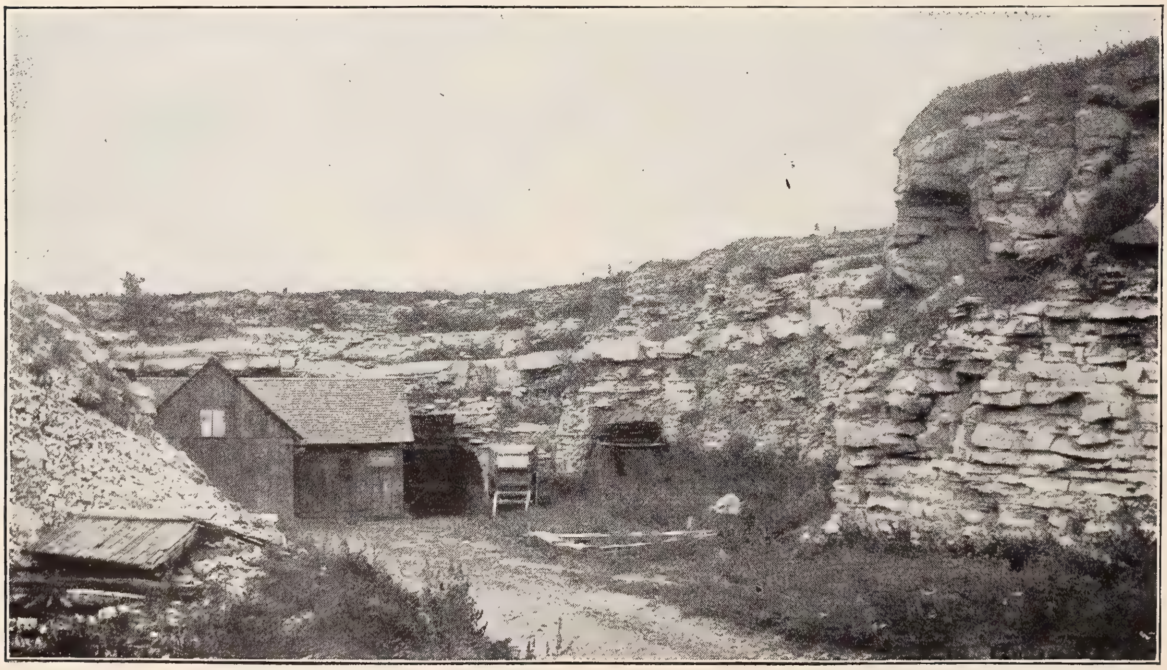
Incident to the study of geology afield, the sportsman may observe the economic aspects of rocks. It does not bemean his sport if he stumbles on a bed of clay and, surmising it may be valuable, takes a sample with him back to the city, to show to some expert. Perhaps he learns that this particular clay bed is kaolin and much in demand. He can make a business trip, buy the land cheaply and perhaps lay the foundation for a fortune. Or if this is not in his line he can let some friend follow up the clue and can have the satisfaction of saying he discovered this mine or that resource. The possibilities, in an economic way, of the geological observations of the sportsman are great and are not confined to unknown regions. Often the natives of a locality do not realize they have a gold mine in some clay bed or ore bearing cliff. But particularly in remote regions should the sportsman be a geologist. He will add to his sport much satisfaction, and he may derive great wealth.

The sportsman geologist need not invest time or money in a scientific course. He can develop by observation. Some scientific friend can always be found to explain facts for the good observer. Thus on a winter evening at home or at the club the trip may be lived over after the game has all been killed again in story several times and the fish all caught so often they have attained a suspicious size. Of all the sciences, geology is the best one for the sportsman to be familiar with and to like.

MARKET GARDENING UNDER GROUND.

NORMAN POMEROY, JR.

Most people who eat mushrooms are familiar with their looks and have probably gathered them in old pastures and meadows; but to go into an underground mushroom garden 1/5 of a mile back in away from daylight and see long rows of beds with mushroms growing there in the darkness is interesting and furnishes a



AMATEUR PHOTO BY N. POMEROY, JR.

ENTRANCE TO MUSHROOM CAVE.

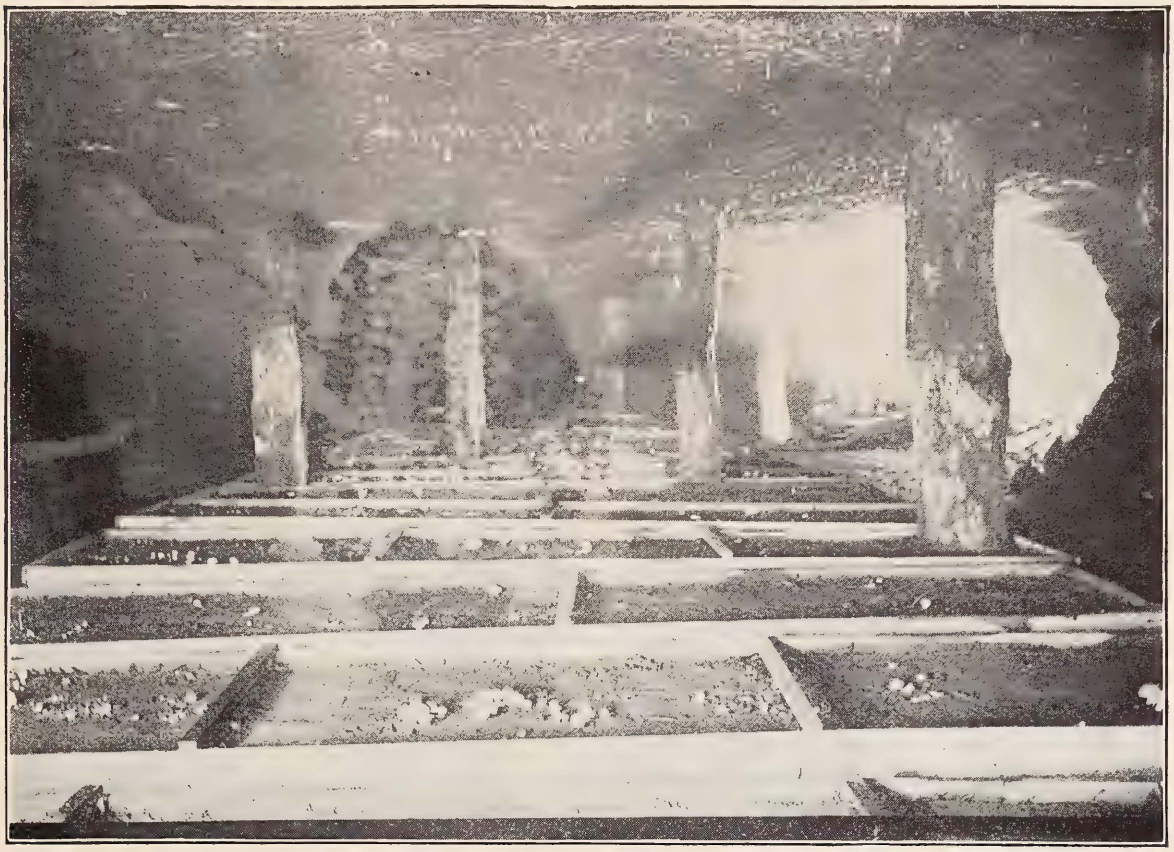
rare sight. One would have to go no farther than Akron, a small town about 20 miles from Buffalo, on the West Shore railroad, to see such a garden.

An enterprising citizen has converted the abandoned cement stone quarry cave into a mushroom farm. There are about 20 acres in this cave, on which he has hundreds of beds and is raising 3,000 to 5,000 pounds of mushrooms a year, shipping nearly all to the New York and Boston markets.

The temperature in the cave remains about the same in winter and summer, varying only 4 or 5 degrees, so the mushrooms grow the year round and are picked twice a week.

One enters the cave by way of a deep, sloping cut through the rock to a passageway large enough to admit a horse and cart. At the end of this passage you are glad enough to put yourself in charge of a guide, who lights the way back through the narrow passage with a large gasoline torch. The beds are about 1,000 feet back from the entrance, long rows of them extending into the darkness. The air is cool and damp. Little pools of water standing here and there are caused by the warm air from the outside coming in, condensing and dripping down. In that way the beds are kept well watered. They are built with boards about 12 feet long and 5 feet wide, are filled partly with horse stable manure and are well packed. This foundation is covered with a sandy soil, and the mushroom seed, or, properly speaking, spawn, is put in. The mushrooms do not appear for 6 weeks to 3 months. The fibrous roots extending to all parts of the bed are like a fruit tree beneath the soil, and the fruit appears up through the ground when ripe.

In the accompanying photographs the light at the side was caused by a flash made in a side passage.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY N. POMEROY, JR.

MUSHROOM BEDS.

Flashlight View 1-5 of a Mile Back in the Cave.

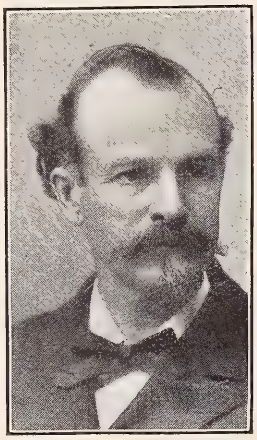
Church: I see some of the theaters are reducing their prices.

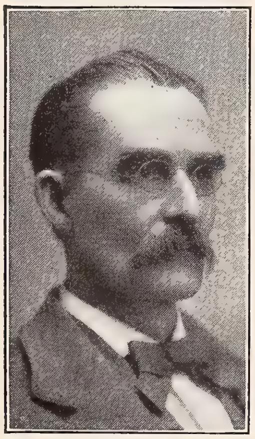
Gotham: Yes; it looks as if a fellow would be able pretty soon to see a 25-cent show in New York for only 50 cents.—Yonkers Statesman.

SOME PROMINENT NEW MEMBERS.

As I have frequently said, Chief Warden J. H. Ager, of the Nebraska division of the League, is one of the greatest workers we have in the field. He is a busy railway officer, but is so deeply in earnest in his desire to save the game from extermination, that he sits up nights to do necessary work in that direction. He has burned gallons of midnight oil during the past winter in an effort to secure the passage of a good game law; to build up the League membership in his State, and to ferret out, prosecute and convict violators of the game laws; and he has succeeded on all these lines. Mr. Ager and the other League members have pushed through the Nebraska Legislature one of the best game laws now on the statute books of any State.

HON. C. H. DEITRICH,
Ex-Governor of Nebraska,
Now U. S. Senator.

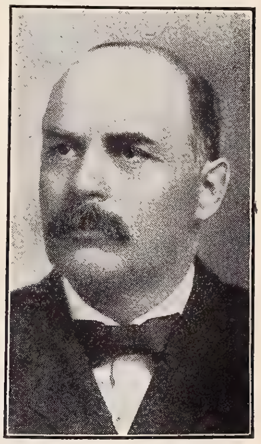

HON. E. P. SAVAGE,
Lieut. Governor, Nebraska.


HON. GEORGE MARSH,
Secretary of State, Nebraska.

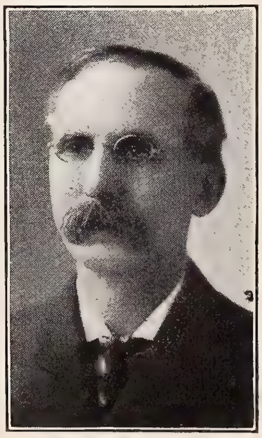
HON. F. N. PROUT,
Attorney General, Nebraska.

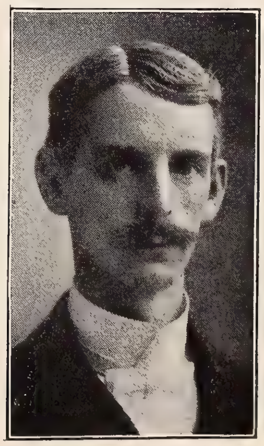
They have arrested and convicted a number of people for violating game laws during the past year, the most notable being the representative of the Armour Packing Co., at Omaha. These people were attempting to ship quails out of the State in violation of law, when a member of the Nebraska division of the League apprehended them, broke open a freight car, seized the goods, arrested the Armour Company's agent, and compelled him to pay a fine of $500 in court. The company was liable to a much heavier fine, but they were let off for this sum on condition that they sign a contract not to handle any more game in Nebraska at any time within the next 10 years. That is the kind of stuff some League men are made of.

HON. WILLIAM STENFER,
State Treasurer, Nebraska.


HON. CHAS. WESTON,
State Auditor, Nebraska.

Last fall I sent a circular letter to the chief wardens of all the divisions asking them to invite the Governors of their respective States to join the League. Several of the wardens acted on the suggestion, but Ager acted effectively. He took a handful of blank applications, went into the capitol building, and when he came out he had the signed applications and the dollars of the Governor, the


HON. CHAS. D FOLMFR,
Commissioner of Public Lands,
and Buildings, Nebraska.


HON. W. K. FOWLER,
Supt. Public Instruction,
Nebraska.

Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, the State Treasurer, State Auditor, Commissioner of Public Lands, and Superintendent of Public Instruction. Furthermore, Mr. Ager hustled the photograph galleries in Lincoln until he got pictures of all these honorable gentlemen, and here they are.

Gee whiz! If I could only get all my lieutenants to work as a few of them do, we should have 50,000 members before the end of this year.

But, while I am grateful for the Agers, the Littletons, the Pratts, the Elrods, the Foleys, the Whiteheads, the Sherwoods, the Lehles, the Bicknells, the Sawyers, the Fays, the Langes, the Van Sauns, the Ponds, the Reutingers, the Emersons, the Martins, the Macks, the Stearns, the Merrills, the Droughts, and the Dunhams, yet there are others whose apathy and indolence make me tired.

There are a few men whose names I have not mentioned in this connection who do not even answer my letters. They know what I think of them, and they know what other men think of any man who is not courteous enough to answer a letter, even when a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed.

It is never too late to reform, and I can only hope that some of these lazy, sleepy chief wardens will one of these days wake up, and decide to emulate the example of their brothers who are really doing things.

FOURTH OF JULY IN JOSHVILLE.

A. L. VERMILYA.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

Dim dawn behind the turnip field—the sky is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village pare their corns;
And the cattle seek the riverside, each kicking at his fellow,
And hooking wads of hair off with his horns.
Oh, the racket in the highway! Oh, the shouting in the byway!
Oh, the powder smoke that hovers over earth!
For to-day we're making merry—Bill, and Pete, and Tom and Jerry—
To-day the Yankee fellows own the earth.

Full day behind the turnip fields—the sky is blue and staring—
As some pilgrims wobble on, with gibe and joke;
And they bear one through an alley, who is past all thought of caring,
To his home, to put him 'neath the pump to soak.
Call on, Johnny, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly—
Call on, Johnny, he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
No: he dreams of realms enchanting, where the people all walk slanting—
He is deaf to all the music and the noise.

High noon behind the turnip fields—the sun is hot above us—
As the merry July day is jogging on.
We will spend our money freely, and the giddy girls will love us
Until every blooming plunk is nicely gone.
Oh, the stuff we buy of fakirs! Oh, the pop and candy makers!
Oh, the dizzy, aching head, and stomach pain!
Wool brought cash—wherefore we sold it; hay was cheap—we couldn't hold it,
And to-day we're blowing in our paltry gain.

Grey dusk behind the turnip fields—the cattle get together—
As the milking time approaches over home.
We don't care a continental what the day, or time, or weather,
As along the village streets we gaily roam.
What a jolly, roaring frolic, void of all things Apostolic,
Is this day, made by those Patriots long ago!
Oh, could they but just be near us—could they see, and smell, and hear us—
They would surely be dumbfounded at the show.

Black night behind the turnip fields—the skeeters sing in chorus—
As we start for home, along a winding way;
With a howling day behind us, and expanded heads before us,
Let us roll along while yet we're feeling gay.
Hip, hurrah! then, jolly neighbors; morrow comes with all its labors;
Let us shout as is the custom of our caste;
We have ripped the world asunder, plugged the cracks with home made thunder,
And another Independence Day has past.

BY PERMISSION OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

FROM HAMIL'S POINT, LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT, HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

NORTH DAKOTA GAME NOTES.

Valley City, N. D.

Editor RECREATION:

The North Dakota Legislature has changed the game laws of the State considerably this session, and as they now stand the open season on deer is made one month shorter, November 1st to December 1st. Five days are allowed to get game home, and the limit is 5 deer to each hunter.

The open season on grouse, chickens and woodcock is September 1st to October 15th, 15 days more than formerly. No woodcock are known to linger in the State. Twenty-five is the limit.

Snipe, plover and brant are not protected. Geese and cranes may be shot from August 20th to May 1st. Quails, English and Chinese pheasants are protected until August 20th, 1905.

The open season on buffalo, moose, elk, caribou and mountain sheep is October 10th to December 10th; same number and limit of time as on deer. There are, however, none in the State wild. Occasionally a moose wanders across the border line of Minnesota and in the Northeastern portion of this State, and is chased, captured or killed by North Dakotans.

Antelope are protected until January 1st, 1911. There are quite a number about the Southwest and Northwest portions of the State and in the Turtle mountains.

Beaver and otter are protected until November 10th, 1905.

No hunting by residents is allowed without permit. Non-residents actually engaged in cultivation of not less than 160 acres of land in the State have the same privilege as bona fide residents. Others must pay a $25 license fee.

On wild ducks the open season is September 1st to October 15th; 25 a day limit. No exportation permitted.

The wolf bounty is $2, State allowance. On buffalo and timber wolves a bounty of $12 is offered by cattlemen in addition to the State bounty.

Hounding, spring guns, traps or other devices are prohibited.

Beaver are increasing bv protection. Several families or colonies exist on the Cheyenne and Wild Rice rivers in the Eastern part of the State. Otter are reported within a few miles of this city on the Cheyenne; also millions of muskrats.

Rivers are becoming filled with sand pike, walleyed pike, rock bass and pickerel. Several of the latter weighing 20 pounds have been caught in the Cheyenne here this winter, with hook and line, through the ice.

All dams within the State must have fishways, built after the Buck plans used in Minnesota.

The first deer seen in Barnes county were noticed by farmers yesterday a few miles South of this city. They were of the white tailed variety.

We are pleased to note the reappointment of Samuel F. Fullerton as executive agent of the Minnesota State Game C mmission.

I learn to-day that a fellow named Butterfield, from near this city, who has taken up a claim on the Montana side opposite Buford, N. D., boasts of having killed 60 deer last fall and winter. I think he will be looked after in future. One Valley City man shot 5 deer near Buford, when in company with a party of 4 others from here last fall. He was not satisfied so he stayed and got 5 others; but they were nailed at Minot by the game warden. Served the hog right. Keep up the good work of trouncing game hogs.

A few weeks ago I visited Nebraska and assisted in framing a game law which will practically stop the exportation of game from that State. It had reached an alarming figure. The State will probably provide for a State game warden to look after the enforcement of any laws passed.

Last week Anton Johnson, a rancher living South of Sims, N. D., near Medora, took to Sims for the bounty of $12 that is paid by the stockmen, a large buffalo wolf, which he had trapped. It was 7 feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail.

North Dakota has abolished the office of State fish and forestry commissioner and the State game warden will have to look after fish.

I saw several large flocks of mallards and teals wintering in the swamps above Salem, Wis., December 23d last while *en route* to Nebraska on the Burlington road.

F. T. Smith.

AN EFFICIENT GAME WARDEN.

Some time ago I wrote you complaining that illegal fishing and shooting was being done near East Camden and along Cooper's creek, in Camden county, New Jersey. Today, thank goodness! we have the law breakers "on the run." When I say "we," I include Fish and Game Warden William Guthridge, of Camden county, an honest and fearless officer of the New Jersey Commission, whom I was able to enlist in the good work. I enclose his report of arrests made last year, some of them on the very ground I wrote you about.

I was especially interested in the case against Joseph Hulz for drawing the waters of Stockton lake in order to catch the fish therein. In fact, I argued the case against him, and but for a technical point would have had the fellow tucked away for a while, for I feel sure he could never have paid the fine. As it was, the reprimand given him was one of the most severe I ever listened to. Justice Thompson, an able, fair minded sportsman, was the administrator of it, and the recognition and commendation he gave our League warmed the hearts of the members who heard him.

The cordiality with which my self-introduction, by means of my membership card, was received gave me reason to feel proud of belonging to the L. A. S. The League has become here a known factor in the preservation of game. For this, RECREATION can be thanked.

Fredk. von Nieda, Phila., Pa.

Mr. von Nieda,

Dear Sir: You requested me to report to you the arrests I made in 1900. You will find them as follows:

August 31, I arrested John Chew, on Hubs farm, for shooting one kingbird. He was fined $20 with costs, amounting to $24.35. Defendant paid fine and costs and was discharged.

September 9, arrested Jerry Pearon, for Sunday gunning. He was fined $20 and costs, which amounted to $25.57. Fine and costs paid and the defendant discharged.

September 17, arrested Louis Schiavo, at Oaklyn, for shooting 2 robins. Was fined $45 without costs. Fine paid and the defendant discharged.

October 3, arrested Toney Demarka, at Winslow township, for killing 2 quails. Served 10 days in the county jail and was released on payment of fine of one bird, which amounted to $23.45 fine and costs.

October 19, arrested Joseph Natale on the train from Burlington county, with 2 wounded robins in his possession. He served 2 days in the county jail, paid fine and cost of one bird, which amounted to $24.80, and was released.

November 2, arrested William Cresson, at Federal Street Ferry, for attempting to carry game out of the State. He was fined for 2 quails and one rabbit, which amounted to $63. Fine and costs paid and the defendant discharged.

November 2, also arrested Michael Harmon, at Federal Street Ferry, for attempting to remove game out of the State. He was fined for one rabbit, which amounted to $22.50. Fine and costs paid and defendant discharged.

November 3, arrested P. Henry Asbury at Kaighn Point ferry, for attempting to remove game out of the State. He was fine for 2 quails, which amounted to $42.50. Fine and costs paid and defendant discharged.

November 4, arrested Joel Barber and Martin Taylor for Sunday duck shooting on the Delaware river. They were fined $40 and $6 costs, which amounted to $46. Fine and costs were paid and defendants discharged.

November 17, I took Joseph Hulz before Justice Thompson for fishing nets in Stockton lake. He was given a severe reprimand and discharged.

December 1, arrested Edward O'Brien and William B. Tevis for attempting to remove game out of the State. William B. Tevis was fined $460. The fine on the boy, Edward O'Brien, was reconsidered, and he was discharged. William B. Tevis paid a fine of $154 and was discharged.

December 5, arrested William D. Vanaman for selling snared game. He was fined $42.90. Fine and costs paid and defendant discharged.

December 6, for trapping game A. S. Kandel was arrested, fined $40; costs, $12.50. Appeal taken.

William Guthridge, Camden, N. J.

GENERAL MILES ON THE STAND.

Some time ago the San Diego Union published a picture showing about 200 ducks hung on a rack, under which was this caption: "Result of a forenoon's sport by Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. Army, at Otay Dam, San Diego County."

A subscriber sent me a copy of the paper and wrote on the margin, "Give General Miles what he deserves, and the editor of the paper a dose, for publishing such a disgraceful photograph."

I wrote General Miles as follows:

"I am informed you recently killed about 200 ducks in one day, at Otay Dam, California. Will you kindly let me know whether this report is correct.

General Miles replied as follows:

DEAR SIR: The statement you refer to is not exactly correct; but a year ago last autumn I was a member of a party of 9 that went to Otay Dam to hunt ducks. We had 2 hours' shooting in the evening and 2 hours in the morning, bagging 450 ducks. I understand other parties have killed much larger numbers than that in one day. The lake is carefully preserved, and shooting is only allowed once a week, and then only by special invitation. After the shooting, the ducks are carefully gathered up and taken to the Coronado Hotel, where they are utilized for food, so there is no useless destruction of game.

Please send me your magazine one year, for which I enclose $1.

Very truly yours,
Nelson A. Miles.

So it seems that 9 men averaged about 50 ducks each. The General does not say how many he killed, but he does say the statement that he killed 200 is not exactly correct. That would imply that he must have killed nearly 200. Doubtless he is a much better shot than some of the other fellows. He has shown his skill in hunting Indians, and it is safe to assume he is as thoroughly expert when shooting ducks as when hustling Indians. He says the 450 ducks were killed in 4 hours. He evidently realizes he has done wrong and tries to excuse himself by saying other parties have killed much larger numbers of ducks in one day.

He also attempts to justify the slaughter by saying the ducks are taken to the hotel, where they are utilized for food, so that there is no useless destruction of game. Every true sportsman in the United States will regret that the General of the Army should ever have placed himself in a position where he should feel he must apologize for slaughtering game.

By his own confession he has placed himself on a level with the professional market hunter. He has not even so good an excuse as the market hunter has, for the latter may plead that he has a family to support and that the money he gets for his game is expended for bread and for clothing. When General Miles and his friends go out and kill a boat load of ducks and give them to the hotel proprietor, they go into direct competition with the poor man who would like to supply the hotel with game. Thus they practically take bread out of the mouths of the market hunter's wife and children.

No, General, this plea can not stand before the tribunal of public opinion. You have disgraced yourself; and the fact that the notorious Babcock and his fellow swine preserve a lake and make butchers of themselves is no reason why you should have descended to their level. It will be many a year before the people will forget this unsportsmanlike act of yours.—EDITOR.

A SAMPLE OF MONTANA JUSTICE.

Here is some correspondence which explains itself:

Judge J. G. Burns,
Belt, Mont.

Dear Sir:—A member of this League has sent me a clipping from the Great Falls Leader containing a report of a case recently tried before you in which one Holland was charged with a violation of the game law. The report states that you fined Holland $50.

I write to thank you on behalf of all the members of this League for the excellent example you have thus set the other justices in your State, and for the salutary lesson you have thus taught the law breakers. It is an evident fact, commented on everywhere, that the game laws in your State are not sufficient to protect your game, and the majority of your people have been negligent in the matter of enforcement. It is therefore a source of deep gratification to every friend of game protection that one man should have been placed on the bench in the great State of Montana who believes in the necessity of enforcing game laws. The effect of your action will be far reaching and will have great influence for good.

ANSWER

Belt, Mont.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for the kind words contained in your recent letter. It is a pleasure to know that people outside of my State appreciate what I am doing to enforce the game laws. It is a pity the laws do not fully protect the game.

In the case of Ben Holland, he came into court and pleaded guilty after I had the officer bring into court some of the prairie chickens he had sold. A mistake was discovered in the complaint and Holland's lawyer asked for a new trial. On the advice and instructions of the county attorney I granted such. A motion was then made for a change of venue, which I refused on statutory grounds, and on demand a jury trial was granted the defendant. The county attorney proved the case fully, but the jury discharged the defendant. I then arrested him for selling the chickens, and his attorney, knowing I would see the law enforced, took a change of venue to Justice Michael Foley's court.

It was proven in this court that Holland had sold the chickens, but as he had sold them on credit Justice Foley decided Holland did not violate the game laws, as a sale on credit is not for a valuable consideration.

Although in the cases of Riley v. State, 43 Miss. 397, Comm. v. Burns, 8 Gray 482, Emmerson v. Noble, 32 Me. 380 decided otherwise, the Justice Court over which the learned judge presided decided to let the criminal go.

I wanted the county attorney to try Holland for having game in his possession, but the attorney decided that Holland, who is a rancher, was out enough, as he lost 2 weeks from home and his attorney fees were about $100.

If another case comes before me I shall give the offender the full limit, $250. Not only the game, but all other laws as well, must and shall be observed while I hold office.

J. J. G. Burns.

HAD 90 DOZEN QUAILS.

M. A. Low, H. P. Dillon, W. A. L. Thompson, Eugene Quinton and other Topeka men, brought no game with them when they arrived in Topeka Sunday afternoon in private car 212, from their Indian Territory hunt. Cause: Game wardens and federal law. The fruits of the three weeks' hunt were 90 dozen quail, but they were all left at El Reno, upon the urgent request of federal officials.

The party consisted of M. A. Low, general attorney for the Rock Island; H. P. Dillon, master in chancery of the United States court; R. W. Blair, assistant attorney of the Union Pacific; E. S. Quinton, Esq., W. A. L. Thompson and G. W. Stansfield, two of Topeka's well-known merchants, and Dean R. Low.

I asked Mr. Thompson about this report and here is his reply:

Law Offices
of
Williams & Dillon,
Topeka, Kan., Dec. 29, 1900.

Dear Sir:

Your card to Mr. W. A. L. Thompson asking if he was one of the hunting party that killed a thousand odd quail recently has been handed to me for reply, owing to the absence of Mr. Thompson from the city. I was also a member of the party. As a matter of fact, we killed about 1,500 birds. At first blush this seems a large number, but everything considered it is not a large bag. We were in the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache reservation in the Indian Territory. The party consisted of 8 men; we were shooting 15 days, which would give about an average of 100 birds a day for 8 guns, or about 12 birds a day to each man. We hunted on horseback and were enabled to cover a large radius of territory. I suppose we hunted over a region at least 20 miles square during our stay.

There is a law against shipping game out of the territory, and this law is being rigidly enforced. When our party was ready to return home we had stored in the refrigerator of our commissary car about 90 dozen birds. We thought possibly the law did not apply to such parties as ours, as our only intention in bringing the game out was for use in our families and for distribution among friends. The game warden, however, took another view of the law, and the question was submitted to the judge who would ultimately have to pass on the construction of the law. He decided that the law covered our case, so we left our birds in the Territory. It was a matter of regret to us that the law was so construed, but we had to be reconciled.

It is not an ideal country for shooting, as extensive preparations have to be made in order to obtain good results. It is almost a necessity to hunt on horseback and horses are not easily procured. It also necessitates a camping outfit or a private car, as there are no houses in the country where accommodations can be furnished hunters.

Yours truly, H. P. Dillon.

It is strange that a prominent lawyer, like Judge Dillon, should imagine for a moment that a federal law prohibiting the shipment of game out of the Indian Territory should not apply to all men alike. Game laws are made for everybody, and no man should imagine he can evade them by traveling in a private car.—Editor.

MINNESOTA'S NEW GAME LAW.

No person shall catch, take, kill or have in possession or under control for any purpose whatever at any time any whippoorwill, night hawk, bluefish, finch, thrush, linnet, lark, wren, martin, swallow, bobolink, robin, catbird or any other harmless bird, excepting blackbirds, crows, hawks, and English sparrows, except as hereinafter allowed; but nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the keeping of song birds as domestic pets. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to catch, take, kill or have in possession or ship any turtle dove, snipe, prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, white breasted or sharp tailed grouse between the 1st day of November and the 1st day of September following; or any quail, partridge, ruffed grouse or pheasant between the 1st day of December and the 1st day of October following; or woodcock or upland plover between the 31st day of October and the 4th day of July following; or any Mongolian, English or Chinese pheasant at any time prior to the 1st day of September, A. D. 1904; or any wild duck of any variety, or any variety of wild goose, brant or any variety of aquatic fowl whatever between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of September following.

The sale, exposing for sale, having in possession with intent to sell or the shipment to any person either within or without the State by common or private carrier of any quail, ruffed or sharp tailed grouse, prairie chicken or ruffed grouse, sometimes known as partridge or pheasant, wild duck of any variety or any variety of wild goose, brant or any variety of aquatic fowl whatever is hereby prohibited and made unlawful. Except that when the birds mentioned in this section have been lawfully caught, taken and killed within the time herein allowed, they may be had in possession 10 days after the time hereinbefore limited for use as herein specified and not otherwise. Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be punished by a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $25 and costs of prosecution or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than 10 days nor more than 30 days for each and every bird so caught, taken or killed, shipped or had in possession or under control.

Here's a model game law, and it is a direct result of the persistent and untiring work of Chief Warden Lange of the Minnesota Division of the League, aided and abetted by all the League members in that State. This is another illustration of the difference between this League and many other so called game protective associations. Most of them simply meet once a year and do a lot of resoluting. We saw wood and pile it up, so you can see it.—EDITOR.

THE REAL DESTROYERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

In March RECREATION I note J. R. D.'s accusation against Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza's hunting party which visited Newfoundland on the steam yacht Eleanor. As I had the honor of being one of that party and happen to know something about the real destroyers of Newfoundland caribou, I will enlighten J. R. D. on the subject.

Though the yacht visited other points on the Northeastern coast, no hunting was done save at the Birchy ponds, in Newfoundland. Seven $40 licenses were taken out by members of the party, each entitling the holder to kill 3 caribou. The entire kill of the party was one or 2 head less than the number to which they were legally limited. Several of us had opportunities to kill many more caribou had we cared to join the ranks of the much advertised game hogs.

As no sportsman likes to part with trophies of his own skill, some of the party bought from natives at Bay of Islands a number of heads to be mounted and given to friends.

If the caribou of Newfoundland are ever exterminated it will not be by non-resident, lawfully licensed sportsmen. It is the natives who are killing off the animals. I am told caribou meat is sold all winter at St. Johns for 1½ cents a pound.

While the Cardeza party was in camp at Birchy ponds, 3 men came down the river from the Northern coast and camped on an adjacent lake. Their firing attracted our attention. On investigation we found they were there to secure their winter's meat.

They would wait on the Southern shore until a band of caribou appeared and started to cross the lake. Then the 3 butchers, 2 at the oars and one armed with 3 antiquated blunderbusses, in the bow, would row out and intercept the animals. When at close range the man in the bow would discharge his heavily loaded weapons at the hapless victims, killing stags, does and fawns alike. Then, as the guns were muzzle loaders, the surviving caribou were killed with a pole or an ax.

In 3 days the men killed more than 20 caribou. Then, cutting off and throwing away the heads and feet, they tied one carcass to another like a string of canal boats, and towed their meat home.

During our stay we saw 3 other parties of natives engaged in the same business. The shores of the ponds and lakes of Newfoundland, strewn with the rotting bones and weather beaten antlers of slaughtered caribou, bear grim evidence against the native meat hunter.

E. W. L., New York City.

A GOOD DEER SEASON IN ONTARIO.

The deer hunting season in the Province of Ontario is considerably shorter than in any other of the localities where deer are found in abundance, the close season being November 16th to October 31st of the year following, allowing only 15 days for the hunter to enjoy this grand sport. The Grand Trunk Railway system has given this matter considerable attention, and the districts reached by its railway are the finest hunting grounds in the Dominion of Canada.

The returns for 1900 are not quite all in, but those to date show 88 licenses were issued to non-residents, and 4,200 to residents of the Province of Ontario; also 105 moose licenses, making a total of 4,393; but the probabilities are that at least 5,000 licenses were issued. The hunters during the 1900 season have not been quite so successful as those who went up into these districts in previous years. This was accounted for by the bad weather that was experienced during the last open season. It does not mean a diminution of deer, as they are increasing in numbers each successive year, owing to the stringent regulations which the Government enforce.

A legal season for the shooting of moose was opened in 1900 for the first time in 5 years, and is now closed for 3 years. There were taken out during the open season by the express companies alone 1,621 deer, weighing in the aggregate 176,312 pounds. Chief Game Warden Tinsley states that not less than 5,000 deer were taken out of the Northern country during the open season. The number carried by the express companies, large as it may be, can not be taken as a criterion of the total number killed, as those killed by the settlers are not shipped, and a large number of hunters from towns and villages adjacent to the hunting grounds have the deer killed by them taken to their respective homes by teams and other conveyances.

There is one clause in the deer hunting regulations which should be eliminated by the Ontario Government, and that is, allowing the killing of deer in the water. This is considered a brutal way of hunting by any true sportsman. Cutting this clause out will not only be a means of still further protecting deer, but will be recognized as an important addition to the game laws by every true lover of the sport. There has been considerable talk in connection with extending the open season, but it is to be hoped the Ontario Government will not countenance any such suggestion at the present time, as the present open season protects the deer from promiscuous slaughter and obviates the likelihood of their depletion.—Montreal Gazette, Jan. 9th, 1901.

A 20TH CENTURY DOCTOR.

Recreation has done me a world of good. About a year ago I consulted a physician to find out what was the matter with me. He said he would have to prescribe a rather novel remedy, and asked me for a check for $25, to be expended for my benefit. He assured me if I would follow his instructions I would become a new man. That was what I was after, and I gave him the check without asking any further questions. In a short time I received my first copy of Recreation, which the doctor informed me was to be my first dose. He said I should read it through and study to become interested in it. This I did. Following this came a fishing rod, tackle box and outfit, together with a bill for balance, the $25 failing to connect. That was before the law opened for fishing, and the doctor commenced whetting my appetite for a fishing excursion. As soon as the legal season opened and fishing became good the doctor arranged for a party to go out where there were plenty of fish. He gave me my first lesson in casting and saw that I got the proper appetite for the sport. The result was I bought a boat and spent some time, although not so much as I should, with the rod. My mind was diverted from my work, and the exercise and excitement did the rest.

Later in the season and before the prairie chicken season opened I was called on to prosecute several men for violations of the game law. Having read your numerous articles on the preservation of game I was in good trim to get after those offenders. The local gun club took an interest in the matter and the result was that we replenished the treasury of our State Game Commission by several fines, which in each instance were placed at the limit. I made liberal use of Recreation in the prosecution of those cases.

I write this letter simply to let you know what Recreation did for me as a medicine. I saved all the copies up to last fall and sent them to friends of mine who were going to spend 3 weeks camping in the woods. My children have become interested in the magazine. I would gladly distribute such copies as you may send to me for the purpose. I find, however, that you have many subscribers in this place. I do not recall just when my subscription runs out. Keep it coming and send bill.

R. E. Shepherd, Austin, Minn.

IDAHO PEOPLE NOT SO BAD.

Game wintered well here. There was not snow enough in the mountains to drive it down to the winter ranges. Little game was killed here last fall.

I agree with F. L. Peterson, of Jackson, Wyo., in regard to the game hogs of Jackson's Hole. The residents of Jackson's Hole eat wild meat the year round, and some make a practice of selling game in Idaho during the closed season. I believe their present game law permits a man to kill 4 elk during the open season. Every guide who takes a party into the mountains has to be a deputy game warden, and forward a statement of the game killed by his party to a justice of the peace. I know a guide in Jackson's Hole whose party killed all the law allowed and 4 head more, and left most of it to rot. I should like to know what report that guide sent in.

Last winter the Jackson's Hole people wrote to several publications, Recreation among them, and said Idaho people had slaughtered over 1,000 elk in Jackson's Hole and the Teton timber reserve.

They knew they lied when they wrote it; they killed the elk themselves.

I notice an article in January Recreation by F. A. Johnson, suggesting that those who contemplate a trip through the National park go with saddle and pack horses. I agree with him as far as men are concerned. Women would better take wagons and camp outfit, so as to camp where and when they like. If women could stand the trip on horseback, they could visit many places that can not possibly be reached with a wagon.

There are many bear around the hotels in the park. While I was there with a party last July, a bear came to our camp during the night and hunted through the pots and pans for something to eat. It was a large grizzly. He went from our camp to another about 50 yards distant and walked over 2 men who were sleeping on the ground.

If any of your readers want to go through the park or on a big game hunt, I can furnish them good outfits. We now have a railroad to St. Anthony, Idaho, from Idaho Falls. Tourists wishing to visit the park should start from St. Anthony.

If persons wishing further information will write me, I shall be pleased to furnish it.

Willis L. Winegar, Guide,
Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

AN IDEAL BEAR COUNTRY.

There is a great divide South of where the Salmon river plows its way through Central Idaho, which for grandeur and ruggedness is almost Alpine. The elevation is 8,000 to 11,000 feet. The entire range, except the numerous snowclad peaks above timber line, is clothed with dense forest, interspersed with extensive meadows on the creek bottoms. The streams have their source in beautiful lakes, usually but a few acres in extent, nestled thickly on each side of the main dividing ridge. That ridge is part of the Sawtooth range.

Brook trout fairly swarm. I have known an angler to catch 3 at once, and any novice can secure enough for camp use in a short time. It is an ideal country for bear, containing everything relished by Bruin. I know of no place where a good dog and gun could be more sure of getting a fine trophy. Deer are more numerous there than in any other part of the State. There are a few big horn, goats, elk, moose and cougars.

It is only a day's travel for the animals from this summer range to their winter quarters, so they tarry until early winter snows admonish them to seek a lower altitude. The nights are always cool, ice forming in July and August. By September 10, bear have a fine winter coat. The country stands so nearly on end that a ride of a few hours upward moves the floral season backward until on the summit it is early spring in September.

Porphyry creek has its source there in lake and meadow. It is only 10 or 12 miles from its source to where it ends in the magnificent Salmon river, but it descends 6,000 feet in that distance. As you approach the river, the timber becomes thinner. You can see down in the canyon until the distance merging into a haze, it looks like some bottomless gulf of pearly blue with sunshine playing over waving grass and giant pine on its brink.

The region is destined to become one of the most popular sections of the West.

F. R. Fouch, Parma, Idaho.

A LAND OF GAME AND FISH.

Last September I took 32 photos of moose and deer in and about Flagstaff lake. Some were taken within a half mile of the hamlet.

Some guides found a large calf moose stuck in a bog. It was lifted out and carried in a boat to the village. There it was fed for a week like a star boarder; then another guide and I drove it back to the lake and into the woods. There were 6 large bull moose near the lake last fall, and only one was shot.

Flagstaff is the best hunting ground in Maine, and can be reached from Boston in 12 hours. Then a 10 minutes' row will take you into as wild a region as can be found on the continent. Bear are abundant, and will remain so, now that the bounty has been repealed. The lake is 2 miles long and nearly as wide. There are miles of inlets and bogs which swarm with ducks, herons, marsh hens, plover, snipe and other birds. There are no trout in the lake, but plenty in the inlets. Pickerel are too abundant. In Dead river both kinds of fish abound. Spring lake, 3 miles away, is full of trout, salmon and togue. For pure water and beautiful scenery, I will back this lake against any East of the Rockies.

The second highest mountain in Maine, Bigelow, is 3 miles South of Flagstaff. It is 4,300 feet high, 12 miles long, and worth a week's journey to see.

Those who want health, amusement and a chance to study nature in its wildest form can not do better than come here.

H. R. Horton, Guide, Flagstaff, Me.

HOGS FROM THE CITY.

Game was fairly plentiful here last winter, although few birds were brought in. Grouse and quails were abundant. Rabbits were numerous until the swine got after them with ferrets. If there is any breed of hog that needs extra roasting, it is the ferret hog. Another variety is the city hog with more money than conscience. He puts up at some farmhouse and stays until he has murdered everything he can find. He overruns our farms, tramples down our grain and sneers at the man on whose land he is trespassing. He brings with him a bag of ammunition and a pack of dogs large enough to scoop up all the game in the country. When he goes away, he sends his friends to get what he may have missed on the first roundup. Don't understand me to object to city people's coming to hunt in this neighborhood, so long as they bring a conscience with them and know when to stop. But some of these fellows will kill more game on one of their raids than a local hunter will in the entire season. To show the bad effect they have on our local hunters, I have heard several who have hitherto observed the game laws say they might as well hunt with ferrets and kill all they can as to save it for the city hogs.

Fair Play, Scrubgrass, Pa.

GAME NOTES.

I shall stock our small valley and the neighboring hills with rabbits and gray squirrels. Later I shall procure a few jungle fowls and Mongolian pheasants.

We have here a variety of pigeon called the *Lorcaz de cabeza morada*, much larger than the common pigeon. They are found abundantly in May and June, in the palm groves and along the coast. They are blush color, with a reddish tint on head and neck. Following are figures showing size of a male killed last week: Length, tip of bill to tip of tail, 15 inches; spread of wings, 25¼ inches; length of wing from angle of carpus to point of longest pinion, 8 inches; tail, 5 inches.

Day before yesterday a boy came in with 68 of these birds. This shows how plentiful they are, but unless protected they will soon disappear.

We need a game law here. Now everybody carries a gun, and shoots at all he sees.

Should Cuba be annexed, as I hope it will, I wish RECREATION to push the protection of game.

O. A. Fischer, Trinidad, Cuba.

I have taken RECREATION several years, and if there is any other sportsman's publication that comes within sight of your magazine, I have never heard of it. You, through your magazine and other efforts, have done more for game protection than any other thousand men in the United States, and you will never know of the thousands of converts you have made, by your fearless and persistent efforts through RECREATION. Your term "game hog" hurts no one but the man himself. The statement that it is offensive to others is all bosh. If anyone is offended, it is conclusive evidence he is, at least in heart, in that category. It is extremely gratifying to me to notice that during the last few years the farmers in this section have been, almost without exception, vigorously protecting the game. They are the people who are the salvation of the game, and I wish I could afford to put RECREATION in the hands of several hundreds of them. Long live Shields and RECREATION, and may he never lost his backbone. In this case the good the man does will live after him.

W. H. Jacoby,,
Dodge City, Kan.

While Michigan was being settled there was plenty of game for all, but now there is none worth mentioning, save in the upper peninsula. Hunters are so numerous there, and so careless, it is no longer a pleasure to hunt in that region. For the last 6 or 8 years I have been going to Colorado for my fall hunts. I stay 2 weeks to 30 days, and have as good sport as any true sportsman could wish. There are plenty of deer, elk, antelope and grouse, and the trout fishing is fine. It costs about $50 for the round trip from Ithaca, Mich., to Newcastle, Colo., via the Burlington route and D. & R. G. railroad. At Newcastle my guide, Levi W. Ward, of Buford P. O., Colo., meets me. He has a sportsmen's camp in the best fishing and hunting section on White river, the best game country in Colorado. We hunt on horseback. Usually there are 3 or 4 in our party, besides the cook and guide. I advise all who wish to have a good time hunting to try the White river just once, and they will never be sorry. There are no game hogs there.

A. E. Barstow, Ithaca, Mich.

I have, with a good many others, a desire to see some up to date article in RECREATION concerning the rights of campers in the mountains of New England, excepting Maine. For example, can a person be pinched for trespass when he camps in a rough, mountainous region like Grafton Co., N. H., and uses a 2 weeks' supply of wood—no wanton destruction or carelessness.

C. B. Shiffer, Tilton, N. H.

Why does not some one write to RECREATION about frog shooting? It may not be as exciting as bear shooting, but it is far from being a tame sport and furnishes a delicacy for the table which would delight the palate of any epicure.

James S. McCain, Washington, N. J.

Game has been scarce in this section the last 2 or 3 years. We had a few quails and rabbits and a fair number of fox squirrels last season. The hills are full of red foxes and that, I think, accounts for the scarcity of quails and rabbits.

C. V. Shirley, Troy, Kas.

Quails, grouse, snipe and rabbits are abundant here. Also fox squirrels. In a 4-mile drive recently I saw 3 flocks of quails.

M. C. Retallick, Climax, Mich.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black, June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs sand worms clams. Tide and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and time: Daytime; not affected by tides.

G. T. R. PROGRESSIVENESS.

Owing to the thousands of tourists and anglers who each year make the districts in Northern Ontario their summer resort, the fish in several of the lakes have suffered to some extent; and to obviate any depletion or extermination the Ontario Government, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Railway, has formulated a scheme for restocking many of the waters in the Highlands of Ontario, not by depositing eggs, fry or fingerlings, but by transplanting the parent fish early in the spring, in time to take advantage of the spawning season. With this end in view the Grand Trunk Railway system had built in its shops at Point St. Charles a special car for the transportation of these fish from the place of their capture to the different lakes which are being stocked.

Heretofore the stocking of lakes has been hampered by the want of proper means for transportation of the fish. Young fish, fry and fingerlings were carried by messengers in baggage cars on regular passenger trains. This method was inadequate, and the Grand Trunk recognized the fact that a fish car would have to be put in service to transport fish in large numbers. A car was therefore constructed specially adapted for the distribution of live fish, the requirements of such a car being compartments for carrying fish in which an even temperature could be maintained, proper circulation of water and air in the tanks containing the fish, and sleeping and living accommodations for the attendants. The interior of the car is arranged with a series of galvanized iron tanks to hold 1,000 to 1,500 fish. At one end of the car is an upper and lower berth, like those in a Pullman car, to accommodate 2 men. The ice for keeping the water at a certain temperature is carried in 2 compartments built for this purpose and holding about one ton each. Arrangements have been made for replenishing the water in the tanks, en route, which will be done by attaching a hose, provided with a coupling, to any of the hydrants at stations on the Grand Trunk.

The Ontario Government has already contracted for 10,000 parent bass. The first shipment has been planted in the waters known as the Lake of Bays, situated in Northern Ontario, about 145 miles from Toronto. The fish now being transplanted are what are known as the small mouth black bass, one of the gamiest species of the finny kingdom, and are being caught at St. Williams on Lake Erie. Those which have been captured and transplanted are considered by experts an exceptionally fine lot of fish, not one out of all that were loaded on the first shipment being less than a foot in length, and many weighing 3 to 4 pounds. Another carload has been forwarded to the Muskoka lakes, and the fish have been deposited in Lake Rosseau. This work will be continued until the lakes in the Northern districts are thoroughly stocked.

The other waters which will be restocked are Lakes Joseph, Muskoka, Couchiching, Simcoe, and the Kawartha lakes. Though the fishing in all these waters has been good in the past, the lover of the rod and the amateur angler will be assured now of unlimited sport in any of these districts.

BLACK BASS IN EVERGLADE STREAMS.

Miami, Fla.

Editor Recreation:

Have you ever fished in Bay Biscayne? I know of no other place that has such a great variety of deep sea fishing. With sloops, schooners, or naphtha launches, we reach the ocean in about 2 hours, and in ordinary circumstances capture, with rod and reel or by troll, Spanish mackerel, kingfish, ocean groupers, redsnappers, amber jack, baracuda, sharks and other nameless sea monsters. Sometimes I tire of this heavy fishing, and take great delight in angling in the sweet waters of the Everglades.

The 3d of April, as I was coming down through the rapids at the head of Miami river, I met a gentleman standing on the deck of a naphtha launch. He was throwing a spoon and taking a mudfish or 2. I came alongside and said to him, "Why don't you try a fly close to the bank, and take a good black bass?" Suiting the action to the word, I made a cast and almost instantly I had a bass hooked. Then I tried the other bank, with a similar result. I turned the fish into the boat, where there were 60 bass lying snug. Turning to his companion, the stranger said, "Kick me, and do it quick!"

The next morning while I was at breakfast, I was told a gentleman wished to see me at the door. I there found Mr. Warren, of St. Louis, the gentleman of the launch, who had come to invite me to take a trip to Arch creek with him. I consented, and after a sail of 12 miles up Biscayne bay we arrived at the mouth of the stream. This creek is one of the streams flowing from the Everglades and derives its name from a small stone arch under which one must bend low, even in a small rowboat. At the mouth of the creek is a beautiful natural wooded arch, formed by the branches of trees united, that stand on each bank. In passing through, we saw an immense alligator lying on a sunken log. Our ground was reached after we had passed under the low arch. With the boat resting on the bank, Mr. Warren, Dr. Francis, of Starke, Fla., and I landed 455 black bass, all within 2½ hours, and all caught on a little white fly.

There is a little trick about that style of fishing. You may cast the fly in the middle of the stream and rarely get a strike; but represent a fly jumping from the bank into the water, and a whole bunch of fish are springing for it. For variety's sake add another fly, or even 2, and behold the water boil when you capture 3 bass. Many of the fish are of good size and many are small, but all are gamy. There was not a lazy hair on the head of one.

"Oh, Mr. Gladwin!" said a lady friend when she saw the catch; "how could you be so cruel as to kill all those beautiful fish!" I answered, "I wished to punish them for their wicked designs on a poor, innocent fly." A. R. Gladwin.

If you must keep on fishing why not turn the fish back into the water as fast as you take them from the fly? Why slaughter? Why not be decent?—Editor.

AN OREGON VISITOR.

Portland, Oregon.

Editor Recreation:

Early last summer I took a short trip over the Northern Pacific to a point about 20 miles from Portland, to try my hand at trout fishing on Scappoose creek. I was met at the station by my brother-in-law, Geo. R., and driven to his farm, about 2 miles from the station, where I spent the night. After an early breakfast the next morning, we started, with Ame S., for the mountains to the West of the Columbia river.

We went about 5 miles from the farm before commencing to whip the stream. Then we fished downstream, George in the lead, I next, and Ame last. George soon got out of sight and hearing, and I was some distance from Ame. I had just made a beautiful cast at the foot of a riffle, had a rise and hooked my fish, when I was startled by an unearthly yell from Ame, followed by a terrific crashing through the underbrush and a loud kerplunk, as of a heavy body striking the water. Ame's yelling continued, intermingled with an occasional gurgle and sputter, as if he had swallowed a large section of the creek. I dropped rod, reel, fish and all and rushed to his assistance. I found him floundering in the creek up to his armpits, and so badly frightened and choked he could not talk intelligently.

After fishing him out and dosing him with a liberal quantity of snakebite remedy, I was able to get a partially lucid statement of what it was all about. He had been fishing from a big log lying across the stream over a pool. While casting, and dreaming of the big ones he was about to catch, he heard something scratching at the end of the log on which he stood. Looking to see what it was, he found himself face to face with a large black bear. Ame cleft the atmosphere with a yell several yards long and plunged into the creek; while the bear, probably more astonished and worse scared than Ame, turned several back summersaults and scurried off through the brush as if Satan were after him.

Ame said that if I ever told anyone how badly he was frightened he would shoot me, but as he is now in Dawson I feel safe in making the matter public.

C. E. Oliver.

P. S.—My fish got away.

WILL STOCK MASSACHUSETTS WATERS.

At a meeting of local sportsmen held here last week, an organization was formed which is to be known as the Greenfield Sportsmen's Club. It was voted to buy the shooting house and traps of the Rod and Gun Club, which will probably disband and join the new club. The object of the club is to protect and propagate game, hold match shoots, and promote social intercourse among sportsmen. A petition has been presented the representative from this district to secure Belgian hares, and several pairs of Mongolian pheasants have been liberated in this vicinity by members of the club and by the State agent. A petition will also be presented to the fish and game commissioners for trout, fry and fingerlings, to stock the local brooks. Fish and game have become much depleted here in the past few years, the gray squirrel and ruffed grouse having disappeared in an almost unexplainable way. It is hoped that with the new law, now in effect, prohibiting the taking of trout less than 6 inches in length, and the effort which will be made to put a bill through the Legislature providing for a bounty on foxes, fishing and hunting may be much improved.

The new organization starts off with 56 members, and as the charter is to be kept open one month, many more are expected to join. Much enthusiasm is shown among the members and the club has every promise of a successful career.

There has also been a sportsmen's club organized at Amherst, 18 miles distant, which is doing good work for the promotion of fishing and hunting.

Geo. W. Plumb, Greenfield, Mass.

BRISTOL ROD STANDS THE TEST.

I received the steel rod from the Horton Manufacturing Co. in quick time and O. K. The makers deserve great praise for the neat and secure manner in which they ship their goods. The rod is a beauty. I had never before handled one of their bass rods. Had always refrained from buying a steel rod, as other styles I had found too whippy for my use. The No. 4 bass rod is just what I wanted. I tried it for fly casting, too, and can put a longer line away with it than with any other rod I own. I tried it on bass last week and caught on it 3 small mouths, 5 pounds, 4 pounds and 3½ pounds. This was a good test of the rod, and it certainly surpassed my expectations. With any kind of fair play no one need ever apprehend a smash if he uses this rod. With the biggest bass at one time of the fight I had to absolutely stop him, or have him among some bad snags. He was stopped, but I think the strain necessary to do the stopping would have put a set into almost any other kind of rod I know of. The Bristol is all right, and RECREATION is all right, too. If it hadn't been for RECREATION I should never have had the rod. Accept my sincere thanks.

J. J. Dodds, East Lynne, Conn.

THE AMERICAN MERGANSER AS A FISH HOG.

On page 473, December RECREATION, is an article that is ridiculed by a reader and the editor also takes a crack at it. I think I can beat it, and although I am liable to criticism, I can furnish proof. The article referred to recites the story of a duck being killed that had swallowed a 9 inch bass, a warning, by the way, to all fish hogs.

March 7, 1898, a neighbor shot a female American merganser that had in her throat and gullet a shiner 11 inches long, and the bird was flying when shot. The tail of the fish stuck out of the bird's mouth, and the fish had evidently just been captured. My father was present and saw the duck shot and the fish taken from the throat of the bird.

February 22, 1899, I killed a male of the same species, at the same place along the Cuyahoga river, that had an 8 inch sucker in his possession. The head of the fish was partially digested and the body lay in the bird's throat awaiting its turn. This bird was also flying when shot.

W. B. Haynes, Akron, O.

THE WINNEBAGO FISH WAR.

The fish war on Lake Winnebago has again reached a stage of activity in which the use of firearms reveals the temper of the thieves. The game wardens have been watching the lake closely of late, and during the week succeeded in confiscating 30 barrels of pike and thousands of feet of nets. This so exasperated the offending fishermen that in one instance they fired on the wardens from cover, but happily without result. The wardens have in turn become angry, and they are seeking authority to use firearms also. This is a serious state of things, that demands the attention of chiefs of police and sheriffs in all the official bailiwicks which abut on the lake.

Some years ago the oyster dredgers of Chesapeake bay objected to the Maryland regulations in regard to the taking of oysters and chose to defy them to the extent not only of stealing the oysters, but of shooting at the officers who tried to prevent their depredations. This resort to arms caused bloodshed, and the State had to maintain an oyster navy for the purpose of putting the wardens on a par with their foes so far as facilities for sea fighting were concerned. The belligerent attitude of the Winnebago fish thieves may compel Wisconsin to establish a fish navy on Lake Winnebago and fight the illicit fishermen out of existence. The fish laws must be rigidly enforced. There can be no half way work. Laxity in regard to violations here and there will beget contempt for the statutes that will operate to nullify all fish and game legislation and lower the morals of the people wherever the laws are openly violated.—Exchange.

The State should employ, as deputy wardens, a few expert long range riflemen, give them high power smokeless rifles and plenty of cartridges. The sooner the Winnebago fish poachers are sent to the boneyard the better.—Editor.

BASS NOT NEEDED IN MONTANA.

Would like to hear from you or some of your readers as to the growing of black bass and pike in Montana waters. As far as I know, there are none such in any Montana streams or lakes. From what I know of these fish, I do not think there are many streams in Montana adapted to them.

Ernest McLaughlin, Boulder, Mont.

ANSWER.

Why should you or any other Montana man think of planting black bass in your waters? You have mountain trout everywhere, and they are better fish than black bass every hour of the day; not only as an article of food, but as an article of sport. It is impossible to say what the result might be of introducing bass in your trout waters, for no experiments of that kind have ever been made that I know of. I advise you to let well enough alone. Eastern and Southern people who can not have mountain trout must be content with black bass, or whatever else they may be able to get; but you have a luxury that should be satisfactory.

The U. S. Fish Commission has persistently declined to supply black bass to any of the Western States whose waters are inhabited by trout or salmon.—Editor.

NIBBLES.

When a friend proposed a few days' sport at Lake Charlotte, a beautiful sheet of water about 12 miles from my home, I gladly accepted his invitation. We got our fishing tackle together and started for the lake, arriving there at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The water was like a sheet of glass. After putting out our team, we rowed out to try our luck. Although my friend is blessed with a towering ambition, he kindly allowed me to row while he fished.

We did not have good luck that afternoon, but the next morning we found the fishing all we could desire. We fished nearly all that day, and found, on weighing our catch, that we had 11 pounds, nearly all of which were pickerel. While we might have caught more, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and had enough fish to give some to a friend.

Geo. B. Craver, Claverak, N. Y.

In order to settle a disputed question, the parties have decided to refer it to you. A. says that the trout is scaleless; B. says the trout has scales. We should be greatly obliged to you for information on the subject.

N. B. Ward, Mansfield, Texas.

ANSWER

All trout in this country have scales, though on most species they are very small, and on very young trout they are so small as to require a powerful glass to see or to count them. It is necessary to count the number of scales in the lateral line in order to determine to what species any individual trout may belong.—
—Editor.

Mr. Lacount Graham, game warden of Franklin county, and his assistant, Abe Lincoln, recently arrested 35 citizens of Dublin for violating the State laws by gigging for fish in the Scioto river.

The information was received some time ago that the law was being violated in a wholesale way in that neighborhood, and the officers secured warrants. The first man arrested was Charles Smith, who was fined $25 and costs, amounting to $34.50. The word soon spread, and John Yates, Tom Davis, John Carlile, Ray Coffman, Charles Mitchell, John Slotts, Marky Smith, Emory Corbin, Dr. Dolle, Eugene Smith and 24 others came to the magistrate's office without the service of the warrants.

All pleaded guilty and were fined nominal amounts. The singular part of the matter is that a number of those whom the game warden was seeking are relatives of his. He made no distinction because of that.—Ohio State Journal.

Great luck for the fishes. I wish they had more such friends as Graham and Lincoln.—Editor.

I have sometimes seen, in different publications, the muskalonge called the fresh water shark, but I think the salmon trout has a better title to the name. Last fall, while 2 other rangers and I were on the South fork of Flathead river, we saw a salmon trout catch and swallow a river trout that weighed at least 3 pounds. The same salmon trout had killed a large whitefish a few minutes before he caught and swallowed the trout. The whitefish was not good enough for his lordship so he left it on the bottom of the river.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

IN *RE* THE PETERS CASE.

Here are copies of a few letters that have been written to the Peters Co. They are printed, not for the purpose of injuring the Peters people, but simply to show the world how my readers regard the action of Mr. McKibben.

Watseka, Ill.

Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sirs:—

I have read your order to RECREATION to discontinue your ad. If you don't want to advertise in the best sportsmen's magazine in America you have done well. If you have taken offense at what some of Coquina's numerous correspondents have said about your goods through the columns of RECREATION, and find in that the apparent reason for your hasty action, your ads will probably appear in the next issue of RECREATION. Do you think for one minute that sportsmen take everything for granted that appears in RECREATION'S guns and ammunition department? One man says, "With Peters Ideal shells 3⅛ drams King's smokeless, and one ounce No. 8 soft shot, my Ithaca 12 gauge gun put 409 pellets in a 30 inch ring at 40 measured yards."

Do you believe that? Do you expect us to believe it notwithstanding we know the Ithaca gun to be a good gun, and that your goods are good goods? Do you believe all the testimonials you receive from the numerous users and admirers of your goods? Of course you don't. Surely if all the articles written and published in the gun and ammunition department of RECREATION, of which the editor assumes no responsibility, nor does he ever become sponsor for the parties writing them, were true records of facts, then indeed the marvelous has been obtained by Savage, Winchester, Parker, Stevens, DuPont, King's, Laflin & Rand and the host of others who make guns and ammunition. Think of killing ducks at 116 measured yards with a 12 gauge gun and No. 7 shot! Think of aiming at a deer's neck and dropping him in his tracks at 678 yards measured! And we might enumerate other just as improbable shots.

If Coquina allows such marvelous statements to get into the magazine praising the goods of his different advertisers, why should he not let the other side come in? If I thought he would not allow a full, free and honest discussion of the demerits as well as the merits of the gods of his various advertisers, through the columns of RECREATION, I would cancel my subscription to-morrow, and I believe 4-5 of his present subscribers would do the same. We know we have a medium through which everyone is assured of fair treatment. The Peters Cartridge Co. has no cause for complaint. RECREATION has said a great many kind and complimentary things about your goods. So have the many correspondents of RECREATION.

Now, one word about that shell case. Some years ago I was using a Winchester lever action shot gun, and occasionally had shell stick. I tried several makes, with the same result. I was on the point of condemning the extractor hook, but put it in and had no further trouble.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to make you a proposition: Just as long as you refuse to advertise in RECREATION I shall refuse to buy or use your goods. How many RECREATION readers are with me, do you think?

I trust I may soon see that the Peters Cartridge Co. has again joined RECREATION'S family circle.

F. W. Myrick.

Keene, N. H.

The Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sirs:—

Please allow me to inform you that the attitude you have assumed in regard to RECREATION advertising will not, in my opinion, increase the demand for your goods with sportsmen in general, who are in the main thoroughly loyal to Mr. Shields both as a gentleman and friend and as a pioneer in the interests of a high ideal of sportsmanship. Without a doubt your goods are of a high order, but they are not in all respects perfect. No thoughtful sportsman would so far stultify himself as to declare that. When so many choices of equally good cartridges are to be had, how can you afford to affront your patrons by taking up the gauntlet in so puerile a matter against one so generally respected and so warmly supported as Mr. Shields?

Further, please pardon the statement that as a newspaper man of a good many years' standing I am entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of advertisers who demand the entire earth with a high board fence around it.

Yours, etc.,
Edw. W. Wild,
Chief Warden N. H. Div., L. A. S.

Joplin, Mo.

Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—

This letter refers to what I read on page 378 of May RECREATION.

I condemn your action in withdrawing your support from RECREATION. Mr. Shields publishes exactly what we want. I for one think Mr. Radcliff is off, although he is entitled to his opinion in regard to your ammunition.

I have 2 Winchester pump guns, a 16 and a 12. I do not like the Winchester ammunition, so I use U. M. C. and Peters. I have just paid $16.40 for a case of your goods, 3 dr. 1¼ oz. 7 s.

Where you develop one fault finder you will find dozens of friends.

If you insist on withdrawing your support from RECREATION, I do not believe I can support you. All sportsmen depend on RECREATION to give their experience and tests. Yours truly,

J. H. Dawson.

Parker House, Boston, Mass.

Peters Cartridge Company,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—

I notice in RECREATION a letter that strongly reminds me of childishness, on your part. The criticism printed, if at all possible, should have been hailed with joy on your part and the complaint looked into and rectified. I consider that you would have been the gainer, rather than the loser. The attitude you now assume I take as a personal affront to your friends rather than to Mr. Shields. If such be the case and you try to hide the matter by such a cloak, the sooner the sportsmen of the country find this out the better.

I have fired several hundred of your shells, and have nothing but good words for your wares; but there are others, and in this "I won't play in your yard" business I hope the thousands of RECREATION readers will stand by Shields, as I shall certainly do. Yours respectfully,

H. B. Glover.

HE STICKS TO IT.

Armington, Montana.

Editor RECREATION:

I understand the Marlin Arms Co. has filed a suit against you for allowing your readers to criticize their rifles, and that in their complaint they quote my letter, which was published in RECREATION about a year ago.

I shall stay with whatever I have written about the unreliability of the Marlin rifle. I have owned many of them, but have never yet had one but what had a faulty action. What I shall say here about the Marlin rifle relates solely to the new model side ejector.

The Marlin rifle has a faulty action. The ejector and extractor are weak and unreliable. While the extractor may extract with fair regularity, the ejector often fails to eject at a critical time. What is the result? The empty shell lies under that much talked of solid top; the carrier tries to rise, but the empty shell is in its way. The solid top prevents its escape from the gun, the gun is spiked and for the time being is no better than a club.

We will suppose the ejecting mechanism in the particular gun under discussion all right. Yet the gun will not extract. You are after game. You fire one shot, throw down the lever and jerk it back to place. But no; there is an empty shell in the chamber. The carrier rises by the closing movement of the lever; the cartridge is brought up in the rear of the chamber but can not enter. Why? Empty shell in the chamber; and you have another club on your hands.

If the gun were a Winchester and it failed to extract (but they don't) the trouble could be easily remedied by pushing the carrier down with the cartridge therein. Then by closing the lever and holding the extractor down with the thumb you could withdraw the cartridge.

Here's another trouble with the Marlin. We will suppose the particular gun in question extracts and ejects every time, like a Winchester. Still, there will be trouble in another direction in rapid shooting. When the lever is thrown open and the bolt moves to the rear the cartridge in the magazine is supposed to be pushed back into the corner by the magazine spring as rapidly as the bolt travels rearward. The magazine spring is depended on entirely to perform this act. Usually it is quick enough; but it is not positive, and right at a critical time when the cartridge is only a part of the way in the carrier and an attempt is made to close the lever the carrier tries to rise. If the lever could be closed something would have to break. In any case, the gun is effectually clogged for the time being. The shell being partly in the carrier is so badly deformed that the gun has to be taken to pieces, and you have another club.

Some of the Marlins work so hard that it is almost impossible to operate from the shoulder. This is especially true of models '93 and '95. The Marlin rifles have other defects, but as I have attempted to name the main ones, I will not mention others here. The defects mentioned have been noticed by every man who has ever used a Marlin and who knows a gun from a pump handle.

A few days ago I traded off a Winchester rifle that I had fired about 10,000 times. Most of this was rapid shooting, yet that gun never failed me once, and I believe I should yet be safe to shoot it against any Marlin ever made.

Give me a repeater that will repeat, and in a hurry, too, for sometimes in hunting it is a question of quarter seconds.

A. A. Haines.

PROPER SIGHT FOR SAVAGE.

I notice, in March Recreation, W. F. W.'s complaint that when he looks through the Lyman sight on his Savage, the top of the receiver cuts into his field of vision. The maker of the Lyman sight intended that the whole length of the barrel should be seen through the sight, and W. F. W. will find that does not affect the accuracy or quickness of aim. I have a Savage, with a Lyman rear, and an ivory jack front sight, point blank at 100 yards, and find no difficulty in aiming. I always use U. M. C. ammunition and consider it vastly superior to any other make.

I should like to hear from someone who has used the 22-15-60 C. F. Stevens. What will this cartridge do at the target at 100, 200 and 300 yards, with either factory or hand-loaded ammunition?

They are far behind the times who prefer a 45-70 or a 45-90 to a 30-40 or a .303 Savage. Large caliber black powder guns are unpleasant to shoot, owing to their recoil, and make enough smoke to hide whatever you shoot at. I consider the .303 Savage far ahead of the 30-30 Marlin.

I am glad to see a few men have pluck enough to kick against the shot gun. It is a murderous weapon. Anything except possibly quails and snipe can be killed with a rifle. If only rifles were used we should soon have plenty of small game.

The 2 best cartridges are the .303 Savage for hunting and the U. M. C. 22 long rifle for light target work. The best rifle is the Savage.

C. I. O. C., St. Joseph, Mo.

In answer to W. F. W.'s question in March Recreation I would say that the Savage rifle, owing to its flat trajectory and the considerable taper of the barrel, requires a high front sight. I have the same kind of rifle and sights and had the same trouble. I returned my front sight to the Savage Arms Co. and they sent me a higher sight, which is all right. Those who have any difficulty with a Savage rifle should write about it to the makers. They will receive prompt and courteous attention. When you get Lyman sights properly adjusted on a Savage, you have the best combination out.

W. I. King, Norwich Corners, N. Y.

I was surprised to read the experience of W. F. W., of Pittsburg, Pa., with Lyman sights on his Savage rifle. Possibly he is using the wrong style of sight. I have a Savage, '99 model, with Lyman sights, front, middle and rear. With the middle sight turned down, and the rear sight screwed up to 50 yards, with a miniature bullet, it will give good results at 150 yards, with a soft nose and a standard load of powder. The rear sight on my Savage can not be screwed down low enough to obstruct the line of sight.

R. H. Tenny, Fenton, Mich.

In answer to W. F. W., in March Recreation, concerning Lyman sights on Savage rifles: I had similar trouble with a light weight 30-30 Winchester, and remedied it by filing a flat on the top of the receiver frame. Be sure not to file off too much. I left about 1-16 inch of metal at the thinnest point. Possibly W. F. W. has not the right front sight for his rifle. I had the proper sight for mine; still it was too low.

John H. Fisher, Jr., Baltimore, Md.

Tell W. F. W., Pittsburg, Pa., that if he gets a Lyman sight made specially for a Savage rifle he will find it satisfactory. The sight he has was probably made for some other rifle. The Savage is all right.

L. Gildmacher, Santa Ana, Cal.

REPLYING TO H. J. DECKER.

In answer to T. T. Voly and others I would say, after having used all kinds of machine oil, vaseline and other greases for 15 years, I find Winchester gun grease the best rust preventative. It is cheap and exceedingly effective.

H. J. Decker will find the Winchester the leader among magazine rifles. They do not clog, and are solid and strong. The take down feature is a decided advantage, especially in cleaning and packing. Then, too, the Winchester people are liberal supporters of dear old Recreation and know a good advertising medium when they see it. There are several good guns for small game shooting, but he who chooses the '90 model, 22-7-45 Winchester repeater, will make no mistake. It is sure death to all small game except that tough hided rascal the 'chuck, and even he tumbles if shot in the head or neck.

The columns of Recreation most enjoyed by me are those devoted to guns and ammunition and amateur photography. I think if more of our writers would give the details of their experiences we would enjoy their letters still more.

F. A. Rice, Rochester, N. Y.

Answering H. J. Decker's questions, will say that having used the 22 and 32 calibers for squirrels, foxes, coons, etc., I find the 32 a much more reliable arm. It tears a little more than the 22, but has a much longer range and is the better of the 2 for small game hunting. The Winchester 22 take down is a good gun and as rigid as the standard repeater. If wiped out about every 50 shots there is no danger of clogging. I have killed geese as far as 300 yards with the 32, and turkeys at 200.

S. O. S. Graham,
Williamsburg, Va.

Answering H. J. Decker: If you want a good small bore rifle insist on having a Remington No. 4, 22 rim fire, chambered for the 22 long. It is light, durable and as accurate as any rifle made. It costs only $5; its weight is but 4½ pounds. Use the semi-smokeless cartridges made by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Winchester repeating rifle is a good gun but more liable to get out of order than the Remington. The latter has one of the best automatic shell ejectors in the world.

Allie Watts,
Yellow Bud, Ohio.

In reply to H. J. Decker's inquiry concerning small bore guns for squirrel, woodchuck and coon shooting I would say, after having used several 22 and 32 caliber rifles, that I think the 25-20 Winchester the best gun for the purpose. It has greater velocity and penetration and a flatter trajectory than any 22 or 32 repeater. I have owned one 2 years, have given it hard and constant usage, and it is still as good as ever.

Wade McIlrath, Cleveland, O.

Tell H. J. Decker that the 25-10 rim fire, the 25-21 single shot and the 25-20 Winchester repeater are good guns for squirrels, woodchucks, coons and foxes..

H. C. Greene, Watertown, Ill.

A BOY'S OPINION.

I have a Stevens Favorite with Lyman combination and globe sights. Though I am but 12 years old, my father gave me my choice of a 22 caliber rifle; I took a Favorite, and have not regretted it. I have used most kinds of 22 caliber cartridges, and think black powder the best for that bore. The U. M. C. cartridges are better than Winchester, Peters or U. S. I do not like the U. S., because as soon as you open the box the grease on the bullets gets sticky and dirty.

The Peters are nice when you don't want to make a noise, but they will not shoot far and they miss fire once in 5 shots. Not long ago I bought a box of Peters 22's and killed only 9 sparrows with them. Then I got a box of U. M. C.'s and killed 29 sparrows out of 47 shots. I like my sights better than plain ones because I can aim quicker with them. When shooting long rifle cartridges if you try to remove an unfired cartridge from the gun the bullet is sure to stick in the breech. Then you must either push it out with a cleaning rod or blow it out with a light charge of powder.

I have a Syracuse double barrel hammerless gun, 16 gauge, 6½ pounds, 28 inch barrel. The third time I took it out I got 7 rabbits out of 11 shots on the run. I would not shoot a rabbit sitting. I think Winchester Repeater shells with 2½ drams of Shultze powder and 1 or ⅞ ounce of shot make the best load for a 16 gun.

James Colton, Normal, Ill.

SMALL SHOT.

I have read in a recent issue of RECREATION a letter from S. B. Ritchey, Hailey, Idaho, who speaks well of the Savage rifle but mentioned trouble with the sights. We find that many hunters buy rifles from the trade and have them fitted with special sights, but the dealers are not aware that Lyman makes his sights of various heights for different rifles, and they often put on a sight that is either too high or too low for the rifle ordered. This is probably the reason why Mr. Ritchey did not get the correct front sight when he bought the rifle.

I also notice a letter from Stubb, Orwell, Ohio, who criticises the indicator on the Savage rifle as being of weak construction. Possibly Mr. Stubb has a defective indicator, and if he will send his breech bolt to us we will put in a perfect indicator without charge.

The indicator in the Savage rifle is of good mechanical design, but like all other mechanism when not properly made it will not work perfectly. Out of the thousands of rifles we made last year we have found only 3 indicators that were imperfect, a very small percentage.

Savage Arms Co.
Arthur Savage, Gen. Mgr., Utica, N. Y.

Some time ago the Stevens Arms & Tool Co. secured control of the patents, plant and good will of the Massachusetts Arms Co., makers of the famous Maynard rifle. Can not the Stevens Co. see their way to again put that celebrated rifle on the market? I am convinced it would be in great demand, as it was noted for its extreme accuracy and for simplicity and strength of action.

Wm. S. Teall, Knoxville, Tenn.

In answer to the above the Stevens Co. writes as follows

"While we have purchased what remained of the Massachusetts Arms Co.'s stock, together with their good will, we are in no position at the present time to take up the manufacture of the Maynard rifle, for the reason that we are so busy on our own lines. However, if sufficient encouragement was offered us we might consider its manufacture. We certainly should like to have suggestions from some of your readers in regard to this. The stock we have on hand of parts is now rather limited, but there is still a quantity of shells and tools."

In March Recreation C. H. G. asks if there is a 3 inch barrel, 32 or 38 caliber revolver that will not keyhole. I have a 3¼ inch 38 caliber Smith & Wesson. It is one of 5 owned by my family. Not one of them will keyhole unless the bullet strikes some object before reaching the target. There is no revolver made that will excel the S. & M. New Departure. I paid $14 for mine and would not take twice that amount if I could not get another. Have used it 12 years and it is as good as when new.

Old Hunter, of Glen Ellen, Cal., tries to discourage rifle shots of to-day, and sets his foot on modern rifles. I learned to shoot with the Old Kentucky myself; but I should like to see how many balls Old Hunter could put on top of one another at 100 yards. I am shooting a 38-55 255 that will lay the Old Kentucky in the shade every day. I should like to have a little shoot with Old Hunter; maybe I could learn something.

L. C. Danner, Wormleysburg, Pa.

I have been a reader of Recreation since its first number, and am especially interested in the Gun Department. Every crank is enthusiastic over his particular rifle. I read a great deal about the 38-55, the 30-30, and the .303. I have owned them all but the 303 and now have a Winchester, model '95, 30-40, fitted with Lyman receiver sight and ivory bead. I would not give that gun for all the others mentioned. It is my ideal for a hunting rifle. It will stop any game on this continent, and is as accurate as any gun I ever fired. I advise those who contemplate buying a 30-40 to have the Lyman receiver sight attached, together with the ivory bead front sight. Remove the factory notch sight and put a blank in the slot. The gun will shoot much better than with factory sights. The Winchester 30-40 with Lyman sights and U. M. C. ammunition is a combination hard to beat.

30-40, Newton, Mass.

Should like to hear what Recreation readers think of the 22-13-45 Winchester single shot rifle. What is its range and is the cartridge accurate?

I should also like to know why one can not get a gun with a 3½ inch drop without paying extra for it. Some firms ask as much as $10 extra for a stock with that drop. A man with a long neck wants a greater drop to his gun than one who has a short neck. Straight stocks seem the fashion at present, and one can see long necked men at the trap kinking their spines to bring the eye to the level of the barrel. If those men were put quail hunting in thick cover, they would in almost every case shoot under their birds, not having time to bring the cheek down to the gun. That is why the crooked stocked gun gets more birds than the straight gun, and it shows the difference between trap shooting and snap shooting.

Henry Merlin, Philadelphia, Pa.

As I am thinking about buying a Barger gun sight, which I saw advertised in Recreation, I should like to know something about it. Can you follow a swift bird better with that sight? Can a beginner do good wing shooting with it, or must one become used to it as with common sights?

Roy Tansley, Bay City, Mich.

ANSWER.

I have never used the Barger gun sight, but have examined it. It is a band of steel around the muzzle of the gun, forming a loop to be looked through. It is about the same principle as the Lyman rear sight. You look at the game through a hole instead of over a pin head. A great many expert trap shots and field shots have adopted the Barger sight and claim it a decided advantage over the open sight.—Editor.

I read in the February number of Recreation your notice of the new edition of the Rifleman's Score Book, that the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. promise to send to any rifleman asking for same. Of course I shall want one. Only a year ago I became interested in semi-smokeless powder, but did not have a chance to try it until a day or 2 ago. You will find target enclosed, a string of 10 shots at 75 yards, made with my 38-35 Winchester repeater, '94 model, using 48 grains, Ideal measure, of semi-smokeless. The target speaks for itself, and I shall use no other powder, as long as I can get King's. I have just made 2 more converts who say the same thing.

George W. Carman,
Stewartstown, Pa.

Which gun caliber would be better for shooting squirrels, woodchucks, and rabbits, and for use at the target, a 32-20 Winchester or a 25-20 Winchester? Is there a soft point bullet for the latter? Which is preferable, a full or a half magazine? Would a Winchester, '92 model carbine, with 20 inch barrel be as accurate as a rifle of same model and caliber with 24 inch barrel? Would penetration be the same?

What has become of the Stevens advertisement. I was thinking of getting one of their guns, but not finding their ad in RECREATION I changed my mind.

H. F., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Some time ago I bought a Savage .303 with full outfit of reloading tools, and have obtained most satisfactory results with them.

With 18 grains of King's semi-smokeless powder and 113 grain bullets I can place all my shots in a 7½ inch circle at 50 yards. The cost of reloading shells about equals the price of 22 long rifle cartridges. I have shells that have been reloaded 8 to 10 times and show no signs of bursting, others will last only a few times. With the Savage rifle use only Savage and U. M. C. cartridges. Winchesters are less powerful and are unreliable.

H. W. D., Della, O.

I should like to hear through RECREATION or by mail from some one who has had experience with the model '95 38-72 Winchester. Is its recoil objectionable for fine shooting? I have but one objection to high pressure smokeless rifles; that is, the difficulty in cleaning. I had a 30-40 Winchester and found it impossible to get the barrel clean inside. I wrote the Winchester people about it and they told me to use kerosene. I used it without the least effect. I should like to know if there is a successful way of cleaning a 30 caliber rifle.

C. S. Root,
Connersville, Ind.

Will someone give me a little information in regard to shot guns? I want a close, hard shooting gun. Have had a great many guns but none that would shoot close enough for long range duck shooting with No. 5 or 4 shot. Is a 10 gauge better than a 12 for ducking? I am told the Baker is the best close hard shooter we have. I have a 12 gauge Remington hammerless, 30 inch barrels, but it does not shoot close enough to suit me. I like DuPont's smokeless and U. M. C. shells.

G. A. Mero, Becker, Minn.

In March RECREATION L. R. Isaacs strikes the key note when he says, "Let us have facts and not fairy tales in the Guns and Ammunition department of your admirable magazine." This naturally brings me to the article in same number signed N. O. L. I., which seems loaded with unique information. If the rest of that article is as reliable as its opening statement, that the writer owns a Winchester, model '98, 30 caliber, you are getting valuable matter from that author.

John F. Keenan, M. D.,

Rochester, N. Y.

I am asking Peters' Cartridge Co. for the Rifleman's Score Book and Calendar which I saw mentioned in RECREATION. I had the best of results last season with 12 gauge Peters' shells loaded with smokeless powder. I found I could get more birds with it than with any other powder I ever used. It is A No. 1. I made several kills at over 60 yards, and lost only one shot during the season.

Geo. H. Stibbs, Hartford, Conn.

The best oil to use on guns before putting them away is purified hen's oil. It may be prepared by putting a quantity of shot into a bottle of hen's oil and leaving it in the sun or other warm place several days. The clear oil will rise to the top and can be decanted.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell which are the best rifle sights for wing and glass ball shooting?

C. C. Manley, Milton, Vt.

I am thinking of buying a Remington hammerless gun. Are they likely to shoot loose in time as some other guns do?

Wm. Blake, Palmyra, Ia.

There is no danger of a Remington gun shooting loose. The Remington is one of the best made guns in the world. I have seen Remington guns after they had been used 15 or 20 years, and they were then as tight as ever.—EDITOR.

There seems to be an ever increasing difference of opinion among shooters regarding the killing power of the 30 caliber smokeless rifles. Why does not some maker put out a gun of medium caliber, say 38, using a bullet of perhaps 300 grains? Such a gun would be appreciated by hunters of large game and would prove a good seller, as well as a killer.

38 Smokeless, Jamestown, N. Y.

Should like to have the opinions of the readers of RECREATION as to which repeating rifle now manufactured is the best.

A. A. Stott, Louisville, Ky.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HEATH HEN OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

HERBERT L. GOGGINS

For a long time the heath hen was regarded as identical with the prairie chicken of the Western United States. It was not until 1885 that Mr. Brewster, who was the first to recognize the 2 forms, divided the pinnated grouse into *Cupidona pinata,* prairie chicken, and *Cupidona cupido,* heath hen. He distinguished the heath hen as being smaller and darker, with tarsi comparatively shorter. Later, Mr. Ridgway renamed them, calling the prairie chicken *Tympanuchus Americanus* and the heath hen *Tympanuchus cupido.*

Perhaps the best way to identify the heath hen is by the brown bars under the wing, which are wanting in the prairie chicken. The latter is an inhabitant of the plains; the former is a woodland species. The range of the heath hen was formerly from Massachusetts to Virginia, but, notwithstanding its reported presence on Naushon and Cape Cod, it is now found only on Martha's Vineyard, an island 3 miles South of Cape Cod.

The island is triangular. Its greatest length is about 20 miles and at no place does its width exceed 8 miles. Except along the Western coast, where there is a ridge of hills 9 miles long and 200 to 300 feet high, the surface is level. It is well wooded with low trees, chiefly black, scarlet and white oak, with here and there a grove of yellow pines. The undergrowth is bay, scrub oak, beach plum and several varieties of huckleberry. The central portion of the island is sandy, covered with blueberry bushes and scrub oak. This plain extends to the Southern shore, and is practically uninhabited, being used only for sheep pasture. To this plain the heath hen, or hethen, as it is locally called, is confined during the nesting season.

Here, according to the inhabitants, the species was, and still is, abundant. The nesting season is late. I am told that during the blueberry season, in August, it is not unusual to flush a hethen with her brood. Later, when the young have grown, they become exceedingly shy. When flushed, they fly a short distance, then suddenly shoot into the undergrowth. There is a local expression, "As wild as a hethen."

When the blueberry season is over, the birds come down to the outlying woods, where, during the winter, they subsist on bay berries and acorns. At that season they are not so wild and are often seen on the outskirts of West Tisbury, Chilmark, and Vineyard Haven. One woman living just outside of Cottage City, tells me that during last winter several hethens came regularly to be fed with her chickens.

For many years there has been a rumor that prairie chickens have been liberated on Martha's Vineyard. This belief is deeply rooted in the minds of the inhabitants, and all the old gunners pretend to distinguish the 2 species.

All the foundation I could find for that belief was hearsay, that 2 prairie chickens were set free in Vineyard Haven in 1898. Mr. Brewster says in 1895 there were about 200 heath hens alive on the island. Since then, however, he believes they have become almost extinct. According to information gathered from the natives, they have been plentiful the last few seasons. One man told me he seldom drives across the oak plains without flushing them. Another, living at Cottage City, says he often starts flocks of 8 or 9 while driving to his shooting box on the South shore, and that single birds are common. He adds that they have multiplied the last year, and if unmolested will increase rapidly. In spite of the protective law, many of these birds are shot every winter and sent to taxidermists on the mainland. While this speaks well for their present abundance, it is ominous as to their future.

On the 11th of last September, while crossing a small oak woods, I started 3 birds which I suppose were heath hens. They had been feeding on acorns and in many places had scratched away the leaves as domestic fowls do. They remained quiet until I come within a few yards of them, then sprang up in rapid succession. They flew but a short distance, however, and before they again took wing I was able to get a good view of them.

Unless the Western bird has been liberated on the island, those were heath hens. The only other times I saw what I believe were heath hens were August 30, 1898, on which date 6 birds were seen, and one day late in August, 1896, when one bird was noted. Those 10 birds observed represent my entire experience with the heath hen during the last 5 summers; and I believe their numbers are greatly overestimated. Ruffed grouse are common on the island, and I think are often mistaken for hethens.

Last spring an extensive forest fire swept over the region occupied by the heath hen. Whether this catastrophe has hastened their extermination will not be known until next winter. At all events, this bird, confined to a small area and on the verge of extinction, deserves and requires the attention of all interested in bird protection.

WOLF TRAPPING.

Mr. E. M. Marschfeldt, of Casper, Wyoming, writes thus to the Casper Derrick:

"I have discovered that late in the fall, after the young birds are grown, almost every wolf pup taken is ill fed and thin, taking the bait readily; and no trouble is experienced in trapping them. In other localities at the same time of year they work just the other way. The little scamps refuse to be caught by the most tempting bait, and when I get an occasional one I find he has been living on the fat of the land, has accumulated a good surplus and appears larger and better developed. This as well as other telltale signs left on the loose dirt of the trap beds leads me to conclude that the pups from a young mother, a first litter, are not so well taken care of as those of an older wolf and the milk supply being less liberal are not so well fed. This again has a tendency to make the pups in a first litter greedy and eager to obtain food. They will pick up anything edible as soon as they find it, thus simplifying the trapper's work. The Baby wolves or coyotes, which have had the care of an old and experienced mother, are tough propositions for an inexperienced trapper; for they are not greedy, and, gingerly approaching the bait they play with it some time before finally picking it up. While playing they go through much the same performance as a dog or a kitten would. Lying on their stomach, they reach with one paw for the meat, trying to draw it toward them. In this manner they frequently spring a steel trap without being taken. After wolves once find a trap in this manner they seldom forget the lesson and will not approach a place where the surface of the ground has been disturbed or where there is the faintest scent of a trapper.

"I remember one instance where an old coyote found every trap set for him, even those that were handled with the greatest care. To put out traps so the animal could not smell them seemed impossible, and I admit I had to acknowledge defeat. At the time I was corresponding with an old friend of mine, a professional trapper. On telling him of my troubles he sent me a bottle of liquid, which he claimed was a perfect deodorizer. With this liquid the traps and chains were painted, and more than once it was instrumental in the undoing of a cunning old wolf.

"Cattle will often find a trap and spring it. Then wolves coming along find it exposed and at once associate the smell of the bait with the danger. This finding of traps by wolves makes them more cunning and harder to take, as it shows them the location of the traps.

"Another source of annoyance is the frequent changing of the wind. All wolves approach bait against the wind. The first thing to observe, therefore, is the direction from which the wind generally blows. This is mostly from the Northwest, and the trap should be placed about 18 inches to the Southeast of the bait.

"Naturally as soon as the wind changes it also changes the direction taken by the animals in approaching the bait and renders the setting useless. This can only be overcome by surrounding the bait with 3 or 4 traps, which, however, is undesirable; for so many traps can not be imbedded in the ground without disturbing the appearance of the surface, and wolves do not take kindly to these changes.

"Regarding the bait best adapted for wolfing, there is a great difference of opinion. I believe small pieces of antelope meat with pieces of skin still hanging to it is best. Diseased carcasses, with few exceptions, are useless. Wolves will not take such meat unless very hungry.

"Keep your traps free from rust and all strong smelling substance; do not stake them down, but fasten to the clog instead. Do not use any chemicals for scent. They require intricate knowledge and experience. Unless the trapper is expert the simplest way is always the best. Set the clean trap at the base of an ant hill, bedding the clog in the hill itself. After the trap has been cleaned out and washed in clean water do not touch it or anything at the setting barehanded."

This is good advice on trapping, but it contains a strong suggestion of law breaking. It is contrary to law to kill antelope in 6 of the Western States at any time and should be in all the others. There is an open season of but 2 or 3 months in any of the States, and wolf trappers work most of the year. Is it possible that Mr. Marschfeldt kills antelope in close season and uses them for wolf bait? If so I trust some League member may soon be able to catch him at it and run him in.—EDITOR.

NOT FOND OF HAWKS.

Correspondents frequently argue in favor of the protection of hawks and owls. There is another side to the question which I desire to present.

The marsh hawk is classed in books as harmless, and is supposed to feed principally on meadow mice. Last spring I was trying to locate a family of Cooper's hawks that had been taking my chickens. In crossing a swamp a hawk went screaming over my head, and, as I was out for hawk blood, I shot it. It proved a female marsh hawk, and I soon found its nest, containing 4 eggs. Knowing the good reputation of this hawk I was sorry I had killed it. I carried the bird home, opened its stomach, and found the easily identified remains of 2 redwinged blackbirds, but not a trace of a mouse.

The mottled owl is praised because it destroys beetles and moths. It destroys more than that. When a boy I learned how to get these owls out of hollow apple trees. Since then I have always investigated promising owl holes, and have found many of the birds at home with their young. In the winter I have seen at the bottom of owl holes the wing and tail feathers of robins, sparrows, woodpeckers, &c. Last winter I found in a hole a pine grosbeak with his head eaten off. I have discovered nests containing young and visited them daily, finding the remains of new birds each morning. As this destruction was accomplished in breeding season who can compute the resulting injury to insectivorous bird life?

I raise many chickens, and for the last 2 years have lost by hawks 40 to 60 each year. I keep the shot gun right by the door and for 6 weeks in the spring I have to jump from my work several times a day and run for the gun to protect my fowls. The hawks are often too quick for me, and when I see my poultry profit sailing off in the air, I often feel like getting up another set of reports to offset Mr. Fisher's.

I know positively from personal knowledge that the mottled owl, the Cooper's and the sharpshinned hawks are great destroyers of bird life. The 2 latter are, besides, an unmitigated nuisance to poultry raisers.

Rodney S. Torrey,
Wenham Depot, Mass.

SWIFTS IN A BARN.

For some 10 years a pair of chimney swifts, *Chaetura pelagica*, have nested in one of our barns. The nest is placed on the inside of the barn, glued to the vertical surface of the smooth boards; not in a chimney, although many other swifts nest in disused chimneys near, but attached to the side of the barn about 40 feet from the ground. The nest does not differ from the typical ones of this species, being bracket shaped, and composed of small twigs cemented together with saliva. The birds have free access to this nest by a window just below it.

A strange fact, aside from the unique position of the nest, is, that although this pair of birds have reared 3 to 5 young birds here every summer for so many years, none of these young birds ever comes back to nest in the barn; this one pair of birds being the only ones that have ever nested there.

It has been my good fortune to collect the nest that the same pair of birds, or at least the same pair to all appearances, used some 8 years, and to compare it with the one they built when the old one was removed. The old nest was about twice as large as the new one, being very broad and deep. It was composed of larger twigs, and these were half covered with hardened deposits of saliva. This nest was evidently improved each year. Compared with this the nest that was built last year was only a shell, being much smaller, and of so loose a texture that the eggs might almost roll out.

I am told that at one time the swifts nested in hollow trees, and then changed to the chimneys where we now find them. Is not the case I have just mentioned a good example of the readiness with which a bird will take advantage of a change in its environment? Surely, it would be much more clean, pleasant and convenient for all the swifts to nest in barns than in sooty chimneys.

Floyd D. Palmer, Carlville, N. Y.

FROG SWALLOWS A TURTLE.

Col. Fred Mather once wrote that he had taken from the stomachs of black bass, and even of brook trout, turtles the size of a quarter of a dollar, and he remarks, "The shell is, at that age, mere cartilage and can be digested."

A few years ago my little boy and I were strolling around a small artificial pond near Washington, D. C., when a frog poked his head out of water near the bank. I had my rifle with me, and to please the boy shot the green gentleman's head off. My boy caught the walloping remains and bore them out on dry land to be carried home for the toothsome legs. Sauntering on behind me he presently called me to stop and see what this was in the frog's neck. Pausing to examine I found the edge of a small turtle's shell projecting from the headless body. Catching it between finger and thumb I pulled out a baby turtle as big as a silver half dollar. It had been swallowed apparently a day, at least, for digestion had made considerable progress.

That shell was not cartilage. On the contrary, it was quite hard and the edge seemed sharp. How the frog had managed to swallow so large a victim was a problem. Besides, it was news to me that frogs lived on such food. It would have seemed far less strange had the turtle attacked and killed the frog.

Had the amphibean songster found that turtle already dead, or had he swallowed him alive? I am aware that all stories of previous unobserved animal characteristics, if told to the average man, are listened to with a most exasperating air of incredulity, and are generously discounted. Being encouraged, however, by Col. Mather's observations, I venture to lay my humble note before the brethren.

W. H. Nelson, Washington, D. C.

A TINY FIGHTER.

I am a reader of RECREATION and admire it very much. I am an ardent lover of nature and spend all my spare time in the woods and fields with God's creatures. I noticed in your February number something about poisoning English sparrows, which brought to my mind an incident that occurred last spring. It was a case wherein a sparrow met his match. There is a small wood at the edge of town that is a favorite resort of mine in the spring and summer. Several times I had noticed a humming bird sitting on a branch of a large oak. Every time I passed there it was sitting in the same place, about 10 or 12 feet from the ground, out on the end of a large limb. I noticed that every time I came near, it would flit around in a nervous, worried manner, and as soon as I left, it would go back to its perch. I felt sure it had a nest near, but I could not find it. One day I lay down under the tree and kept still. The humming bird flitted off as usual, but when I did not move it soon came back. I had not waited long when an English sparrow came in sight and lit on the limb a few feet from the hummer. Like a flash the little fellow darted at the intruder and for several minutes chased him all around the oak, in and out. All at once the humming bird made 2 quick, fierce darts at the sparrow, which flew violently against the trunk of a tree and fell to the ground stunned. As soon as the sparrow fell the humming bird flew back to its perch as if nothing had happened. I went over and picked up the sparrow and both of its eyes were pecked out. Both eyeballs were punctured as if someone had stuck a knife in them.

Louis P. Zimmerman,
Union City, Tenn.

A GROUSE IN DOMESTICATION.

My father has a tame ruffed grouse. He says it is the only one he ever heard of living in captivity, and many other sportsmen say the same. This bird, being chased by a hawk, flew through a farmer's window. The housewife caught it and kept it confined in a cage about 6 months. Last fall the farmer presented it to my father, who took it from its small prison and placed it under our back porch, which is quite high and is enclosed in lattice work. My father is careful in feeding the grouse, speaking quietly, so as not to frighten him. When father scatters the buckwheat the grouse comes to father's feet and picks it up as tamely as a chicken would. When my father drives to the country he brings home twigs of birch and poplar, and these the grouse seems to enjoy, eating off all the buds in a few days. We put an evergreen tree, left from Christmas, in his little home and he roosts in it. One day the servant girl let him out by mistake. He took refuge in a corner of the back fence. Father took him from there and returned him to his place of confinement.

He is a fine large fellow, with a ruff about his neck which he ruffles up when frightened or while he struts around. My father intends to get a little game chicken for a companion for him so he will not be lonesome. He is an object of great curiosity from the fact that those who claim to know declare the grown birds always die if kept in captivity, and that the young, even if hatched by a common barnyard fowl, scamper away as soon as the shell is broken.

Mary V. Towner, Muskegon, Mich.

MUSKRATS NOT CARNIVOROUS.

I see that A. K. Boyles, of Salina, Kan., and J. M. G., of Williamsport, Pa., have dug up that old rat controversy. I should not feel like standing sponsor for what a rat or a rabbit might do in Kansas, for Kansas is likely to produce freaks of animal shape as well as human and that poor bunnie that ate the skunk, was in all probability an animal freak evoluted from the peculiar conditions that have existed a long time in bleeding Kansas.

As to J. M. G.'s assertion that I know as much about muskrats as a hog does about peddling Bibles, I will not assume to say how much a Pennsylvania hog knows about peddling Bibles, but possibly about as much as J. M. G. knows about muskrats. I have trapped muskrats at different times since I was a small boy in the Buckeye State, up to the present day. I catch and kill them all the year round, here at the hatchery, to keep them from digging the dams and banks full of holes, and to keep them from eating the fish in the ponds. I am not guessing at what I say or taking it for granted a muskrat will eat meat because several men have told me so. I have taken the trouble to shut a muskrat up in a box, placing both meat and fish at his disposal. The result was he simply would starve to death, but would not touch either the fish or the meat. This was sufficient to satisfy me that muskrats are not carnivorous.

C. W. Morgareidge,
Supt. Fish Hatchery,
District No. 2, Wolf, Wyo.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Mr. L. L. Bales, of Alaska, a frequent correspondent of RECREATION, and a man apparently well acquainted with the Northwest, says in a back number of RECREATION, "In the Alexandrian archipelago deer, bear and grouse are plentiful." (Vol. IX., 1898, No. 5, p. 362.) I should be glad if Mr. Bales would tell me what kind of bear these are. I have been working lately on ursine distribution, and am grateful for personal records, especially from men of travel and observers of nature. There are 3 species of bears that might occur on these islands. Baranof Islands is the type locality of the Sitka or Yukutal bear, *Ursus dalli*. The black bear, *U. americanus*, and the grizzly, both wander as far North as Alaska. If Mr. Bales is not sure which it was he saw, a short description from memory might be interesting, if not valuable. I should like also to hear from any other readers of RECREATION who have shot or seen rare species of bears.

W. S. Wallace,
New York City.

March 21, 1901, my fellow townsman, Mr. W. F. Knott, went to shoot ducks over decoys at a slough South of town. There was a stiff Southwest breeze and snow was flying. Suddenly a large bird flew down among the decoys and grasped one of the canvas decoys; then hovered in the air, looking wonderingly at the strange, light duck, when Mr. Knott shot the thief, which was a large female American eagle. The fight of the wounded bird before Mr. Knott succeeded in drowning her was an experience not to be forgotten. The eagle measured 6 feet between the tips of the wings, and 34 inches from the tip of the bill to the tip of the tail.

We had a long winter and the many blizzards in the North and Northwest drove the eagle where she hoped to secure food. The specimen is highly prized by the local Agassiz Chapter, and will have a permanent place in their museum.

Clarence E. Hemingway, M. D.
Oak Park, Ill.

Answering J. M. Baltimore, of Spokane, Washington, I don't know much about rattle snakes as we have none in this section of New York State; but 4 years ago last August 2 friends and I were out for a stroll through woodland and field when we came upon a large greenish brown snake. As we made an attack on the reptile we discovered 4 or 5 young ones about 4 inches in length. They were wriggling about the mother and soon disappeared. I was sure they had in the meantime been swallowed by the parent snake. After dispatching the snake we immediately dissected it and to our great surprise found in the stomach 13 little snakes, measuring 3½ to 4¼ inches in length.

Clifford R. Crofoot,
South Butler, N. Y.

How do you spend your summer? Do you camp out, take a canoeing trip, a yachting cruise, live on a houseboat, have a cottage by the sea or a cabin in the mountains? If any of these joys is yours, complete it by adding to your outfit a Primus oil stove. You can get one free of cost by sending me 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each. The Primus stove is a perfect cooker and heater. With one of these in your outfit you can defy many discomforts that prevail in outdoor life without one. Send me the club and let me give you a chance to try a Primus.

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera, send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

Every family uses salad on the table at least once a day. No piece of table ware, therefore, could be more useful than a salad bowl. Every housekeeper who likes to have her table look beautiful should send me 10 subscriptions and earn for herself one of the exquisite cut glass salad bowls I offer for such a club.

For a short time only I can give a $14 Wizard camera as premium for 8 subscriptions. This is a remarkable offer, as I have never before asked less than 12 subscriptions for this camera, and everyone knows the Wizard is worth full value.

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Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners,
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis.
Onondaga,	James Lush	Memphis.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan
"	Seymour Poineer,	Branch Port.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling.
"	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
"	W. S. Mygrant,	46 Elton Street, Brooklyn.
"	P. A. Geepel,	473 Grand Ave., Astoria, L. I.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
"	Wm. S. Mead,	Woodstock.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.
Herkimer,	J. A. Bloom,	Center.
"	D. F. Sperry,	Old Forge.
Rensselaer,	Benj. McNary,	Bath.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley.	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss.	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
"	Samuel Waklee,	Box 373, Stratford.
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.
"	D. J. Ryan,	188 Elizabeth St., Derby.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk,	Orlando McKenzie,	Norfolk.
"	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.
Suffolk,	Capt. W. J. Stone.	4 Tremont Row, Boston.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
Mercer.	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
"	Roland Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
"	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
"	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
"	Calone Orr,	Hibernia.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.
Monmouth.	Dory-Hunt,	Wanague.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Perry,	Samuel Sunday,	Lebo.
Warren.	F. P. Sweet,	Goodwill Hill.
Juniata,	Clifford Singer,	Oakland Mills.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Potter	Ira Murphy,	Coudersport
"	Wiley Barrows,	Austin.
Crawford,		
(West half)	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
(East half)	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Allegheny,	F. J. Forquer,	Murrinsville.
Butler,	S. H. Allen,	Natrona.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
"	W. R. Keefer,	"
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	Granere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.
Carbon,	Asa D. Hontz,	East Mauch Chunk
Cumberland,	J. C. Gill,	Mechanicsburg.
Wyoming,	Cyrus Walter,	Tunkhannock.
Tioga,	E. B. Beaumont, Jr.,	Lawrenceville
Lycoming,	Jas. J. Brennan,	Oval.
"	B. D. Kurtz,	Cammal.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Berrien,	W. A. Palmer,	Buchanan.
Cass.	Thomas Dewey.	Dowagiac.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill.
King William	N. H. Montague,	Palls.
Smythe.	J. M. Hughes,	Chatham Hill.
King & Queen,	R. D. Bates,	Newtown.
Louisa,	J. P. Harris,	Applegrove.
Henrico,	W. J. Lynham,	412 W. Marshall Richmond.
East Rockingham,	E.J.Carickhoff,	Harrisonburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.
Big Horn,	E. E. Van Dyke,	Clark.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MONTANA.

Beaverland,	Wm. Sedding,	Dillon.

LOCAL WARDENS IN TENNESSEE.

Sumner.	W. G. Harris,	Gallatin
Stewart,	John H. Lory,	Bear Spring.
Robertson,	C. C. Bell,	Springfield.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEBRASKA.

Hall,	E. C. Statler,	Grand Island

LOCAL WARDENS IN VERMONT.

Rutland,	Wm. J. Liddle,.	Box 281, Fair Haven

LOCAL WARDENS IN OKLAHOMA.

Kiowa and Comanche Nation,	A. C. Cooper.	Ft. Sill.

LOCAL CHAPTERS.

Albert Lea, Minn.,	H. A. Morgan,	Rear Warden
Angelica, N. Y.	C. A. Lathrop,	"
Cammal, Pa.,	B. A. Ovenshire.	"
Carbon Co., Pa.,	E. F. Frey,	"
Coudersport, Pa.,	I. L. Murphy,	"
Cresco, Iowa.,	J, L. Platt,	"

LOCAL CHAPTERS—CONTINUED.

Davis, W. Va.,	J. Heltzen,	Rear Warden
Dowagiac, Mich.,	W. F. Hoyt,	"
Evansville, Ind.,	F. M. Gilbert,	"
Kalispell, Mont.,	John Eakright,	"
Lake Co., Ind.,	Dr. R. C. Mackey,	"
Loganpsort, Ind.,	E. B. McConnell,	"
Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	Dr. J. H. Swartz.	"
New Albany, Ind.,	Dr. J. F. Weathers,	"
Penn Yan, N. Y.,	Dr. H. R. Phillips,	"
Schenectady, N. Y.,	J. W. Furnside,	"
Syracuse, N. Y.,	C. C Truesdell,	"
The Dalles, Ore.,	C. B. Cushing,	"

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario. Sporting goods.

THE LEAGUE DID IT.

There is a sleepy, old, back number paper printed in this town which occasionally remarks that RECREATION claims more for the League than it is entitled to claim. The League claims the credit of securing the passage of new and greatly improved game laws, during the past winter, in Indiana, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, Connecticut and Montana. And we have the documents to prove up. Here is a part of our evidence. The following editorial, written by the Hon. John C. New, owner and editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel, was printed in the issue of that paper for March 17:

"It is not generally understood that the fish and game laws passed by the last Legislature were secured by the League of American Sportsmen, which has a large and growing membership in this State. Neither is it generally understood that this organization does not restrict its labors to the protection of game birds. It gives quite as much effort to the protection of song birds and wild animals of various kinds. Its line of work is much the same as that of the Audubon societies, though it seems to be much more aggressive. Its enthusiasm may be gauged by the fact that a late circular specifies, as part of the good work of the league officers, securing 'the release of J. L. Tooker, who was sentenced to 8 years' imprisonment for killing an Italian who was shooting song birds in violation of law. With this illustration of devotion to the interests of song birds there certainly can be no claim that the League of American Sportsmen is devoted to the selfish work of cultivating game for the amusement of its members.

"There is another commendable feature of the League. It goes after the big offenders just as vigorously as the little ones. One of its notable cases was the prosecution of the American Line Steamship company, which was charged with having quails in possession in New York city, in violation of the State law. An action was begun against this company and a proposition was made to the defendant that if it would go into court and tell where it bought the birds it would be released on a fine of $100. This proposition was accepted and the league was informed that the birds were bought of A. M. Robins, game dealer in Fulton market. He was accordingly taken into court and fined $1,000. Probably no case was ever prosecuted in this country for violation of the game law that caused so much comment, and from which so much good resulted to the cause of game protection as this double action. There are few game dealers in the United States who have not been made aware in one way or another of this prosecution and conviction. The League has also secured the co-operation of the Pullman company and some railroad companies to prevent serving game out of season on dining cars. In some States it has secured laws for the search of cold storage houses for game kept there out of season. Such a law was passed by the late Legislature of this State, but the storage companies had sufficient pull with the Governor to get it vetoed, much to the disgust of the League members. As a matter of course there can be no effective protection of game and fish as long as the rich are allowed to get their 'short-billed snipe,' 'prairie ducks,' etc., out of season.

"It is obvious from the record made by the League that it is an organization deserving the support not only of every sportsman, but also of every lover of nature and everyone who believes in the preservation of song birds and wild animals. The State organization is growing rapidly under the supervising care of Mr. Frank L. Littleton, of this city, who is chief warden of the Indiana division. There is a movement on foot at present for the organization of an active local chapter for the special purpose of aiding in the enforcement of the fish and game laws, and it ought to have the warm support of all our local sportsmen. Indiana has great natural advantages for fish and game, and there is needed but little care in the prevention of their wanton destruction to make both plentiful. The Lacey bill, whose passage through Congress was secured by the League, virtually makes all State fish and game laws federal laws, and there is now no obstacle left to full enforcement, unless it be public sentiment. That certainly should not be an obstacle in Indiana."

PLEADS LACK OF AUTHORITY.

At its last annual meeting the L. A. S. adopted a resolution, which has already been printed in RECREATION, requesting the Secretary of the Interior to forbid hunting on the forest reservations. The Secretary of War was also requested to coöperate with the Secretary of the Interior to this end. Copies of the resolution were duly transmitted to both departments and I have received this letter in reply:

Sir:—

Through departmental reference I am in receipt of yours of the 18th ultimo, addressed to the Honorable Secretary of War, enclosing a copy of a resolution adopted by the League of American Sportsmen at its annual meeting held in New York on the 13th ultimo, requesting the Honorable Secretary of the Interior to issue instructions to the various rangers to prohibit all hunting on the several government forest reservations at all times.

In reply I have the honor to advise you that there is no law of Congress prohibiting hunting on government forest reservations; consequently the Secretary of the Interior is without authority to issue the instructions requested by said resolution.

The sundry civil act of March 3, 1899 (30 Stat. 1095), provides:

"That forest agents, superintendents, supervisors and all other persons employed in connection with the administration and protection of forest reservations shall in all ways that are practicable, aid in the enforcement of the laws of the State or Territory in which said forest reservation is situated, in relation to the protection of fish and game."

Since the passage of said act it has been the policy of this office to aid the State or Territorial Game and Fish Warden in all ways that are practicable in the enforcement of the laws of the State or Territory in the respective forest reservations in relation to the protection of fish and game, and to this end has urged, in many cases, the appointment of rangers as deputy game wardens, and up to the present time a number of them have been so appointed. The States have generally, by act of their respective Legislatures, favored such appointments. In the State of Wyoming an act, which was approved Feb. 15, 1899, provides:

"That persons employed in this State by the Federal Government for the protection of the various reserves, and known as 'Forest Rangers' may be employed as assistant game wardens without petition, and at the pleasure of the State game warden; and such forest rangers shall not be required to give a bond to the State, when serving as assistant game wardens. And it is hereby declared by the Legislature of the State of Wyoming that the offices of forest rangers under the Department of the Interior of the United States shall not be incompatible with the office of assistant State game warden within the meaning of Section 19 of Article VI of the Constitution of the State of Wyoming, and provided, that such forest rangers shall not receive more than one dollar a day from State game fund when serving as assistant State game wardens."

In the Yellowstone National Park authority is given the department by Section 2475 Revised Statutes and the act of Congress approved May 4, 1894 (28 Stat. 73), to prevent hunting and carrying of firearms within said park. Unless Congress gives the department similar authority in the Government Forest Reservations nothing can be done toward the protection of the game except under the State and Territorial laws.

Very respectfully,
Binge Hermann,
Commissioner.

So it seems the only way to stop hunting on these reservations is to get Congress to pass a law forbidding it. This would make all these reservations national game preserves, as the Yellowstone park is. Everyone conversant with the subject knows that unless a number of such refuges are provided the elk, the antelope and the mountain sheep will disappear forever within a very few years.

We must, therefore, urge Congress to pass such a law as indicated, at its next session.—EDITOR.

INDIANA A MODEL.

The Indiana Legislature has recently passed as good a system of game and fish laws as any State in the Union has today. The two bills which comprise these enactments were drafted by the Hon. Frank L. Littleton, chief warden of the Indiana division of the League, and it is due largely to his untiring labors, aided by the 225 other members of the League in Indiana, that the bills were passed and have been signed by the Governor. Great credit is also due to Mr. E. E. Earle, deputy commissioner of fisheries and game for the passage of this bill. Briefly, these laws provide an open season on quails, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, and pinnated grouse from Nov. 10 to Jan. 1. The number of quails which any man may kill in a day is limited to 24. The sale of quails and the shipment of these, or of deer, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, woodcock, wild turkey, and pheasants of any kind from the State is prohibited at all times under heavy penalties. Hunting of all kind, except for ducks and squirrels by special permit, is prohibited from October 1 to Noverber 10. This is to prevent persons from going out under the guise of killing rabbits, and hunting quails before the open season begins. The open season for ducks, geese and brant is Sept. 1 to April 15.

The killing of deer, wild turkeys, or pheasants of any species is prohibited at all times.

Non-residents hunting in Indiana are required to pay a license fee of $25 and an additional fee of 50 cents to the clerk who issues same. Another excellent provision of the new law is that in all cases of conviction for a violation of any provision of the game or fish laws, the court shall assess a fee of $20 as part of the costs, which shall be collected and paid to the commissioner of fisheries and game, and by him added to the general fund for the protection of fish and game.

The new fish law is equally rational and effective. One important provision therein is that any person using dynamite, or other explosive for the purpose of killing fish shall be fined not less than $250 nor more than $1,000 for the first offense, and for a second or subsequent offense, the fine shall be $500 and imprisonment for not less than one year, nor more than three years.

Seining, netting, spearing, or fishing through the ice, and other unfair and unsportsmanlike methods of taking fish are prohibited under heavy penalties.

Chief Warden Littleton, Vice Warden Hildebrandt, Secretary-Treasurer Carter, and the other members of the League in Indiana, and Mr. E. E. Earle, deputy commissoner of fisheries and game, who is an active League member, are entitled to unlimited praise for having secured the enactment of such an excellent system of game and fish laws, and the sportsmen in that State who are not yet members of the League should realize that they are indebted to this great organization for this excellent system of protective laws.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF GAME DEALER.

I have appointed Mr. H. B. Marshall, of Greenwich, and Mr. S. L. Warner, of Lanesville, Conn., as delegates to the annual meeting of the League.

These gentlemen are both enthusiastic League members. The former is a game dealer in Greenwich, and is greatly interested in the bill to stop the sale of game. The latter is a charter member of the League, and one of the first in this State. I think I have selected 2 good men. They both promise to be at the meeting.

F. P. Sherwood,
C. W. Conn. Div. L. A. S.

On receipt of the foregoing I wrote Mr. Marshall as follows:

Dear Sir:—

I am informed that you are a game dealer, and that notwithstanding this fact you are in favor of the bill pending in your Legislature to prohibit the sale of game in your State at all times. Will you kindly inform me if this statement is correct? If so, you are the fairest among 10,000, and the one altogether lovely.

In due time came this reply:

I think the best protection of woodcock, quail and grouse would be in the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of either.

H. B. Marshall, Greenwich, Conn.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Here is another Roll of Honor:

During the past 4 months the Hon. Frank L. Littleton, Chief Warden of the Indiana Division, has sent in over 400 applications for membership in the League.

Hon. H. A. Morgan and Dr. Parker, of Albert Lea, Minn., have jointly sent in about 70, and tell me they have not yet fairly started work. They say they will send at least 200 within the next month or 2.

Dr. F. W. Orwan, of Austin, Pa., has sent in 41 applications; Mr. B. W. Ovenshire, of Cammal, Pa., 34, and Mr. Geo. C. Long, president of the First National Bank, Hopkinsville, Ky., 21.

This statement is made simply to show, once more, what any live man can do in any live town in this country, if he will only try. Yet thousands of people in thousands of good, live towns continue to praise the work of the League and to express the fondest hopes for its growth, and increase in strength, and numbers, and all that, but without enclosing a single application for membership. Why do you not invade the ranks of the 999, and yank a few of the outsiders into the League?

Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, Lieutenant-Governor of New York and president of the State Fish, Game and Forestry Commission, has joined the League. This is another important addition to our strength, and the League, on the other hand, will prove a valuable ally to the Lieutenant Governor in his efforts to enforce the fish, game and forestry laws of this State.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

FORESTRY LEGISLATION.

The Forester sums up the result of this winter's forestry legislation by Congress as follows:

"The short session of the last Congress has adjourned and a number of measures which it was hoped would be passed must wait another year. First among them are those looking toward the purchase of the Calaveras Grove, the investigation of the Minnesota Park project, and the establishment of a Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve. The proposed Appalachian Reserve has been surveyed and reported on at the desire of Congress, has been recommended by the Secretary of Agriculture, and has been voted on favorably by the Senate. It is safe to say that only the great pressure of other business prevented the House from voting in its favor this year. Some ground will have to be gone over again but it needs no prophet to see that though its friends failed of success this year this reserve will in time be established. Of the Calaveras Grove and the Minnesota Park less can be said. In spite of the efforts of those who are trying to have the Minnesota Park question voted on, it was hardly mentioned during this section of Congress, and on the 2 or 3 occasions when it was, nothing was done. An act for the purchase of the Calaveras Grove passed the Senate but was opposed in the House. In the same way the different measures which belong perhaps more particularly to the field of irrigation fell through. The Pima Indian appropriation, carrying $100,000 for irrigation investigations and works in the Southwest, failed of passage at the very end of the session, as did likewise the different measures attached to the River and Harbor Bill. Nor was there any increase in the appropriation for the Hydrographic Division of the Geological Survey.

"But in spite of what the 56th Congress has not done, the year need not be looked on as one barren of results. The session was short and unusually full of important business. Besides, much persuading and explaining, which goes with everything as new as forestry and irrigation, will not have to be done again. And finally the increase in the appropriation for the Division of Forestry from $88,520 to $187,240 and the promotion of the same division to the standing of a bureau, a measure which was threatened with failure at first, but which passed without difficulty, are notable steps in advance.

"An amendment to the 'Sundry Civil Expenses' bill was proposed last month, providing: 'That any person residing within the limits of any forest reservation, or any person who did reside therein at the time of its creation, or whose live stock had ranges within the area covered by such reservation prior to its creation and still ranges within its limits, shall be permitted to graze live stock continuously within the limits of such reservation on condition that he will at all times use his best efforts to prevent the starting and spread of forest fires in the locality in which his stock ranges.' Although the Department of Agriculture is even now making a thorough and careful investigation of the grazing question this amendment passed the Senate with but little modification."

In Pennsylvania, which is now the most progressive State as regards forestry legislation, largely due to the efforts of one man, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, a further recognition of the importance of the subject is given by raising the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture to a separate bureau with a Commissioner of Forestry and 4 associates, who are also acting as Forest Reserve Commission, and who are empowered to buy lands for forest reserves and to manage them as such. The State has already acquired over 150,000 acres for such reserves and a law is on the Statute books, by which lands sold for non-payment of taxes may be bought for such purpose.

In Michigan the excellent legislation introduced, which is to create a State forest reserve, is being strenuously fought by various rings; especially certain newspapers that profit by advertising tax titles and that have leagued themselves against the legislation. Even the Farmers' Club, short-sighted in its sympathy with the residents on the pine barrens, has taken an offensive attitude, fearing that the withdrawal of forest lands from settlement will prevent settlers from coming in to share the burden of taxation. How much poor land, denuded of its valuable forest crop, is being abandoned by the owners in Michigan can be judged from the fact that last year the State spent $67,000 for advertising tax titles.

A WISE GOVERNOR.

No doubt many friends of forest preservation have read with regret that Governor Odell, of New York, vetoed the appropriation of $200,000 which was to be used by the Forest Preserve Board to extend the State holdings in the Adirondack forest preserve. As long as the money was available—and the vigorous retrenchment policy of the Governor had no doubt assured this—it would to be sure not have been a mistake for the State to acquire more forest lands, carrying out the plan inaugurated by Governor Black for the final establishment of the proposed 2,000,000 acre preserve.

Nevertheless, the Governor's reasons for the veto are sound on general principles and show him to be a wise statesman. He objects to the appropriation because there is no definite plan in existence neither for the purchase nor for the management of the lands hitherto acquired and to be acquired, for the acquisition of which already over $2,000,000 have been expended; and until such plan be formulated further purchases appear to him undesirable.

The position is properly taken. The time has long been ripe for the Commission in charge of the forest preserve to have such a definite plan. The inefficiency of the former forest commissions is perhaps nowhere illustrated so patently as in the absence of such a plan. It is hoped the new commission, which, within 2 years, will reduce itself to one commissioner, will take the Governor's broad hint and prepare at once to answer the Governor's objection.

Such a plan of administration must be of the broadest kind. It is not satisfied by the making of detail measurements and determining the quantity of spruce that may be removed from any township without being found out by the unobservant as the last commission, at an expense of $2,500, tried to determine, and for which purpose an additional $3,500 is to be spent this year. Such detail measurements are interesting and useful, but they are not needed to determine on a policy of management for a million acre property.

The first step toward formulating such a policy or plan of management is to know the conditions of the property. A broad descriptive survey is needed, such as a professional forester of broad experience could, with proper assistance, furnish in one season. There are, no doubt, records on file and knowledge in existence among the employees of the commission regarding the conditions of much of the property; but it is doubtful whether even this partial information is in accessible and useful form. There is certainly in none of the commission's reports such a description as a manager would wish. Such a description must contain not only statements as to the character, condition and location of each parcel, but as to its relation to market, local or otherwise. Such a description can satisfactorily be made only by a practically educated forester, who, like the physician, diagnoses with a view to devising remedies. It will then be possible to determine not what may be done here and there, where fancy or political and personal pull directs attention, but what should and could be done in all parts of the property. A real administration can then be inaugurated. It is to be hoped the Governor will secure this plan.

A LAW INIMICAL TO LUMBERMEN AND FORESTRY.

A peculiar law, directed against alien ownership of timber land, but much more far reaching and directly inimical to lumbermen and indirectly inimical to the development of forestry, was passed this spring by the Legislature of North Carolina. It bore the innocent local title "An act to prevent the felling of trees on certain streams of Beaufort County"; but its provisions are that no corporation shall be allowed to hold or lease more than 300 acres of timber land, unless it maintains a mill within the State at which the timber shall be manufactured. No corporation unless created under the laws of North Carolina and having its principal place of business in North Carolina shall hold more than 300 acres of timber land; and any person or corporation violating the provisions of the act shall forfeit all the timber lands in excess of 300 acres.

That lumbermen now holding lands in North Carolina, but incorporated in other States, will experience inconvenience from this law is self evident, but it may not be quite clear how forestry may suffer. Forestry is a conservative business. It has as much concern with the future as with the present. Forestry is a business which under present economic conditions in the United States can be profitably carried on only on large areas and by large capital or by governments. Its financial principle is invariably to forego present revenue for the sake of future revenue; a principle which only the large capitalist or the eternal person of the State can afford or is willing to satisfy. Hence, while farms may be divided and thereby intensity in the use of the soil may be secured through small individual farmers, in forestry it is size of the property to be managed under one hand which assures profits. The profitable showing of European forest administrations is due not only to the denser population, which uses every foot of wood of all descriptions, but is largely due to the fact that hundreds of thousands and millions of acres, are managed by one hand; with the result that poor returns from one portion are balanced by the excellent returns from others.

If, therefore, the tendency of this law were to parcel the timber lands, it would be detrimental to forest management. To be sure, it is not likely the law is to be retained, nor is there much hope that in the near future much forest management will be attempted in North Carolina.

APPALACHIAN NATIONAL PARK.

As has been again and again pointed out in these pages, the attempe to secure a National Park in the Appalachian mountains has been most vigorously supported and almost secured success. The Appalachian Park Association remains as active in advocacy of its proposition as ever, and has sent out the following letter, to which it is hoped a hearty response will be made by all who are interested in preserving intact some of the wild woods of greatest interest in the East:

"The Appalachian National Park Association, as you are doubtless aware, has been eminently successful in its effort to procure the aid of Congress to obtain evidence of the immediate need of the establishment of a National forest reserve in the Southern Appalachians. The Agricultural Department, in its report to the last Congress, recommended the establishment of the reserve, and it also secured a letter from the President giving his personal endorsement to the bill. The matter has, however, been held over to the next Congress, and it is needful meanwhile to keep the interest of the public alive and to impress the people of the United States of the great need of legislative action to save the non-agricultural forest lands of the Southern Appalachian mountains from destruction.

"To carry on this needed work the Appalachian National Park Association is in pressing need of funds. The expenses are almost entirely for stationery, printing and postage. If the friends of this movement will give even a small amount each the work can be carried on, and those members who are giving their time to the prosecution of the work will be much encouraged. I therefore solicit from you earnestly such a sum as your interest may prompt you to give, and trust you will induce as many of your interested friends as possible to contribute, not only of their money but of their personal effort to interest others."

SHEEPMEN CAUSE FIRES.

I have been much interested in the articles in RECREATION regarding forest fires. I have traveled through the Rocky mountains from Kansas to California both by wagon and by rail. Have hunted in all parts of the West for more than 30 years, and have seen and heard a great deal about forest fires and their causes. I am fully convinced that sheep, that curse of the West, are directly or indirectly responsible for at least 3/5 of all such fires. The law forbids the fencing in of government lands. Sheep men cut down timber and make brush fences, which the law says are not fences. The sheep men often cut a strip of timber one to 6 rods wide for miles through the country. The grass grows better along this opening, and when this fence does not stop the sheep any longer the herders burn it in order to get more feed for their sheep. Of course the fires spread over a vast extent of land, thus killing the timber, both young and old. Then more grass and weeds come up. Young trees also grow up and they would in time retimber the hills; but the sheep man is there, with his thousands of sheep to eat or tramp down every green leaf that starts.

That is not all. The sheep man does not hesitate to have hundreds of acres of good timber cut, just to make more grass. This leaves a lot of dry brush and logs, which are easily fired by some careless tramp, if not by the use of some of the sheep man's money. Then hunters are unjustly blamed for the damage.

A. Norman, Dos Palos, Cal.

What do you think of the magnolia as a shade tree? Would it sell up North for 25 or 50 cents? They are hard to get.

P. B. Pope, Ora, Texas.

ANSWER

The only tree magnolias that are hardy North of New York are the small swamp magnolia, *M. glauca*, and the so called cucumber tree, *M. acuminata*. Southern grown trees are as a rule not hardy North.—EDITOR.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

Do you ever go fishing? Do you want a new rod or a reel that will enable you to land the big ones? If so send me a club and earn an up to date outfit as premium.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

THE VALUE OF POTATOES AS FOOD.

The potato, called in different regions white potato, Irish potato, English potato, or round potato, was first introduced into Europe between 1580 and 1585 by the Spaniards, and afterward by the English about the time of Raleigh's voyages to Virginia. It is commonly believed to be a native of Chile. Wild potato plants closely resembling those cultivated today are still found there, though it is a fact worthy of mention that, as the potato has been modified by cultivation, it has largely lost the power of producing seeds, and the cultivated potato differs from the wild in seldom producing fruits. When first visited by Europeans, the aborigines in Chile and adjacent regions cultivated the potato for its edible tubers and had apparently long done so. It was probably introduced into the United States, especially into Virginia and North Carolina, toward the end of the sixteenth century. It is not surprising that the new food stuff should have grown rapidly into popular favor when we remember its prolific yield, superior keeping qualities, ease of propagation, and agreeable flavor.

The valuable qualities of the potato were speedily recognized, and there are early records of attempts to determine its food value by means of chemical analyses. In 1795, Pearson reported "Experiments and observations on the constituent parts of the potato root." Einhof, in 1805, published analyses of the potato, as did also Vauquelin in 1817. In America, analyses of the potato were reported some 50 years ago by Emmons. These investigations were useful at the time, although they were not made by the methods generally followed today. This was necessarily the case, as the subject of the chemistry of nutrition is of comparatively recent growth. In later years many studies of the composition and of the food value of the potato have been made in this and other countries.

As shown by recent analyses, the skin of the potato constitutes on an average 2.5 per cent. of the whole, and the cortical layer 8.5 per cent. It is difficult to peel potatoes so that the skin only is removed. Whether both skin and cortical layer or only the former should be called refuse in our current sense of the word, is perhaps a question. As potatoes are commonly eaten, a good deal of the flesh or edible portion is rejected with the skins. When they are baked with the skin on, much of the flesh is apt to be thrown away with the skin. When they are boiled with the skin on, the amount of edible portion thus thrown away may be very small. When they are pared for boiling, the amount wasted is likely to be much larger. When they are rough from defects in growth, or from shrinking and shriveling after keeping over winter, the amount of flesh cut off in peeling is still larger. Just how much this loss of the edible portion of potatoes will average in ordinary households no one can say exactly. In tables of analyses recently published, the amount of refuse and edible portion rejected with it is estimated at 20 per cent. of the whole, and the edible portion left as 80 per cent. Doubtless in many cases the rejected portion is much larger. The loss of actual nutriment of the potato by the rejection of so much of the edible portion with the skin is a much more important matter from the standpoint of nutritive economy than people generally realize.

The edible portion is made up on an average of 78.3 per cent. water, 2.2 per cent. protein (total nitrogenous matter), 0.1 per cent. fat, 18.4 per cent. carbohydrates (principally starch), and 1 per cent. ash or mineral matter. Of the carbohydrates, 0.4 per cent. is made up of crude fiber and materials which in some of their modifications constitute the cell walls of plants and give them a rigid structure. Though the skin, cortical layer, and flesh differ somewhat in composition, they all resemble more or less closely that of the whole tuber.

According to statistics obtained in the large number of dietary studies made in this country, potatoes constitute about 13.7 per cent. of the total food consumed and furnish not far from 3.9 per cent. of the total protein and 10 per cent. of the total carbohydrates.

The potato is a staple article of diet in almost every household. The universality and extent of its consumption would seem sufficient to prove it to be a wholesome and nutritious food. The statement, however, is frequently met in popular articles that potatoes are not wholesome. As far as can be learned, this is purely a gratuitous assumption. While it is possible there are persons with whom potatoes do not agree, or who for some reasons are compelled to forego starchy foods, there is no reason to suppose that potatoes are not as a rule a wholesome and useful article of diet.

The potato is essentially a starchy food, and eaten alone it would furnish a one-sided, badly balanced diet, which would probably prove unwholesome to most people, as it has been estimated that a man in health, performing a moderate amount of muscular work, is best maintained by a diet furnishing daily 0.25 pound protein in addition to fat and carbohydrates enough to make the total fuel value 3,500 calories, while a man without active physical labor might be well nourished with 0.20 pound of protein and 3,000 calories of energy. When the potato is eaten with meat, eggs, fish, etc., which are essentially nitrogenous foods, a well balanced diet, which is most conducive to health and vigor, is secured.

Scientific investigation shows that the practice, which has become so general, of serving potatoes with meat and other similar foods which contain liberal amounts of protein is based on correct principles, one food supplying the deficiencies of the other.

Potatoes and other foods containing carbohydrates are sometimes objected to on the ground that they are starchy foods and do not supply much nitrogenous material. It should be remembered, however, that the potato does contain a by no means inconsiderable amount of protein, and further that carbohydrates are an essential part of a well regulated diet. A number of German and Russian digestion experiments show that potatoes properly cooked furnish such material in a digestible form. They have been a staple article of diet for many years without harmful results, and therefore the conclusion that under ordinary circumstances they are other than a useful and wholesome food seems unwarranted.

COATING CHEESE WITH PARAFFIN TO PREVENT MOLD.

Paraffin is frequently used in the household as a means of protecting jellies, jams, etc., from mold. The common practice is to melt the paraffin and pour a layer of it on the surface of the jelly or jam. The paraffin hardens and prevents the access of air, and hence the access of mold spores. The glasses or jars may then be covered in the usual way.

Paraffin has been recommended as a covering for cheese for the prevention of mold. A specimen examined by the Wisconsin Experiment Station in studying its fitness for this purpose was colored yellow to correspond with the color of the cheese. To apply the paraffin it was melted over a water bath and the cheese, suspended by a pair of grappling hooks or wire, was dipped in the hot paraffin for a few seconds. When removed from the bath the paraffin hardened quickly in a thin coat, completely covering the cheese. Cheeses of different ages, after treatment with paraffin, were placed in a close, damp cellar, where mold would grow readily. It was found that if the cheese was not handled carefully the paraffin would break away and mold would grow beneath it. When properly coated, the paraffin layer was said to be a complete protection against the growth of mold. The appearance of the cheese was, however, not thought to be quite so good as before coating.

Cheeses varying in age from a few days to 3 months were experimented on. It is said that the coating on the cheese prevented the access of air and modified the curing, for after a month's time the flavor of the new cheese was decidedly impaired, while in cheese made at the same time, but not coated, the flavor was much better. The cheese which was 3 months old or older at the time of coating did not seem to be injured in flavor. Some of the oldest cheeses experimented on were covered with a double bandage and then part of the cheese was covered with a layer of paraffin. On standing, a growth of mold covered the cheese under the outer bandage of the portion not treated with paraffin. The paraffin was found to be in large measure a protection. When so treated, the outer bandage can be stripped off leaving that portion fairly free from mold.

The colored paraffin, at the time of these tests, cost 7 cents a pound. Three pounds were sufficient for coating 30 10-pound cheeses. The cost of the paraffin coating per cheese was, therefore, 0.7 of a cent. The larger cheeses would cost less in proportion. Unless the paraffin is kept sufficiently hot, it does not flow readily, and the coating will consequently be thicker. This, of course, increases the cost.

ADULTERATED FOODS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

As noted in the last annual report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health on food and drug inspection, a number of the products examined were found to be adulterated or sophisticated. Some of the statements made are of more than local interest, as they indicate the extent to which the adulteration of certain classes of goods is practiced. If such adulteration is found in the State of Massachusetts where food laws are in operation, it seems not improbable that more extensive adulteration may be found where there are no local restrictions. Some of the statements made in the report were in effect as follows:

Thirty-six samples of chocolate and cocoa were examined during the year, of which 21 were adulterated, the adulterants found being wheat, corn-starch and arrowroot. Several samples of cocoa were found to have admixtures of cane sugar. The worst adulterated sample contained 35 per cent. of corn starch. Several samples of prepared chocolate were found colored with oxide of iron. Methods of detecting such adulterants as the starches in this class of food are largely microscopical.

Of the 68 samples of confectionery examined, only 3 were found to be adulterated, these being chocolate candies colored with oxide of iron. One hundred and thirty-six samples of coffee were analyzed, 11 of which were found to be adulterated, the adulterants being peas, wheat, chicory, and pea hulls. The worst sample examined had less than 40 per cent. of pure coffee, the rest being peas, pea hulls and chicory. Of the 66 samples of honey examined, 15 were found to be adulterated, the adulterants being cane sugar or commercial glucose, or both. In one case 88 per cent. of commercial glucose was found. Fifty-eight samples of maple sugar were examined, of which 6 contained brown or molasses sugar in whole or in part. Sixty-three samples of maple syrup were analyzed, 5 being adulterated with commercial glucose, or with can syrup other than maple. Of 176 samples of molasses examined, 29 were found adulterated with commercial glucose, the worst adulterated sample containing 78.6 per cent. Under the heading of syrup are included the table syrups, known as sugar house molasses or golden drip syrup, of which 6 samples were examined, 5 of them being found to contain commercial glucose; also 2 samples of fruit syrups, both of which were found preserved with salicyclic acid. Sugar house syrup should, like molasses, have for a normal solution a reading not higher than 60 degrees on the cane sugar scale, using the 200 millimeter tube.

BAMBOO MANNA AND THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The British Food Journal quotes an interesting account of the sudden appearance of the edible gum or manna exuding from bamboo cane in certain districts of India during the recent famine.

"It seems that such a phenomenon has occurred before, but the actual exuding of the gum as at present has been looked upon hitherto as almost a legend. The strange appearance of manna on the stems of the bamboo was reported last March by the Division Forest Officer, Chanda, Central Provinces, and notices of this phenomenon have been published in the local papers. The bamboo forests of Chanda consist of *Dendrocalamus strictus,* the male bamboo, a bushy plant 20 to 30 feet in height, and affecting the cooler Northerly and Western slopes of Central and Southern India. This is said to be the first time in the history of these forests that a sweet and gummy substance has been known to exude from the trees. The gum has been exuding in some abundance, and it has been found very palatable to the natives in the neighborhood, who have been consuming it as a food. The occurrence of the manna at this season is all the more important, since the greatest famine India has known has been visiting the country, and the districts where the scarcity is most keenly felt are in the Central Provinces. An authentic specimen of this bamboo manna was sent to Dr. Watt, Reporter on Economic Products, Calcutta, and was subsequently handed to Mr. Hooper for examination. It occurred in short, stalactiform rods about an inch long, white or light brown in color, more or less cylindrical in shape, but flattened or grooved on one side, where the tear had adhered to the stem. It was pleasantly sweet, without the peculiar mawkish taste of Sicilian manna. It was soluble in less than its own weight of water, and the solution, when allowed to stand, deposited white, transparent crystals of sugar. The manna contained 2.66 per cent. of moisture, 0.96 per cent. of ash, 0.75 per cent. of a substance reducing Fehling solution, and a small quantity of nitrogenous matter. The remainder consisted of a sugar which became inverted in 20 minutes when boiled with dilute hydrochloric acid (1 per cent.), and from its solubility, melting point and crystalline nature, appeared to be a saccharose related to, if not identical with, cane sugar. It contained no mannite, which is the saccharine principle peculiar to true manna."

Any man who wants to make his wife, his mother, his sister or his sweetheart a beautiful and useful present should send me 10 subscriptions and thus earn one of the exquisite cut glass salad bowls I offer as premium for a club of that size. These bowls are elaborately cut, in the highest style of the art, and one of them on a dining or luncheon table is a perpetual joy to any woman who likes to have the appointments of her home dainty and attractive.

Larry—Phwas th' banquet a success, Dinny?

Denny—Shure! Some wan broke Cassidy's mug wid th' lovin' cup.—Chicago News.

BOOK NOTES

ENGLISH WRITER ON AMERICAN SPORT.

"Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope," by Horace A. Vachell (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.), contains much more than the title suggests. Written by an Englishman, who takes the trouble to apologize for the frank expression of his views of things American, and who differs from so many other English writers on American themes because he knows what he is writing about, this book is entitled to our praise as well as our tolerance. The writer is evidently a man of brawn and brain, a worker who has seen the seamy side of American life as well as its finished surface. He is candid, earnest and widely informed. If he holds us and certain of our customs up to mild ridicule he is also just and discerning in his criticisms. He is, withal, a thorough sportsman and has evidently had the leisure and the means to indulge his tastes in that direction. He has obeyed Thoreau's injunction, "Go hunt and fish far and wide—farther and wider—and rest thee by many brooks." Furthermore, he possesses the qualities which, without any change of habits, would make him a good member of the League of American Sportsmen. I heartily recommend this book, not only to the sportsman, but also to the general reading public. Those of us who enjoy Max O'Rell, even when he is slyly exposing our weaknesses, will find pleasure in this volume of Mr. Vachell's.

DR. SENN'S WAR BOOK.

The title of Dr. Nicholas Senn's new book, "Medico-Surgical Aspects of the Spanish American War," explains itself. Dr. Senn is one of the greatest surgeons in the world, and is a member of the League of American Sportsmen. With the title of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was Chief Surgeon U. S. Volunteers during the Spanish American war, and is now lecturer on military surgery in Chicago University. He is, therefore, in a position to know every detail of importance connected with the treatment of the soldiers during the war. His studies and experiences, as embodied in this book, are of immense value to military surgery throughout the world, besides being deeply interesting to even a lay reader. Some of the leading chapters are "Recent Experiences in Military Surgery after the Battle of Santiago," "Typhoid Fever in the Porto Rican Campaign," "The Returning Army," "First Aid Package in Military Surgery," "Nurses and Nursing in War," "The Humane Side of Warfare," etc. The book is fully illustrated, from photographs and drawings made during the war, and with diagrams. Published by American Medical Association Press, Chicago.

A delightful book, that ranks in charm with "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is "A Journey to Nature," by J. P. Mowbray. It is the story of a Wall street broker who spends a year in the country to escape sudden death from heart disease. It is a rare treat, in these days, to drift along through woods and meadows with a writer who is not trying to teach anything, has no desire to kill anything, and does not force the birds and animals to do strenuous little stunts; a writer who simply feels and dreams, analyzes a little, enjoys greatly. An alluring, elusive romance is subtly suggested, but not as if to be taken seriously at any time except when, at the end, the reader rejoices with the doctor at the unexpected but salutary outcome. "A Journey to Nature" is a book to own and to read often. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"The Woman's Book of Sports," by J. P. Paret, is intended especially for those women who do not wish to employ instructors, yet who wish to avoid bad form and awkward habits in acquiring a knowledge of the principal outdoor sports. Mr. Paret's work is based on the fact that the faults of women are different from those of men, and that women must, therefore, have special instruction adapted to their particular needs. Golf heads the list of sports treated. It is followed by lawn tennis, sailing, swimming, basketball, etc., and numerous plates illustrate correct position for the various requirements of these sports. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

For the use of students and observers of nature, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have issued 3 small volumes entitled "Wild Flowers I Have Seen," "Trees I Have Seen," and "Birds I Have Seen." The apparent borrowing of the titles is justified by the fact that the books consist simply of blank forms, to be filled by the student with notes and remarks on the observations he makes of birds, trees and flowers. These books will slip into the pocket and will prove most useful for recording facts which might otherwise be forgotten. They will enable each observer to write his own book instead of merely reading the books written by other naturalists.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	1901.
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	$3,903
February ..	256	693	2,151	3,267
March	300	1,049	1,919	3,710
April	342	645	1,570	2,760
May	292	902	1,377	2,303
June	307	770	971	
July	345	563	854	
August	306	601	1,262	
September .	498	951	1,464	
October ...	438	969	1,842	
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

Figures don't mean anything unless supported by proofs. Especially circulation figures. My proofs are always ready for any advertiser who may see fit to call here or send his expert. Subscription lists, printer's bills, post-office receipts and News Company's orders. These are the kind of proofs I offer. Walk in, gentlemen. The door is never locked.

A NATION OF DESTROYERS.

I am in receipt of a letter from an old friend, in which he says:

"The most destructive creature on God's green earth wears trousers and cooks his food. All the rest of animated nature combined can not hold a match to him, who, when he can not find blood enough to spill in the dumb creation, goes to battle with his own kind."

Man's destructive tendencies are not limited to the spilling of blood, nor to the taking of life. The rate at which the forests of this country are being destroyed is such as to alarm every thinking man and woman. It takes 30 years to raise a tree and 30 minutes to cut it down and destroy it; yet thousands of men are employed every working day in the year, sweeping away the giants of the forest.

In Germany a man is not allowed to cut a tree, even on his own land, without a written permit from the Government; and this permit stipulates that for every tree he cuts down he must plant another. If he cuts off all the trees from an acre of land, he must plant an acre of trees elsewhere. Yet here in America lumber companies, railway companies, pulp makers and charcoal burners send armies of men into the forests, armed with axes and saws, with orders to cut down every tree that is available for their various purposes. After the trees are cut down and the trunks hauled away, the tops are left to furnish fuel for the next forest fire that comes along. And it is sure to come sooner or later. It burns into the earth and kills all the young timber that was left between the stumps of the other trees. And our Government takes no note of the destruction.

We are a nation of destroyers. We use the product of the forests to build houses, railways, bridges and to make paper. We tunnel the earth and burn up the coal we find within, for fuel and for motive power. We bore into the earth for oil and gas, which are consumed for light, heat and power. We make no effort to restrict the flow of these. We are not in the least economical in their use. The man who drills an oil well and gets a flow of less than 1,000 barrels a day is disappointed. But be the force great or small he pipes it into tanks, and straightway sends his men elsewhere to bore another hole.

The supply of coal, oil and gas is limited. The formation thereof has ceased. What are future generations to do after the present supply is exhausted. The coal barons, the oil barons and the gas barons care nothing for the future. All they seek is to fill their money vaults. In the language of a modern Crœsus, "To hell with future generations."

Our forests could be reproduced if we would. The area of them could be increased indefinitely. You can raise trees as easily as you can raise corn, only it takes longer. Then all the more necessity of beginning early to plant, to conserve and to cultivate.

The United States Government is doing some good work in this direction, but not half so much as it should. Certain State governments have taken some steps toward the protection of forests, but none have done half so much as they should. Unless greater precautions are taken in the near future to check the destruction of the natural resources of this continent, it will in time become as desolate and as impossible of human life as is the desert of Sahara. And the timber barons, the coal barons, the oil barons and the gas barons of this generation will be responsible.

SAM FULLERTON'S GOOD WORK.

Sam Fullerton, of St. Paul, is again in harness as executive officer of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Commission, and is making a great deal of trouble for law breakers. Two of his deputies, Murphy and Stephens, recently raided a camp of poachers who are said to have operated a tannery and taxidermist shop in the woods North of Red lake for 2 years past. The wardens did an exceedingly clever piece of work. They visited the tannery in the guise of land hunters and found the poachers busy. The officers secured photographs of the butchers mixed up with skins and heads of deer and moose. The wardens even got a picture of 2 of the men skinning a moose they had just killed. Then the officers returned to Crookston, got reinforcements, went back to the camp and arrested Henry Cook, Fred Cook and George Wilcox. They started with their prisoners to the railroad and before reaching there were intercepted by a constable from Thief River Falls, who was armed with a writ of replevin sworn out by a brother of the thieves. The constable made a big bluff about taking the skins and heads away from the game wardens; but the latter denied his authority and a fight ensued in which several shots were fired. Nobody was hurt, but the constable and his 2 assistants were handcuffed and taken to jail with the skin hunters.

A few days later Mr. Fullerton raided a restaurant and a cold storage house in St. Paul and captured a number of ruffed grouse, quails and ducks, held contrary to law. W. G. Carling, proprietor of the restaurant, and R. E. Cobb, president of the cold storage company, were taken into court and were compelled to pay heavy fines.

On another occasion Mr. Fullerton arrested F. L. Parshall, a St. Paul game dealer, and found in his possession a saddle of vension. Parshall was duly tried, convicted and fined.

Deputies Phillips and Green, acting under the orders of Chief Warden Fullerton, recently captured one Del Linden, who had been hunting and trapping in the vicinity of Grave lake, near Grand Rapids. They found in his possession 137 deer skins, 14 moose skins and a quantity of venison. Unfortunately, he was fined only $124, which amount he paid. He should have been sent to prison for 5 years.

Mr. Fullerton also reports the arrest, by deputy Phillips, of a notorious poacher named Murphy, who was convicted and fined $119.

George Magee was arrested and 7 ruffed grouse were found in his possession, for which the Judge required him to pay a penalty of $70.

On still another occasion Fullerton seized a box containing 100 pinnated grouse, at the Union Depot in St. Paul, which had been shipped from the Northern part of the State, and the shipper, if found, will be invited to walk up to the captain's office and settle.

Mr. Fullerton is a member of the L. A. S. and a game warden after my own heart. I trust every League member in Minnesota will co-operate with him in his excellent work.

ANTI-HOUNDING LAW GOOD.

It takes all kinds of people and things to make a world, and here is one of the other kind. Dr. J. P. Gilmer, of Louisville, Ky., writes Secretary Rice a letter in which he announces his withdrawal from the League "on account of the utter indifference of the editor of RECREATION to the efforts of myself and others to prosecute violators of the game laws of Kentucky."

I have no idea what the doctor refers to. I may have had some correspondence with him a long time ago, but as I handle hundreds of letters every day can not remember every case that passes through my hands. If the Doctor ever asked me to help him enforce the game laws of his State I did all in my power to comply with his request.

The Doctor adds: "Another thing about Mr. Shields: He has openly encouraged the shooting of dogs which are used to run deer. When Mr. Shields knows dogs, our truest friends, he will perhaps think it better to shoot the man who puts the dogs on the trail, and spare the dogs, who only obey those in authority over them. Mr. Shields will then say with me that whoever shoots a dog for obeying orders, and does not meet the owner is not only a killer of man's most faithful friend, but a coward. The man who shoots a dog of mine had better look out, for I will hunt him down and kill him."

The doctor refers to remarks I have made on the work of certain game hogs in the Adirondacks, who run deer with dogs in violation of law. Here is the section of the State law to which I referred.

"Dogs that are trained to or will pursue deer, shall not be permitted by the owner or person harboring the same to run at large in, or be taken into forest inhabited by deer before August 15, 1902. If any such dog be found hunting, pursuing, or killing deer or running at large in forests inhabited by deer, it shall be presumptive evidence of a violation of this section by the person owning, using, having, or harboring such dog. Any person may, and it is the duty of every game protector to kill a dog found in a deer forest, and no action for damage shall be maintained against a person for such killing."

I regard that as good law and would always do my part toward enforcing it. Of course the owner of the dog should be killed too, but you cannot always catch him at it.

II. CHRONICLES.

And it came to pass, that one John, surnamed Wise, went into Court and demurred to the complaint of one Marlin, who had averred that Recreation had libeled him.

And John said unto the Court, "Oh, most noble and upright Judge; I move your Excellency that this case be dismissed at plaintiff's cost, for the reasons that the magazine called Recreation has not libeled the said Marlin; that it has simply printed such criticisms as came to it, of the guns made by said Marlin; and that said criticisms and discussions were written and printed without any intent to injure said Marlin, but that the people might know what guns to buy and what ones to avoid."

And the Judge said, "John, you are a Wise advocate. The people of this free land have a right to discuss and to criticise goods which they buy, and for which they pay their good shekels; and a magazine printed in the interest of sportsmen may print such criticisms. The plaintiff does not state facts sufficient to show a cause of action against the said Shields. This case is therefore dismissed at plaintiff's cost."

And the said Marlin, when he heard of this ruling, again waxed exceeding wroth and said, "Dammit."

Here endeth the second Chronicles. Selah.

JUSTICE FOR ELLARSON.

An article was printed in March Recreation signed "Justice," in which Mr. Ellarson, State game warden, was criticised for not having punished certain men mentioned in the communication, and, who, it is claimed, have been violating the fish or game laws of Wisconcsin.

Mr. Ellarson and some of his friends claim the attack was unwarranted. I believed the criticism was made in good faith and I printed it in good faith. I have no desire to do Mr. Ellarson an injustice. As every sportsman in Wisconsin knows, Ellarson is a faithful and efficient officer, and has done the best possible with the small fund at his disposal. Wisconsin is a large State, and a great area in the Northern part of it is but sparsely settled; so it would be well nigh impossible to police it thoroughly with anything short of 1,000 deputy wardens. Mr. Ellarson has, I believe, less than a dozen under his command, and these few have been employed to the best possible advantage.

Recreation is a public channel for the exchange of information, opinions, criticisms and discussions of all topics relating to the interests of sportsmen. Mr. Ellarson and his friends can have any amount of space they require to reply to the criticism referred to, or to any other that may be made against him in future.

CAPTAIN BILLINGS' GREAT STORY.

The publication of Captain Billings' story of the great earthquake in Peru has been postponed in order to give time to prepare the illustrations. The story will appear in the August issue of Recreation. Thus the pleasure is only deferred and will be the keener when it comes.

No lover of adventure should miss this great story. It is one of the most thrilling of modern times. There are a dozen climaxes in it that seem to pass the limits of possibility; yet all of them are cold facts, officially recorded in the Navy Department at Washington. The battered and time-worn wreck of the Wateree, lying at the foot of a mountain, back of the ruined city of Arica, attests the terrible truth of the story. The ruins of a city that once housed 12,000 people are still heaped in a shapeless mass. When you see these, pictured by the camera, and read how the officers and crew of the Wateree's stood at their post like granite statues, while passing through the jaws of death, no man even flinching, you will be glad you are an American.

Tell all your friends to read this wonderful story. No loyal American can afford to miss it.

WILL GIVE $100 REWARD.

A subscriber has sent me a letter which he received from a prominent manufacturer of sportsmen's goods, in which I am accused of having bribed my friend to write a letter to the Peters Cartridge Co. This is not the first time I have been accused of hiring sportsmen to express sentiments favorable to this magazine, and will probably not be the last. I should like to give some of the people who claim I am bribing my readers to write such letters a chance to make some money. I therefore make this offer:

I will pay $100 to any person who will produce legal evidence of my ever having offered any man a dollar, or any other sum, to write any advertiser about Recreation.

If any person sees fit to accept this offer, I will deposit $100 in cash in a national bank, payable to the order of the person accepting this challenge, immediately on his furnishing evidence, such as would be accepted in any court of record, to prove that I have ever offered any person money for writing any such letter.

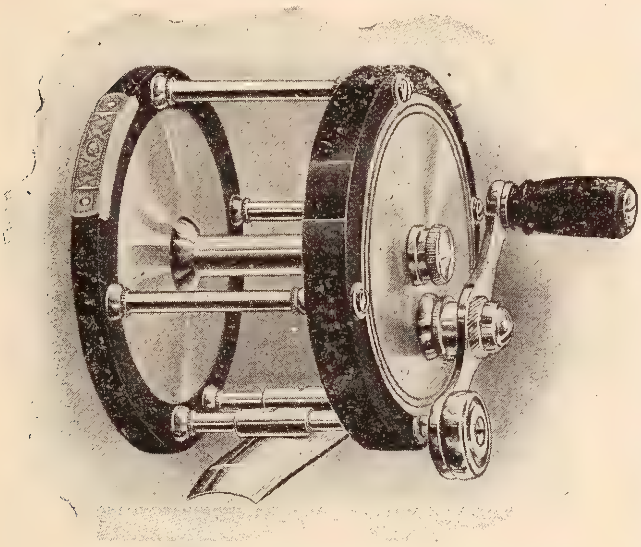
PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

LOW PRICED PERFECTION.

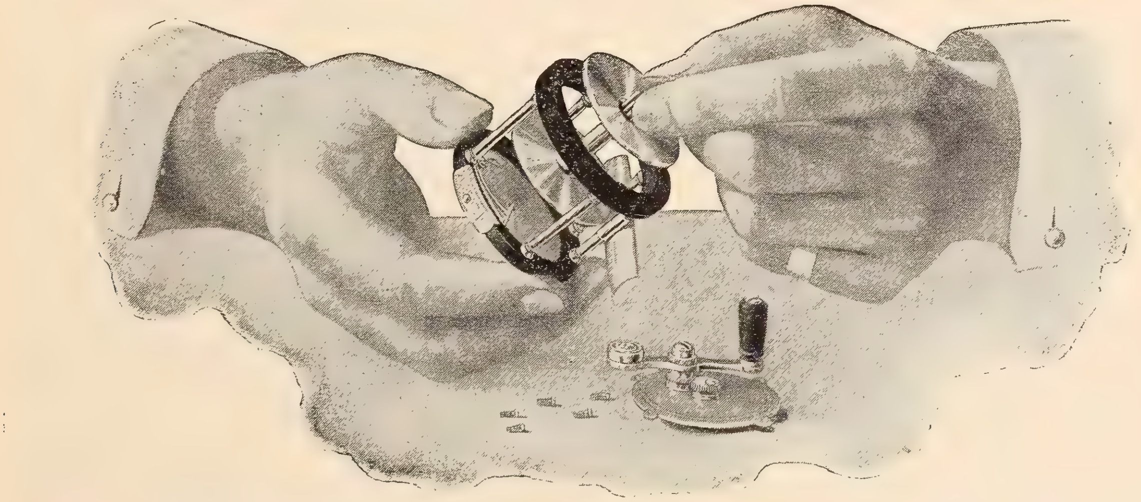
Many thoughtful anglers have said to me, "If a fine watch can be made and sold for $5 to $10, why can not a fine reel be made for the same money?" I have always replied,

"It can, if the same skilled watchmaker with the same expensive machinery will devote the necessary time and ability to the task, and I will do it some day."

I have devoted 3 years to making the special tools and machines necessary for making this reel, in which the parts shall have a variation not to exceed 1/1000 of an inch. Here is a cut of the reel as it appears when completed.



THE NEW SHAKESPEARE RUBBER STANDARD.



With the exception that all journals and bearings are burnished and fitted by hand, all of the parts are made by the most accurate working watch-tool machines. When the parts are finished all are assembled and adjusted by a skilled watchmaker, and the reel is, when completed, as fine a piece of work as can be found anywhere, no matter what the price charged.

The price of this new Shakespeare reel is $6. It is an 80 yard Quadruple Multiplier, and is so designed as to be very readily taken apart and as easily assembled. With much pride and pleasure do I offer this reel to those who appreciate the fine, accurate work which can be expended on a beautiful reel. With the bearings perfect, the slightest start given the crank will produce a free, noiseless movement which is practically void of friction, and one is impressed with the exquisite nicety of the whole creation.

An interesting booklet, telling more about it, for the asking. Shall I send it to you?

William Shakespeare, Jr.
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

THE NEW WONDERLAND.

Wonderland grows more and more wonderful each year. I mean the book bearing that name issued by Charles S. Fee, G. P. A. of the N. P. Ry. The issue for 1901 is just out and is greater than any of its predecessors. It is full of romantic and historical interest, and the pictures fairly dazzle the lover of art. I have rarely seen a piece of railway literature that was so hard to let go of as this one is. One story after another claims attention and draws you on till your dinner gets cold or you forget the engagement you made with your friend.

One of these stories is about that tragic affair on the Little Big Horn. The interest in Custer's last battle and everything connected with the Indian campaign of 1876 against the Sioux appears not to lessen. The death of Custer and more than 200 officers and men—the absolute annihilation of 5 companies of his regiment—has invested those treeless bluffs on the Little Big Horn in Montana with a melancholy renown. The Government has since cared for the spot, marked the graves of the fallen and erected a memorial monument there. The locality is easily accessible from the Northern Pacific, and the chapter on this subject describes the battlefield and valley, and recounts, at some length, the campaign and the battle itself. You should read this new version of this old but always thrilling story in Wonderland for 1901. If you will send 6 cents to Mr. Fee he will send you the book, and after reading it you will agree with me that it is worth $1.

Please mention RECREATION when you write.

PICTURESQUE PAN-AMERICAN ROUTE.

A handsome publication, dealing with the great attractions of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, May 1 to Nov. 1, 1901, has been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. The book is beautifully printed, and contains a fund of information for those planning a trip to this great event.

The publication tells how to reach Buffalo and to whom to apply for accurate information as to hotel accommodation. It suggests to the traveler many attractive side trips, and gives a complete list of hotels and boarding houses in the several districts reached by these side trips. A map of the Grand Trunk Railway system in three colors is embodied, as well as a map of the city of Buffalo, showing the several railway stations and the street car lines running to and from the exposition grounds, a valuable feature for the guidance of strangers in Buffalo. There is also an accurate plan of the exposition grounds, which gives a splendid idea of the layout of the undertaking with the names of the buildings clearly inserted for the information of the sightseer.

A copy of this publication will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a 2 cent stamp, by G. T. Bell, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal.

A NEW MARBLE TRICK.

W. L. Marble, of Gladstone, Mich., the indefatigable inventor of handy tools and implements for sportsmen has made another 10 strike. This time it is a compass provided with a brace and safety pin, so it can be pinned to the lapel of your coat, or fastened on your belt where you can see it all the time without touching it. A pocket compass is a useful thing in the woods, but if you carry such you must stop whenever you want to take it out of your pocket and perchance open it, if it be in a hunting case. Frequently your hands are both occupied when tramping. Therefore, you must put down your gun or your fishing rod, or your axe, or whatever else you may have in hand, in order to get at your compass. With the Marble compass, this trouble is obviated. You can glance at the dial whenever you want to know where the needle points, without even checking your pace.

Marble has issued a circular of this compass, giving a full description, and cuts. If interested, you should send for a copy of it and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

THE GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS.

George M. Houghton, G. P. A. of the Bangor and Aroostook Ry., has issued a beautiful book entitled "In the Maine Woods," and which should be in the hands of every sportsman and nature lover in this country.

The book contains a brief description (all too brief) of the wonderful resources of that State in the way of forests, mountains, waters, game and fish. It mentions nearly every hotel, hunting camp, lake and stream in the State, and tells how to reach all the points dear to the hearts of sportsmen. It gives pictures of many of the beauty spots of nature in that great State. There are 2 full page color plates in the book, one representing moose hunting and the other trout fishing, that are good enough to cut out and frame. There are over 100 reproductions of photographs of things seen in the woods of Maine, which make the woods a veritable picture gallery. It will be sent free to any one asking for it. If you want a copy, write George H. Houghton, Bangor, Maine, and mention RECREATION.

A FAMOUS ROUTE.

Excursionists attending the Biennial Epworth League Convention at San Francisco, Cal., July 18-21, will naturally desire to see the grandest and most impressive scenery en route. This they will do by selecting the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, "The Scenic Line of the World," which traverses the most picturesque scenery to be found in the world. This is the only road which offers 2 separate routes through the Rocky Mountains, and tickets reading via this road are available either via its main line through the Royal Gorge, Leadville, over Tennessee Pass, through the Cañon of the Grand River and Glenwood Springs; or via the line over Marshall Pass and through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, thus enabling the tourist to use one of the above routes going and the other returning. To get the full benefit of the trip you should lay your plans in advance, and to enable you to do so attractive illustrated pamphlets will be furnished free on application to S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo.

A NEW PHOTO PAPER.

Phosphate of silver photo paper is a patented invention of Dr. Johannes Meyer, of Brooklyn. It has a great artistic value possessed by no other similar article, and has a great many other advantages. It is not affected by any climatic influences and retains its qualities a year or more. It does not contain free silver, prints out faster than its competitors, is easily worked and allows the production of an innumerable variety of colors. The prints are absolutely permanent and will not bleach in sunlight. Its sepia color is unsurpassed, and it can be toned jet black with little platinum.

Phosphate of silver paper is manufactured in different grades, smooth and rough, but perfectly matt. A print can be fixed or toned months after printing. It will not curdle during the manipulations, and can easily be straightened when dry by pulling it hard over a straight edge.

NEW BOAT MATERIAL.

Messrs. Crane Bros., Westfield, Mass., are making a line of boats, trunks, valises, megaphones, bath tubs, developing trays and other handy things from a material which they call linenoid.

It appears to be a heavy canvas filled with pitch. It is thoroughly impervious to water, or to the action of air. At the same time it is light and strong. A boat which will carry 4 people comfortably can be picked up and carried easily by one man, while it is so strong that it would stand ordinary use in rivers almost as well as a cedar boat would.

Crane Bros. have published a leaflet giving a full description of their linenoid, and illustrations of the various articles they make, which should be in the hands of all sportsmen. If you write for it mention RECREATION.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Co., Worcester, Mass., has issued a new catalogue of guns and revolvers, which will prove of deep interest to thousands of sportsmen. The book is illustrated and describes the Harrington & Richardson single barrel ejector gun, which has become famous for its excellent material, good workmanship and careful finish. The various revolvers made by the company are illustrated, both in black and white and in a lot of colored cuts. All the parts of these various arms are shown and named. The book will prove valuable for reference, and every sportsman should have a copy of it. Please mention RECREATION when you write for it.

A TIME SAVER.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R.,
No 1 1-ders what U R.
From Gr8 N. Y. 2 Buffalo
U point the way that all should go
2 C the Fair that takes the bun
B-4 the close of 19-1.
Up the Hudson,'cross the St8,
ThrU towns & cities small & gr8,
Past mountains high & valleys deep,
Where brave men fo & heroes sleep,
Each foot of way a Nature shO
From Gr8 New York 2 Buffalo.

In day coach or in parlor car,
Nothing's like U near or far;
U'R slowest train a cannon ball,
You speed ahead of rivals all.
A da-Z—that is what U R,
Gr-8 N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

—F. A. D.

Mr. J. H. Barlow, manager of the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., keeps his friends guessing all the time. He is everlastingly devising or inventing some new scheme to help sportsmen get what they want. He has not yet succeeded in devising a cartridge that will enable a man to kill a duck on the wing at a distance of a mile, and I trust he never may; but if he does not, it will not be because he sleeps too much. His latest device is for reloading paper shot shells. He has made implements for this purpose and has issued a circular illustrating and describing them in full. If interested, write for a copy and mention Recreation.

President Loubet, of France, not satisfied with the award of 2 gold and 2 silver medals to the Berlitz School of Languages, has bestowed on its founder, Prof. M. D. Berlitz, the cross of the Legion of Honor. There are now over 175 Berlitz Schools of Languages all over the world, recently San Francisco, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso and Mexico having been added.

The Berlitz method of teaching is too well known to require description. The teacher does not speak one word of English, pupils thus being compelled to speak the new language from the first lesson.

Dr. R. B. Cantrell's tubular flies are advertised in this issue of Recreation, and every man who is fond of fly fishing should write for a circular describing and illustrating these fanciful lures. They are ingeniously devised and strong and carefully made. With a dozen of them you can make a hundred combinations that will prove as effective as if you had 100 different flies. In writing for circular please mention Recreation.

A new department, entitled Practical Mining Studies, has been added to Mines and Minerals, Scranton, Pa. It is intended to furnish a series of lessons in all departments of practical mining work. The staff of engineers connected with the mining courses of the International Correspondence Schools and many special contributors will unite with the editors in making this new department a valuable aid to all readers.

W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, has put out a new catalogue of sheet metal boats, which should prove immensely interesting to every sportsman who lives near a river or a lake. The book contains a large number of half tone cuts showing various lines of these boats, some in use, and some on exhibition. If you are interested in boats, write Mr. Mullins for a copy of this book, and say you saw it mentioned in Recreation.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridegeport, Conn., has issued a new price list of goods which it manufactures, and which all shooters will find interesting. The book contains illustrations, descriptions and prices of several new features, and new prices on some of the old goods, so it is valuable for reference. Every sportsman should have a copy of it. When writing please mention Recreation.

A shooter who made careful investigation reports that of shot gun shells used in the Grand American Handicap, the following makes were represented in proportions as stated: U. M. C. Co., 114; Winchester R. A. Co., 64; U. M. C. & Winchester R. A. Co., 13; Peters Cartridge Co., 5; U. S. Cartridge Co., 2; Robin Hood, 2.

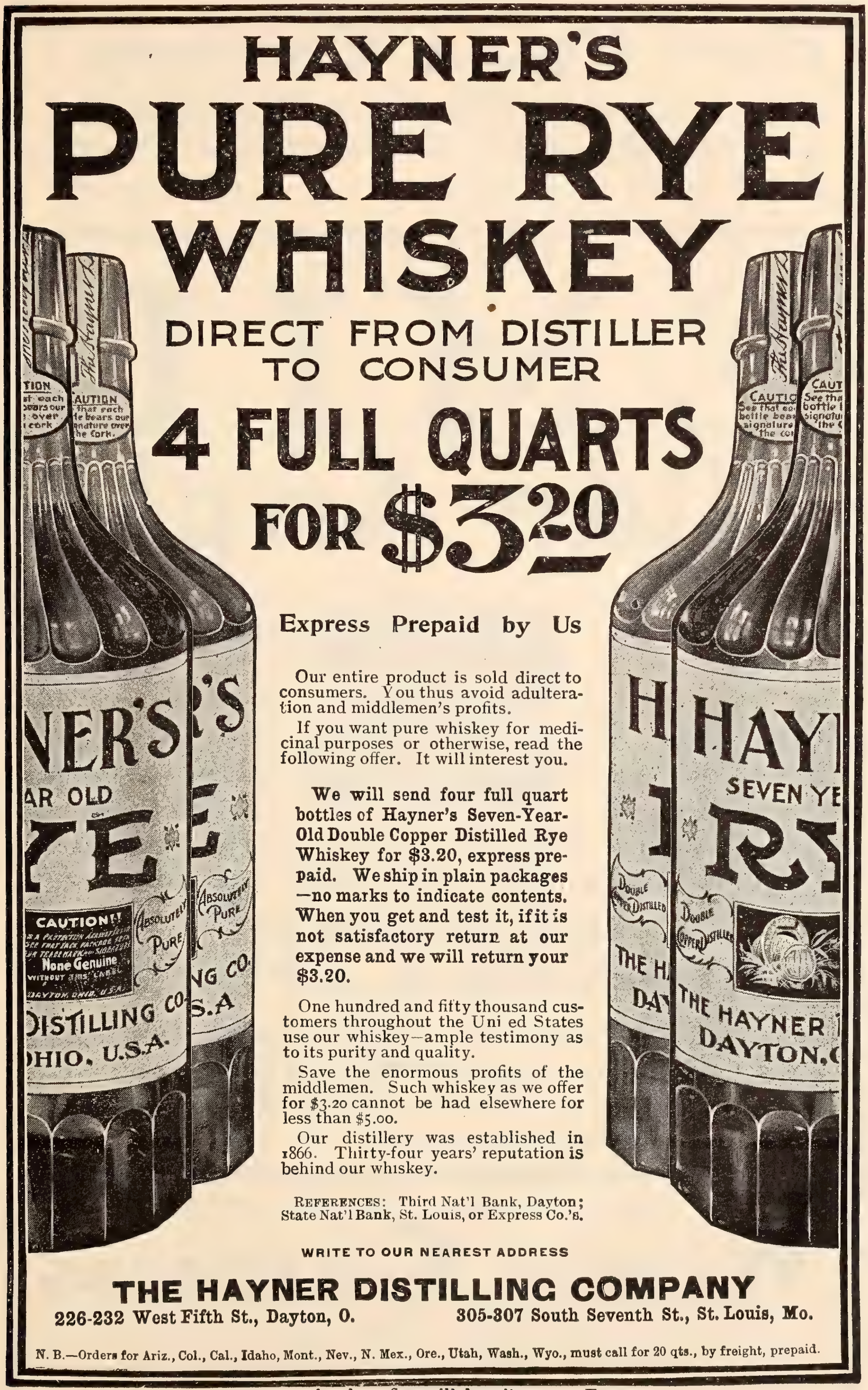
"I like the Page Woven Wire Fence. It is very durable, and stays tight all the time if corner posts are made secure. It will turn any kind of stock and is not dangerous, as is common barbed wire fencing."—C. M. N., Osborne Co., Kas., in Farmers' Review.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Everyone knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

I have added Carbut plates to my premium list. If you use plates, read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.



HAYNER'S PURE RYE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER

4 FULL QUARTS FOR $3.20

Express Prepaid by Us

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers. You thus avoid adulteration and middlemen's profits.

If you want pure whiskey for medicinal purposes or otherwise, read the following offer. It will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get and test it, if it is not satisfactory return at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

One hundred and fifty thousand customers throughout the United States use our whiskey—ample testimony as to its purity and quality.

Save the enormous profits of the middlemen. Such whiskey as we offer for $3.20 cannot be had elsewhere for less than $5.00.

Our distillery was established in 1866. Thirty-four years' reputation is behind our whiskey.

References: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, or Express Co.'s.

WRITE TO OUR NEAREST ADDRESS

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

226-232 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.
305-307 South Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 qts., by freight, prepaid.

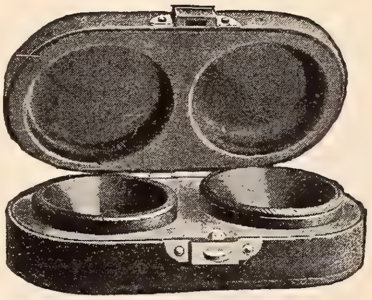
I guarantee the above firm will do as it agrees—Editor.

Have You a Camera?

Have you ever attempted INTERIORS and ARCHITECTURE, *i.e.* WIDE-ANGLE WORK? Have your results been unsatisfactory?

Then Try The

EMIL Wide Angle



At a merely nominal cost you can buy this objective, mounted in cells, in leather covered case. It is interchangeable with your Rectilinear in the shutter on your camera, and forms a necessary adjunct to your outfit. For the Professional and the Advanced Amateur, our

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE APLANAT

is the best that can be had. We like to send our Lenses out for COMPETITIVE TRIAL, and are glad to have you return them if you can buy better elsewhere.

Our 1901 Catalogue also tells about

Wizard Cameras

IT IS FREE

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF N. Y.,
CRESSKILL, N. J.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

AND NOW COMES THE 6TH COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 5 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 6th opened April 1st, 1901, and will close November 30th, 1901.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and New Automatic T. I. B. Shutter, and listed at $61.50.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch; listed at $20.

Seventh prize: A Tourists Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8 x 10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5 x 7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4 x 5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available.

No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

PLEASE VOTE ON THIS,

Hon. John W. Titcomb,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Dear Sir:—

I have read carefully all the correspondence that has come to this office regarding the beaver picture and will now give you as briefly as possible my deductions.

When the beaver picture first came to me, I wrote Mr. Balch informing him that a question as to whether or not the beavers were alive when the picture was made had been raised by the judges appointed to award prizes. At that time I believed the beavers were alive, and so stated to Mr. Balch. I advised him, however, that if the animals were alive, it would be well to make an affidavit to that effect, and that if any person was with him at the time he should have such person make an affidavit also. Mr. Balch replied that the beavers were alive, and he enclosed an affidavit to that effect. He also enclosed an affidavit made by L. I. Bishop, to the same effect. Mr. Balch said nothing about anyone else being with him on the trip; but after I had published the picture of the beavers above referred to I received a letter from A. Hedges, Foxboro, Mass., in which he said he had lately received a letter from H. Goding, who was with Balch when the picture was taken, and who was acting as guide for the party. Mr. Hedges enclosed a letter from Mr. Goding, and I printed it in April RECREATION. From this I quote: "You want to know if Mr. Balch photographed those beavers. He did. I was present when Mr. Balch pulled the string on the beavers, and I helped fix the camera. The beavers were alive when the picture was taken." Later I received a letter from John H. Walker, Ashland, Me., who says he was also with Balch and Bishop, and was acting as guide.

Subsequently a reader of RECREATION propounded a series of questions to Mr. Balch, as to the manner of making the beaver picture, the material used, etc. These questions and Mr. Balch's answers were printed in June RECREATION. In answer to question No. 5 Mr. Balch says, "My companions, Mr. Bishop and the 2 guides, went with me part way to where I had the camera set up the second day, and I had an understanding with them that they were not to come near enough to the beaver pond to frighten the beavers, but were to keep within calling distance of me. * * * * I then called to my companions. Harry Goding was the first one to come up. We then joined the others at the pond, and went to the camera."

It is strange that Mr. Balch did not mention in one of his early letters the fact that he had 3 companions with him. He gave me to understand that Mr. Bishop was the only person with him. It would seem that Mr. Balch should have been glad to furnish 3 witnesses to the validity of the pictures instead of one. The question naturally arises in my mind: Was Mr. Balch afraid the guides would not give favorable testimony? Of course, after having heard from the guides to the effect that they would testify in his favor, he would naturally be glad to put them on record.

Mr. Goding says he was present when Mr. Balch pulled the string. Mr. Balch says none of his companions were in sight when the beavers appeared, and that he requested them not to come near enough to the pond to frighten the beavers, but to remain within call. He says they hoped to get a shot at a moose or a deer while he was waiting for the beavers. I subsequently wrote Mr. Balch: "The judges have made the following criticism on your beaver picture: 'The beaver on the left is apparently beginning work on a tree at a point about 6 inches higher than the other stumps around him. There is something across his left fore foot that looks like a string. Is it a string? If not, what is it? His body does not look the right shape for an animal standing up, as he is. His entrails would naturally settle down, and he would be larger about the flank than he now appears.'"

To this Mr. Balch replies: "I don't know what to say as to the shape of the beaver that is standing. * * * * As to what it is that looks like a string across the foot, you may be able to make out on the negative, which I send herewith. I can not say what it is. It may be a twig."

These answers are not satisfactory to those of us who are studying this matter carefully. These things are knowable. As to the shape of the beaver, the inference is that he had been killed some hours before the picture was made, and had become rigid, so that when placed on his haunches his entrails would remain in the same position as when lying dead on his side. If the white mark across the beaver's foot or fore arm is caused by a twig, why does it not show above or below the fore arm or both? As you know, the camera does not falsify anything unless the photographer manipulates the subject in some way.

One of my correspondents, a well known naturalist, and ex-mayor of Lansing, Mich., calls attention to the fact that the beaver in the right of the picture has his hind foot spread out so as to show the web, and that he is grasping with this foot a pole which lies beside him. This writer asks why the beaver should have placed his foot out from under his body in walking or even in standing; why he should have spread the toes so far out, if for any reason he did reach out to grasp the pole. Anyone familiar with beavers will tell you they always walk on land with their toes close together. They spread them in swimming, but not in walking. The inference is that Mr. Balch in posing this beaver made the mistake of spreading its foot out, and that he hoped thereby to convince those who might see the picture that the beaver was alive.

One of the most skillful and scientific photographers in the United States, a man who has been photographing live animals and birds for the past 15 years, calls attention to the fact that no shadows are cast across the foreground or background of the picture by the standing trees. This, of course, proves beyond all question that the picture was made either on a cloudy day or after sundown.

The same critic calls attention to the fact that the immediate foreground and the extreme background are equally sharp. This proves beyond question that a small stop was used, and that would necessitate a longer exposure, in order to get the fine detail shown in this picture. The beavers were, of course, constantly in motion. They could not be expected to remain quiet 3 or 4 seconds in order to give the photographer a time exposure.

In answering on this point, Mr. Balch says: "The shutter was set at its slowest speed, which would not be far from one second." In answer to question No. 6 Mr. Balch says: "There were a few light, fleecy clouds and the sun had just gone down, or behind one of the clouds, when I snapped the camera."

I think every expert photographer in the world will agree with me when I say it would not be possible to get such sharp detail in the picture of a dark subject, like a beaver, as are shown in this photo with an exposure of one second, at or near sundown.

Mr. Balch says he started for the woods about the middle of November. It seems that several days were occupied in reaching the Penobscot river, where this picture was made. I wrote to Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine State Fisheries and Game Commission, inquiring as to the approximate strength of daylight in the Maine woods at 4 o'clock in the middle of November when Mr. Balch says the picture was made. Mr. Carleton replies as follows: "The sun practically sets in this State November 15th at 4 o'clock."

In answer to question No. 3, Mr. Balch says, that the beaver on the right was about 9 feet from the camera, and the one on the left about 11 feet; yet the one on the right measures one inch in length, on a 4x5 plate, exclusive of the tail. I believe every expert photographer will agree with me that in order to show at that size on a 4x5 plate the beaver must have been within 2 feet of the lens. The expert I quote above, who has made hundreds of good photographs of live wild animals, says, "The size of the beaver on the plate corresponds to that of large deer on my 4x5 plates at 15 feet." How can Mr. Balch or anyone else explain this discrepancy?

I have repeatedly stated that I have no desire to wrong Mr. Balch. I would rather have made him a present of $100 in the begining and have left this picture out of the competition than to have questioned his honesty. From the outset I was anxious to believe in him. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, one of the foremost naturalists of the country, called at my office a day or 2 after I received the photograph. I showed it to him, and after examining it a few minutes he pronounced it a fraud. Up to that time I believed the beavers were alive and argued the case with Mr. Hornaday at some length from that standpoint. I did not then notice the string, or what appears to be a string, on the beaver's foot. Neither had I studied out the other features of the picture, which I have discussed in this letter and which several of my readers have discussed. You may readily understand that after having expressed my opinion that the beavers were alive, I disliked to have to admit I had been mistaken. I would much rather now be convinced I was right at first, and be placed in a position to send the prize to Mr. Balch, than to still be compelled to admit my first judgment was wrong.

The only evidences of fraud to which I attach any importance are those shown in the beaver picture itself. These are distinctly scientific facts, and it is not satisfactory to me or to any other careful student of the subject for Mr. Balch to say he does not know what causes certain results shown in the picture. The lens and the camera plate have simply recorded what was before them. They would not make a beaver appear as large on a plate at 9 feet from the camera as if it had been only 2 feet away. The lens would not show a string around a beaver's foot unless it was there. If what appears to have been a string was a twig, or if same extended above or below the beaver's foot, the lens would show it so. No lens can do impossible things. And no lens has yet been made that will make an instantaneous picture as sharp as this is at sundown in the middle of November, and in the great forests of Maine.

Neither the judges nor myself are willing to take the responsibility of wronging Mr. Balch in this matter, nor of awarding him a prize for a picture which may or may not be other than that which it purports to be. We have, therefore, decided to submit all these questions to the readers of RECREATION. By readers in this case I mean *bona fide* subscribers. I have decided to ask all subscribers who were such prior to January 1st, 1901, and who have read this beaver controversy carefully from start to finish, answer in one word the question,

"Shall the first prize in RECREATION'S 5th annual photo competition be awarded to Mr. Balch for his beaver picture?" The answer shall be "yes" or "no," and no vote will be counted unless the voter's name appears on my subscription list as of date prior to January 1st, 1901. I hope this arrangement may prove satisfactory to you and to all others councerned.

G. O. Shields.

N. B.—See blank ballot, printed on page xviii of this issue of RECREATION.

DEFENDS MR. MOULTHROPE.

Winnipeg, Man.

Editor RECREATION:

In looking over the amateur photo department of March RECREATION I notice some rather hasty criticisms on Mr. Moulthrope's photo and "An Ideal Outfit." I am an enthusiastic amateur protographer and have carefully studied this photo and story in question. Kindly allow me space in which to say a few words in defense of your correspondent, Mr. Moulthrope.

Your contributors to the February and March issues seem to put great stress on the question, Why are the shadows there? In consideration of the excellent camera with which Mr. Moulthrope was working is it not probable that the photo was really taken on the instant the sun may have burst through the clouds, as is often the case in a shower, and not exactly when it was quite dark and gloomy? I know from personal experience that I could have, in many instances, taken as bright a photo as this appears to be in quite a downpour of rain at the moment old Sol would burst through the clouds, making everything bright again. I think you will agree with me that the photo was taken under these conditions, although our brother amateur did not give us this impression; but perhaps we can understand him more fully if we look back on our own first experiences with a new camera. One of the gentlemen speaks of the total absence of umbrellas. Mr. Moulthrope does not say it was raining when these people left the city for the scene of the disaster, so why should they burden themselves with things quite unnecessary at the time, and perhaps not to be necessary, although the late comers no doubt carried umbrellas. In a question like this we should all consider one another as brother amateurs, and, recognizing the general enthusiastic spirit of every amateur photographer, give one another the benefit of the doubt. Again, must we think that, although Mr. Lee does not see several thousand people in the photo, they were not there? Does he think Mr. Moulthrope would attempt to take a photo of the whole wreck on a 4x5 plate, or that this throng of people came out to clamor over the wreck, to be packed around it, and to have their photograph taken? Mr. Moulthrope does not say these kodakers were in front of him. In fact, I imagine they were all on a high embankment, to obtain as fine a view as possible; and no doubt they had taken that position with the thought that, if the sun did happen to shine at any time, they would be in the right place for a good view.

In regard to their exposing their plates minutes, no doubt Mr. Moulthrope noticed some who he though were exposing for the photo, but who were in reality only preparing to do so. If I mistake not, the cars we see in the background belong to a wrecking train.

Again, Mr. Lee speaks of a freight car "apparently split wide open." In the condition we see it before us I for one should not like to say it was not a passenger car. Aside from this, is it not possible there may have been a freight car or 2 in the wreck, although your correspondent calls it an express train?

I am surprised at Mr. Potter's statement that he had never made a good photo with any camera while using the 16 stop and exposing 1/25 second. As I understand cameras, the ordinary box camera's shutter works, in the ordinary instantaneous exposure, at a speed of 1/25 second; and as to the stop, I have been led to believe that f 16 is one of the most general and useful stops used. In the face of this I can not understand why this gentleman has failed to obtain fair negatives from any of these everyday hand cameras.

M. W. F.

PHOTO HINTS.

J. M. N.

The amateur photographer is beset on all sides with weights and measures of various systems, one plate or paper manufacturer giving his formulæ in apothecaries' weights, another in metric terms, and still another advises the use of the hydrometer test. For the benefit of those having no metric weights or measures I give the following table:

To convert grammes into grains, multiply by	15.5
To convert grains into grammes, multiply by	0.065
To convert cubic centimeters into minims, multiply by	16.25
To convert cubic centimeters into fluid dachms, multiply by	0.26
To convert cubic centimeters into fluid ounces (avoirdupois), multiply by	3.6

I advise the use of the hydrometer in making up solutions, especially of sodium sulphite and sodium carbonate. When making a solution to get the standard, use only pure fresh crystals. Reject any which have become white and chalky. Then weigh the exact quantity given in the formula you have selected and dissolve each salt separately in water. For instance, if your formula says to dissolve 6 ounces of sulphite and 4 ounces of carbonate in 15 ounces of water, dissolve each separately in 7½ ounces of water. When entirely dissolved pour out some of the solution into the hydrometer glass, or into a graduate, and carefully make a note of the hydrometer reading in some place convenient for future reference. Then mix your 2 solutions. When next preparing the solutions from some more of the same stock of chemicals you will find that the same weight of the solid dissolved in the same quantity of water as before will give a much lower hydrometer reading than the first time, due to the deterioration of the chemicals. It is then necessary to add enough salt to the solution to bring the hydrometer reading to the standard made with the fresh chemicals. In that way solutions will always be of uniform strength, an important point.

By a per cent solution is meant the number of parts, by weight, of a solid contained in 100 parts, by volume, of a solution. Consequently, to make, say, a 10 per cent. solution of potassium bromide, dissolve 1 ounce of the salt in 9 ounces of water and when completely dissolved add sufficient water to make the 10 ounces.

Always use distilled water when obtainable. It may be had of wholesale drug houses for 15 cents a gallon. If you can not obtain it, boil the water an hour and when cool filter through paper.

Be exact in weighing and measuring. Never allow yourself to fall into careless habits in those respects, as the best results in photography are never obtained without the most careful attention to details. Most of the cheap blown glass graduates sold by stock houses are inaccurate. Get a tested one from a dealer in chemical supplies.

Get a good pair of scales and take good care of them. They will repay the outlay in results if carefully used.

DEPTH OF LENSES.

I have a Zeiss lens, number 15, series VII a. When both combinations are used, the focus is 11 inches. When the combinations are used separately, the back one has a focus of 16½ inches and the front one 23½ inches. In photographing a bird's nest the lens did not give much depth of focus. When the near side of the nest was in focus, the far side was out of focus. I also have a small rectilinear lens. I could get the nest in better focus with the $10 lens than I could with the $165 lens. This seems strange. Has a large lens less depth of focus than a small one? Has an anastigmat lens less depth than a rectilinear? The high priced lens does not seem much more rapid than the small rectilinear. Does a large lens work slower than a small one?

I should like to know what to clean a lens with.

I am greatly interested in photography. Your magazine affords me great pleasure, especially the photo department.

I would much rather get a good picture of a bird than shoot it, although I am fond of shooting.

J. B. Pardoe, D. D. S.,
Bound Brook, N. J.

ANSWER

Lenses of longer focal length have *per se* less depth of focus than shorter lenses, when both are used at the same relative opening. When making pictures of birds' nests, and in general when making pictures which are nearly or equally as large as the object, the depth of focus of every lens is limited. Only by using small stops can satisfactory results be obtained.

A large lens is not necessarily slower than a small one, but for equal depth of focus the larger lens must be stopped down more, and thereby it will, of course, become slower.

Depth of focus depends on the focal length and relative aperture of a lens, and is entirely independent of astigmatic or aplanatic qualities.

Clean a lens with any soft material containing no grit; but never polish a lens before first removing all specks of dust by means of a soft brush, preferably camel's hair.

There is not the slightest doubt that from a purely optical point of view the $165 lens is in every respect far superior to the $10 lens. The failure of the more expensive lens to produce as satisfactory work as the $10 lens is not because the former is not better in itself, but only because it was not so suitable a lens for the work in hand. By selecting the proper lens from the series in which the $165 lens belongs results should be obtained which would completely eclipse the pictures of the $10 lens.—Editor.

ILLUMINATED LABELS.

I greatly admire Recreation and the good work you are doing to exterminate the game hog. I look forward with anxiety for each issue. I am especially interested in the amateur photography department. In the February number Mr. Harry Knowles says an invention by which labels on bottles could be read easily in the dark room would be a boon to photographers. The following preparation for labeling bottles has served me well:

Phosphorus	½ dram.
Oil of cinnamon	½ ounce.

Put in vial, cork tightly and apply heat slowly until mixed. Writing or lettering done with this mixture will have the appearance of fire and can be easily read in the dark room.

Can someone tell me through Recreation a formula for a transparent paste for mounting photos with the face against the glass?

C. Hebbard, Detroit, Mich.

ANSWER

There are 2 methods of mounting prints facing the glass. One is to mix thoroughly the white of an egg in a pint of water, filter, and coat as many glasses as necessary; then throw away the albumen. Set the coated plates to dry in a room where no dust is flying. When dry wet the prints and squeegee them on to the albumenized glass. They will stick tightly. The albumen is so thin that the glass, when dry, has not even the appearance of being coated at all. It is just as transparent as before coating.

The second method is to make a clear solution of best white shellac in alcohol. It must be no stiffer than molasses in summer, and need not be quite that thick. Paint this on the print or the glass and apply the print. Or the glass may be painted with shellac and when dry the print laid on it in exact position and then ironed with a flatiron at the usual ironing temperature, which will melt the shellac enough to cause adhesion.

As a rule, gelatine prints stick to glass when properly squeegeed without any further preparation, especially if one is using the glass merely to polish the prints and expects to pull them off when dry.—Editor.

COMMENDS THE WAGER SCALE.

Will some of your readers tell me what success they have had with the Wager exposure scale. The price is low, of course, but I want to get the best.

C. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Here is an answer that has just come to hand:

A short time ago I bought a Wager exposure scale, which I have found absolutely accurate and the best thing of its kind in existence. The first thing I did was to test my shutter, to see if it gave the exposure it was marked for. I proceeded as follows: I first drew an arc of a circle about 7 inches long, with a radius of 9¾ inches. On this arc I marked 25 equal divisions of about ¼ inch each. Then I drove a nail in the wall and fastened a dark colored piece of string to it, with a bullet at the other end. From the weight to the nail was just 9¾ inches. Then I fastened the marked piece of paper to the wall, so the weight swung in front of it. I focused the camera on the scale, drew the slide, set the shutter, and set the weight swinging at such a rate that it more than covered the marked portion at every swing. After a while the string just covered the last mark and I then exposed. If, when the plate was developed, I found that it had passed over just one of the divisions, I knew my shutter was 1-50 of a second speed. If 2 divisions were passed over by the string then the speed was 1-25th of a second, while if the whole 25 divisions were passed over the speed was ½ of a second. The marked arc should be placed exactly central with the string when the string is at rest. The principle of the contrivance lies in the fact that a pendulum 9¾ inches long will swing each way in just ½ second, and the same scheme can be worked in taking photographs with one ½ second and up exposure. For instance, if you wanted to give 3 seconds, you would let it swing 6 times; 2½ seconds, 5 times, etc.

Test your shutters, brother amateurs, and then get a Wager scale, and you won't lose one plate out of a hundred.

T. E., New York City.

SOME PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

To keep a retouching pencil sharp take a strip of emery paper 10 inches long and 2 inches wide, double it together and tack the ends to a convenient place on the table. The pencil is simply worked in and out, turning it slightly all the time, while pressing outside the paper with the thumb and forefinger.

Before putting negatives to dry they should always be held a few moments under the tap and the film gently rubbed with the finger or with a tuft of cotton wool, to remove the surface deposit always more or less present.

—Photography.

In reply to J. W., Akron, Ohio, I have been using dry plates in my Eastman folding pocket kodak, No. 1, for some time past, with the best of results. Have used 4 x 5 plates cut in 2, making 2 plates 2½ x 4. This arrangement, however, necessitates a trip to the dark room or its equivalent between 2 exposures.

W. A. Hyde, North Haven, Conn.

Have you the best possible outfit ready for your summer photographic work? Such an outfit is expensive. Why not get a high grade camera for nothing except a few hours' work? By sending me only 5 yearly subscriptions at $1 each, you can earn for yourself a Wizard camera listing at $10. It is the equal of any camera made at the price, and by getting one in this way you will have $10 ahead for buying other supplies.

Are you saving your photo prints? If not, begin at once. Send me 2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation, at $1 each, and I will send you a Buechner album that will hold 100 4 x 5 prints. It will be of great value to you in showing the progress you make in your photography, from the first page to the last, and your prints will always recall interesting memories.

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Shall the first prize in "RECREATION'S" 5th Annual Photo Competition be awarded to Mr. W. E. Balch, on his beaver picture? See article on Pages 77, 78 and 79 of this issue. Answer Yes or No.

I vote____________________

Signature____________________

Address____________________

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If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 sudscription.

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S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

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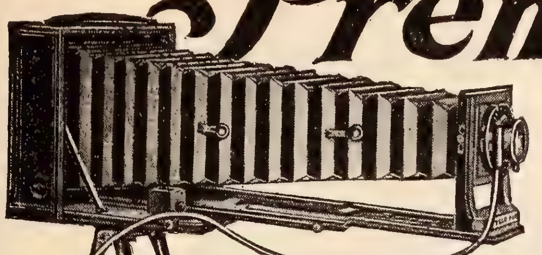

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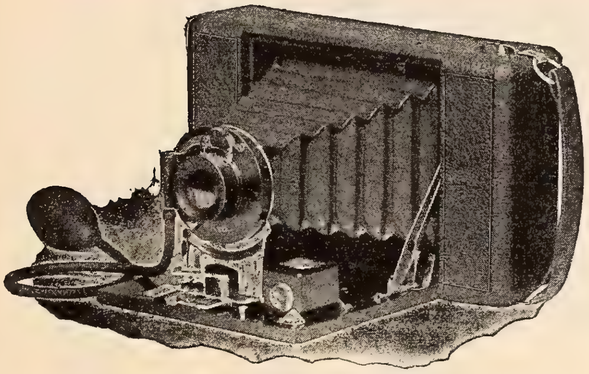

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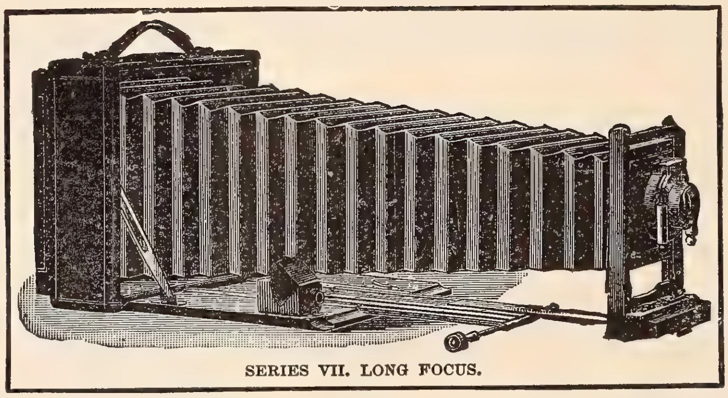

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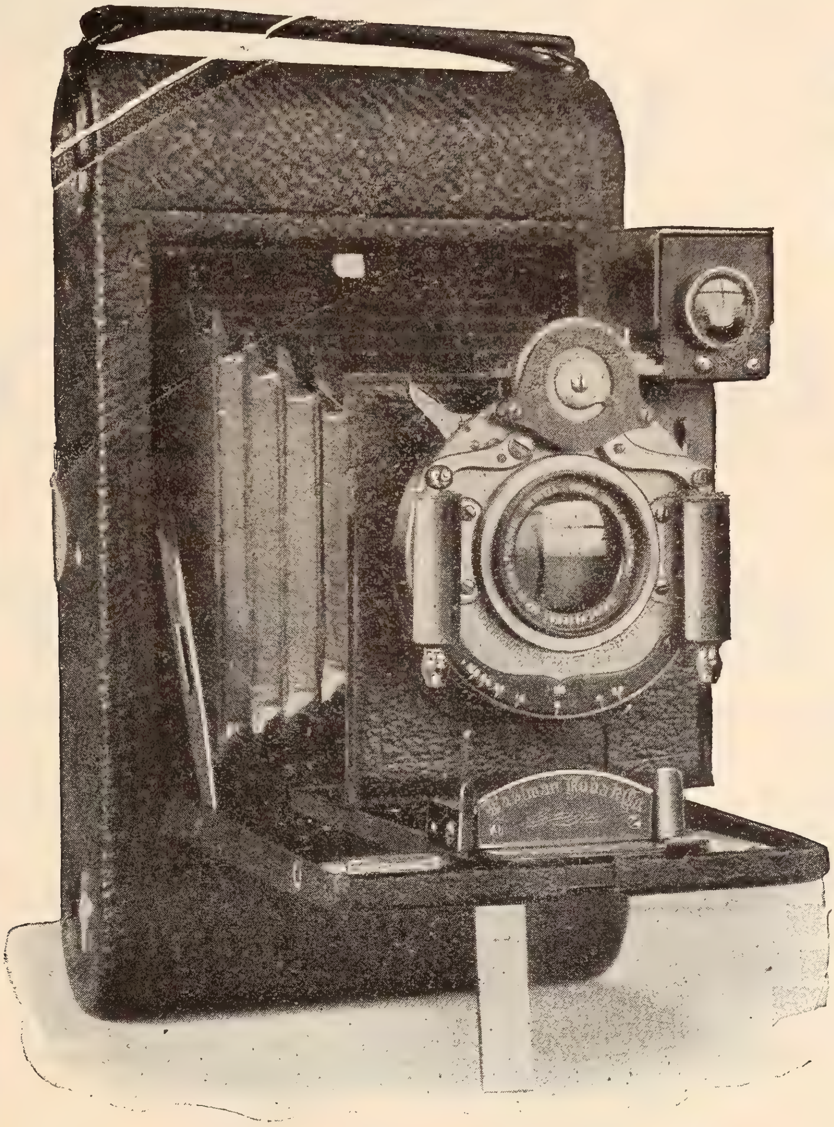

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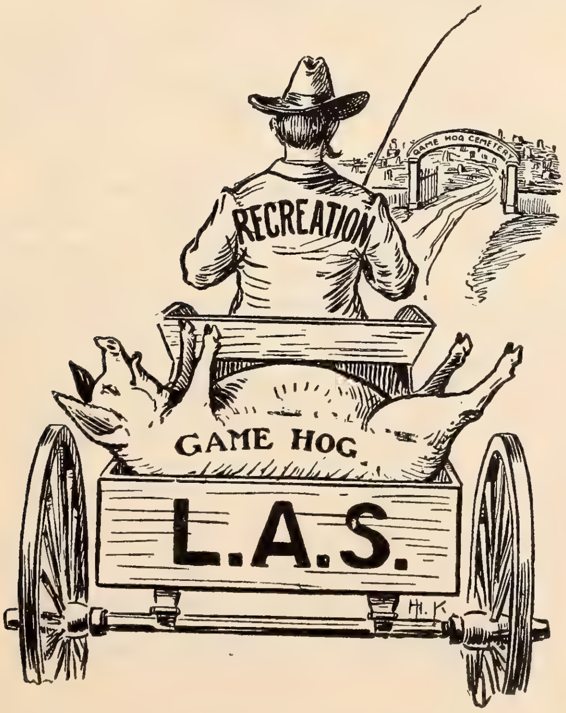
S. E. Canady, Promontory, Utah.



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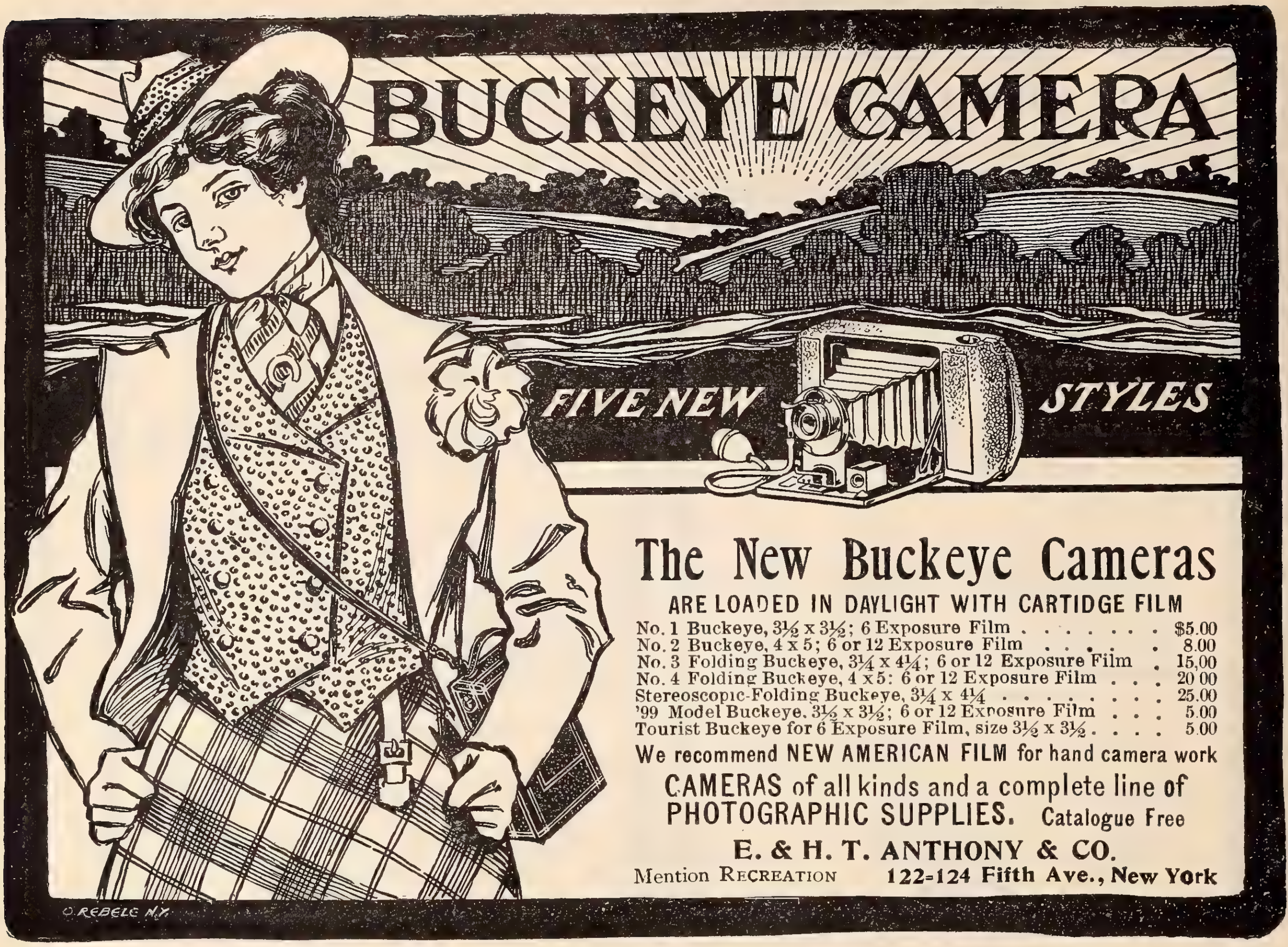

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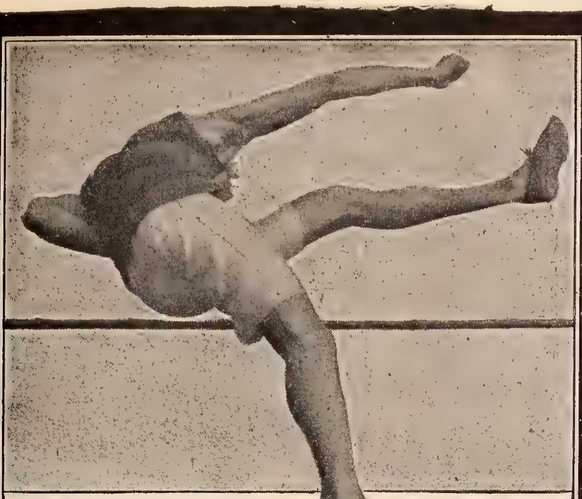

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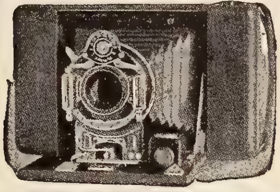

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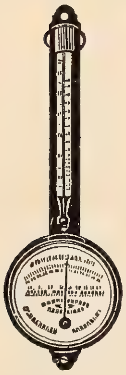

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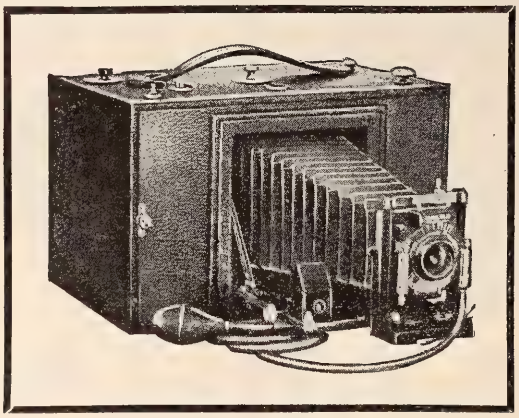

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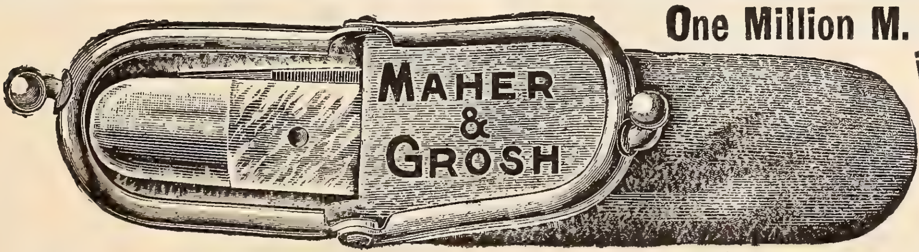

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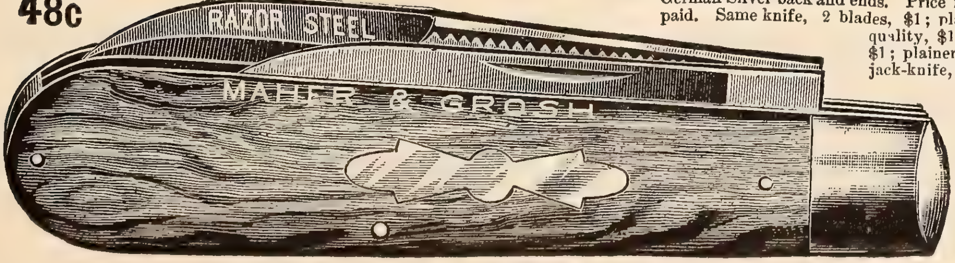

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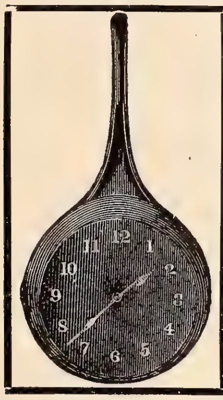

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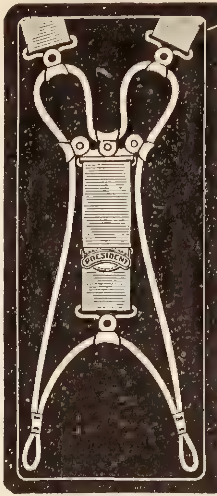

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The story, illustrated with drawings and with photographs taken the day after the great disaster, will be printed in

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She had just hurt her ankle and waited impatiently for a car. As she climbed aboard she saw that not a seat was unoccupied. Several men were standing, and two had seats. One of these was intoxicated, and she pulled her dress aside with an expression of intense disgust. But the hurt ankle throbbed cruelly, and she turned to the other man, asking timidly:

"Might I have your seat, please? My ankle——"

He looked up from his paper a moment, then turned back with a gruff "No."

She flushed angrily and stepped forward. But the other passenger had taken in the scene and, rising unsteadily, offered his seat with a heavy bow. Then he addressed the gentleman with the paper with a ponderous gravity:

"See 'ere, I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a hog, and you'll never get over it."—University of Chicago Weekly.

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"The cannibals enjoy cold missionary, while Mark Twain likes the missionaries hot."

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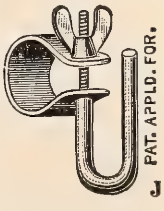
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FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"ALCOHOL, it is claimed by statisticians, is the chief curse of civilization. More men fail in body, brain, and business through its agency than from any other cause. Ventures sent to sea with alcohol in command cannot mind the winds, fail to take correct astronomical observations, and arrive anywhere but in the right port. Alcohol ruins a man's health; ruins his home; endangers his happiness; jeopardizes his business interests, and brings him into ridicule.

The Keeley Institutes are neither hospitals nor prisons, but are as homelike as it is possible to make them. There is no confinement, nor is the slightest restraint put upon the patients beyond the request that they shall observe the few simple rules, and take faithfully the medicines prescribed. Neither are the patients treated as offenders against the morals of society, but as gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with a disease that is curable.

To Dr. Keeley is due the honorable distinction of having first declared against the vice theory of drunkenness, and to substitute for old methods a humane and intelligent treatment which removed permanently the appetite for drink, and at the same time, by restoring the nervous system to a sound condition, improved the general health of the patient."

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THROUGH THE CASCADES.

Pendleton, Ore.

Editor RECREATION:

I went to the Cascades last season and had a pleasant trip; visited Crescent, O'Dell, Davis and Summit lakes. We secured enough game to keep our larder supplied and that was all we cared for during the summer. We caught Dolly Vardens up to 10½ pounds in the headwaters of the Des Chutes river, and silver trout in the lakes up to 3 pounds. The latter are the most brilliantly beautiful trout I ever cast a fly over, and are gamy to the last gasp. The silver trout of Crescent lake must be seen to be appreciated. Their colors and markings are simply beyond description. The Eureka folding boat, procured through your kind offices, was a source of continual pleasure to our party. By this means the hiding places of the big ones were sought out and battle offered and accepted, time after time.

The region is an ideal one for a summer vacation. The lakes are clear, cool, placid, dreamy, restful. There are plenty of mule and black tail deer. Elk can be had by moving up over the summit to the West slope near the head of Lost creek. The black tails came within 35 yards of our camp, at Crescent lake, and attempted to lick at the rack where we were salting and smoking a few trout. There is considerable camping here during the summer, and the deer, near by, become foxy.

We had the Eureka boat, Baby Wizard 5 x 7 camera, 30-30's and 32-40's, and Bristol rods, and we emphatically approve of them all.

The Cascades are not nearly so wild as the Bitter Roots, and are easy to traverse, on the Eastern slope. There are, apparently, more deer in the Cascades than in the Bitter Roots, but not nearly so many elk. I prefer the Bitter Roots for big game. There are no sheep, cattle nor horses grazing in that region, and when you hear a thump and a twig snap you simply brace yourself to shoot, for it means business.

I sent Dr. C. T. McClintock, of Detroit, Mich., into the Bitter Roots last year in charge of my old guide, L. C. Roberts, of Weippe. The doctor had only 25 days to be out, and of course could not go far on that limit. However, he got a tremendous 7 point bull elk and all the birds he could use. As for the fishing, he says it was the only cause for dissatisfaction on the trip; the fish being too large, too numerous and too easy to catch.

H. S. Garfield, M. D.

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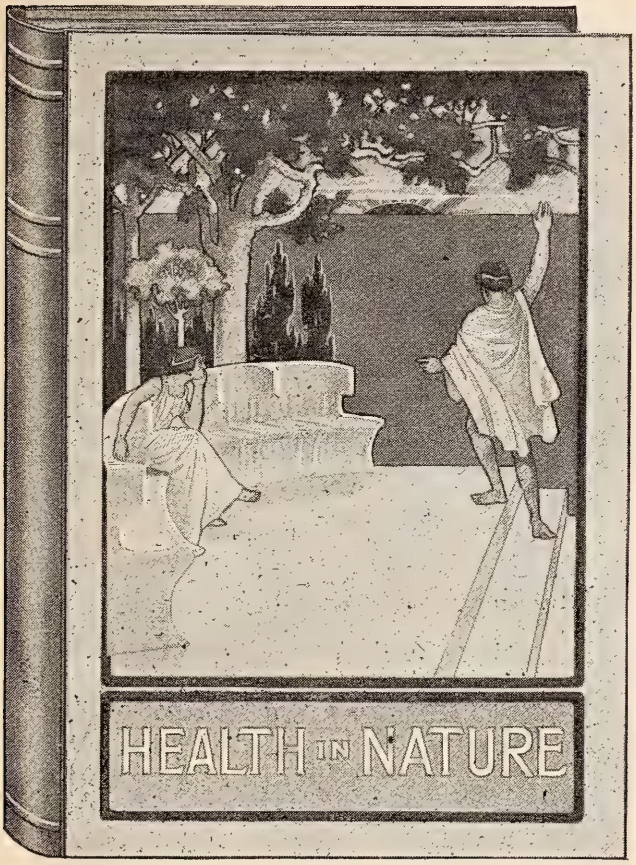
on Health and Manly Strength!



Does not all living authority tell us that life and electricity are so closely allied that none can say where one leaves off and the other begins? Who can dispute that they are the same? The strong, healthy man is **always full of electricity**, while the weakling **lacks it.** What is more natural, then, than that electricity should cure whenever nerve strength and life are needed, as in Rheumatism, Lame Back, Dyspepsia, Drains, Losses, Impotency, etc.? There is no question about it, for it's a fact that it does, as I have demonstrated by curing nearly 100,000 sufferers in my 30 years of ceaseless labor in this field. The whole secret is simply to give the treatment in a proper manner, and the proper manner I have discovered is a *continuous* action of the galvanic current for several hours each day. That is why a portable battery, such as my Dr. Sanden

Herculex Electric Belt

must surely cure if given a reasonable chance. You place Herculex comfortably about the waist nights. It cures while you rest. The suspensory attachment for men acts directly upon the weakened organs. An easy soothing current of **new life** is applied to the centers of nervous strength. Keep this up for 60 or 90 days and you will again have your **old strength,** your **native vitality**—because you will have supplied the nerve energy which has been wasted. If not convenient to call, I will personally answer your letters, and shall be pleased to send in plain, sealed envelope, my two latest books. One, "Health in Nature," gives valuable information about the laws of nature, their relation to health, and also describes "Herculex." In this book I avoid treating upon any subject of a private nature, hence it may be safely added to the family library or left for any member of family to read. The other book, "Strength," enclosed in separate envelope, is for men only, and deals solely with weaknesses peculiar to their sex.

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FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camp Outfits*, cloth; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4; or a Yankee Folding Cot, made by Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.; or an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50. or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, listed at $5.50; or a Willsie Pocket Camera, listed at $5; or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or a Wizard A Camera made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Korona Camera, Model I. C., made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, listed at $4; or a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye, or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8.

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TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $20 or less.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $27.50.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand double hammerless Shotgun, grade O, listed at $30; or a King Folding Canvas Boat, listing at $33; or a No. 20 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $33; or a Shattuck double hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50; or a Korona Long-Focus Camera 5x7, listed at $50.

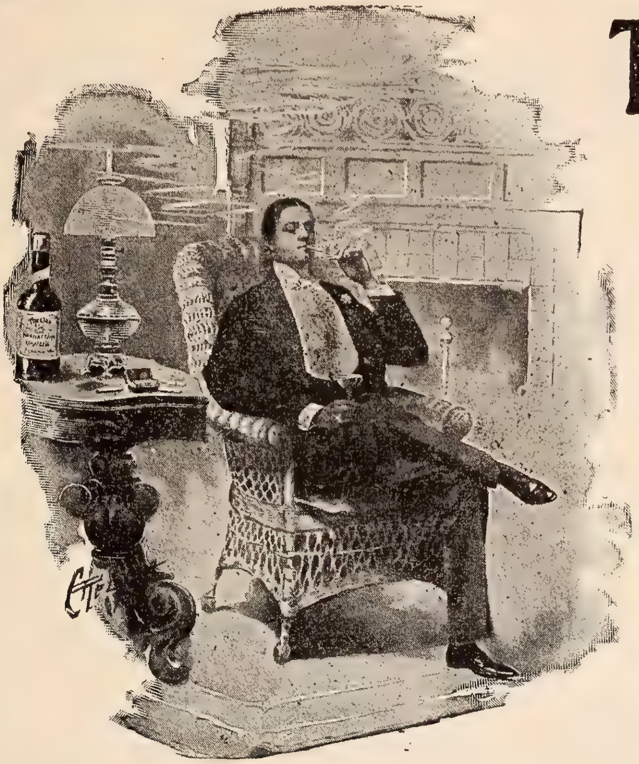
SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever hammerless Shot Gun, Grade H, listed at $44; or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double barrel hammerless breech loading Shot Gun, listed at $40.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high grade Wilkesbarre Shot Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejectors, listed at $120.

Address,

Recreation **23 West 24th Street**
New York



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Don't be prejudiced against bottled Cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and druggists keep them.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

For Sale or Exchange : One Patee bicycle in good condition. Want 16 gauge hammerless gun or offers. A genuine Smith & Wesson 32 caliber revolver, good as new. Want 22 Marlin rifle or offers. An Ithaca hammerless shot gun, fine condition; 2 sets of barrels; full set of loading tools, complete in case. Want naphtha launch or offers. What have you?

Warren M. Dilsaver,
Lock Box 133, Clinton, Ind.

For Sale : Winchester repeating shot gun, model 1893, good condition, $10.

Have also fine rabbit hound to exchange for anything I can use, value $10. Want 12 gauge hammerless shot gun, 7½ pounds or less; pay cash.

Walter C. Durell,
812 Front St., Monroe, Mich.

For Exchange : Stevens pocket rifle, 25 R. F.; Iver Johnson hammerless revolver, 32 C. F.; one double lens, all perfect condition; for a good telescope sight for hunting purposes.

T. P. Conpropst, Riverside, Ill.

For Sale : Winchester 25-20 S. S.; Remington 45-70 target rifle; 50-70 Sharp's carbine; rod and reel; 10 gauge loading block; hunting knife; all perfect and cheap.

F. E. Wilkinson,
172 Woodlawn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Exchange : English setter, orange and white; sire, Prince Bondhu; dam, Calla E.; for double hammerless shot gun, rifle or best offer. Dog valued $50.

Hallett, 146 Franklin, Boston, Mass.

For Sale Cheap : A Treider binocular field glass, made by C. P. Goerz, Berlin, Germany. Used only a few weeks. In perfect condition. Address

J. E., care Recreation.

For Sale : Revolver, S. & W., 32 hammerless; new shot gun, Colt 12, pistol grip, good; Winchester rifle, 44, 1873, fair. If interested write. A. H. Wichert,
1649 Barry Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale: Setter pup; good blood and very promising. I have 2 and need but one. Someone will get a bargain.

1028 Garrison St., Fremont, Ohio.

For Sale : $25 each will buy a pair of field trial winners. One is a pointer, the other a setter. Both guaranteed.

Box 44, Washingtonville, Pa.

For Exchange: Winchester model '97 shot gun, 12 gauge, for 22 caliber Stevens or 20-44 Colt revolver.

R. C. Barton, Papillion, Neb.

Wanted : A first class man who understands repairing guns and bicycles. Address

Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, Ohio.

Date,______________________190

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York.

Herewith find $1.00 for which please send me RECREATION one year

beginning with________________________number.

Name,__________________________________

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Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN.

When do you retire?
When does the other fellow retire?

The Manual of U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps Retirements . . .

1900 to 1935 inclusive, will tell you all about it. It covers all retirements within that period. Names are arranged alphabetically, so that you can instantly find the **name and date of retirement** of any officer in either arm of the service. Compiled by Capt. Wm. R. Hamilton, 7th Artillery. Price of book, 25c. Address RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y.

Please allow me to thank you for the Harrington & Richardson single gun so kindly and promptly sent me as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION, the best sportsman's magazine printed. I have given the gun a fair trial and it surpassed my expectations in points of beauty, in finish and in accuracy.

J. D. Collins, Cambridgeport, Mass.

I live 6 miles from town. I have a park of 75 acres in which I keep deer and elk, not for profit, but for my own and the public amusement. I have 550 acres on which no one kills game, leaving it for a breeding place.

I notice in RECREATION you doubt an elk's weighing over 500 pounds. I can send you a sworn statement of one dressing 540 pounds clean meat, without the head on.

J. W. Gilbert, Friend, Neb.

"How ignorant Miss Swamper is of history."

"She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 23 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed $1 for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

Name____________________________________

Street or P. O. Box____________________________

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References.

Each Applicant Should be Given a Receipt by the Person to Whom Payment Is Made.

Detach this, fill out and send in.

Send me...

5 Yearly Subscriptions

TO

RECREATION

And I will send you a

PAIR OF SMALL POLISHED BUFFALO HORNS,

with nickel-plated flanges for attaching to the wall.

These form a most novel, beautiful and useful

GUN RACK.

A permanent and interesting relic of a departed race.

Sample copies of RECREATION will be furnished for use in soliciting.

As a constant reader of RECREATION, interested in hunting and fishing, I admire the way you call down the game hogs. You give them just what they deserve. Game would be plentiful here, such as deer, ruffed grouse, trout, bass, etc., if the law were enforced.

We have 2 deputy game wardens here, but you would never suspect it, judging by the way the game is being slaughtered in and out of season.

I have known of parties going out into the woods as early as May and June to watch for deer at salt licks, and coming in at night with one or 2 deer. Where are the game wardens at this time? Taking a snooze on the banks of Green creek, or looking up a good deer country for next season's hunting trip.

Then we have parties that go out into the woods in August and September for fresh air and venison, with a few trout on the side.

In February number you commend R. H., of this place, for letting that deer go. There was more money in the wolf, and if he had shot the deer his chances of getting the wolf would have been rather slim. I know R. H. of old. One of our game law violators has been arrested once or twice for killing deer out of season, and is no better for it now.

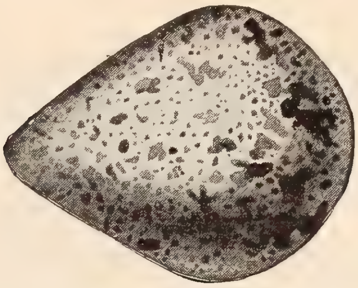
Dahinda, Ishpeming, Mich.

American Ornithology.

THE BEST ILLUSTRATED BIRD MAGAZINE EVER PUBLISHED.

It gives the LIFE HISTORIES and FINE ILLUSTRATIONS of 4 or 5 N. A. BIRDS every month. The egg of each is shown FULL SIZE.

It also contains short, interesting stories about birds.



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Removed instantaneously by new, safe remedy. Guaranteed not to injure the skin. Sent on receipt of $1.00.
MRS. G. WILSON, P. O. Box 444, N. Y.
Mention RECREATION.

SEND $1.25 For handsome and durable Hand Carved Leather Belt.

The Latest Fad in Leather Novelties.
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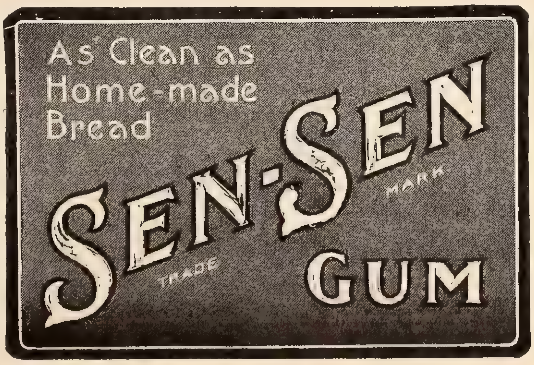

As Clean as Home-made Bread
SEN-SEN
TRADE MARK
GUM

Received the Laughlin pen which you sent me for 3 subscriptions to Recreation. It is a fine pen and compares favorably with any on the market. Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal published. Keep up your good work for the protection of our game and fish.

Chas. L. Converse, Keene, N. H.

I received the Al Vista camera, which you sent me as a premium. It is perfect in every way, and I am much pleased with the results I have obtained with it. Accept my sincere thanks for the camera and for the promptness with which you sent it.

J. Cunningham, Chicago, Ill.

The Lefever gun which you ordered sent me from the company as a premium for 60 subscriptions is just as represented, and I am perfectly satisfied with it, as well as greatly obliged to you for the promptness with which the matter was handled.

Jay F. Davis, Blaire, Neb.

I am delighted with the Laflin & Rand shot gun powder. It kills, is cleanly, is odorless, is perfect. I have fired several hundred loads lately and have recommended it to friends, who have tested it. All are enthusiastic in its praise.

L. D. Hoback, San Jose, Cal.

The Sidle telescope sight duly received and thoroughly tested. It is a most excellent instrument. It is much admired by friends. Squirrel shooting is a pleasure with the 'scope I never experienced before.

Frank Slater, Rich Hill, Mo.

The set of Nehring's convertible ampliscopes you sent me as a premium for 5 subscriptions to your valuable magazine came promptly to hand, and have proved satisfactory in every respect.

Fred L. Gibbs, Franklin Falls, N. H.

My Remington rifle arrived O. K. I gave it a good trial and am well pleased with it. I advise any fellow who wants a good rifle or gun to get up a club for Recreation, as it is so easy.

Burt Curran, Barberton, O.

I received the Lyman sights for my Stevens No. 44 rifle and they add much to its value in every way. I thank you for this premium and assure you I appreciate your promptness in sending it.

F. W. Williams, Ingersoll, Can.

The Mullins duck boat you sent me as a premium for so small a club to such a valuable magazine as Recreation is a beauty and I thank you very much for it.

Frank J. Caswell, Fulton, N. Y.

The Syracuse hammerless gun you sent me as premium for subscriptions to Recreation came to hand promptly and I am much pleased with it.

Peter Lauridren, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Abercrombie tent arrived O. K. It is first class in every respect and I am more than pleased with it. Did not look for one half so good.

Sam. W. Stuart, Hamburg, N. Y.

I received the Marble safety pocket ax given me for 3 subscriptions to Recreation, and am more than satisfied with it. It is like your book, O. K.

W. D. Gill, Franklin, Pa.

The Gall & Lembke field glass sent me as a premium received, and it is far beyond my expectations in make and quality. Am much pleased with it.

C. B. Sharar, Altoona, Pa.

The Wizard camera I received as premium for subscriptions is certainly a fine instrument in every respect and I am much pleased with it.

A. Holmes, Johnstown, Pa.

I promptly received and thoroughly tested the Ithaca gun given me as a premium and find it first class in every respect.

W. E. Brewer, Winston, Mont.

I received the gold watch you sent me as a premium and it is in good shape. Am well pleased with it, and thank you for it.

James C. Hayward, Tremont, Ill.

I am a subscriber to your most valuable book and it has done me a great deal of good. I do not kill song birds any more.

J. D. Higgins, Hopkinsville, Ky.

The Savage 303 rifle arrived safe, and I am much pleased with it; also with your promptness in sending it.

Matthew Cushing, Middleboro, Mass.

I received the Harrington & Richardson gun. It is an extra fine shooter for a single gun.

R. H. Silliman, Keene, N. H.

I received the Carpenter tent as premium and am more than pleased with it.

J. S. Mitchell, Negaunee, Mich.

I received the Bristol rod you sent me as premium and am much pleased with it.

Edmund Chandler, Racine, Wis.

Laughlin fountain pen received O. K. Like it first rate.

H. A. Betts, Waterloo, Wis.

Pabst beer
is always pure

MUTUAL.

You say that you will pity us, my dear,
When rolling breakers strike in clouds of spray
Along the rocks, you'll pity us that stay
And suffocate in city quarters here?

And I, while sipping juleps at the club,
When from the inland blows the sultry breeze
That brings the dread mosquito from the trees—
I'll pity *you*, and seek my porcelain tub!

J. H. H., in Life.

"Who is that distinguished looking man over there with the worried expression on his face?"

"That's Colonel Timms. He's our richest citizen. He's also a trustee of our local college."

"But why does he look so careworn and anxious?"

"Because he's in a constant worry for fear John D. Rockefeller will give the college a big wad of cash on condition that the trustees raise as much more!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Those Who Use
SKEETERENE.

An absolutely harmless preparation that not only keeps mosquitoes and all insects away but prevents sunburn, soothes and heals all skin irritations, and makes soft and radiant complexions. Does not make the face shiny. Absolutely the only faultless article of the kind; has a delightful odor. Special introductory bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Order to-day.

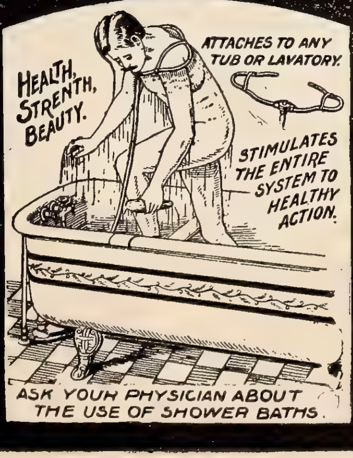
Money back if it does not positively keep mosquitoes away.

Good for Baby, too.

WELLES CHEMICAL CO.,
19A Union Square, New York.

Recreation is growing in popularity in this vicinity and I note much benefit from its teachings. One of your readers said to me the other day, "I don't want to shoot so much game as I did before I read Recreation." I also hear that a club has been made up here, the young man who started it being a converted pot hunter.

Heman S. Fay, Marlboro, Mass.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ATTACHES TO ANY TUB OR LAVATORY.
STIMULATES THE ENTIRE SYSTEM TO HEALTHY ACTION.
ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT THE USE OF SHOWER BATHS.

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A PERFECT SHOWER BATH FOR HOME USE

The use of water is the greatest health promoter known to modern medical science. For nervousness, weak constitution, general debility, or any physical weakness; Melchers' Shower is the surest relief.

It is the only portable shower giving all the Hygienic effects in the mechanical use of water. **NOT A SPRAY OR A RING.**

Sent express paid east of the Mississippi River, $4.00. Dr. Melchers' valuable book on the use of water mailed free. Dept. R.

THE MEILINK MFG. CO., Specialty Mfrs., TOLEDO, O.

Mullins' Metal Boats.

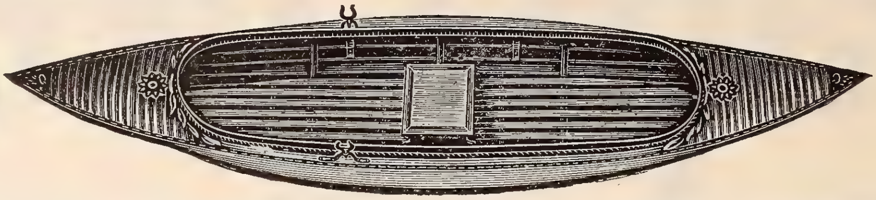
"Get There" and "Bustle" Ducking Boats. Best on the Market.

Price,

$20

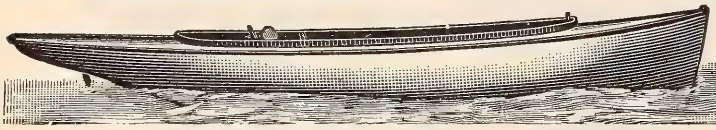
and up,

Get one for this fall.



W. H. MULLINS, 228 DEPOT STREET, **SALEM, O.**
Send for Catalogue.
Mention RECREATION

PIERCE VAPOR LAUNCHES



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I have added Carbutt plates to my premium list. If you use plates, read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.

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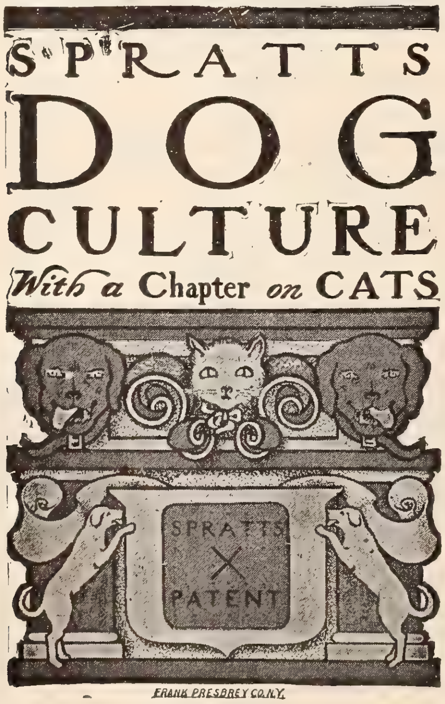
Spratts Patent, Newark, N. J., has published a book called "Dog Culture." It contains an unusual amount of information in regard to the care and treatment of dogs, suitable foods to give them under varying conditions, and other suggestions of value to all owners of dogs. It also contains a price list of Spratts Patent Foods. Write for a copy of it and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.



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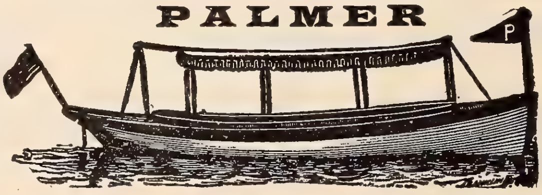

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FOR SALE

English Setter Pups, black, white and tan, handsomely ticked, whelped April, 1901, out of best hunting and bench stock. Montell, No. 31129, ex Felicia, No. 60147, A. K. C. S. B. Handsome and sturdy, just right to start this fall. References given and required.

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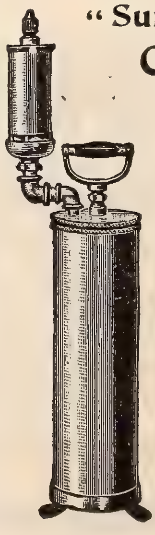
CHIME WHISTLE

....with Air Pump



is designed for use on boats and launches operated by other than steam power.

Has a clear, musical tone, easily heard ¼ mile; solidly constructed; can be placed at a distance from pump and operated.

It is sold by the leading builders of launches. You should have one on your yacht. Order one now. Here are the sizes.

Diameter of Whistle, 2 in.
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Height over all, 30 in.

When writing mention RECREATION.

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BOWEN MFG. CO.
Court Street, Auburn, N.Y.

A Pleasure Launch. MUST

have speed,
be safe,
have reliable power.

The Recreation

She must be built upon lines of grace and beauty. The "RECREATION" covers these requirements. In its use you are tranquil in mind, body and estate, no fixing and figuring on "her going." Minimum weight, maximum power, economy of maintenance. Throttle speed regulator. Write for catalogue Y.

We also make { gasoline engines, yacht tenders etc.

Western Gas Engine Company
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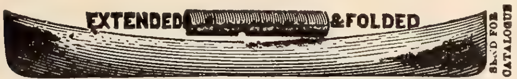

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Send for catalogue of our full line of Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes, which have been adopted by Governments of United States, Canada and England. Just filled an order for U. S. Government who prefer our boats. Received medal and award at Chicago World's Fair. If you investigate we will get your order. Mention Recreation.

Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

BUY A SEAMLESS LINENOID FOR $25.00 AND
Paddle Your Own Canoe,
Crane Bros., Canoe Builders, Westfield, Mass.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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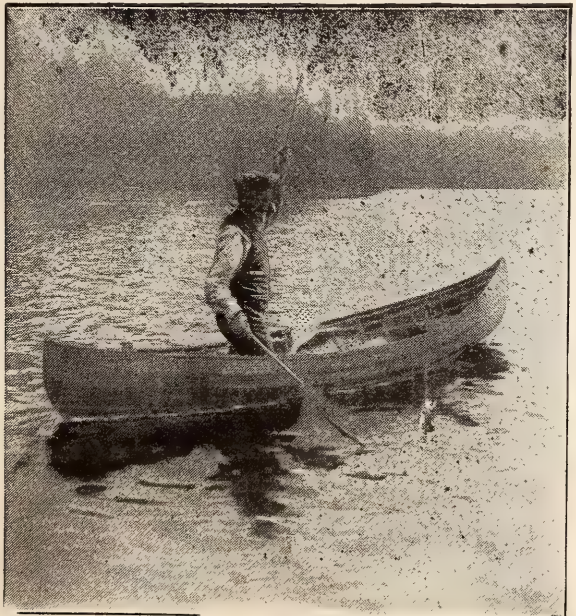

Our 11-Foot Boat.

We make several sizes, very stiff to stand and shoot or cast from. For family use also. They stand more jamming than a wooden boat. Why not have a boat you can take anywhere, when it's equal to any other? Carry in a buggy. No boathouse. Check as baggage. Always ready. Changeable beam. Same boat for canoe or rowboat, by removing the spreading-oar-bed device. There is no other for the critical sportsman.

Send 6c. for Catalogue. 50 Engravings.

King Folding Canvas Boat Co.
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THE VIKING
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PATENTED

Used for Hunting, Fishing, Pleasure and as Yacht Tenders. Absolutely as strong and safe as a wooden Boat. Quickly set up and taken down. Folds into a small package. Has improvements not on any other make of Canvas Boat. Our Catalogue with full description and testimonials free.

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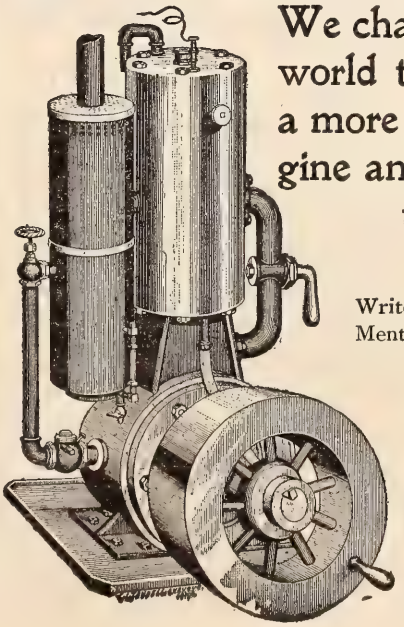

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We offer 300

ELK TEETH

and all kinds of Indian goods. Genuine Brule Sioux work, made on the reservation. War Bonnets, Belts, Hat Bands, Moccasins, etc., all beautifully beaded. Also Curios, Shoes, Stockings, etc.

W. H. ROOT, Glen Island, N. Y.

Dealer in living wild animals; established 20 yrs.; undeniable reference in any considerable town in the world.

BEST BELGIAN HARE AND POULTRY PAPER.
Trial 3 mos. 6c. Sample free. H. H. & H., Belfast, Me,

BELGIAN HARES when raised by our plan will bring you $500 to $1,000 a year profit. You need but $10 capital, because we **loan** Belgians on shares. We'll sell you **hares on** part **credit** and take young for pay. We'll sell all you raise. We are largest breeders and dealers in the world. Send stamp **now** for our **LARGE FREE BOOK.**
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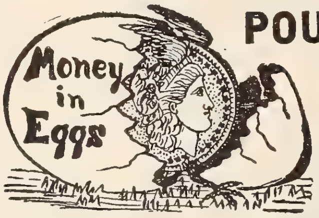
For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided, at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.



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A. L. ELLIOTT
City View Farm,
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Eggs from best pens $2.00 for 13; from high-scoring young stock $1.25 for 13. Large lots for incubators, special rate. White Wyandottes, choice, $1.50 per 13. Ship any distance.

Flying Squirrels **Make Cute and Interesting Pets.**

Price, $1.50 a pair. Good exchange offers considered.

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Glass Eyes for Stuffed Birds and Animals
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Send 5c. in stamps for Catalogue

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My egg record has never been equalled by any White Wyandotte breeder

I won 3 ribbons out of 5 in the great New York Show.

At the Riverside Show in California, in hot company, composed of both Eastern and Western birds, I won 1st and 3rd in cocks, 1st in pullets, and special for the highest scoring bird in the entire show.

W. E. MACK, Woodstock, Vt.

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From twenty varieties of land and water fowls

Large circular free by mentioning RECREATION

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Belgian Hare Rabbitry?

We have the finest strains. Prices right for trios or breeders. Correspondence solicited.

Drs. H. R. Phillips & Wrean,
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150 BELGIAN HARES

Elegant shape and color; 25 grand bucks. We breed from best stock only and sell at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited.

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Our New Book tells how to make $1000 a year easily. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps.

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ENGLISH RINGNECK PHEASANTS

I will sell 15 Eggs for $2. up to August 15th, 1901. Safe delivery guaranteed.

C. F. DEY, LAWTON, MICH.

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JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

Paris Exhibition, 1900: Gold Medal and Highest Award.

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Meat "Fibrine" Vegetable

DOG CAKES

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES are the best and cheapest.

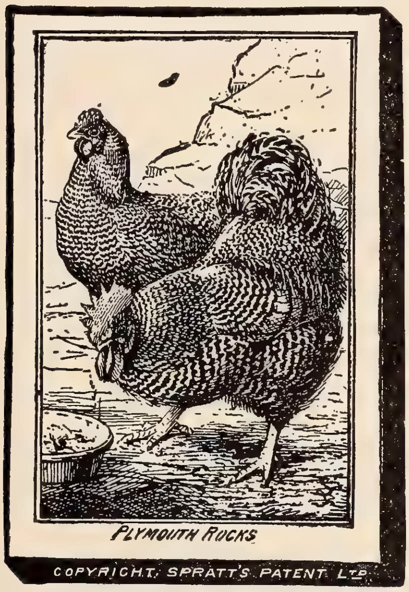
SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES will keep a dog in show form and working condition.

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES are fed exclusively at the leading Dog Shows of America, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, etc.

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES are used by the leading kennel owners and breeders throughout the world.

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES are sold by all the leading grocers, sporting goods dealers, druggists, etc.

Pamphlet on Canine Diseases, with practical chapters on the Feeding, Kenneling and Management of Dogs, post free.



There are more First Prize Winners reared on SPRATTS PATENT CHICK MEAL than any other food in the world!

SPRATTS PATENT CHICK MEAL rears from the EGG to the SHOW PEN.

SPRATTS PATENT CHICK MEAL is a perfect and well-balanced ration used by up-to-date breeders throughout the world.

Price in bags, $6.00, $3.25, $1.75 and 75c. In cartons, 25c.

PHEASANTS—WATCH RESULTS

Have your "poults" died at an early age? If so, use in future Spratts Patent Pheasant Meal and Watch Results.

Have they grown strong and healthy? If not, feed Spratts Patent Pheasant Meal and Watch Results.

Are the old birds strong and vigorous? If not, try Spratts Patent Pheasant Meal and Watch Results.

If eggs are scarce or infertile, feed Spratts Patent Pheasant Meal and Watch Results.

Price in bags, $6.00, $3 25, $1.75 and 75c. In cartons, 25c.

We also manufacture specially prepared foods for Dogs, Puppies, Cats, Rabbits, Poultry, Game, Pigeons, Fish, Birds, etc,
Write for free pamphlet telling how to wash, groom and feed a dog.

SPRATTS PATENT (Am.) Ltd., 450 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Dog and Poultry Foods and Medicines.

1324 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal.—BRANCHES—542 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following are names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

COLORADO.

W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
J. M. Campbell, Buford, ditto
L. W. Ward, Buford, deer, elk, trout, grouse, bear and lion.
L. D. Crandell, De Beque, “

IDAHO.

John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., “
H. W. Johnson, Ketchum, “
J. B. Crapo, Kilgore, “
Charles Pettys, Kilgore, “

MAINE.

James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
W. C. Holt, Hanover, “

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens and black bass.

MONTANA.

James Blair, Lakeview, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. A. Hague, Fridley, ditto
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, “
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, “
William Jackson, Browning, “
A. H. McManus, Superior, “
A. T. Leeds, Darby, “
Geo. M. Ferrell, Jardine, Park Co., “
Chas. Marble, Aldridge, Park Co., “
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, “
E. J. Kerlee, Darby, “

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Henry N. Mullin, Box 74, Harrisville, N. Y., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
C. Ferris, Fine, ditto
Henry Strait, North River, “
Sam Jenkins, Raquette Lake, “
Geo. Jenkins, Raquette Lake, “

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto

OREGON.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, elk, mule and black tail deer, antelope, bear, Chinese pheasants.

WYOMING.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
James L. Simpson, Jackson, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, “
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, “
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, “
Cecil J. Huntington, Dayton, “
J. L. Simpson, Jackson, “
Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, “
S. N. Leek, Jackson, “
T. R. Wilson, Alta, “
James L. McLaughlin, Valley, “

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Geo. E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, York Co., N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
W. A. Brewster, Banff, Rocky Mountain Park, Can., bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, caribou, trout and salmon.
Richard LeBuffe, Notre Dame Bay, caribou, trout and salmon.

The Teton Guides' Association OF JACKSON, WYO.

Enjoyed a very prosperous season in 1900, all our Guides having been employed, and having given perfect satisfaction in every instance.

16 BULL ELK IN THE TETONS.

For the season of 1901 we are better prepared than ever to handle hunting parties in the Jackson's Hole country, or tourists for the Yellowstone National Park. Our prices are as low as consistent with first class service. Reference furnished on request. Correspondence solicited.

Address the Secretary.

MOUNTAINS OF FLORIDA

I should be glad to correspond with a few sportsmen relative to the Apopka Mountain section of Florida. I have a very pleasant place; quails, turkeys, deer, black bass, etc.

C. H. STOKES, P.M. **Mohawk, Lake Co., Fla.**

Are you planning a hunting trip for next fall? If so write me. I have a complete packing and camping outfit for several men, also an ample supply of horses, saddles, etc.

My ranch is in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, where elk, deer, bear, antelope, mountain sheep and mountain lions may still be found in fair numbers. Also fine trout fishing. Rates reasonable.

References:
Ex-Gov. W. A. Richards, U. S. Land Department, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.; Dr. A. W. Barber, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Scenery on route from here to Park finest to be seen on any trip in the mountains.

Address Geo. B. McClelland, Red Bank, Wyo.

This moose was killed by Mr. J. Prouty on my grounds.

Moose, Caribou, Deer and Bear Hunting.

Who will write me for an outing?

Jas. H. Ryder

Sportsmen's Guide, Brookvale, Queens Co., N. B., has the best location for American sports in New Brunswick's hunting grounds. Lakes, boats, camps and all equipments supplied. Satisfaction guaranteed,

REFERENCES—A. A. Jarman, Lefferts Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. John G. Prouty, Spencer, Mass.

OIL--SMELTER--MINES.

Douglas, Lacey & Co.

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents,

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal., Stock Exchange.

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DIVIDEND-PAYING MINING, OIL AND SMELTER STOCKS, LISTED AND UNLISTED, OUR SPECIALTY.

Booklets giving our successful plan of realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc., sent free to any interested on application Mention RECREATION.

BRANCHES:—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Hartford and New Haven, Conn.; Prescott Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal; St. John, N. B.; Montreal; Toronto; and London, England

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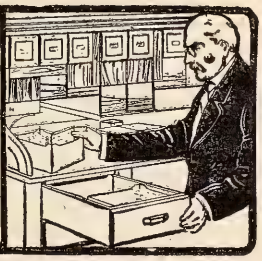
SYSTEM

each month explains fully, with elaborate illustrations, methods actually in use by SUCCESSFUL business and professional men. Teaches and encourages system. Trial four months' subscription, 16 cents.

Shaw-Walker, Muskegon, Mich.

Write for FREE book on Business Methods.



For Sale Three Extra Large Elk Heads; one Big Horn Sheep Head; all finely mounted. Reasonable price. Write,

BEASLEY & PARR,
Lebanon, Ind.

THE BENARD F. & G. CLUB (Inc.)

Upper Lievre, Quebec.

Lakes teeming with speckled trout *only.* Shooting Territory (good deer country.) Grand scenery, wood and mountain. Club House, Boats, etc. Few shares to desirable parties at low cost. Write for details. Mention RECREATION. References given. Membership limited.

E. EDMOND LEMIEUX,
Secy.-Treas. (L. A. S.) **Ottawa, Canada.**

WE ARE PREPARED to handle small parties of tourists who would like to secure some good game heads. Can guarantee close shooting at elk, deer, mountain sheep and bear. Best of trout fishing. A trip through the Yellowstone Park can be taken before hunting season commences. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charges. 127 miles from railroad; good saddle and pack horses provided. We are at Glen Island, New York, in charge of Sioux Indians, and shall be glad to have personal interview.

W. H. Root,
W. H. Liddiard.

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN
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FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price

Sent on approval to responsible people.

A Pocket Companion of never ending usefulness, a source of constant pleasure and comfort.

To test the merits of

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as an advertising medium we offer **your choice** of these popular styles superior to the

$3.00

grades of other makes for only

$1.00

Unconditionally Guaranteed Pre-eminently Satisfactory.

Try it a week, if not suited, we buy it back, and give you $1.10 for it (the additional ten cents is to pay for your trouble in returning the pen). We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell; we know pen values—you will when you have one of these.

Finest quality hard Para rubber reservoir holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed known to the science of fountain pen making.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00 (Registration, 8c extra.)

This great Special Offer is good for just 30 days. One of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders **free of charge** with each pen.

Remember—There is No "just as good" as the **Laughlin**: insist on **it**; take no chances.

State whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's style is desired. Illustrations are full size of complete article. Address

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.

88 Griswold St.,
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LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN
LAUGHLIN

STUDY CAREFULLY THE PREMIUM OFFERS IN THIS ISSUE. THE NEW ONES WILL INTEREST YOU.

Report of Violation of

Game or Fish Law

In case you know of a violation please fill out this blank carefully and forward to the Chief Warden of your State Division, or to the Headquarters of the League, 23 West 24th Street, New York City.

Name of County...

Person or Persons Accused (give name or names in full)

....

P. O. Address of Accused...

Offense Charged (say what was actually done)...

....

Give exact location of residence of accused...

....

Give location where offense was committed...

....

REMARKS

Give here any information that would aid the deputy in locating and apprehending accused.

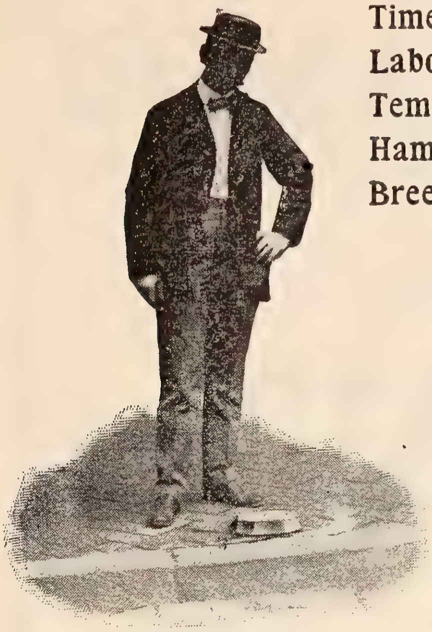
....

Signed...

P. O. Address...

County...

Signature of informant will be regarded as strictly confidential if desired.



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Hammerless
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Hitching Post

A NEW
INVENTION
PATENTED

Territory for sale by States, or the entire U. S., with the exception of New Jersey, which has already been sold.

Here is a Hitching Post which you can place at your gate, your front door step, your side door, your back door, or anywhere else, and which is invisible when not in use. You instruct your friends how to release it, and let other people go to the woods to tie up. It heads off strangers who would use your hitching post while calling on your neighbors, or while doing their shopping.

SURE TO PROVE POPULAR

A fortune in sight for any man who will put this on the market and push it. For particulars address **E. J. SELLERS, Kutztown, Pa.**

A CAMP OUTFIT.

Here is a list which I prepared some years ago, and which will bear careful study. I have printed it several times, but people keep on calling for copies of it, so I print it again.

SUPPLIES FOR 2 MEN FOR A 10-DAYS' TRIP ON FOOT.

10 pounds hard bread.
14 pounds bacon.
3 pounds dried apples or peaches.
2 pounds salt.
3 pounds sugar.
2 pounds coffee, roasted and ground, or ½ pound tea.
1 sleeping bag, or blankets.
2 rifles or guns.
100 cartridges.
2 fishing rods.
2 reels.
Hooks, lines, flies, reels, etc.
2 belts and hunting knives.
2 pocket knives.
1 tent.
2 pack straps.
1 ax.
2 suits extra underwear, in bags.
4 pairs socks.
2 rubber coats.
2 compasses.
2 watches.
1 camp kettle.
1 frying pan.
1 wire broiler.
1 stewpan.
1 coffee pot.
2 tin plates.
2 spoons.
2 tin cups.
1 dish cloth.
2 pounds tobacco.
2 pipes.
1 map.
300 matches.
2 water-proof match boxes.
2 ounces insect lotion.
2 cakes soap.
2 towels.
2 tooth brushes.
Supply of small change.
Total weight about 90 pounds.

It is possible to curtail this list slightly, but not without some sacrifice of comfort.

I have also published 2 other lists, intended for larger parties and for longer trips, where transportation is easy.

I should be glad to have brief articles on this subject, from practical campers of long experience, and especially a series of recipes for cooking plain, simple meals in camp, as well as for the preparation of more liberal bills of fare where conditions permit.

Many parties of 5 or 10 people who go into the woods or the mountains do not take a cook. In such cases the members of the party usually take turns at the frying pan and the coffee pot. A dozen or 20 formulas for cooking plain, everyday food, and a few for the preparation of knick-knacks would be useful to such campers. Who will furnish a series of these articles for RECREATION?

GOING into CAMP?

If so, you will need

A TENT

You can get one big enough for 4 men and their camp outfit, by sending me

5 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

at $1.00 each. You can get another tent big enough for 6 men by sending me

8 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

at $1.00 each.

Why pay out money for a tent when you can make your friends pay for it?

Sail in and fit yourself for your summer vacation.

This is a great opportunity, and will hold good only 60 days.

Sample copies of Recreation for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Ingersolls' ATHLETIC GOODS

OUR NEW CATALOGUE JUST OUT

We have just issued our Summer Catalogue containing a full line of Sporting Goods which should be in the hands of every lover of out-door sports.

Besides all Athletic Goods, it illustrates our fine lines of Guns, Rifles, etc., at money-saving prices. We shall be glad to send this free to any reader of Recreation, who sends us his address for it. His name will be also registered upon our "Sportsman's Guide" and subsequent issues will be mailed regularly. We also publish from time to time literature upon various sports, which we mail free to those who mention which of these they are interested particularly in.

The next edition will be upon Football—out in a few days.

Baseball Uniforms

Uniforms of durable materials, excellent workmanship and handsome appearance consisting of lettered shirt, padded pants, cap, hose and belt furnished at the following prices :

GRADE A—Of light weight moleskin, superior to suits selling elsewhere at $4.00. Our price per suit **$2.50**

Other grades, $2.75, $3.75 and $5.50.

Special prices in clubs of 9 or more on all grades. Send for free samples showing qualities and colors and self-measurement instruction blanks.

Bicycle Suits.

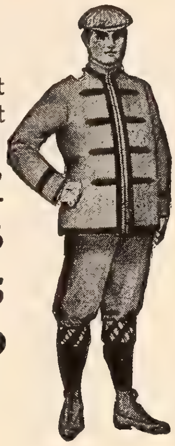
We carry a full line of suits and uniforms at surprisingly low prices. Samples, measurement blanks and catalogues gladly sent on request.

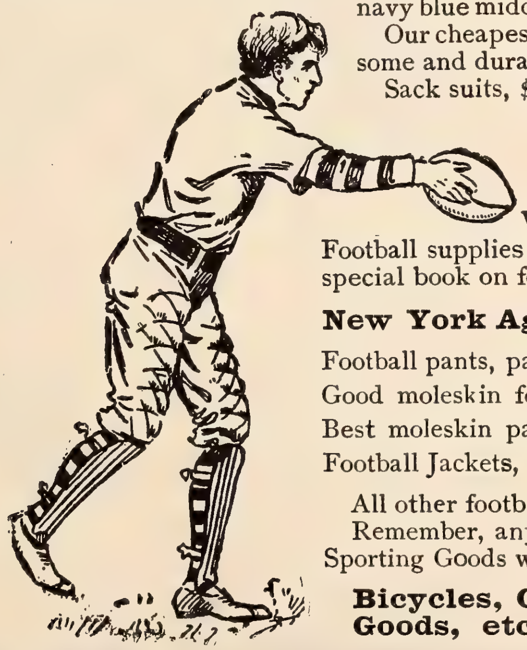
Our "Popular" uniform in medium weight, navy blue, cadet gray, or tan woolen cloth suitable for summer and fall wear is the greatest value ever offered. Handsomely braided in military style. Price, suit, **$5.98**

Our best uniform is made of genuine English tan covert or navy blue middlesex cloth, per suit, **$8.75**

Our cheapest uniforms are handsome and durable, suit **$3.39**

Sack suits, $4.48 up to $8.00.





Football

The season for football practice is at hand. We have never had any real competitors in Football supplies and clothing for years. Our catalogue and special book on football will be mailed free.

New York Agents for Victor Sporting Goods

Football pants, padded canvas, - -	**75c**
Good moleskin football pants, -	**$1.25**
Best moleskin pants, worth $5.00, -	**3.00**
Football Jackets, -	**40c, 50c, 75c** and **1.00**

All other football supplies comparatively low.

Remember, anything you want in the way of Athletic or Sporting Goods we can supply lower than any other house.

Bicycles, Guns, Cameras, Golf and Tennis Goods, etc., shown in our new Catalog.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., Department 77, 67 Cortlandt Street, New York.

The Putman Boots.

Embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. For nearly a **Quarter of a Century** Putman Boots have been the standard among Western Hunters, Trappers, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the very best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are water proof. Send for catalogue of over 20 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our **No. 678** Three Quarter Boot, (14 inches high) Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Uppers are special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather **Water Proof.** Large eyelets and wide leather laces, also laced at side to fit the boot tight around the top. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. Sole Light, Medium or Heavy. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed (making it soft and easy) and made of the best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather. Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for.............. **$7.50**

Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.

36 HENNEPIN AVE. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

I am the American Eagle,
And my wings flap together.
Likewise, I roost high,
And I eat bananas raw.
Rome may sit on her
Seven hills and howl,
But she can not
Sit on Me!
Will she please put that
In her organ and grind it?
I am mostly a bird of peace
And I was born without teeth,
But I've got talons
That reach from the storm-
Beaten coasts of the Atlantic
To the golden shores of the
Placid Pacific
And I use the Rocky Mountains
As whetstones to sharpen them on.
I never cackle till I
Lay an egg.
And I point with pride
To the eggs I've laid
In the last hundred years or so.
I'm game from
The point of my beak
To the star spangled tips
Of my tail feathers;
And when I begin
To scratch gravel,
Mind your eyes!
I'm the cock of the walk,
And the henbird of the
Goddess of Liberty;
The only gallinaceous
E pluribus unum
On record.
I'm an eagle from Eagleville,
With a scream on me that makes
Thunder sound like
Dropping cotton
On a still morning,
And my present address is
Hail Columbia,
U. S. A.!
See?

—New York Sun.

SEIZURE OF 22,000 BIRDS.

H. W. Loveday, State game commissioner, acting under United States Government authority, has made what is believed to be the greatest seizure of game birds on record. More than 22,000 quails, grouse and ducks have been confiscated because they were shipped in violation of the federal law known as the Lacey act. Suits are to be instituted to-day against 48 men charged with the shipment of the game into Illinois contrary to law. The seizures and the suits are the result of the game commissioner's work in connection with T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the biological survey in Washington, who has charge of the enforcement of the Lacey law.

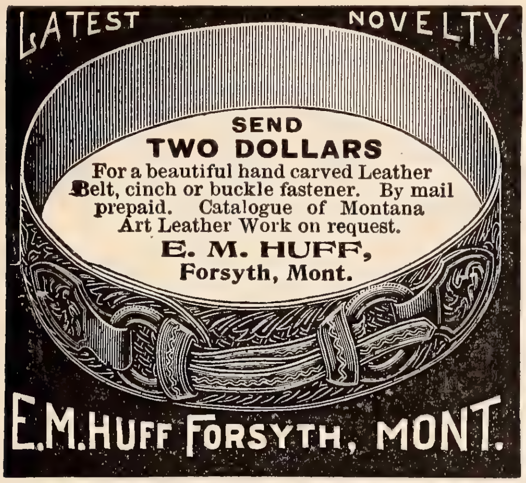
A dispatch from Mr. Palmer in Washington says he has made a demand on the general manager of the Wells-Fargo Express Company for the names of 20 shippers of the game which hitherto had not been secured by the officers.

One of the shippers, Andrew Gray of Chickasaw, is going to test the law, and notice was served on game commissioner Loveday yesterday that Gray had made him defendant in a suit for damages, placed at $1,200, for the seizure of a large quantity of game shipped out of the Indian Territory to Chicago. Of the total number of birds seized over 21,000 were quails. There were about 700 prairie chickens taken, and less than 50 each of ruffed grouse and ducks. A few live song birds were taken by the authorities at the same time the dead game was seized.

In connection with the Lacey bill seizure disclosures, a report of commissioner Loveday for the 9 months ending April 1st was given out. There have been 148 convictions in that time for game law violations. Three of the guilty were sent to jail and the others were fined to a total amount of $2,131. There were 589 reported violations investigated. The dismissals in cases brought to trial were 27. From the sale of game in accordance with law $3,699 was received. Half of that amount went to pay cold storage expenses and the legal fees of the wardens; the balance is now in the hands of the game commissioner. The State Treasurer has on hand for the game protection fund, $2,440. Non-residents have paid $2,853 in licenses for the privilege of shooting in the State.—Chicago Tribune.

This is one of the best pieces of work ever done by any game warden, and Mr. Loveday has earned the gratitude of every sportsman in the land for his brilliant raid on the game dealers. Stay with them, Henry. You will have all the backing you need.—EDITOR.

RECREATION is worth $5 a year.
Charles Hixson, Boston, Mass.



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TWO DOLLARS
For a beautiful hand carved Leather Belt, cinch or buckle fastener. By mail prepaid. Catalogue of Montana Art Leather Work on request.
E. M. HUFF,
Forsyth, Mont.

E. M. HUFF FORSYTH, MONT.

How about that Camping Trip?

Time to arrange all the details. Got everything that's necessary? If you need a new

CAMPING OUTFIT

let us know what you want and we'll tell you the cost. If new

TENTS AND FLAGS

will fix you up for this season, we would be glad to furnish them.

TENTS TO HIRE

Write for our catalogue.
Mention RECREATION.

R. A. Humphrys, 1022 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa
MANUFACTURER

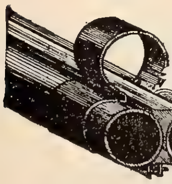
LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.
WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

Mention RECREATION.

Barger Gun Sight

(PAT. MARCH 19, 1901.)



Makes Wing Shooting Easy
Price 50 cents
Circular free. Give gauge and state whether gun is single or double barrelled.
RUSHWORTH & BARGER
150 FIFTH AVE., New York

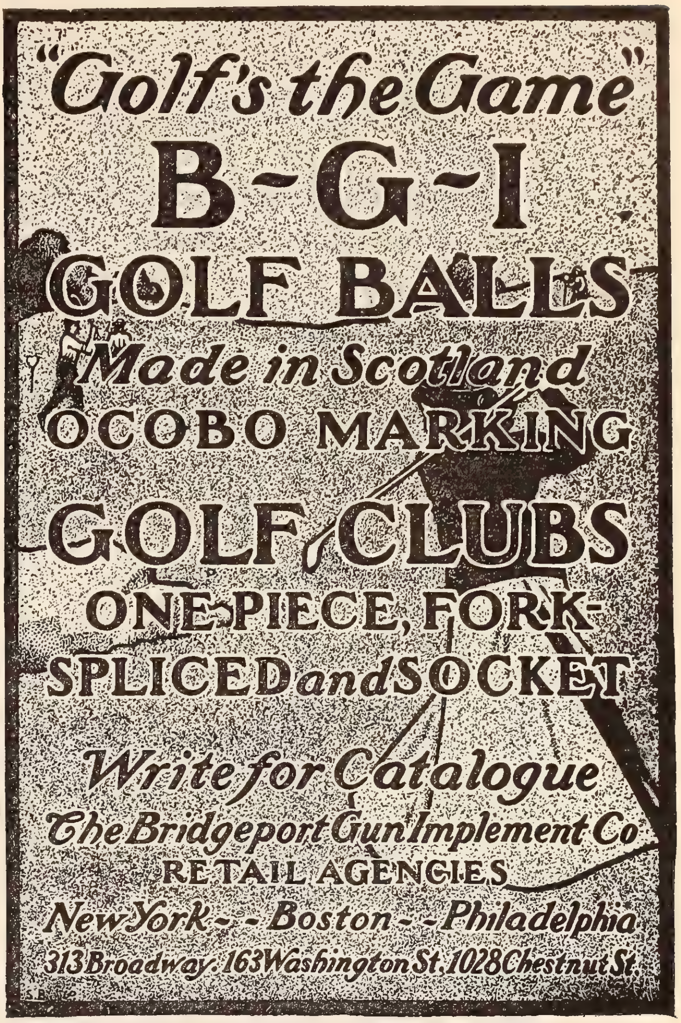
Mention RECREATION.

BARGAIN IN LOADED SHELLS.

2500 U. M. C. **LOADED SHOT SHELLS,** 10 Guage only, all standard load, and perfect, $1.25 per 100.

WEIDNER BRO., Buffalo Grove, Ill.

For Sale: A Tribune Tandem, 98 model. Good as new; ridden less than 500 miles.
Address S. G., care RECREATION.



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B-G-I
GOLF BALLS
Made in Scotland
OCOBO MARKING
GOLF CLUBS
ONE PIECE, FORK-SPLICED and SOCKET
Write for Catalogue
The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co
RETAIL AGENCIES
New York - - Boston - - Philadelphia
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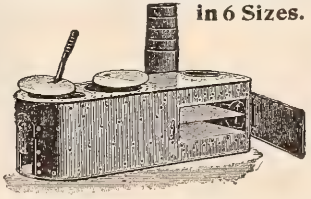
TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS

To suit all manner of rifle cranks and pocketbooks of all dimensions, from the $10 complete outfit to $50 and upward. Our "SNAP SHOT" telescopes are far ahead of any known rifle sight for off-hand and hunting purposes, while the principal rest-shooters find their ideal in our high-grade target telescopes. The highest known scores have been made with their aid. SEND FOR LIST.

JNO. W. SIDLE
628 Race St. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

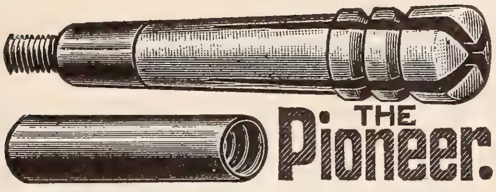
A Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes. **CAMP STOVE**



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns larger wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address,

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.



THE **Pioneer.**

SPRING GUN CLEANER

Is the whole thing in a nut shell. Easy to operate, fits all kinds of sticks and jointed rods, guaranteed to scrape and remove lead and rust, wipe and oil without injury to cleaner or gun. Brass gauze and cleaner packed in turned wood case, with directions, and sold by dealers or mailed at the moderate price of 40 cents each.

PIONEER GUN CLEANER CO., RACINE, WIS.

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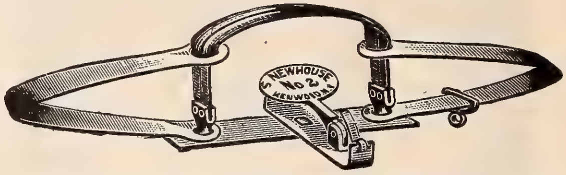
Newhouse Traps



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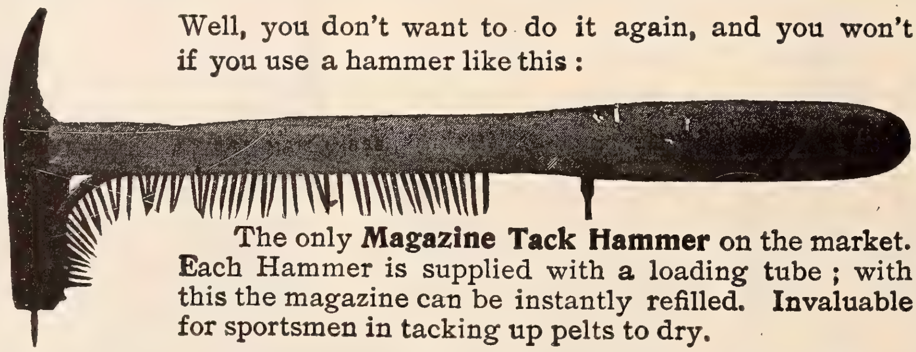

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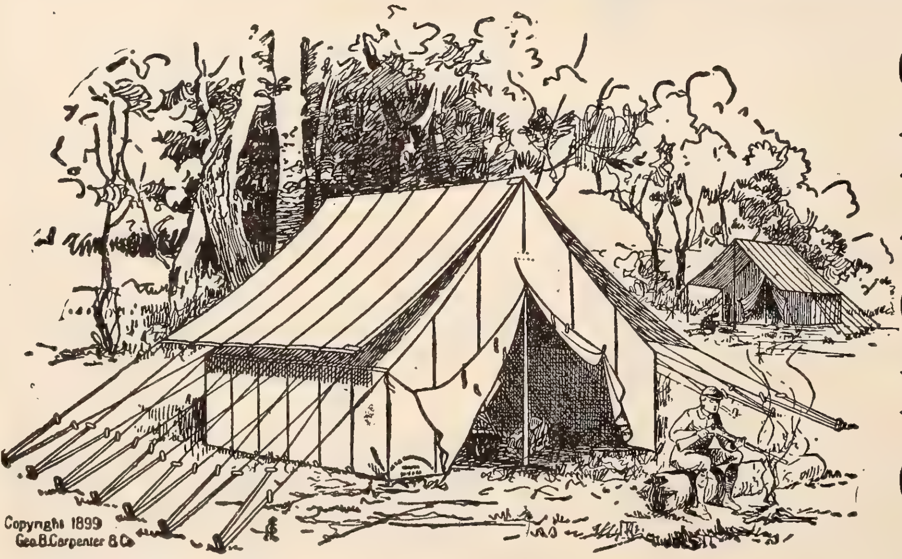

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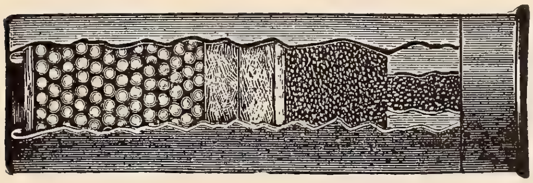

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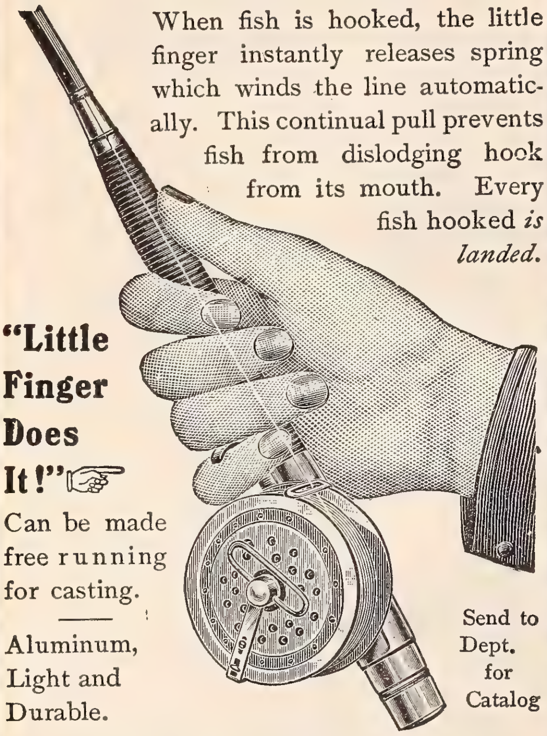

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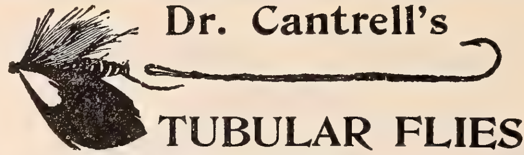

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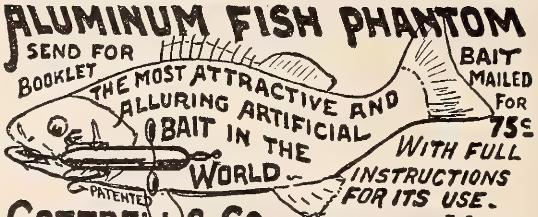

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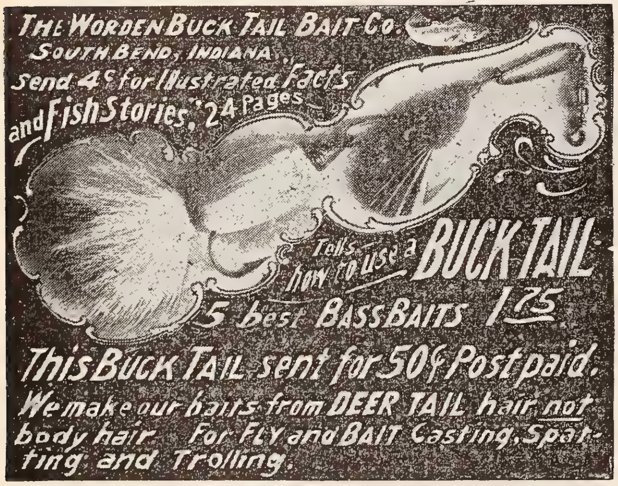

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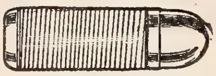

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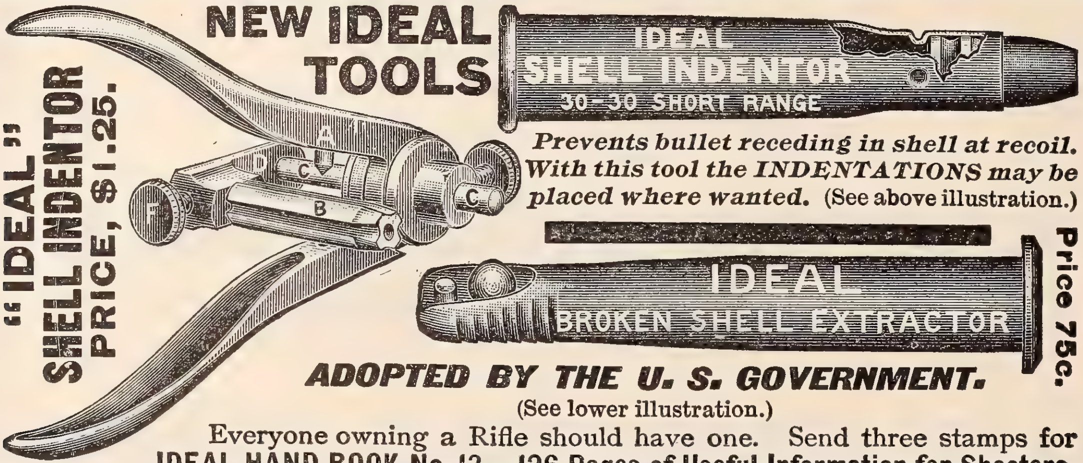

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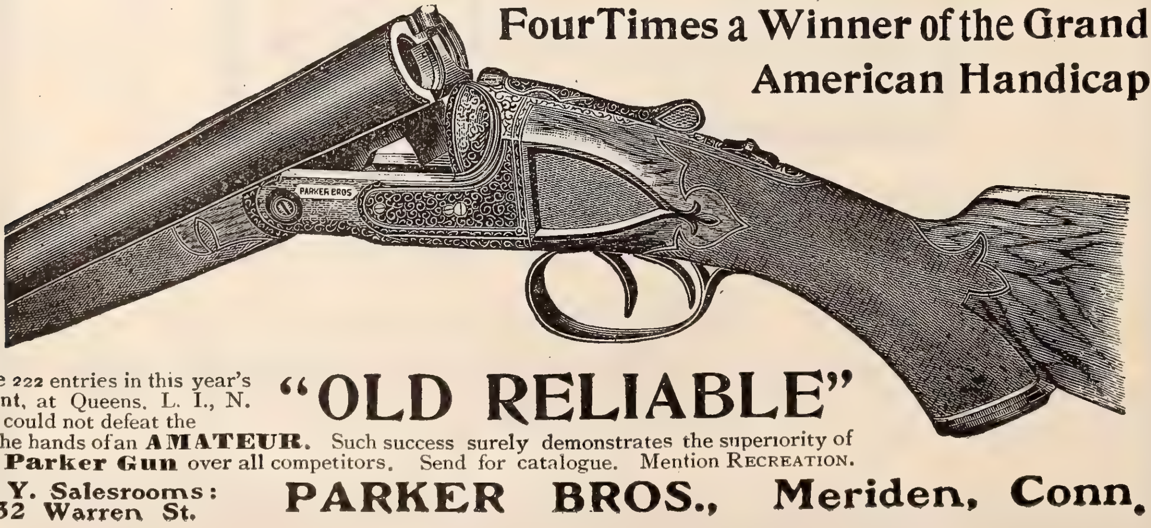

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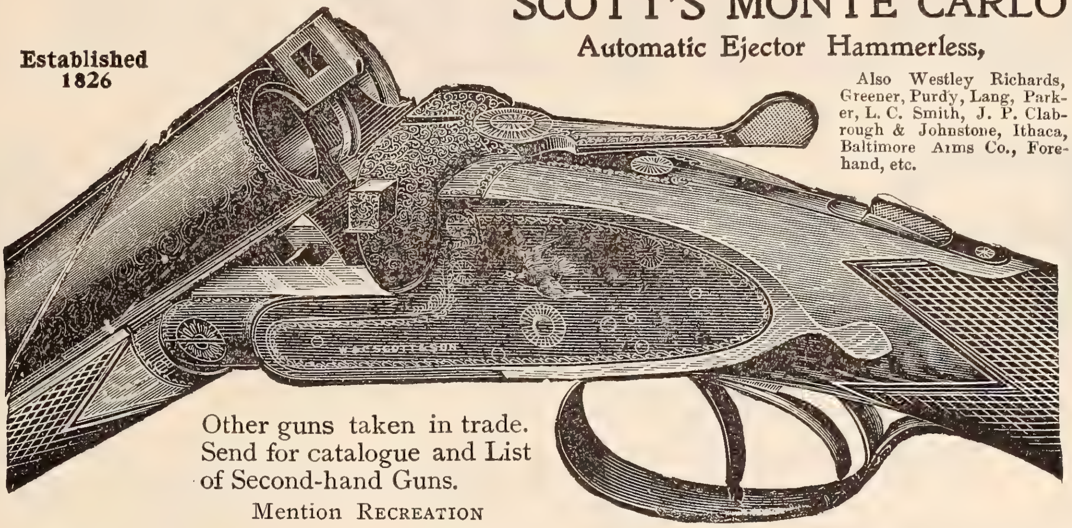

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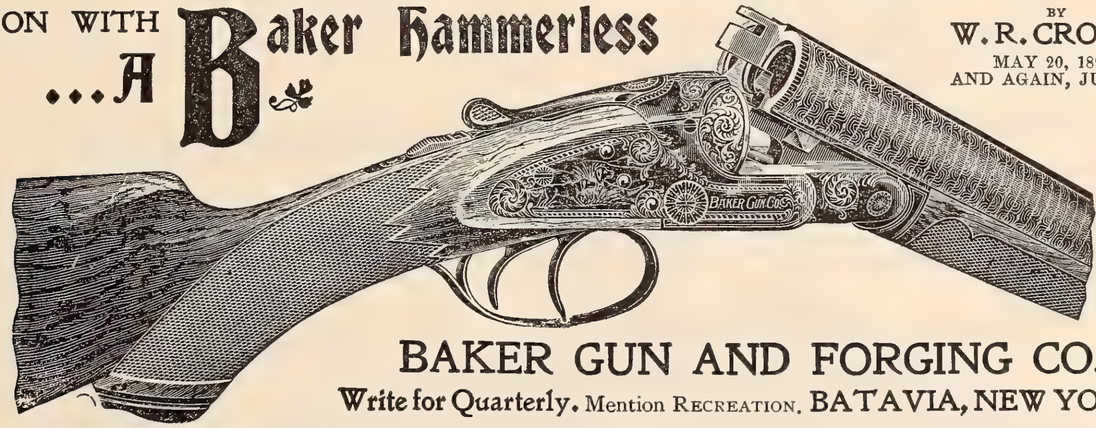
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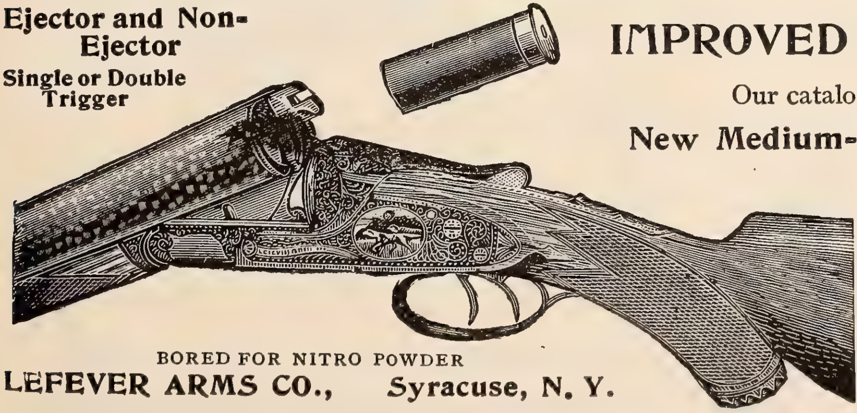

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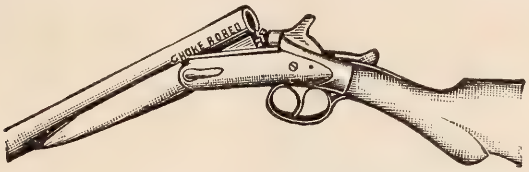

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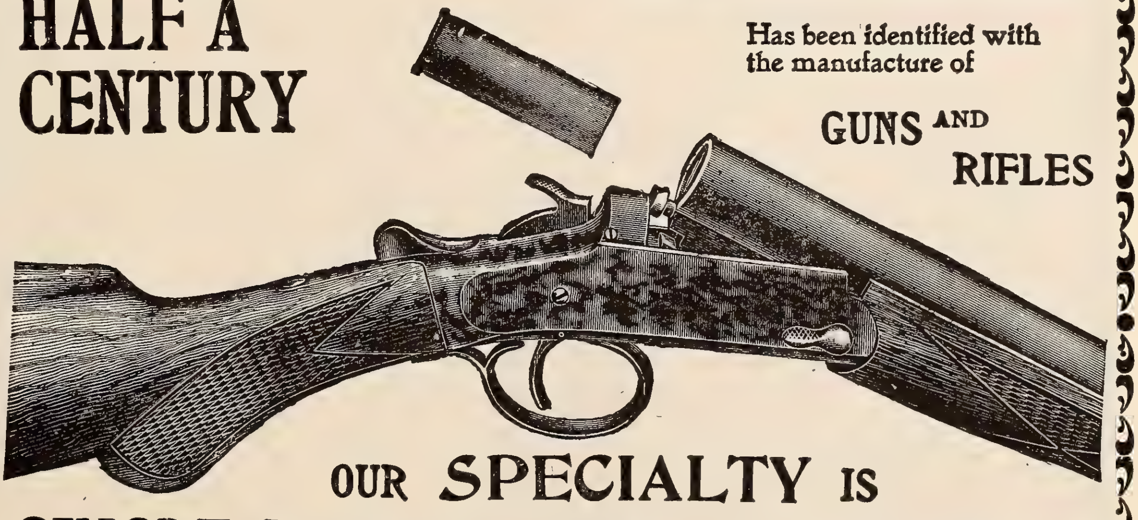

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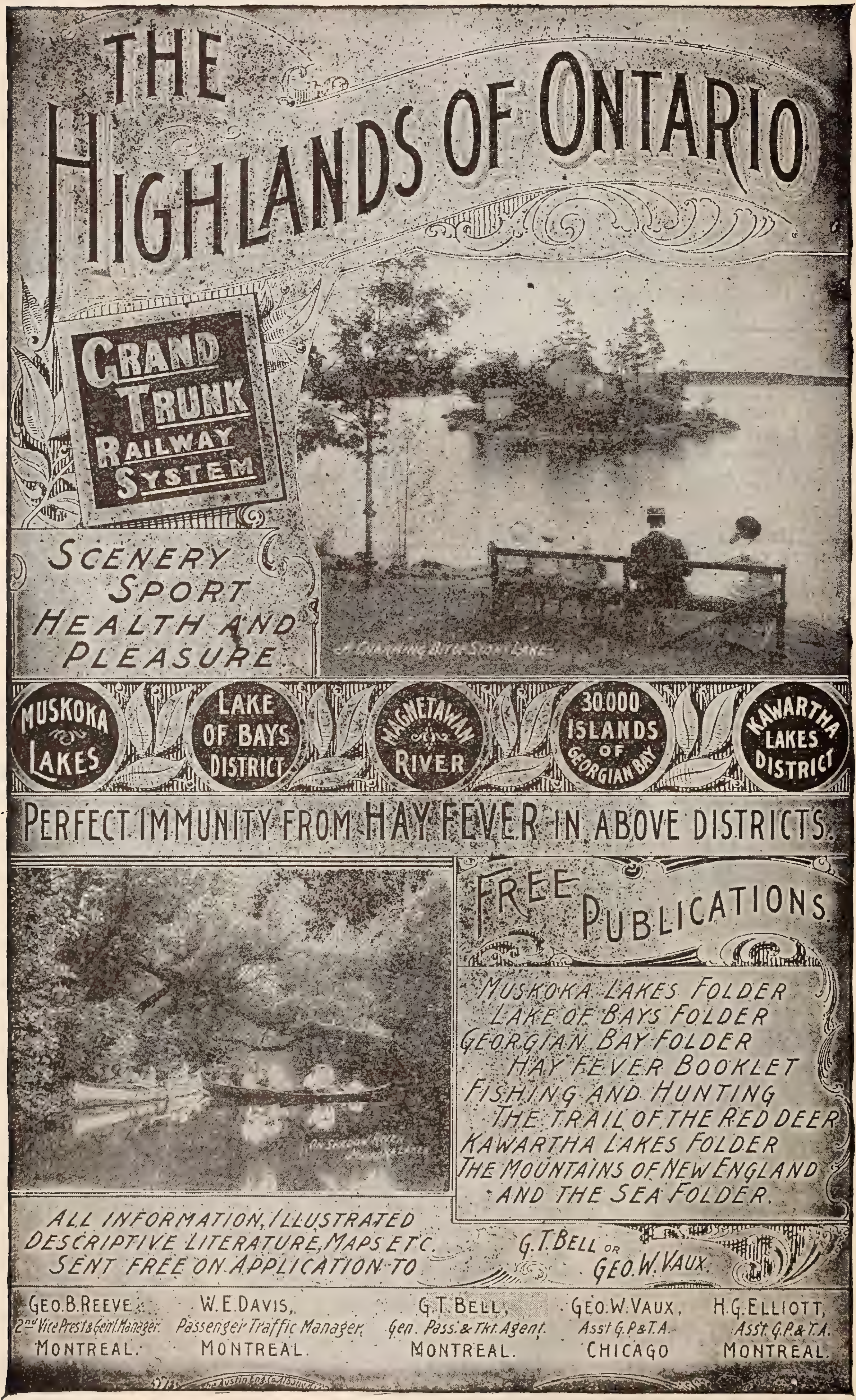

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VOLUME XV.
NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1901

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
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23 WEST 24TH STREET,
NEW YORK

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post-Office, Oct. 17, 1894.

1901

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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL $1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901.

Total Assets,	**$30,861,030.06**
(Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves),	26,317,903.25
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders,	$4,543,126.81
SURPLUS,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	**$42,643,384.92**
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force,	109,319,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:

IN ASSETS,	$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½% basis)	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED,	6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President
John E. Morris, Secretary
J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster
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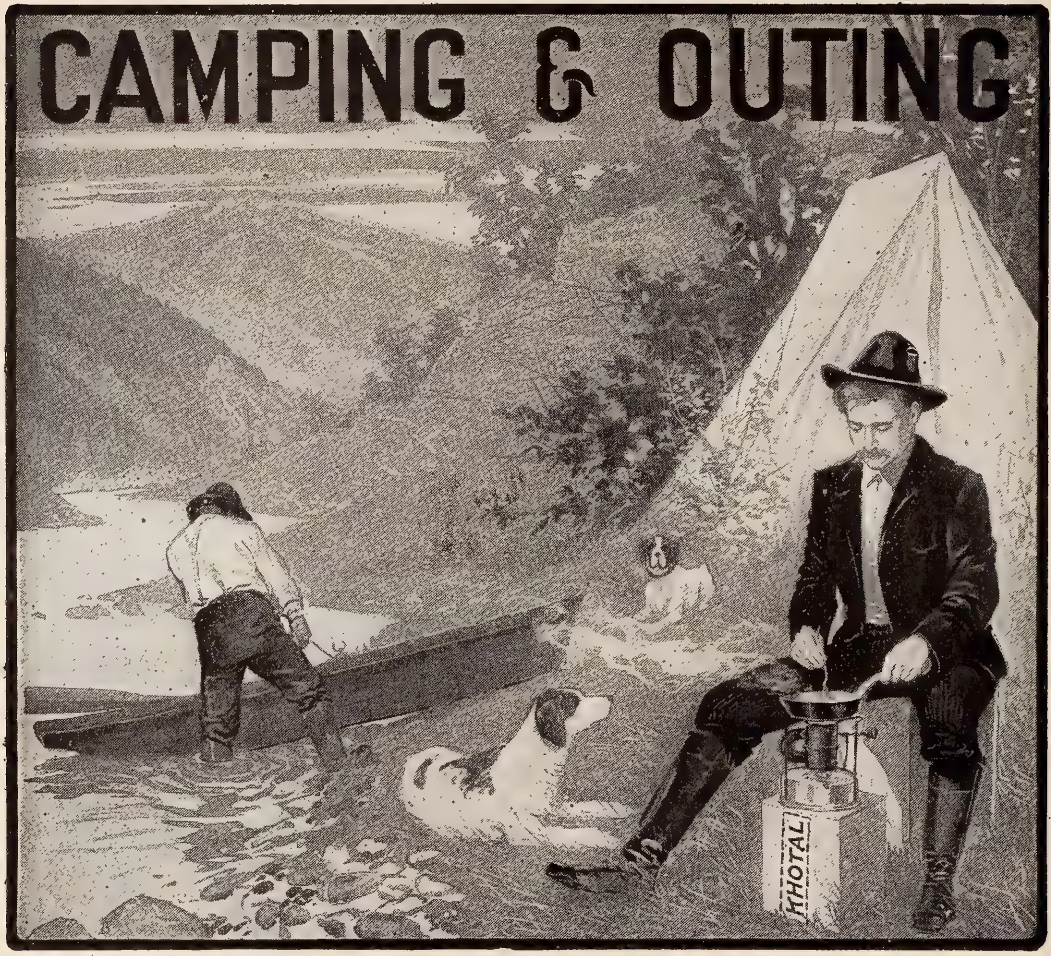
Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

1901



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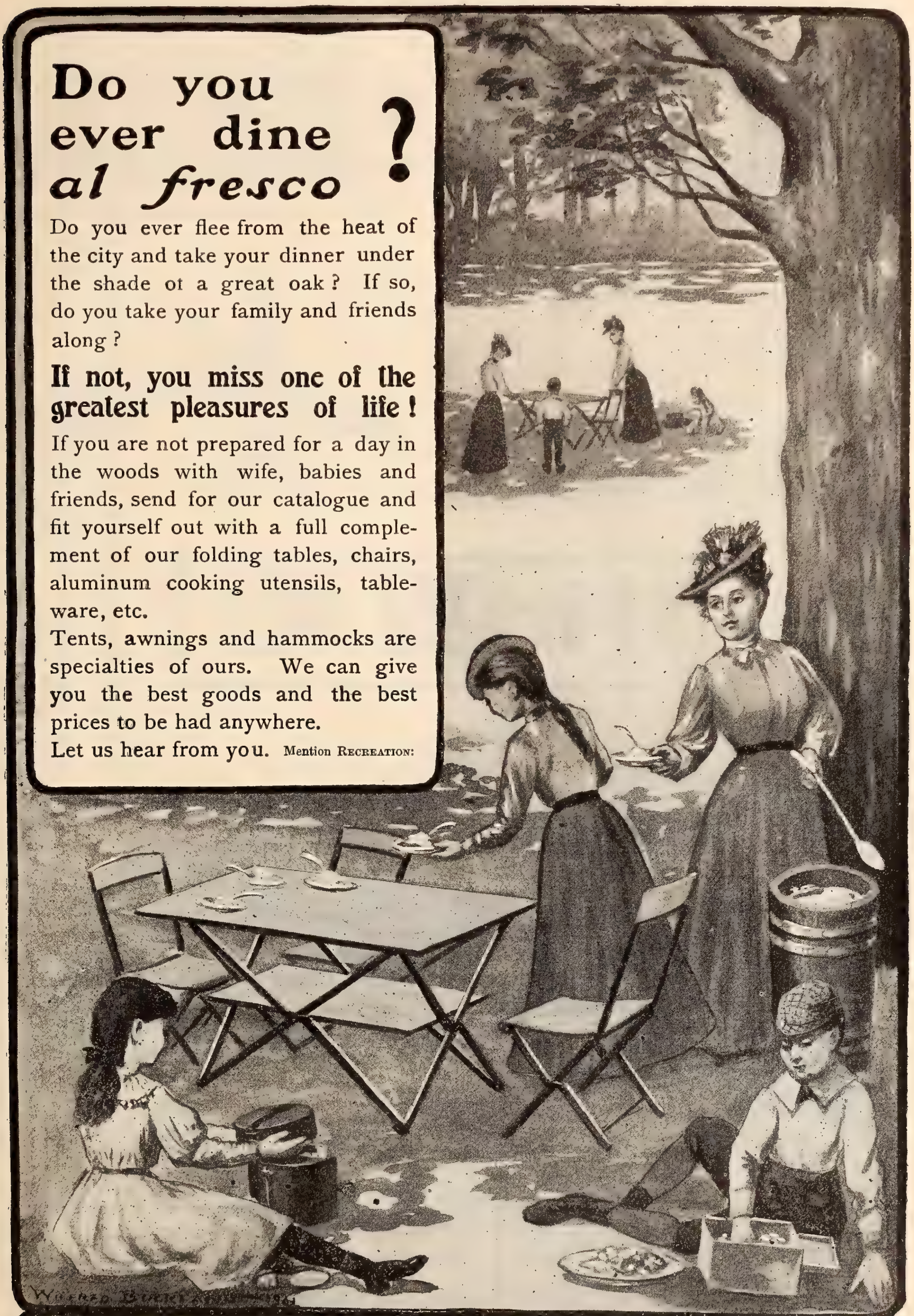

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Do you ever flee from the heat of the city and take your dinner under the shade of a great oak? If so, do you take your family and friends along?

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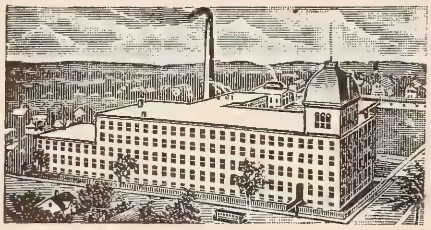

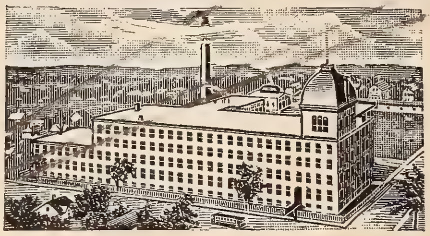

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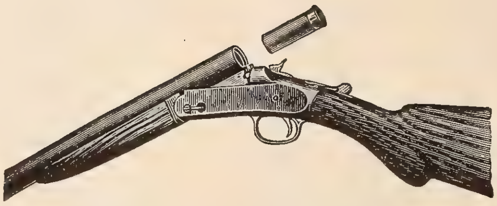

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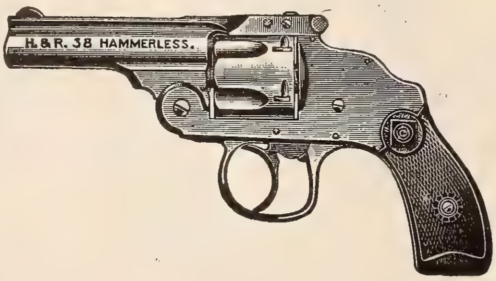
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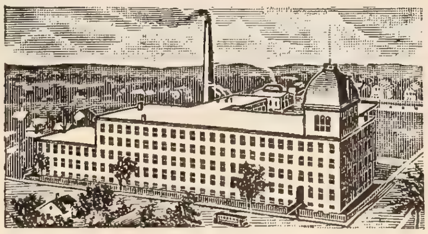

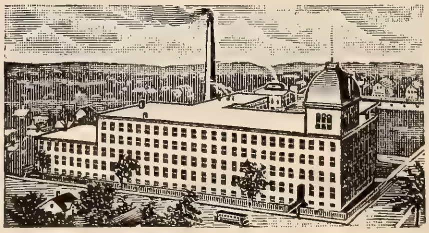

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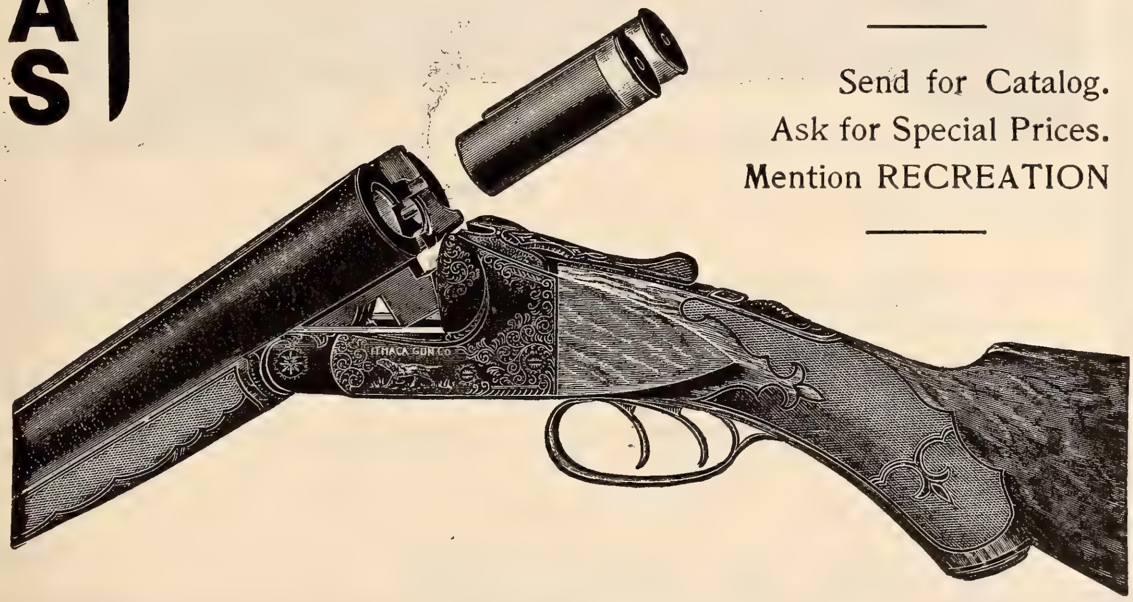
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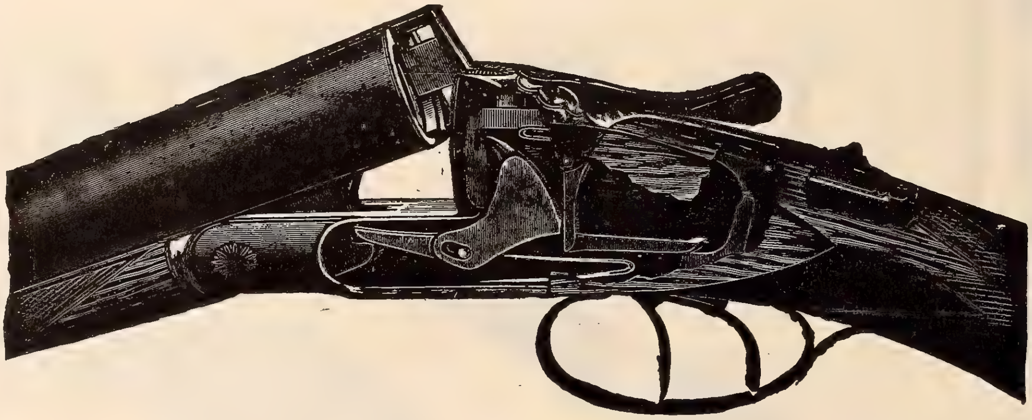

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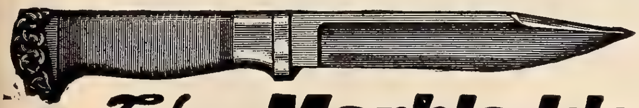

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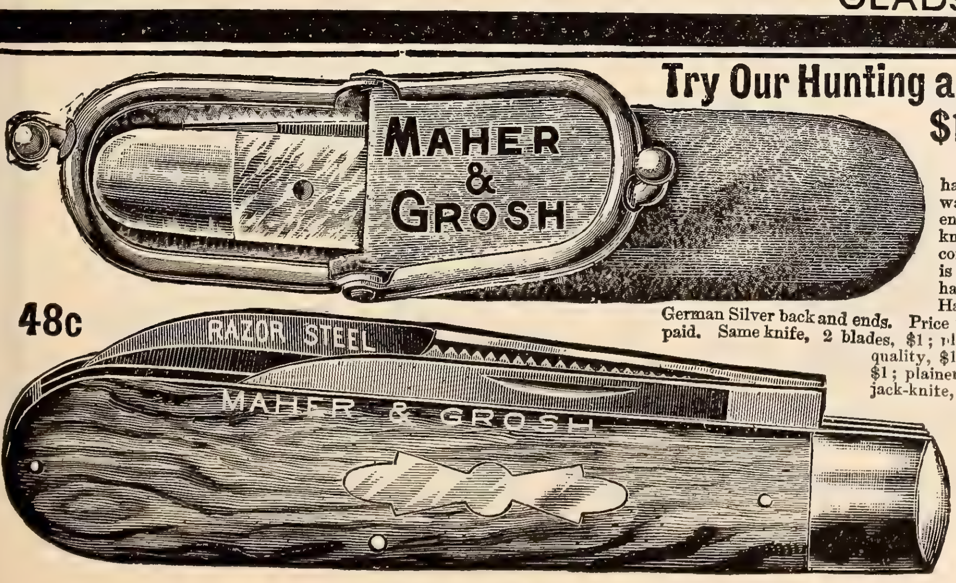

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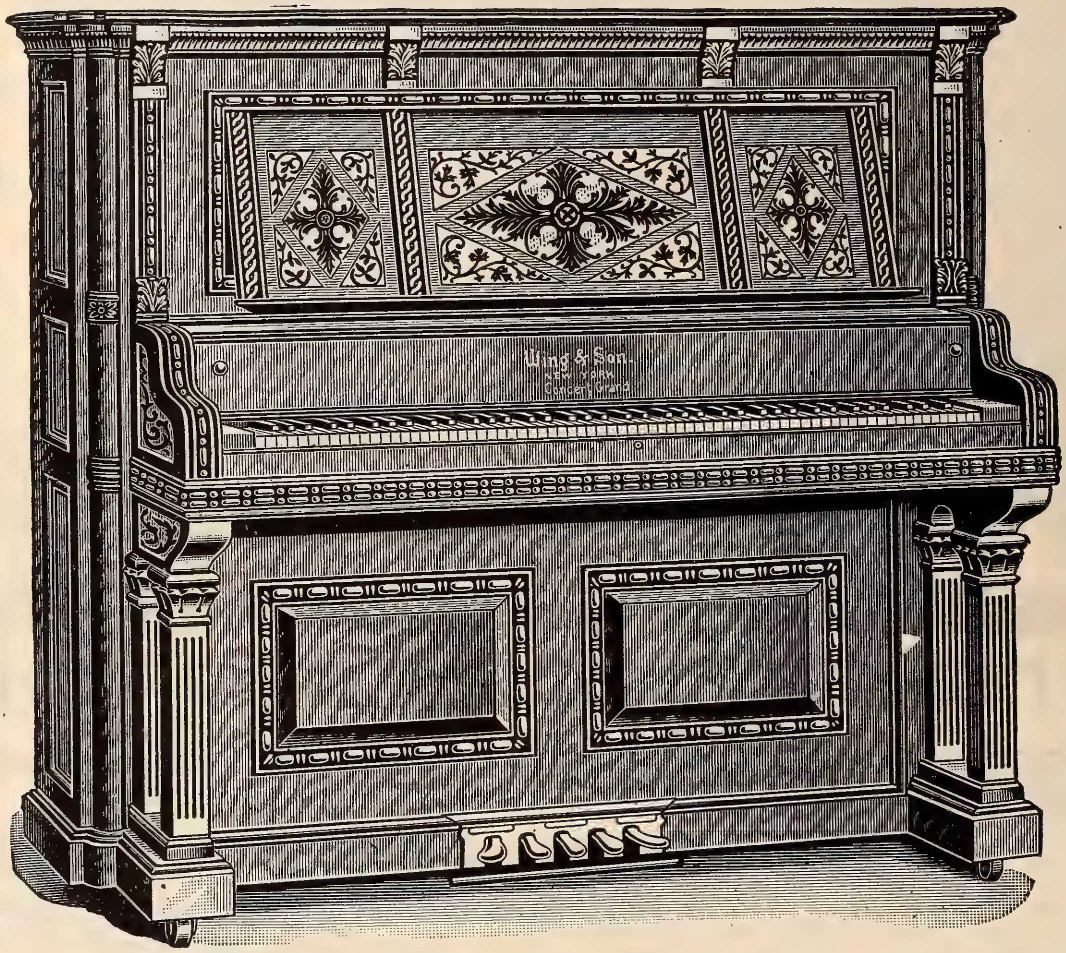

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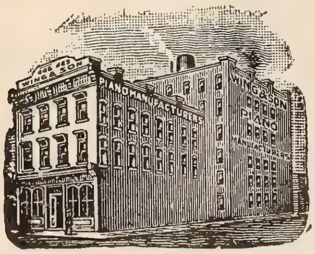

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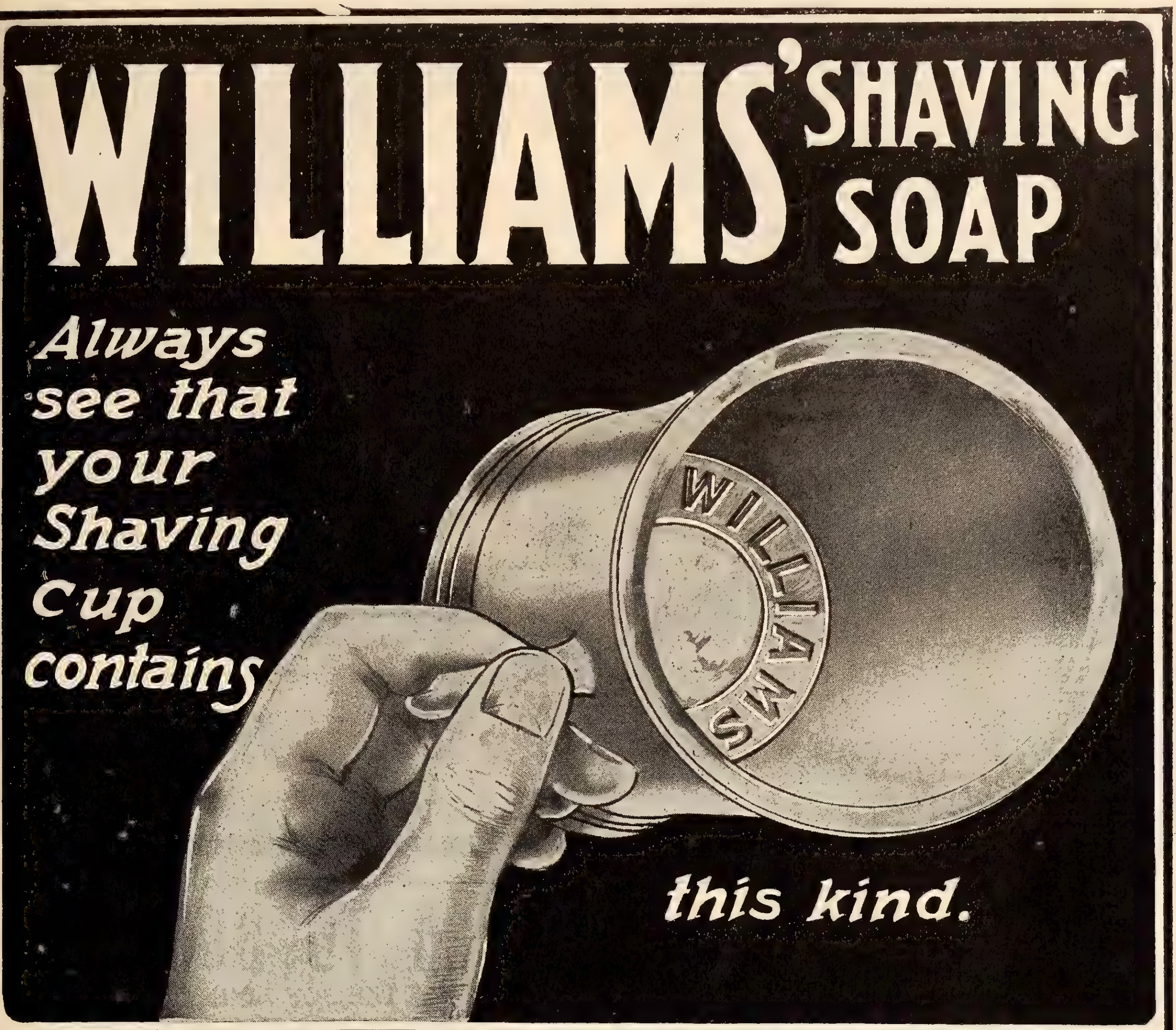

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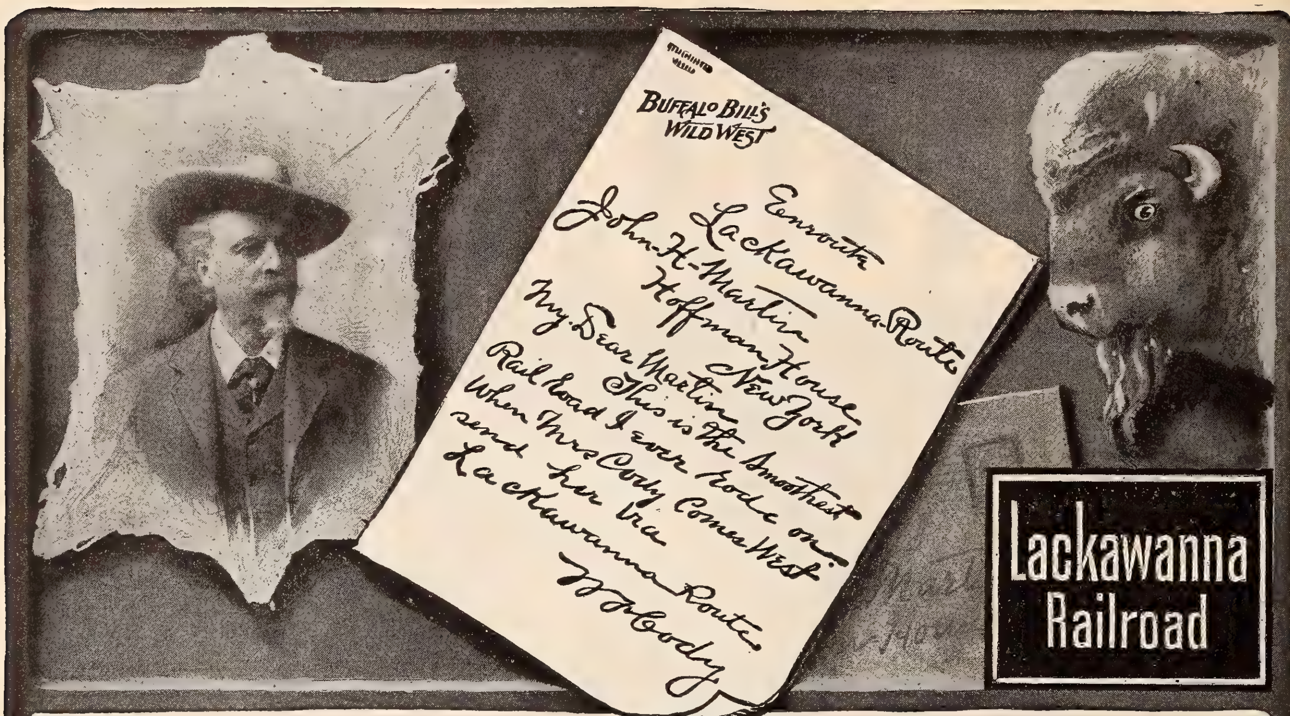

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Lackawanna Route
John H. Martin
Hoffman House
New York
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Rail Road I ever rode on
When Mrs Cody Comes West
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Lackawanna Route
W F Cody

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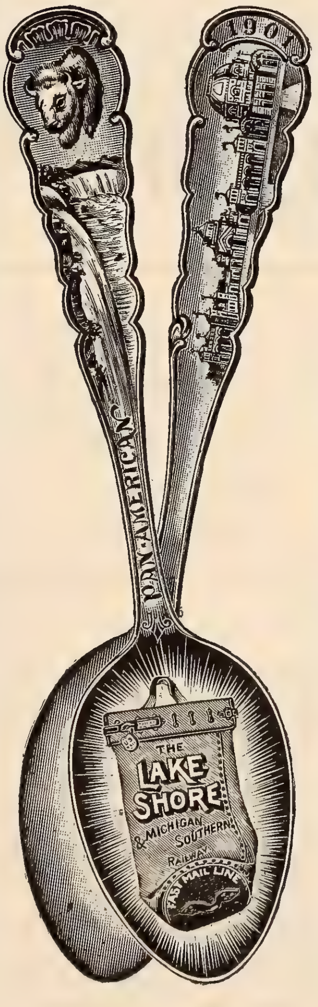

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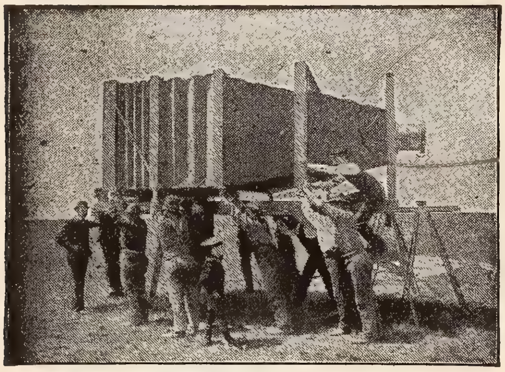

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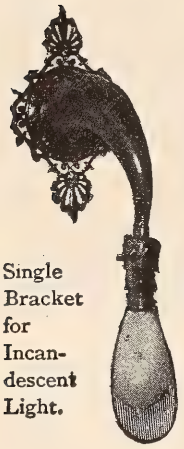
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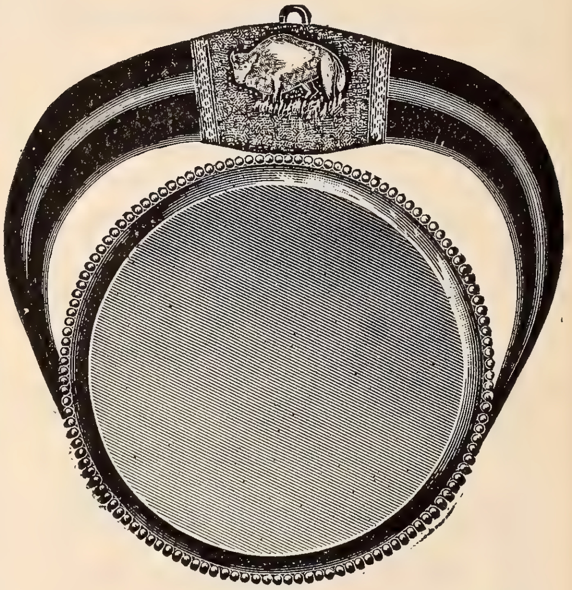
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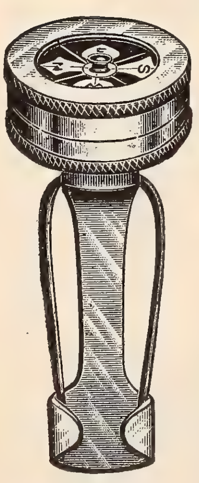
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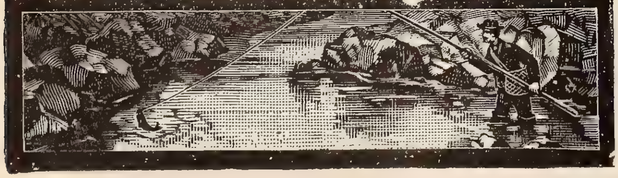

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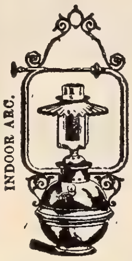

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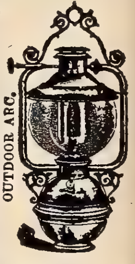
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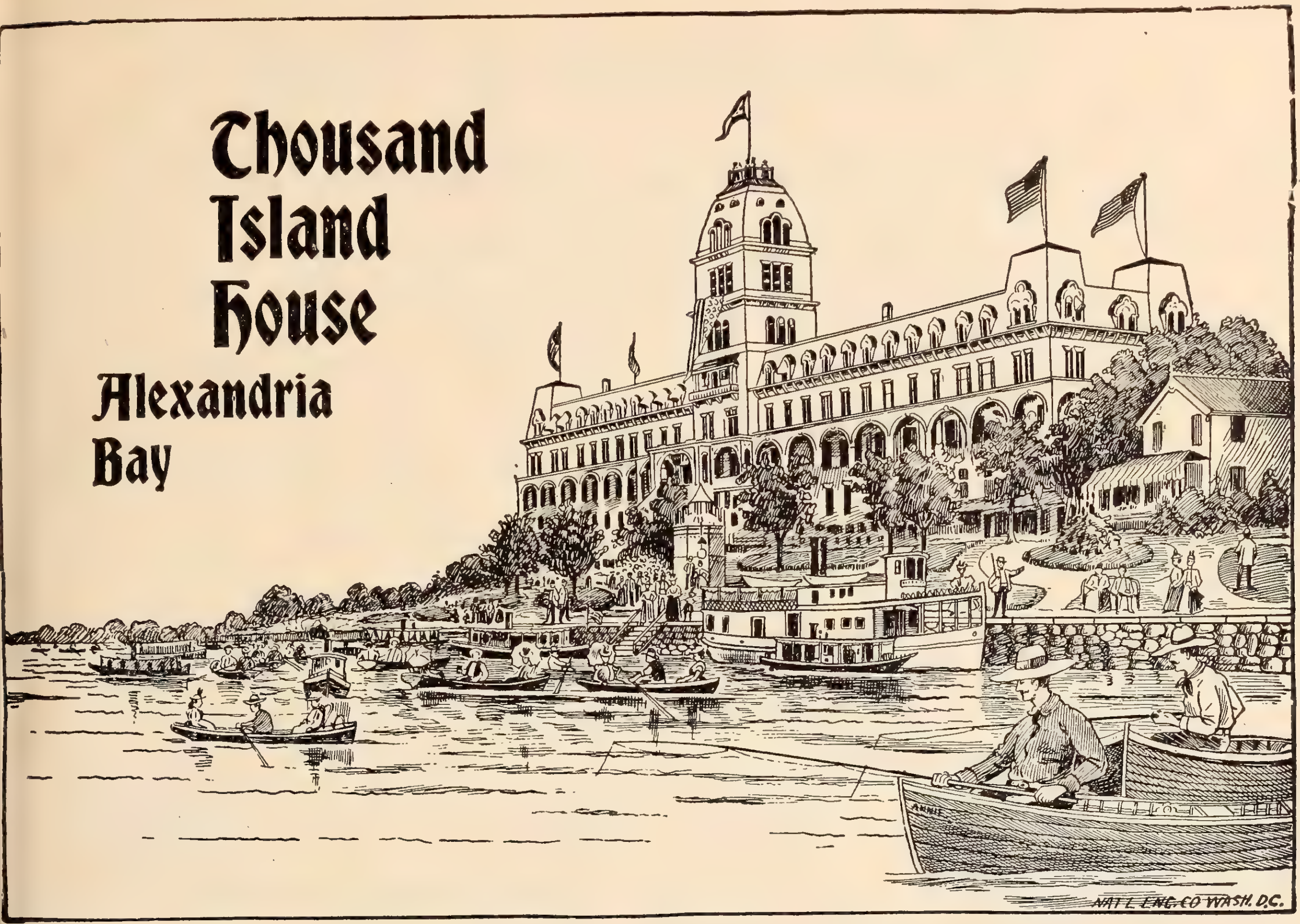

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is one of the exciting experiences enjoyed by travelers through the Thousand Islands region. The thrilling passage is made by daylight on the steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Company's line. The course is from the Galloups, through Lake St. Francis, the Cascades and the Lachine Rapids until the feat is finished by sailing under the Victoria Bridge to the wharves of Montreal. The Duke of Argyle said it was worth crossing the Atlantic to see the rapids of the River St Lawrence.

AMONG THE NOTABLE VISITORS

to this far-famed region have been in the past many distinguished men. John Van Buren, Silas Wright, Frank Blair, Preston King, Gov. Seward, Martin Van Buren, Charles Dickens, the Duke of Argyle, George B. Warren, Rev. George B. Bethune, and Gen. Dick Taylor were regular patrons in the early days of the success of this section as a summer resort. Later Gen. Arthur. Gen. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Gen. Phillip Sheridan, Gen. Starring, Cardinal McCloskey, Herbert Spencer. Charles Dudley Warner, Will Carleton and Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland have sojourned amidst the beauties of the scene.

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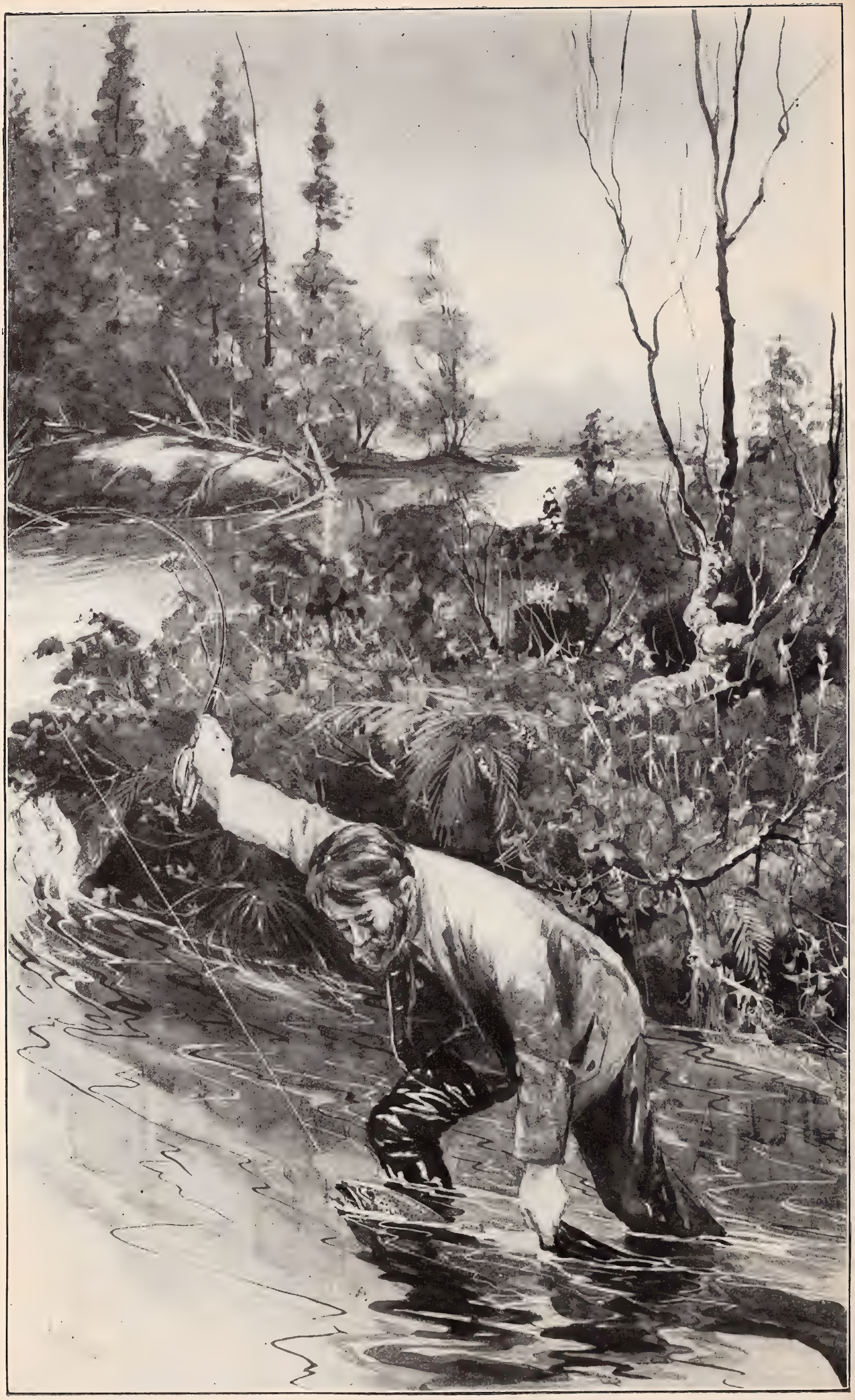


THE BLACK FUNNEL SWALLOWED THE BRILLIANT BODY.

RECREATION

Volume XV. AUGUST, 1901. Number 2

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A RUBBER LANDING NET.

DON CAMERON.

The first fish story I heard after becoming a resident of S—— was the history of the famous trout of Rock pool. It was alleged that a certain wealthy citizen, long deceased, had liberated a pair of rainbow trout in Big creek more than 2 score years before. The fish were his wife's pets, and had been kept in a large aquarium until the good lady died. Then they were given their liberty.

Not since the waters of the creek closed around their then scant 10 inches had they been seen by human eyes. Years came and passed. At length it was bruited abroad that a giant fish had taken possession of the best pool in the creek, making the overhanging rock his hiding place, and the surrounding depths his hunting ground. From the time of his first appearance not a trout had been taken from the pool, though it had previously swarmed with them. Alone in his glory, the newcomer busied himself in becoming famous and in collecting barbed souvenirs of his triumphant encounters with men who thought they could fish.

Old settlers and veteran fishermen insisted that the inhabitant of the pool was none other than one of the pair of rainbow trout which had survived its mistress 4 decades. I laughed at the story and scoffed at the idea of a semi-octogenarian fish. Nevertheless I knew that the big rock was the citadel of a trout which, whether a rainbow or not, was certainly large and gamy enough to be exceedingly desirable. Many a master angler had fastened the steel in that fish's jaw only to feel his tackle part to the monster's mad rush for the rock and freedom. Every fisherman in the region had had fun with him, but in every case the wily trout seemed to have had his full share of the amusement. In all his adventures he had not shown so much as the tip of a fin above water, and those who accepted the rainbow theory had to confess that it was through faith alone. Once he snapped a Professor, the pride of my book, from my leader, but all I saw was the water boiling to his strike. Then I vowed to ascertain the species of that trout.

From constant pursuit the fish had become so shy that his whereabouts was known only at intervals. Once a whole season passed without any manifestation on his part, and the many inclined to believe him dead. Old fishermen, however, shook their heads and said, "He is surely in the pool, or other trout would run in." I was of opinion that a heavy freshet had washed him far down stream, and I mourned him as one not dead but gone before I could catch him.

However, one May morning found me nearing Rock pool just as the sun flushed the Eastern sky. The immense moss-covered rock lay half submerged on the wooded side of the great, dark pool. Water-soaked logs were jammed upon and around it; overhanging hemlocks lapped the stream, and the current lost itself in the blackness of the deep water only to burst forth at the lower side with renewed energy and noise.

Carefully I inspected my tackle. The rod, of steel, had waved victorious over many waters; the line had stopped the rushes of a mighty muskalonge; the leader was strong and new. I strained every knot and tested every hook.

Then, hatless, I wormed along the ground. Taking advantage of every stone and bunch of herbage, I reached a clump of bushes within easy throw of the water and there, concealed from view, I prepared for a cast. I did not hurry, for, to tell the truth, I did not expect a bite. At last all was in readiness. At a twitch of the rod the flies became instinct with life and flew over the water; but, alas! I had miscalculated the distance and they alighted in the hemlocks. I shook the rod and they hopped to a lower limb. Another shake caused them to flutter and sway like live things; then, just as I smothered an objurgation, they dropped into the pool.

Before the line could follow, the water was boiling around them and I heard a tail slap the surface viciously. Then came a steady tug and 2 angry yanks at the line, and the fish sped like a flash over to the rock. I saw the danger in time and gave him the butt with all the strength of my wrist. The rod curved as if to knot and the line stretched like wire from ring to ring; but all held, and I managed to keep the fish from getting under the rock. Back and forth he darted, the water foaming around the line, in frantic efforts to gain his place of vantage. Each time I foiled him. Suddenly he changed his tactics. His gleaming body shot high in the air, flashing like a rainbow in a sky of green. Twice he jumped, and each time I thought him lost.

Then he darted up stream, reeling out yard after yard of line. I scrambled over brush and stones and through the water, trying to retain a little line and steer my captive clear of logs and roots. Finally he turned and shot like an arrow down the creek, passing within a few feet of me. My Automatic shrieked madly as it strove to keep the line taut, and once more I rushed recklessly over logs and stones determined to hold my fish at all hazards. Twice I fell, each time losing yards of line. When he passed the big rock I was barely able to keep him from taking sanctuary under it. Straight down stream he went, but his speed was lessening and occasionally I could feel him struggling on the hook. At last we reached easy water and I began to reel him slowly in.

Nearer and nearer he came as I drew the line through the rings with my left hand and ran it on the reel. Presently I saw his great body swaying on the line and turning over and over with the current, his brilliant coloring showing plainly in the clear water. Then I knew the famous denizen of Rock pool was indeed a rainbow trout, and a splendid specimen.

I drew him nearer until he lay close beside me. Heavens! how was I going to land him? Above and below me the banks were steep and brush-covered. To attempt to tow him up stream against the current was folly; to trust him amid the logs and brush below was worse; to touch the line was to lose him. I knew I could not get a grip on his slimy body that would hold an instant. I searched my pockets for aid. I looked at the giant trout, saw he was rapidly recovering and realized that unless something was done at once he would be ready for another fight.

Then a great inspiration came to me. I kicked off one of my wading boots. Grasping it by the strap I let it fill with water and float down below the fish. Then, when the light current had distended the gossamer top, I moved it slowly up stream until the trout's big tail, square with age, disappeared in the boot. Inch by inch the black funnel swallowed the brilliant body. Then I snatched boot and fish from the water and, with wild whoops, dashed up the bank regardless of injuries to my unshod foot.

WHEN YOU'RE FISHIN'

FRANK B. LINDERMAN.

When you're pushin' through the willers,
  'Long a little babblin' brook,
Tryin' hard to steer yer fly rod,
  An' avoid the little hook,
          Don't swear.

'Cause the trout 'll surely hear you,
  An' 'tis said that if they do,
Spite of worms, an' flies, an' patience,
  They will never bite for you—
          Don't swear.

When the slender rod is whippin'
  Flies and loops of line about,
Tyin' knots about the bushes,
  As you've seen it do, no doubt,
          Don't swear.

'Cause I tell you—an' it's gospel—
  That the fish 'll never bite
Fer a feller 'at says cuss words,
  Let him fish with all his might.
          Don't swear.

When at last the pesky thicket
  You have safely gotten through,
Torn an' bleedin' 'cause of briers,
  Half devoured by skeeters, too,
          Don't swear.

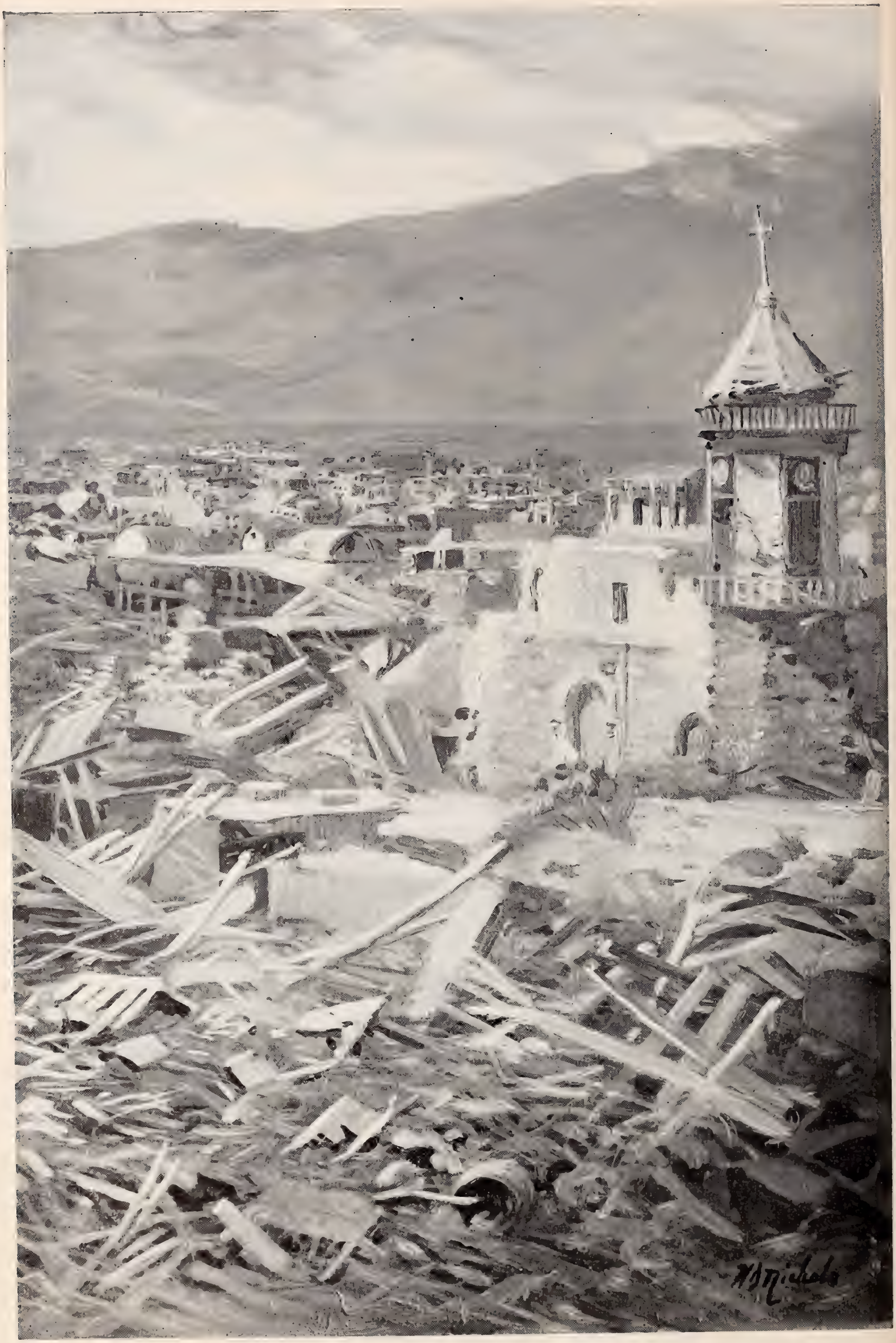
But when all the day has vanished,
  An' the sun's jest goin' down,
When, with footsteps slow an' weary,
  You are p'intin' back to town,
          Say, there!

If your day of toil has brought you
  Jest one measly little fish,
An' your cup of joy is busted—
  Bottom fell clean out the dish,
          Then swear.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.

RECREATION.

Highly Commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Wizard Camera, Carbutt Plate, Zeiss Lens.



A FEW HOUSES, PART OF A CHURCH AND A HIDEOUS MASS OF *DEBRIS*, PILED 20 TO 30 FEET HIGH, WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF ARICA.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF '68.

CAPT. L. G. BILLINGS, U.S.N.

At the close of our civil war I was ordered to duty on board the U. S. S. Wateree, then attached to the Pacific squadron, and joined her at Callao, Peru, just in time to witness the bombardment of that city by the Spanish fleet. In view of our late unpleasantness with Spain, I trust I may digress so far as to give a little incident which occurred there as illustrating the unexpected perils that frequently befall those "who go down to the sea in ships," even in piping times of peace.

The Spanish squadron had been blockading the coast some time, and had nearly exhausted its coal supply; so when on the morning of the fight, the Wateree, having been assigned by our admiral as guard ship of the American fleet, discovered a barge loaded with fine, pressed blocks of bituminous coal, adrift in the harbor, the prize was too valuable to be neglected. Accordingly, a line was made fast and for some time we towed the barge about. As the fight grew furious the barge became an impediment. Our captain determined to unload the coal into an empty bunker and cut the barge adrift.

The many hands of a man-o'-war crew made short work of the transfer, and soon the glowing furnaces were being replenished with our new acquisition. As the firemen commenced breaking the square lumps, to even off the fires, to their horror they found in one of the first broken a 6-pound shell. Throwing open the furnace doors, they saw several more snugly bedded in the coals. Needless to say, there was a grand rush on deck, as the panic-stricken stokers realized only too well that the explosion of any one of the shells meant horrible death, either by scalding steam or boiling water. Fortunately, among our junior officers was a ne'er-do-weel assistant engineer, who was always in trouble, and even then was under arrest for some infraction of the regulations. He was sitting near the engine room hatch when the frightened crowd dashed by him. Without waiting to ask questions he forced himself through them to the fire room. A glance through the still open doors disclosed the trouble. Instantly he raked the dangerous masses from their fiery bed, and, gathering them on a shovel, flew on deck and cast them, hissing, into the ocean. A few moments' delay and the old Wateree would not have lived to form the central figure of one of the greatest disasters of modern history.

An examination disclosed the fact that our innocent looking coal was loaded with infernal machines, charged shells and fulminate of mercury enough to have blown up a dozen fleets. Of course, we lost no time in dumping our dangerous acquisition overboard, and one could but laugh at the gingerly way in which the sailors handled the lumps and slid them quietly into the water. We afterwards learned the barge had been prepared by the Peruvians as a trap for the Spaniards, who they expected would pick it up and, using it, be destroyed. The plot was magnificent, but it certainly was not war.

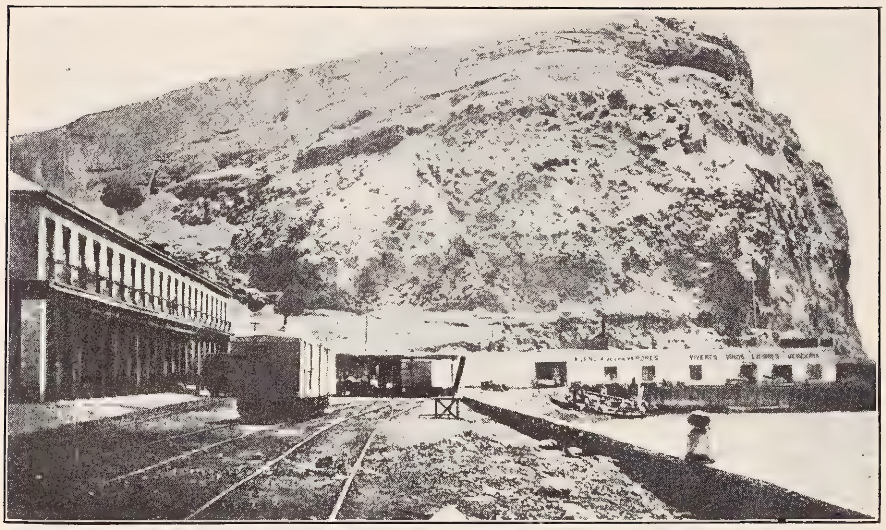
The Wateree was a fine side-wheel, iron ship of 1,200 tons burden; one of a class designed to meet the exigencies of blockading duty in the narrow and tortuous rivers of the South. She carried an enormous battery and crew, and was quite a large ship, yet she drew only about 9 feet of water, and could steam and steer equally well in either direction, having a rudder at each end. This result was attained by building her quite flat bottomed. While this model detracted somewhat from her speed and seaworthiness, it enabled her to carry the battery and berth the crew of a ship of nearly twice her tonnage of the ordinary model, and saved our lives in the crisis soon to come upon us.

We had about finished our cruise, and were congratulating ourselves that we had passed safe through all the exciting phases incident to our station, revolutions, Northers, yellow fever, and even earthquakes; for we had had several shakes which sent the natives shrieking to the squares, while we, with an ignorance soon to be enlightened, smiled calmly at their terror and made the usual remarks about "the cowardly Dagos."

August, 1868, found us quietly at anchor off the pretty Peruvian town of Arica, whither we had towed the old U. S. store ship Fredonia, to escape the ravages of yellow fever then devastating Callao and Lima. We had received preparatory orders to go up the coast to San Francisco, and had been 6 weeks at anchor, overhauling engines and boilers for the long trip. This unusually prolonged stay in one port had given us opportunity to form pleasant acquaintances and friendships among the hospitable citizens, and we congratulated ourselves on the fact that our lines had been cast in such an attractive place.

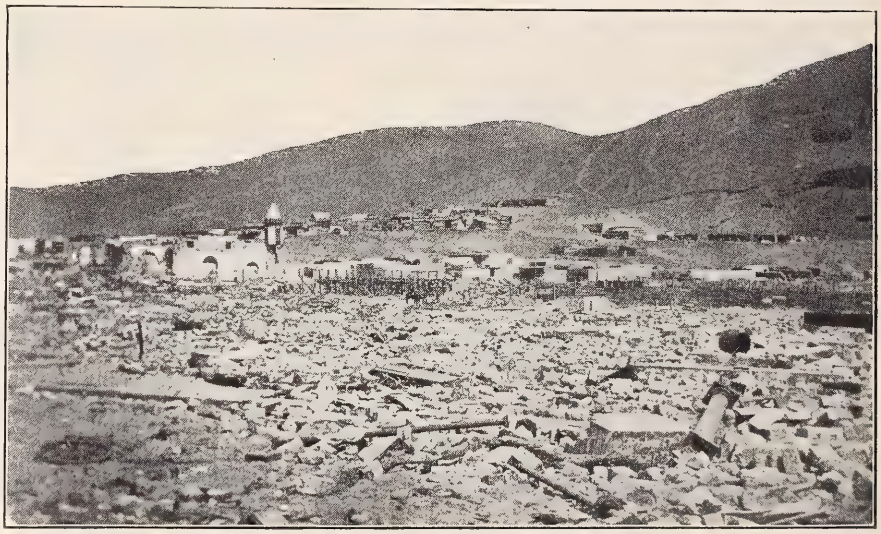
Arica was, for a Peruvian town, beautiful, numbering, it was supposed, 10,000 inhabitants. I say supposed, for the inquisite census taker had never made his rounds, and one arrived at population as the Jerseyman weighs his pig, by guessing.

Being the only port of entry for rich and prosperous Bolivia, behind her; connected with Tacna, 40 miles distant, by the only railroad then in Peru, her inhabitants had grown rich and cultured on the imports and exports that crowded the large and imposing custom house and the shipping that thronged the open roadstead.



THE MORRO AND CUSTOM HOUSE, ARICA, PERU, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

The town was picturesquely situated in a cleft or valley running up into the sea coast range of the Andes. Through the valley ran a little stream that furnished water for irrigation which caused the desert coast to blossom with a fertility that never ceased to surprise. It was blocked in on the one hand by the perpendicular cliff of the Morro, 500 feet high, which, without a single break to mar its imposing but cruel front, was ever lashed by the long surges of the mightiest of oceans, and on the other by sloping heights, rising one above the other till lost in the clouds. The town was of unknown antiquity, there having been a large city of the Incas located there when the Spaniards overran the country; and tradition asserted that even the Incas found a people dwelling there when they, in their turn, had been conquerors.



OLD CATHEDRAL, ARICA, PERU.
View Looking Toward Slope of Andes.

Blessed with a most charming climate, with a temperature varying from 70 to 80 degrees, the cloudless blue of the sky never darkened by storm or rain, fevers and epidemics unknown, it seemed at first an Eden, until we found our crumpled rose leaves in the form of myriads of the most voracious and agile fleas that ever drove one distracted; and further discovered that a regular deluge would be necessary to remove the cause of a lively series of smells, which would have thrown even the famed city of Cologne into the background.

Behind these minor discomforts lurked the ever present fear in the native mind of another earthquake; for Arica seemed a sort of head center for such seismic disturbances, having been twice nearly destroyed, with great loss of life. In blissful ignorance of what a *terremote* — earth move — really was, we could not sympathize with their fears; and we had celebrated our national holiday and theirs, the 4th and 10th of July, with zeal and abundant burning of gunpowder.

We were not alone in the roadstead. Our own store ship, the Fredonia; the America, a large Peruvian man-of-war; and several square riggers, together with quite a fleet of smaller merchantmen, were keeping us company when, August 8, 1868, a storm burst from the cloudless sky, overwhelming us in one common ruin.

I was sitting in the cabin with our commanding officer, when about 4 p. m. we were startled by a violent trembling of the ship, similar to the effect produced by letting go an anchor. Knowing it could not be caused by that, we ran on deck, where our attention was instantly arrested by a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the Southeast, while the terrible rumbling grew in intensity and before our astonished eyes the everlasting hills nodded and the ground swayed to and fro like the short, choppy waves of a troubled sea.

The cloud enveloped Arica. Instantly through its impenetrable veil arose cries, shrieks for help, the crash of falling houses, and the thousand commingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship reeled as if grasped by a giant hand. Then the cloud passed. As the dust slowly settled, we rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, believing they must be playing us a trick, for where but a few short moments before was a happy, prosperous city, busy with life and activity, we beheld but a mass of shattered ruins; hardly a house left standing; not one perfect; the streets blocked with *debris* through which struggled frantically the least wounded of the unhappy wretches imprisoned in the ruins of their once happy homes; while groans, cries, and shrieks for mercy rent the air. Over all this horror the sun smiled peacefully from an unclouded sky, the sea rippled shoreward as gently and musically as before.

How long did it last? I can not tell. No one seemed to take note of time. It was a horrid nightmare, a dream from which we would presently awake. But no! The agony and suffering before us were too real and apparent to be the effect of imagination. The shock may have been 4 or 5 minutes in reaching us and passing.

With the recollection of the following tidal wave at Santa Cruz, which stranded one of our proudest sloops of war, the Monongahela, in the streets, we anxiously scanned the sea for any unusual appearance betokening the coming of the dreaded accompaniment, but all was as smiling and serene as before.

Our prudent commander, however, gave the necessary orders to prepare for the worst. Additional anchors were let go; hatches were battened down; guns secured; life lines rove fore and aft, and for a few moments all was the orderly confusion of a well disciplined man-of-war preparing for action. Many hands make short work, and in a few minutes we could again look shoreward, where the uninjured were thronging the shore and crowding the little piers, crying to the shipping to aid them in digging their loved ones from the ruins, and to transport them to the apparent safety of the ships riding so quietly at anchor.

Of course, this was more than we could stand unmoved, and orders were given to prepare a landing party of 40 men duly equipped with shovels, etc. The gig, a large double banked whaleboat, with a crew of 13 men, shoved off at once. She had reached the shore safe and landed her crew, leaving only the customary boatkeeper in charge when our attention was distracted from the formation of the wrecking party by a hoarse murmur. Looking shoreward, to our horror we saw vacancy where but a moment before the pier had been, black with a mass of struggling humanity; all swallowed up by an incoming wave in a moment. Amid the floating wreckage, we saw the gig borne by an irresistible tide toward the battlemented front of the Morro, with the gallant seaman struggling to stem the current. Finding his efforts vain, and certain death awaiting him, he laid in his useless oar, and, running aft to the coxswain's seat, grasped the boat flag and waved a last farewell to his shipmates as the boat disappeared forever in the froth and comb of the wave on the cruel rock.

Thus the Wateree lost the only one of her crew of 235 souls that fateful day.

Then our troubles recommenced. Again the horrible bellowing roar! Again the shaking, trembling earth waved to and fro. This time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far to seaward as our vision could reach we saw the rocky bottom of the sea, never before exposed to human gaze, with struggling fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. While the round bottomed ships keeled over on their beam ends, the Wateree rested easily on her floorlike bottom, and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but rather like an enormous tide, came sweeping back, rolling her unfortunate companions over and over, leaving some bottom up and others masses of wreckage, our ship rose easily over the tossing waters unharmed.

From that time the sea, too, defied the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there with a speed we could not have equalled had we been steaming for our lives. At irregular intervals the earthquake shocks recurred, but none of them so violent or so long continued as the first.

The Peruvian man-of-war, America, said to be the fastest ship in the world at that time, had hastily gotten up steam and attempted to get to sea. She was well out, when the receding water left her partly afloat and broke her back, of course destroying her engines. With funnels still vomiting black smoke and apparently under full command of her people, she was backed down by the current toward the wrecked Fredonia, then rapidly setting in toward the Morro, with the apparent intention of towing her out.

Lieutenant Commander Dyer, commanding the Fredonia in the absence of the captain, saw the manœuvre and, knowing no human agency could save them, while a nearer approach would only involve the America in a common ruin, ran on the poop and hailed the approaching ship, then but a few yards distant: "America ahoy! You can do nothing for us. Our bottom is crushed. Save yourselves. God bless you. Good-bye."

Then down to his station among his silent, unshrinking crew. The next moment all the ill fated company were hurled into eternity, not one saved. A counter current catching the America, drove her rapidly in another direction.

Facing the Morro and a short distance away, a rocky islet rose a few feet above the surface of the sea. In it the Peruvians had hewn a fort from the solid rock, and had mounted thereon 2 15-inch Dahlgren guns, the garrison numbering about 100 souls. When but a short distance from this fort—in fact, we were dreading being cast against its rocky sides—we saw it disappear beneath the waves. Whether it sank or the waters rose, we could never tell; we only knew it disappeared; and when it reappeared after a few moments, like a huge whale, not only were the unfortunate garrison gone, but the guns and carriages as well. Imagine, if you can, how the water lifted those immense masses of iron, weighing many tons, and offering no holding surface, from their resting places and tumbled them out of the 8-foot parapet. No one will ever know how it was done.

As the last rays of the setting sun gilded the slopes of the Andes, we saw, to our horror, that the graves were yielding up their dead. In concentric rows, like chairs in an amphitheater, the mummies of the long-buried aborigines rose to the surface. They had been buried in a sitting posture, facing the sea. The soil, impregnated with nitre, had thoroughly preserved them, and the violent shocks rending the dry earth above, had uncovered this frightful city of the dead. Words can not paint the ghastliness of the scene. In addition to what we had already gone through, it seemed as if the Day of Judgment had come. The earth was passing away. We were tasting the bitterness of unutterable death. In the midst of these horrors, human bravery and courage rose supreme and we saw how Americans can die.

During the first of the disturbance we had lowered one of our large cutters and sent it in charge of a midshipman to rescue a number of persons drifting about on some wreckage. There was no sea on, yet to our astonishment we saw the fast pulling boat could make no headway, but went tossing about in the most erratic fashion. Finding he could not reach the people he was sent to save, the officer attempted to return to the ship. That, too, was impossible, and presently his struggles were ended by his boat being dashed violently against the side of the America and crushed like an egg shell. Fortunately the crew managed to scramble up to her deck. There they found a scene which beggars description. Order and discipline were lost. Officers and men ran about screaming while others, on their knees, were imploring the saints to help them. Meantime the heavy guns which had been cast adrift in a vain attempt to throw them overboard, and so lighten the ship, when she took the ground, were running riot. With every send of the sea they crashed madly from side to side, crushing everything in their path and strewing the deck with bloody victims. Nothing is more to be dreaded than a loose gun on an old-time mount in a sea way. It seems possessed of a demon, and baffles ordinary means of control. Some of the America's spars, too, had been carried away, and still further lumbered her decks. Worse than all, fire had broken out near the engine room and threatened the after powder magazine.

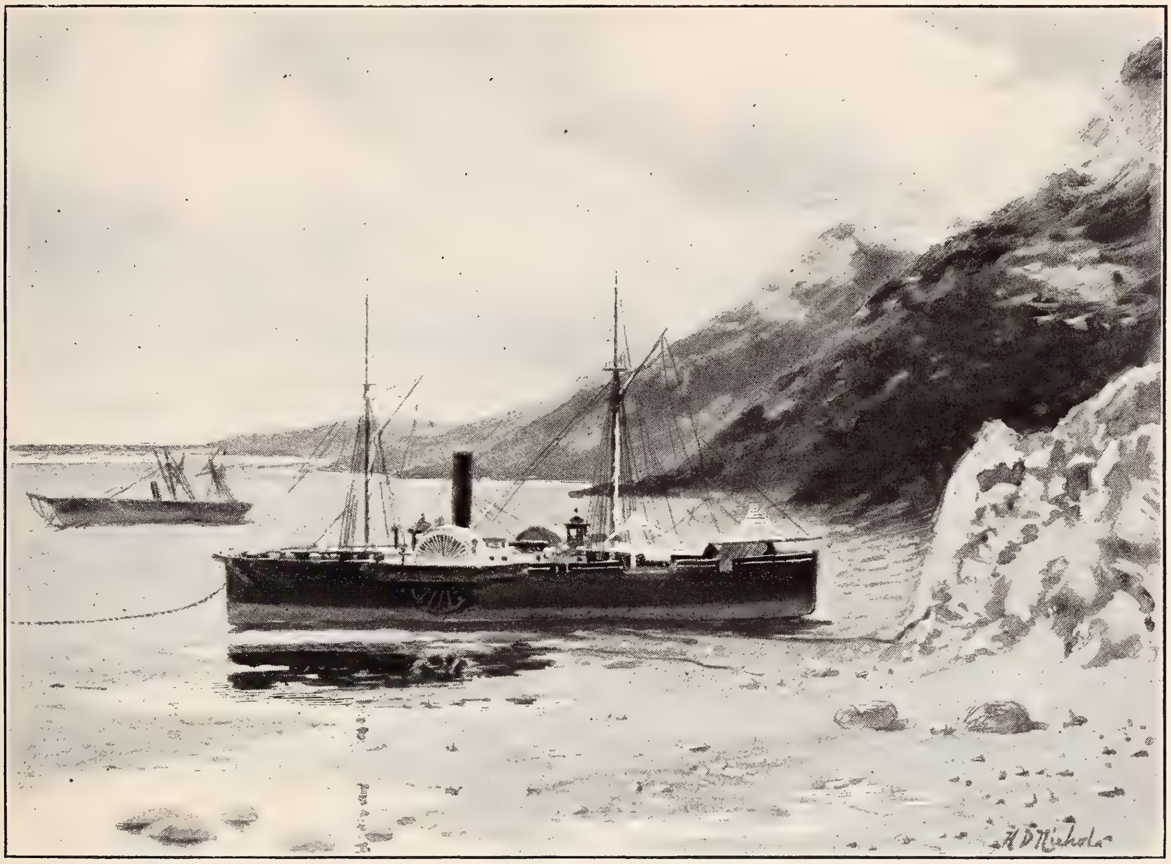
Finding the panic stricken Peruvians helpless, this gallant young midshipman, a mere lad of 18 or 20, quietly took command, with his crew of 13 stalwart Yankee tars. Making a line fast around his waist, he was lowered into the burning hold and flooded the magazine. Then, by choking the rampant guns with masses of hammocks, he soon had them secured, extinguished the fire and calmly awaited events.

No one born under our glorious flag could help feeling proud of the courage, discipline and self-reliance displayed by our officers and men. While the crew of the ship of our sister republic were simply an ungovernable mob, whose cries pierced the air, our men stood in battle array, grouped around their guns, every man at his station, ready to obey any order given by the keen eyed first lieutenant. Not a word spoken nor a movement, except when a command called for instant obedience.

When men are taught self-reliance and command as were our sailors during the 4 years of battle and storm we had just passed through, not even Nature's greatest convulsion could shake their courage, and we determined, if we could not live, we would emulate the example of the heroes of the Fredonia and show how American sailors can die.

Soon this heroic resolve was to be put to the supreme test. It had been dark some time, and we knew not where we were, the absence of the usual beacon and shore lights adding to the confusion, when about 9.30 p. m. the lookout forward hailed the deck and reported "Breakers ahead!"

Sure enough, we saw, first, a thin line of phosphorescent light, then, coming nearer and nearer, swelling higher and higher, it seemed to reach the sky and blot out heaven. Its hideous crest gleaming with phosphorescent death light, showing us the sullen masses of water beneath; its approach heralded by the thunder of a thousand breakers combined, the dreadful tidal wave was upon us at last. Of all the terrors of that awful time, this seemed the worst. Chained to the spot; helpless to escape; with all preparations made which prudence or skill could suggest, we were doomed to watch the monster's swift approach without the sustaining sense of employment.



WE FOUND WE WERE ON DRY LAND!

That the ship could ride through the masses of water about to overwhelm us, seemed impossible. We could only grip the life lines with a convulsive shudder and with clenched teeth wait; while the leaden-heeled moments delayed the final catastrophe.

It came! With a deafening crash our gallant ship was overwhelmed and buried deep beneath the semi-solid mass of sand and water. For a breathless eternity we knew not whether we were to live or die; and then, groaning in every timber, the stanch old Wateree struggled again to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the holds provided for them, some seriously injured, but, thank God, none missing; none killed. A miracle it seemed to us then, and as I look back through the years it seems doubly marvelous now.

Presently the motion of the ship seemed to cease, and lowering a lantern over the side we found we were on dry land!

For some time we remained at quarters, until, finding the ship stationary, the order was given to pipe down, which was followed by the welcome order "all hands stand by your hammocks." Such of the crew as were not on watch took their hammocks and calmly made their way through the re-opened hatches, to the sodden, bent deck—*to sleep.*

I know not what dreams visited the pillows of those brave fellows; but to me, one of the wonders of that indescribable night, was the prompt and cheerful obedience to orders shown by those sorely tried men.

Next morning broke on a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. We found ourselves in a little cove, or indentation in the coast line, having been carried 5 miles up the coast and nearly 2 miles inland. The wave had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley and over the railroad, leaving us at the foot of the seacoast range of the Andes. On the perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and by measurement found it to have been 47 feet high, not including the comb.

There we lay, on as even a keel as if still afloat, with our bow toward the sea, our flag still flying, and our starboard anchor and 100 fathoms of chain led out as carefully as we could have placed them there! Was it possible this heavy anchor and chain should have drifted with us throughout all the mazes of our voyaging of the afternoon? And why was not the chain parted at least by the last shock, as were the other 4? Vain questions, impossible of solution.

We found near us the wreck of a large English bark, the Chanacilla, which had one of her chains wound around her as many times as it would go, thus showing she had been rolled over and over. A little nearer the sea lay the America, on her bilges, and the sand was strewn with the most heterogeneous mass of plunder that ever gladdened the heart of a wrecker. Grand pianos, bales of silk, casks of brandy, cases of wine, furniture, clothing, hardware, anything imaginable, was there. A rough estimate placed this emptying of the Custom House at $1,000,000.

Our first work was to establish a cordon of sentries, while a strong working party stove in the brandy casks and shattered the wine cases, for we did not purpose having drunkenness added to the other horrors surrounding us.

One of the incidents of the morning was the return of the boat's crew from the wrecked America, not a man missing, and the laconic report of the youngster in command:

"Returned on board, sir. I have to report the loss of the second cutter, 12 oars, and 2 boat hooks, but we saved the flag, sir."

The surviving Peruvians promptly deserted the ship when it was discovered she was on dry land, and were drowned by the next incoming wave, which, though not a breaker, was high enough to sweep them away, while Taussig, our officer, held his men until daylight.

What of Arica? We found but desolation and death there. Where once had stood that pretty little city, a flat, sandy plain stretched before us. Except on the outskirts, higher on the mountain, not a house marked the spot. Built to withstand earthquake shocks, the houses were low, few boasting a second story, with light roofs and thick walls of adobe brick. The shock first leveled them, and then the waves dissolved and washed them away.

On the higher slopes, a few houses, part of a church, and a hideous mass of *debris* composed of everything, including corpses, was piled 20 or 30 feet high. This was all that remained of Arica.

A VALLEY BEYOND ARICA
View Showing the *Debris.*

The loss of life was proportionate to the destruction of property. We could not ascertain exactly how great it was, but as all provisions, clothing, and even fresh water, were destroyed, the pitiful remnant of people who gathered about the Wateree, living on our stores, in tents made of our sails, told the tale as could no words.

It was 3 weeks before relief came, and it was a proud day for us when the first ship to arrive was our staunch old frigate, Powhatan, loaded with stores, which were distributed among the destitute survivors.

A careful survey of the Wateree proved that, while she was practically uninjured, it would be impossible to launch her; so after removing the most valuable part of her equipment, she was sold at auction to a hotel company. An epidemic of yellow fever broke up that enterprise, and the old ship was used successively as a hospital, a storehouse, and lastly a target for great guns during the Chilian-Peruvian wars; but her gaunt iron ribs still rise above the shifting sands, a fitting memento of the greatest of modern earthquakes.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

F. E. DANIEL, M.D.

"Give us a rest, oh, give us a rest," I sighed. Well, I've had a rest. I haven't exactly experienced James Whitcomb Riley's "Knee Deep in June," but have lazed during the sweltering days of August, lolling on grassy lawns, beneath breezy trees. In the cool of the afternoon, with the meek and lowly earthworm, we angled for the frolicsome mud cat, or beguiled the festive perch in the turbid waters of the Colorado close by the ranch where we ranched; we watched the sunset, reveled in the delights of 60 pound watermelons, and ate of yaller legged pullets, fryin' size. We plucked the luscious Chinese clings and other sun kissed, peachy cheeked clingers, to say nothing of cantaloupes.

We strolled down the meadow, late of evenings, watched the whistling mower as he mowed the Johnson grass, and tumbled on the mounds of new mown hay, like schoolboys, repeating, the meantime, those beautiful lines of Alfred Austin's "Maud Muller's brother Jake, raked the meadow with a 2-mule rake." Afternoons we strolled down to the river bridge and saw the picture Mrs. Townsend so beautifully paints of a summer day in the country:

The soft wandering gale fills a silvery sail
  That idly floats by on yon far away stream;
A frail spirit boat 'neath the other doth float,
  Faintly fair, like some beautiful dream of a dream.

It was a big thing, too, to see

The bee from the bosom of the red clover blossom,
  As he hurried to sip of the buckwheat in bloom;
While the down of the thistle and the blackbird's clear whistle
  Were blent with the summer day's light and perfume.

But the swelling on my chin was bigger, where one of those same bumblebees got in his work once, while I was trespassing on his fig preserves, which he and his were putting up for family use.

Much has been said and sung of the charms of pastoral life, and the milkmaid in her dainty cap has been an ideal which even queens have delighted to personate. Marie Antoinette didn't know a thing about milkmaids; she ought to have seen ours, out on King's ranch. She was a big, fat fellow with a sun-hurter straw hat and one gallus. To see him walk was not an idyl; and we had more than a suspicion that the milk was sterilized, or fertilized, by great drops of perspiration, about the size of a biscuit, which gathered on the old fellow's brow.

Mrs. Townsend sang of

Brownie and Daisy, milk laden and lazy,
  And the gentle eyed heifer half standing aloof;
While the dew dimpled grass softly yields as they pass
  To the lingering print of each slowly raised hoof.

That's pretty isn't it? Our Brownie was a white cow, a muley, and she was a kicker from away back. When she kicked the milkmaid with the gallus and the straw hat he kicked her back.

There was an alleged wag on the ranch, who was of a poetic turn. With his corncob pipe in his mouth, he'd saunter idly about, wishing something would happen; and when it did happen, when the big aerolite passed over one night, he dodged and ran under the cowshed. He'd say,

"Doctor, come; come into the deep tangled wildwood, and let us see the cornucopias cope and the honeysuckle suck."

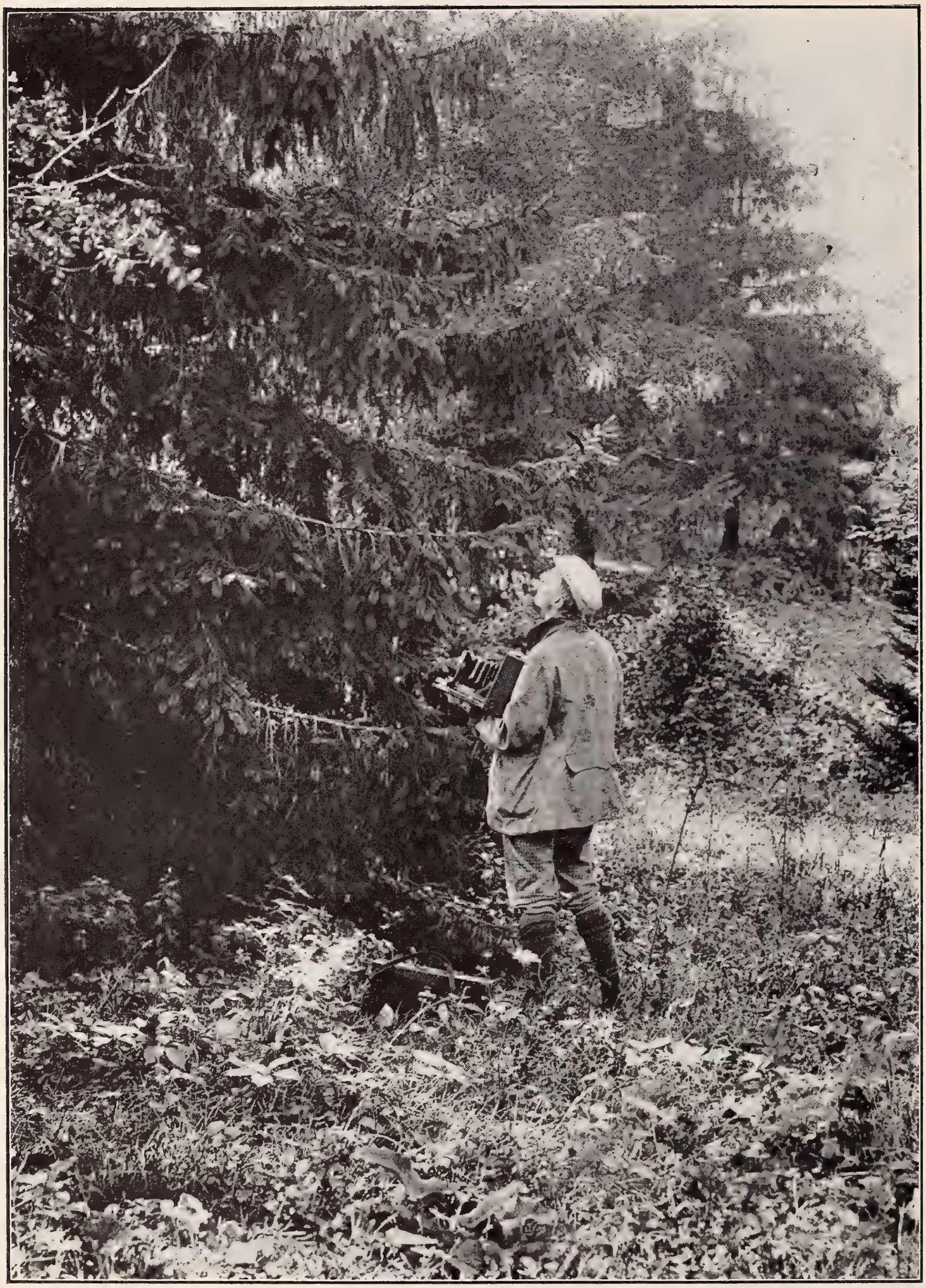
Not much I wouldn't; too much exertion. But I stooped to bandy words with him, for which I despise myself. It were pleasanter, I told him, to loll on the broad veranda in a hammock, and listen to the lilacs lie; or stroll into the meadow, and in the gloaming hark to the cornstalk, and hear the May pops pop; while the dear little grasshoppers sang "In this Wheat Bye and Bye."

Alas that all things fair and bright must fade. Summer has gone, and already are the bumblebees humming of autumn days coming. Soon the frost will be on the pumpkins and they will cease to pump. Back, now, to the harness and the mill, to grind out the despised but indispensable and ever elusive dollar, which no family can afford to be without.

"Jones is a man of remarkable foresight."

"How do you make that out?"

"He insisted on his relatives from Buffalo visiting him last winter."



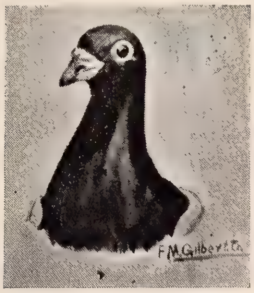
AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. J. B. PARDOE.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

Highly Commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Wizard Camera, Zeiss Lens, Velox Paper.

THE STORY OF A HOMER.

FRANK M. GILBERT.



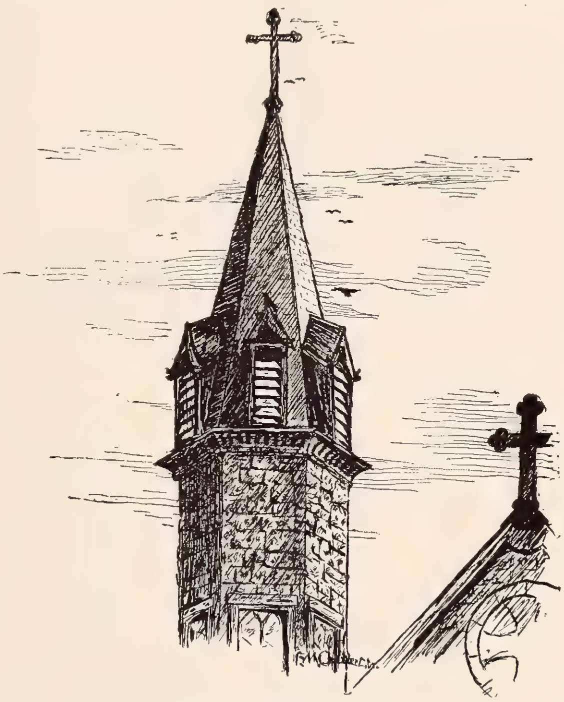
STEEPLE DICK.

I call him Steeple Dick because he was raised in a church steeple. To all intents and purposes he was a common, blue, town pigeon, just like so many that gain a precarious living flying around the streets and picking up what they can. In almost any large city the steeples and belfries are full of these nomads and they all pass as common pigeons, belonging to nobody; but to anyone who closely noticed our Dick, the bold, fearless look about the head, the full damson eyes, the tapering neck, the square shoulders, strong wings and short, compact body set on sturdy red legs, showed that he was something out of the ordinary. The wattle around his eyes and the other V-shaped wattle over his beak, also gave him a different appearance from the stragglers that picked around by day and roosted in the old steeple at night. Again, the others might grow careless while feeding, and narrowly escape the step of a horse or the wheel of a wagon in the street, or the stone of the small boy; but not so Dick. He was ever on guard and at the slightest motion was up in the air and out of danger. Though he did not know it, Dick was of royal blood, and thereby hangs a tale.

Across the water, in the kingdom of Belgium, the homer is almost a household god. There it is bred to perfection. No other pigeon is so bold and fearless, so full of bulldog tenacity, so full of royal courage. No other has that unfailing instinct that makes him stop at nothing, whether mountain or sea, ice or torrid heat; but will cause him, when released, to fly in a direct line to his home loft, where his mate and little ones are.

So high in esteem are these birds held that they are used as royal gifts. In 1894 the King of Belgium sent some of these homers to the heir apparent of England, who in turn gave some to a friend who was coming to America. By some means, a grand pair were released on a Western railroad. At the first dash they went high in the air, on their strong wings, with ever widening circles, their keen eyes looking for some familiar point. But all in vain. They had never been trained in America, and were strangers in a strange land. Day after day they flew, trying all points of the compass, but were baffled everywhere. One evening, after the ice of a sleet storm had clogged their wings, they settled on one of the highest buildings they could find in a city they had reached, and, closing up together, sat and shivered through the long night. Next morning brought a snow, and then, knowing that their last hope of any landmark was gone, they began to look for shelter.

It happened they had lit on a church. On one side of its steeple a slat, long battered by the elements, had given down and through this the royal pair saw many a street straggler come and go. They flew over and for a few days roosted with the other birds as best they could, caring for little save a place to sleep. But in a short time the first warm spring breezes began to blow through the steeple, and the breeding instinct became strong. The pair cast covetous glances at a corner of the steeple which seemed to have been left by the builders especially for a pigeon's nest. It was not long till, *vi et armis*, it was theirs.



THE HOME LOFT.

There Dick's career began, and it began alone, for the egg that was to have produced his mate was broken in a struggle for the nest.

Dick's first remembrance was of being imprisoned in something round, smooth and warm. He could feel at times a turning over of his prison, and hear a soft little coo. Something told him he must get out, so, with his diminutive beak, he began a tap-tap that soon made cracks in his prison walls. Then he would feel his prison turn again, and a gentle picking from the outside would crack the walls still more. Again he heard that soft coo, and feeling that he must answer in some way, he almost frightened out what little life he had by uttering his first squeak. Finally there was a break in the wall and a small wing slipped from where it had lain around his neck, and somehow got outside. Next, a weak little leg wriggled out, and it was only a short time till he felt he was free and lying under a soft, downy breast, listening to the most delightful coos of affection. Of course he was blind and there was nothing but down on his body, and of course he did not know where his head, legs or wings belonged; but the familiar beak would straighten them out and gradually place them as they should be. Then the beak would move around his head and lift it up, and his own little beak would somehow slip into that large one from whose depths would come the most delicious food.

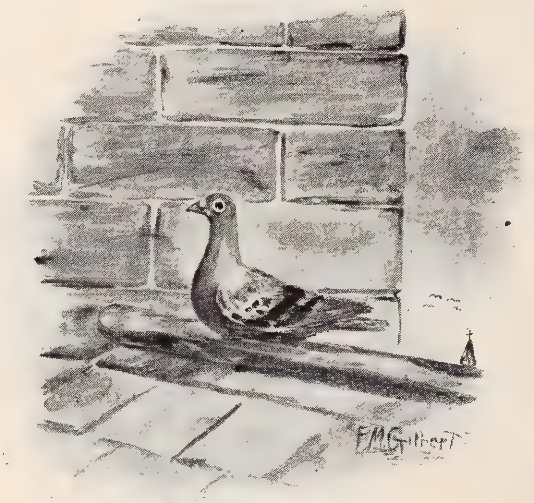
One day his eyes opened, and he saw a most beautiful mother looking at him with her loving eyes. Soon she stepped daintily off, and his great, strong father, one of whose feet could easily crush Dick, stepped into the nest, but oh so carefully, that Dick felt nothing till the warm breast was over him.

As Dick waxed in strength he began to "take notice." He would sleep contentedly in the nest, or look over the side, watching the other birds. But they were different from his parents. Their feathers were not so hard or shiny. Not a bird in the steeple had even a wire on its legs, while his mother and father had beautiful silver bands on each leg. If he could have read, he would have found that one band was the band of the Royal Homing Club, and the others were special bands won by wonderful flights. The father had homed from 1,000 miles away, while the mother had a velocity record of 1,500 yards a minute. Dick was very proud of those bands, and often wondered if they would grow on his legs.

Thus passed the days of his babyhood, till he was able to chase his parents out on the church roof and beg for food, or to take short flights with them; when one day they pecked at him and refused to feed him. Then his troubles began. Henceforth he must forage for himself. He flew around after the common pigeons and soon learned how to pick up a precarious living in the streets.

One sad day his parents disappeared. No doubt in the long days of nesting they had thought the matter over and decided to make one more trial to reach their old home, even if they had to cross the ocean to do so. Whether they dropped exhausted on some ship and were helped across, or whether some storm at sea swept them away forever, no one ever knew. If they died, it was while they were struggling on undaunted and striving to reach the old home loft in far-off Belgium.

Dick grew strong and full of vigor. Soon all the little pin feathers became matured and perfect, and a beautiful green sheen came on his neck. No bird could hope to fly as he did. He would dart into the air and soar in wide circles, with a great flapping of wings that made him the envy of all the others. He was the king of the steeple. He had long ago whipped the miserable speckled cock that used to perch at the broken slat every evening and meanly fight and keep out all the young and timid birds till they were nearly frozen. He had long ago beaten out the pair of common looking scrubs that had tried to steal the old home nest as soon as his parents left, and it was now his, where he perched supreme every night.



DOROTHY.

Early one morning he noticed a crowd of men, with watches in hand, open some large hampers out of which flew a great lot of pigeons. All started off North save one little hen, which seemed utterly bewildered. She would make short flights, but soon came back to her starting point, to sit there friendless and alone. Then again she would try, going high into the air, eagerly looking for some familiar landmark, but only to come back to the building where she first stopped.

To one who knows the homer and its ways, the explanation is simple. She was a young bird who had never been away from the home loft, even for a short trial flight, and, of course, had no bearings to aid her.

Dick had noticed her several times during the day. He had even flown a little with her, just for exercise; had noticed that she looked a great deal like his mother, and had 2 bands on her legs; but he had not been really interested in her until he saw her give up, utterly disheartened and worn out, and draw up close to a chimney, where she sat homeless and alone. Then all the chivalry in Dick's heart came in play. He flew over where the stranger timidly sat, and waltzed around in ever decreasing circles, uttering his tenderest love notes. The sun shone on his burnished neck; he spread his tail and walked forward, stopping just far enough away to show how gentle he could be, and how, though not desiring in the least to be pressing, still he wished to lay his heart at the feet of beauty. Never did bird tell such an ardent tale of love. He stopped and drew near the little stranger, and pretended to smooth his feathers, though the rascal knew that each was in exactly the proper position. Finally the object of his adoration walked up, stuck out her little beak, and Dick got his first kiss.

How easy, then, to fly over to the steeple and show her his home. How he coaxed and cooed while she preened the feathers on his head and neck, gently closed his eyes, ever and anon giving him a kiss, and cuddling close to him in the old nest.

Soon Dick became the busiest pigeon in the city. No common straw was good enough for little Dorothy's nest. Each twig, each straw, each bit of hay must be carefully shaken and investigated before the young husband would fly to the steeple with it; for the new nest must be the best one ever built there.

One day little Dorothy showed him an egg, and 2 days later another. Oh! how precious those eggs were, and how carefully the pair slipped on and off the nest. How they patiently waited till incubation should be over and the 2 little squeakers be ready to be fed.

One evening, just the day the eggs were both hatched, Dick watched and waited, but no little Dorothy came. Often he thought he must leave the treasured young ones and look for her, but he could not bear to go. Finally, with a glad coo, Dorothy appeared at the old slat. Hardly daring to rest on it, dragging one useless leg behind her, she fluttered as best she could to the nest. While she had been hunting carefully for just the kind of scraps to make the proper food for the nestlings, a boy had shot her, mangling one thigh.

How tenderly poor Dick tried to help her, but it was of no avail. With one leg under her and the other lying a useless thing by the side of the nest, the little mother took up the night's vigil.

What matter the fever? What matter the agony that shot up and down her whole side, making her eyes look sunken and her feathers ruffled with pain; all save those plastered to her side with blood. Her little nestlings were under her, and that was enough. Of course Dick took up most of the burden. Early in the morning and late as he could see in the evening, he was out hunting food for the young; so that Dorothy might have little to do; but he could not feed her, and it was pitiful to see her limping along, driven away by the stronger birds, and gaining a more precarious living than ever.

The young grew fat, however, for Dick cared for them. Dorothy's leg soon healed, though it had to be held at an angle from her body, and she still covered her little ones at night.

One night there was a sudden noise, a door was pushed open and a blinding light filled the belfry. The frightened pigeons knew not which way to go. Two boys began to catch them, stunning some with blows of a stick or ruthlessly clutching others off the nests.

"Here's a cripple," said one as he swept poor Dorothy off her little ones.

"Never mind," said the other, "slap it in the sack. They won't notice it." Dick was jerked from a corner back of the nest, where he had hidden to escape detection, and in a few moments no pigeons were left in the old steeple save those too young to fly.

The sacks of pigeons were put in a wagon and jolted to a place where in turn the birds were put into long boxes, and left the remainder of the night. Till the next afternoon, they stayed there without a drop of water or a grain of food, when they were taken to a long, low meadow, where a lot of men with guns were gathered.

Then Dick knew what it meant. The birds had been caught for a shooting match. In his great flights over the surrounding country, he had seen this same thing before; pigeons put into little traps, a word given, the birds thrown into the air, only to be cut down by the deadly shot of the marksmen who stood at a certain distance back at a line.

But Dick, being a bird of more than ordinary intelligence, had noticed another thing: that good strong birds which started directly away from the crowd and on the other side of the traps, and flew low, confused the shooters and thus got safely away. In fact, many a crippled bird that had stopped at the steeple had told how it was done. So Dick's heart throbbed with hope, and the old courage of his race surged through his blood and shone in his eyes. If only he could get near little Dorothy, to tell her what to do! By good fortune, in the shifting of the boxes to get fresh birds, he heard her soft coo and hurried to her side. He saw that she was suffering, and that the torture of the close sack and the crowded box had greatly injured the mutilated leg.

Her turn soon came. The boy who took her out cramped the poor stiff leg close to her body, so she might pass muster, and therefore when she was put in the trap she was half crazed with pain. When the trap was pulled she sprang up with every vestige of strength she had; but with only one leg fit to use she toppled over and before she could right herself she fell, a bleeding mass of feathers: killed almost before she left the trap.

Then poor Dick knew that all rested with him, and like a stoic he waited. The boy who pulled him out saw no fear in the brave eyes. He found no resistance in that compact body. Dick was ready.

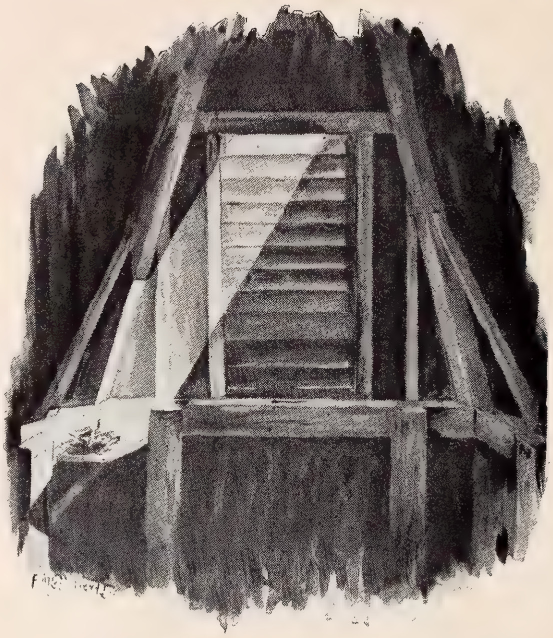
When the trap flew open, he ran rapidly along the ground a few paces, and sprang into the air with a burst of speed such as gave his mother a record.

"Bang!" went one barrel of the shooter's gun, but not a scratch. "Bang!" went the other, and the shot didn't even reach Dick. He was already thinking of his starving nestlings in the old steeple, when up, seemingly right out of the ground in front of him, rose one of those miserable scouts who hang around a shooting match. Too stingy to take part in the match and pay for their shots, they hang around the outskirts to kill the lucky birds that have escaped, and the poor cripples that, with desperate flutters, have gotten out of bounds.

When Dick saw this fellow, he darted up like a flash, his strong wings beating the air in a perfect agony of fury as he strove to rise out of shooting distance. Too late! A moment and he fell to the ground, his life blood staining the copper sheen of his breast, a film coming fast over the bright and fearless eyes, the feet clutched tightly together, as with a gasp the bold spirit departed.

* * * * * * *

That night the moonbeams stole softly through the windows of the old steeple, and lingered a moment tenderly on 2 little dead forms in the lonely nest. They, too, had had their long hours of suffering. The first night when their mother's warmth was taken from them was bad enough, but their crops were full, and that was a help to keep them warm. All through the next day no parents came to keep off the chill with their warm, downy breasts. Not a drop of water, not a bit of food. The little sister first began to shiver and gasp and cuddle more closely to the sturdy brother. He wondered why she grew so drowsy, and why, when he tried to fondle her with his beak, there was no response, till finally she grew so cold and so still. Then he in turn began to shiver and gasp, his eyes became sunken and blue: one last shudder, and all was over.



THE MOONLIGHT LINGERED ON 2 LITTLE DEAD FORMS.

Thus Steeple Dick, little lame Dorothy, and the 2 little ones, orphaned in a day, 4 of God's feathered creatures, went to their death to satisfy the craving of a few men for what they termed sport.

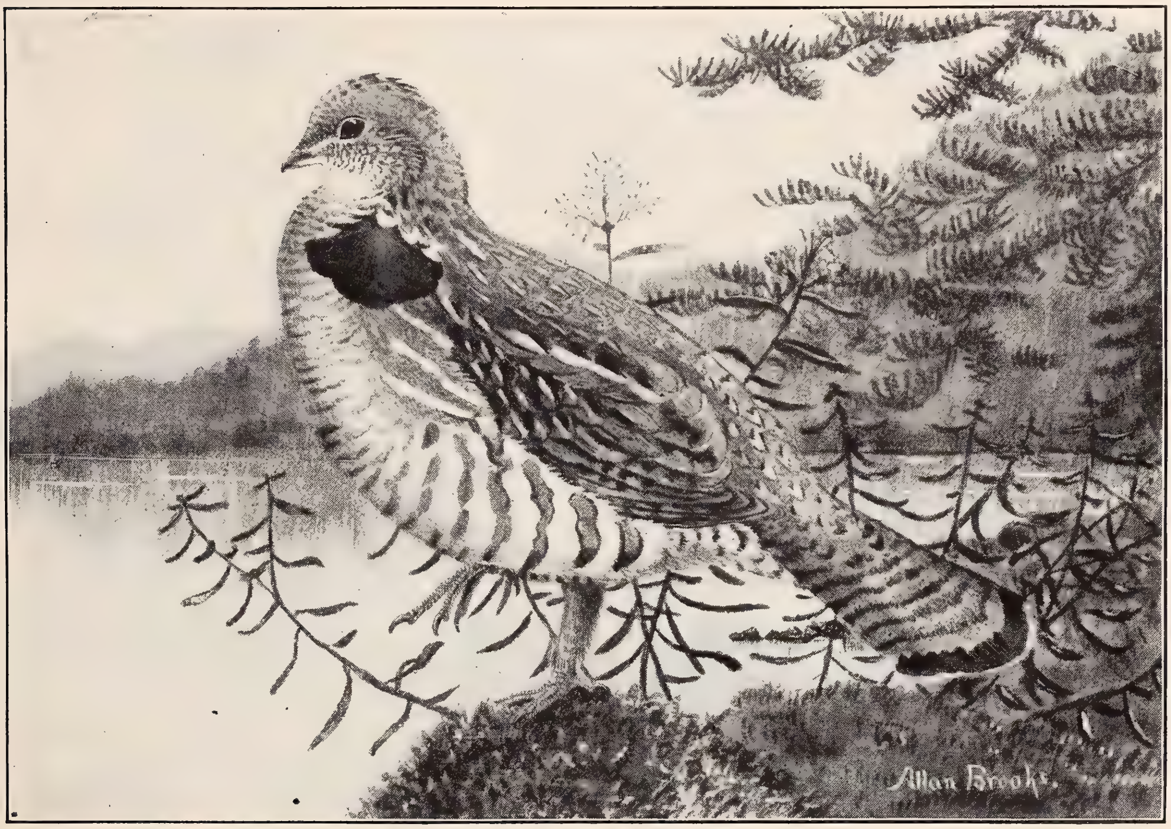
"Papa, what is a syndicate?"

"My son, it is a body of human beings entirely surrounded by money."

GRAY RUFFED GROUSE.

ALLAN BROOKS.

While the 4 races of ruffed grouse intergrade more completely than the subspecies of any other American bird, still the extreme forms look very different. A specimen of the gray ruffed grouse placed beside a typical Sabine's, or Oregon ruffed grouse, would convince any naturalist not an inveterate lumper that the forms are at least entitled to subspecific rank, the gray tail and upper surface and the lighter tone of the under parts of *umbelloides* being in sharp contrast with the rich, dark rufus coloration of *sabinii*. Still, in certain localities in Northwestern America a series completely uniting the palest with the darkest form can be collected in the space of a few miles.

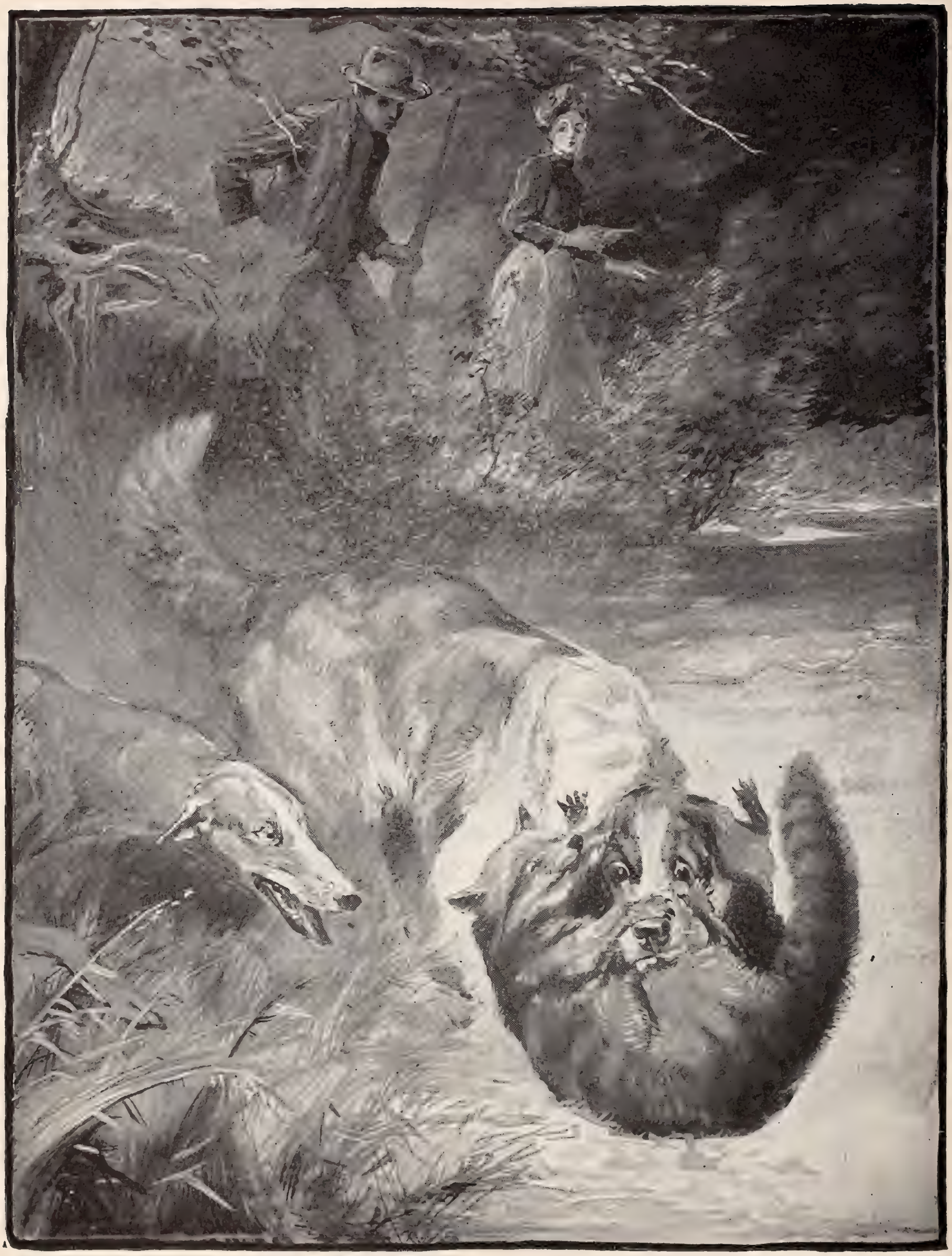


GRAY RUFFED GROUSE, *BONASA UMBELLUS UMBELLOIDES.*

Allan Brooks.

The range of the present subspecies, *umbelloides*, lies from Manitoba Westward to the Cascades, South to Utah and North to Alaska. Typical examples with a light gray tail and interscapular region are only as a rule found on dry, sparsely wooded uplands. Throughout the above range wherever the timber is dense and the climate humid the grouse will approximate to one of the other 3 forms, *umbellus*, *togata* or *sabinii*.

In habits the gray ruffed grouse does not differ from the typical species, being the same fast flying, hard dying, gamy bird; but he never, even in the utmost solitudes, acquires the utter disregard of man so characteristic of other grouse when unmolested. With a properly trained dog the wariest grouse falls an easy prey to the pot hunter, and no form of shooting requires less skill. When using a small caliber rifle there is some sport in it; but to churn a load of shot into a grouse, at short range, sitting stock still on a limb, is little short of murder. Sportsmen should always protest against this brutal practice. The sneak box duck hunter, or even the man who browns bay birds, is far more of a sportsman than the man who kills treed grouse with the aid of a cur and a shot gun.



IT WAS A CIRCUS.

RANCH LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

OTTO FRODUL.

In the spring of '91 we moved to a farm South of Visalia, Cal. Our family consisted of my brother, his wife, and me, with our 2 dogs, Nero and a greyhound. Nero was a cross between English setter and St. Bernard, and was an intelligent, faithful and courageous dog.

A bayou of Elk river flowed through our ranch not far from the house, and in spring, when the snows melted on the mountains, this became quite a stream, though at other times an insignificant affair. In the spring of '91 it was more than usually swollen.

Soon after coming to the farm we noticed that our poultry diminished rapidly, and found a multitude of tracks in the path, resembling the impression made by a baby's foot. Often, at night, Nero's barking announced the work of the thief, but we did not know it.

One afternoon when Nero and a boy named Fred, who lived near, were prowling along the banks of the bayou, Nero suddenly announced game in a hole in the bank and quickly yanked out an animal which proved to be a coon, our depredator. A furious fight took place in the water, sometimes Zip on top and sometimes Nero. At last, however, Nero got the upper hold, dragged his enemy out and dispatched him. A prouder dog never lived. His scars, and they were many and deep, were forgotten in the glory of the victory. He followed to the house at the heels of the man who carried his victim. The coon weighed 31 pounds, the largest I have ever seen

Nero soon developed into a fine hunter, and we made it hot for coons and badgers. Indeed, Nero taught me to hunt. The greyhound, in daytime, devoted most of his energies to rabbits, but at night Nero went for more important game. Coyotes they would bark at and sometimes chase, but they did not seem to want to catch them.

Coons furnished us much pastime, and we caught and killed a great many. They are crafty depredators, hard to circumvent, hard to kill, harder to trap. They were usually caught. or shot, in the trees on the river bank. One would sometimes leap into the water from the tree. Then there was a naval battle, for Nero would instantly plunge in and the conflict would take place there. The result was always the same. Nero's powerful jaws would soon settle Zip's hash.

On one occasion the coon perched himself far out on a limb. I shot him with salt, instead of shot, so as not to kill him. We wanted a fight. He sprang from the tree and came to the ground with a frightful thump within 6 feet of my sister-in-law, who was an interested spectator. Then, what a fight! We, brother and I, 2 dogs, a coon and a woman, running, charging, shouting, growling, shrieking, snarling! It was a circus.

On a subsequent occasion Nero made a great noise in the night. My brother was shut in with a broken leg, and Jessie, his wife, taking a revolver, went out to see what was up. Bang followed bang, and brother called to me to go quickly and see what Jessie was killing. She shot till she emptied the revolver; then I brought him down with the rifle, a coon. He weighed 27 pounds!

One fine morning, along with a neighbor boy, I treed game in a great willow by the river. A small hole 5 feet from the ground and another 12 feet high indicated coons. From the snarling when a stick was punched into the lower opening, I concluded there was more than one coon, so we proceeded to catch some of them in a sack. Cutting a hole near the ground and enlarging the hole 5 feet high, I built a smudge in the hollow, to smoke them out. Clarence held a sack over the lower hole. I fired up the smudge and watched the upper opening. The mother and one child escaped. The father I shot. Nero killed 2 children, we caught one in the sack and took one from Nero crushed so it died in a few hours. Out of 7 only 2 escaped. With Nero's assistance, I have killed more than 100 coons, one of which weighed a little more than 30 pounds.

The young are born in spring, from 4 to 6 at a litter. In a few months these are able to go hunting with their poor but dishonest parents. They eat frogs, fish, mice, crawfish, birds, chickens, eggs, ducks, even turkeys, and have a fine taste for fruit. They are gourmands, as well as epicures. Average weight seems to be 24 to 26 pounds.

Hunting one day near the river, the dogs ran something into a big hole in the earth. Removing my coat, I protected one hand with a sleeve and thrust in to haul the game out. A sharp bite and a lacerated hand were the results. Nero then dug rapidly in and dragged out the game—a badger! Each had a grip on the other's mouth, but after a fierce fight Nero finished him, coming out of the battle with several honorable scars.

Evidently the victim had been driven to earth short of his own home, for there was only one opening to the burrow. Had he been at home he would have had several exits to his house.

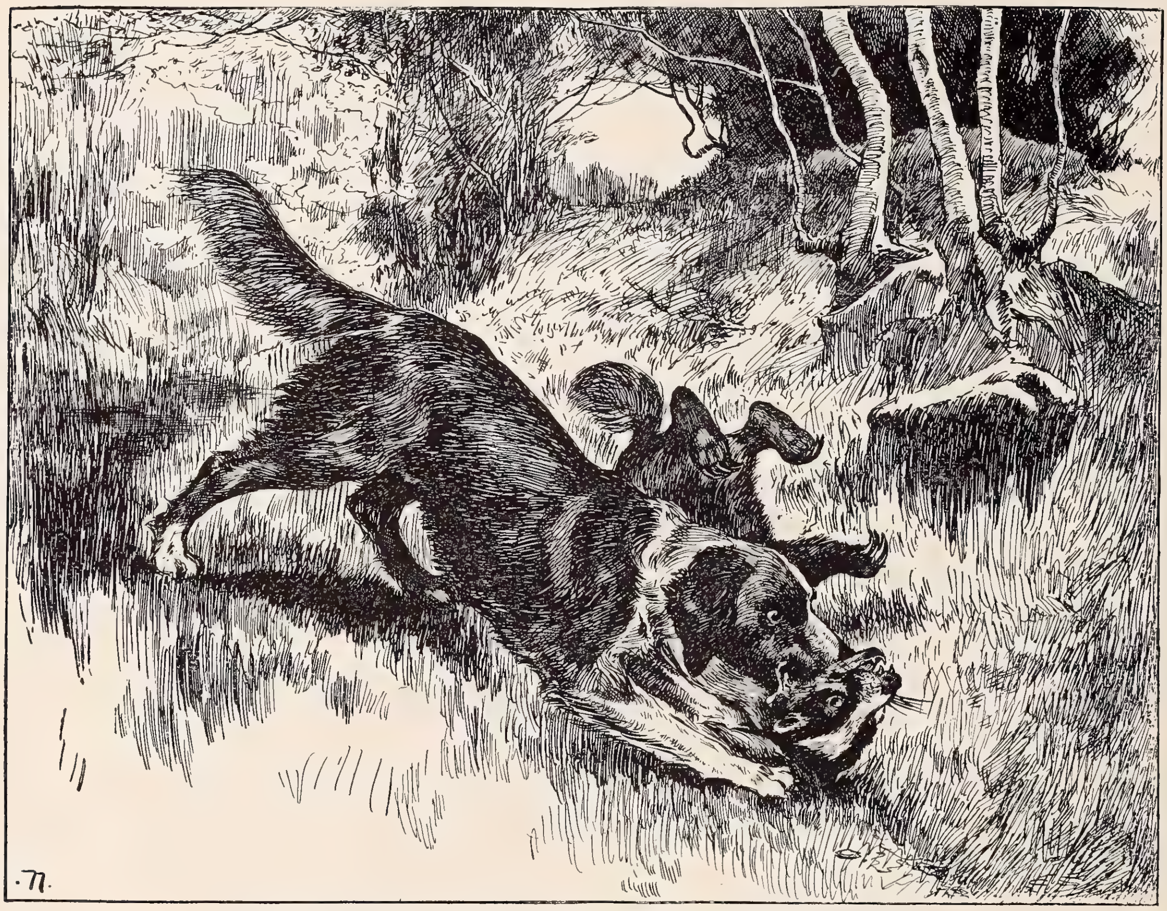
The badger lives on much the same food as the coon. When pursued to their burrows, they dive and fill the hole up behind them by kicking the dirt backward. This is done so rapidly that the dogs, hot on trail, sometimes find the door closed inhospitably in their faces. Badgers weigh, full grown, 28 to 32 pounds.

Nero once treed a wildcat. Hard pressed, it had taken refuge in a hollow tree and its head could be seen through the opening. Nero stood guard around the hole. The greyhound stood around watching. I threw clods to scare the cat out. Finally it rushed out, and then the fur flew. Nero rushed right on, and presently the cat sprang on the dog's back and tried to tear his eyes out.

Nero rolled over and the cat changed to a breast hold, trying to disembowel the dog. Finally, in fear the dog would get the worst of it, I seized a moment when the combatants were separated and shot the cat. Nero brought off several ugly wounds, but did not seem to feel them in his glory of the victory.

Bob weighed 38 pounds.

In an effort to get a suitable companion for brave Nero, I brought on myself a hunter's sorrow. I got a puppy, a cross between a Newfoundland and a bull. One dark night, when hunting down the river, the pup being along, we treed coons, we believed, in a leaning tree on the bank. The dogs were making a fearful racket, and when we got to the ground I could see the gleam of eyes on a limb 15 feet from the ground.



AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT, NERO FINISHED HIM.

Calling the boys out of the way, I shot and the owner of the eyes fell. Lighting a match, I bent over my poor young dog!

There were coons in the tree, but my heart was too heavy to hunt farther. We left the game and went home saddened and silent.

First Church Member: I would weed every heretic out of the church.

Second Church Member: Oh, I think you are too radical. Why, some of the best church members I know are heretics.

CAMPING AT HAMLIN LAKE.

R. L. SCHLICK.

Our long looked for day had at last arrived. We waited patiently for the gong to sound, in the engine room, that would start us off for a week of sport and recreation such as can only be had where the country is wild, game plentiful and fishing good. The trip we had been planning for 3 months was a reality.

A beautiful moonlight trip across Lake Michigan took us to Ludington shortly after sunrise. There our teams awaited us. We loaded one wagon and instructed the driver to meet us at the Narrows. The other wagon we boarded and drove swiftly off, first through heavy, green timber, then through a long stretch of tall, black tree trunks, through which forest fires had swept and were still smouldering.

We finally brought up at the game warden's, where we partook eagerly of a hearty breakfast. After that our host took us by way of steamer 5 miles up the lake, and landed us at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which is Dr. Rupert's cozy little cottage, which he built for the purpose of entertaining his friends. It is surrounded by a beautiful forest of hardwood timber.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. A. SCHLICK.

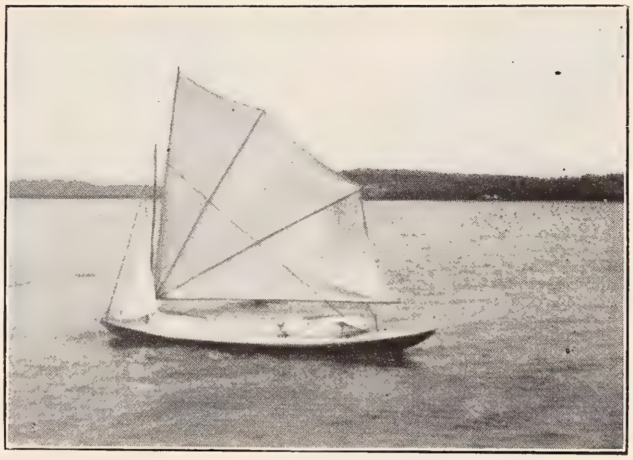
OUR BOAT.

A shout from across the Narrôws told us of the arrival of our teamster with provisions, luggage, and last, but not least, our Mullins duck boat, which I earned as premium for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION. This luggage had to be ferried across the channel, or narrows. That was soon accomplished and everything put in readiness for housekeeping, with the position of cook falling to my lot. Our plans included fishing, frogging, swimming, and sailing, with stories, songs, and music in the evening. My own great pleasure was sailing the boat, which, being side air champered, can carry a surprising quantity of sail and attain great speed. Little water was shipped over the side, although the sea at times ran high. With a strong breeze blowing, and all sail set, the side air champers kept the boat right.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY R. L. SCHLICK.

SUMMER JOY.

For trolling, our boat was especially adapted. In that case the sail had to be reefed, in order to slow down, as otherwise the spoon would be on top of the water. In case of a strike, we had to move quickly or run the risk of losing our catch. That made the sport more exciting.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. A. SCHLICK.

FULL SAIL.

We struck the right time for fishing, although we did not overdo it. While I did not make a count of our catch, I estimate it was not over 50 fish. These were bass, pike and pickerel. This catch was made by 6 men in 7 days. It included a monster sheepshead, which was caught the last day, by the kid and musician of the party, who was out alone, and thought he had caught a silver bass. His chest swelled high, but he quickly collapsed on being told it was only a sheepshead and unfit to eat. It weighed 11½ pounds.

We were sorry when our vacation ended. We hope to take another soon, and we know of no better camping grounds than the shores of Hamlin lake, Michigan.

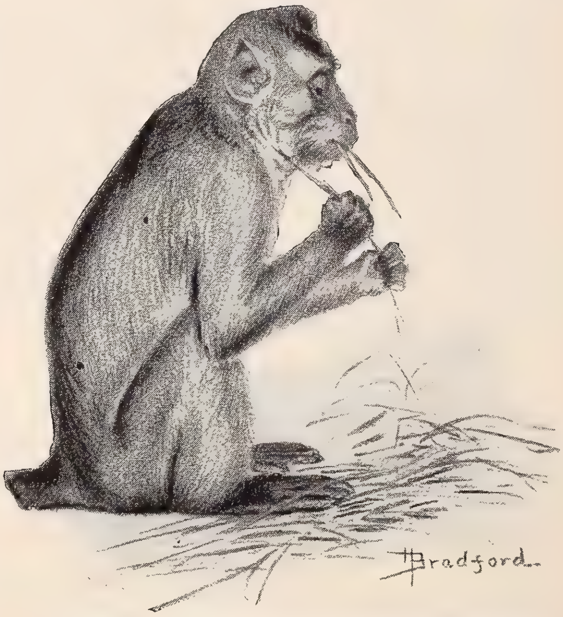
A SMALL PHILIPPINO.

MARY K. BRADFORD.

Nearly every regiment returning from the islands of the sea brings with it small pets which are made much of for a time, and if found too mischievous, are finally sent to some zoo, where they can spend their lives in giving amusement to the hundreds of daily visitors which throng such places, without being a care to those who transported them from their far away homes.

Such a pet is a tiny monkey brought recently from the Philippines, and naturally called Aguinaldo. His tail has all but gone in some of his wild escapades, but its loss seems not to embarrass him in the least, for he scampers around in a huge cage with his new friends on the best of terms. When he came, he was dressed in a cotton skirt with a waist having a loose, full front, made for him by some ingenious boy on that long voyage home. The skirt he did not mind, but the waist troubled him and every few minutes he would pull it down so it would not bag in front, thus giving him a curious, long-drawn-out appearance. When he ate, the sleeves seemed in his way, so each time he carefully rolled them up above his elbows.

Some monkeys stow away nuts and other food in their cheek pouches until a convenient season comes for eating such delicacies. Aguinaldo's keeper one day noticed that the little fellow had a swollen face, and on investigation it was found that a large nut had been forced into his pouch and could not be gotten out. The only way to remove it was by cutting through the monkey's under jaw from the outside. This was done without much trouble, and 3 or 4 stitches were taken, that the place might heal more quickly. The next day it was found that Aguinaldo had pulled out the stitches, but the keeper, not wishing to hurt the little fellow any more than necessary, let him go on with his play. Several days later, Aguinaldo was noticed filling his mouth with nuts, and, much to the amazement of spectators, was picking them one by one out of the hole in his neck! This seemed to afford him entertainment by the hour. Finally tiring of nuts, he took long straws and bits of string and pulled their whole length through this new hole that he had discovered! Here was something the other monkeys could not do, and for hours he would sit quietly in a corner as interested as any child in a new toy, playing in this strange fashion.



OTHER MONKEYS COULD NOT DO THIS.

Aguinaldo is a real monkey, and this is a true story; but the hole in his cheek was sewed up again by his keeper, who put him in a clean cage without straw, and fed him on soft food, so that now his cheek has healed, and he will have to find other amusement for his funny little brain.

A CAMP FIRE REVERIE.

ELIZABETH RUGGLES.

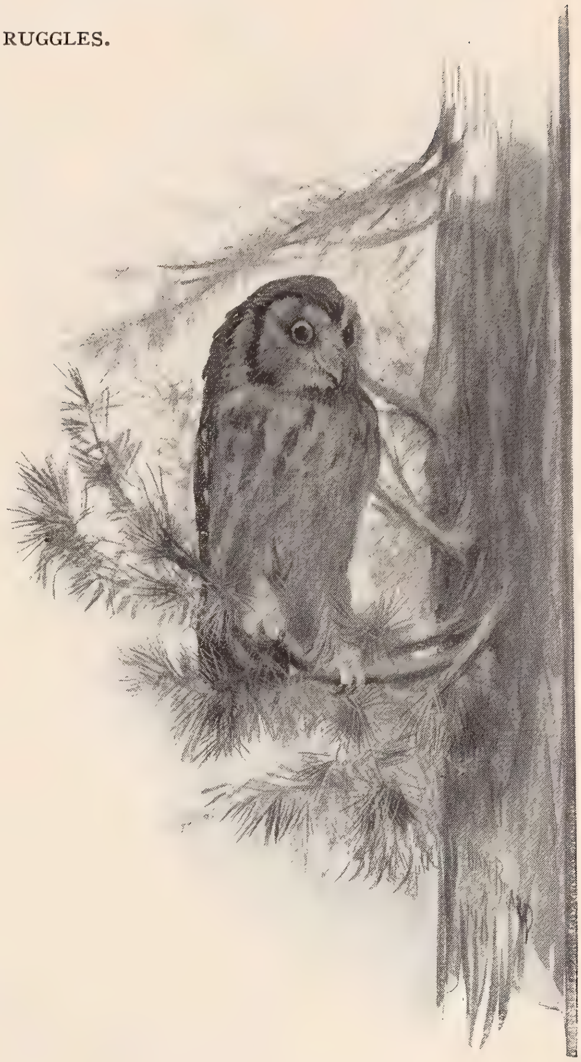
The sun has set,
The pale young moon
  Glides slowly forth to pay
A parting tribute
  To her lord, whose ray
    Has kissed her into life.

There is a hush o'er Nature,
  Like the last, deep, tranquil breath
Of the departing soul,
  Which scarce had Death
Severed from Earth,
  Bursts into melody
Which throbs, vibrating,
  Through Eternity.

So cometh night;
  And o'er the placid lake
The moonbeams quiver.
  A deer stoops to slake
His thirst and snatch a lily,
  Gold and white,
Glistening with dew
  That glows in the weird light.

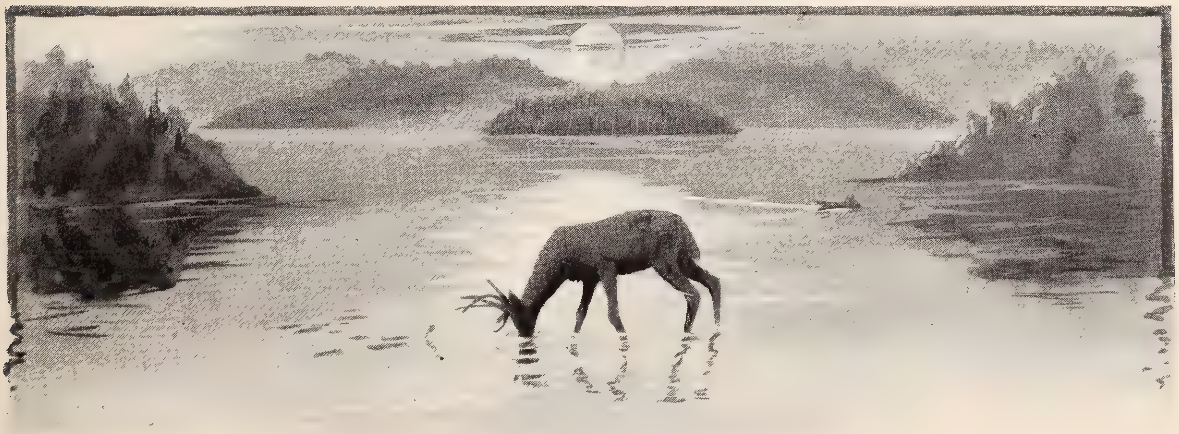
From distant tree top
  Comes an owl's shrill cry;
A boat steals forth
  And glides, all noiseless, by.
The camp fire, long neglected,
  Now burns low;
And as the embers die
  Anon they throw
    Strange, fitful shadows.

Now a soft night breeze
  Rustles the alders—
Sighs through the pine trees—
  Breathes on my eyelids—
Wafts dreams before me.
  Night, her soft mantle of sleep
    Has thrown o'er me.

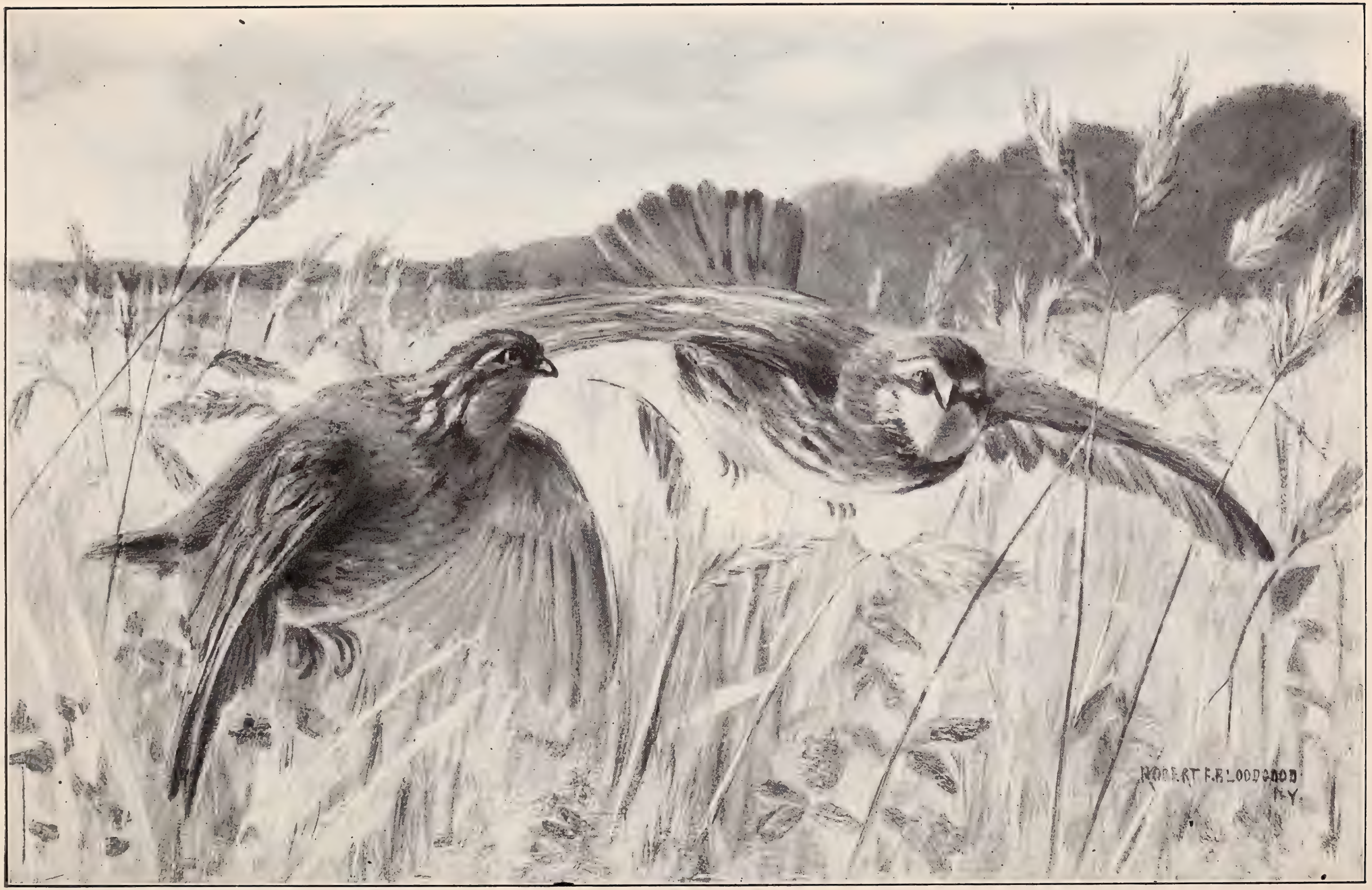


THE NIGHT WATCHER.

Slowly the wan moon
  Glides on toward the West;
All peaceful is Nature—
  The world sinks to rest.



STOOPS TO SLAKE HIS THIRST.


ROBERT F. BLOODGOOD
N.Y.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT F. BLOODGOOD.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

A VALLEY ISLAND.

A. A. FIELD.

"Ah, wilderness were paradise enow."
—Omar Khayyam.

Did old Omar sing thus of Nature in a spirit of world weariness or in the enthusiasm of the "fire of spring?" And were his glowing words, written "underneath the bough," where "many a garden by the water grows," but the inspiration of the "old familiar juice?" I think not; for to many a child of Nature, "*sans* wine, *sans* singer," a crimson lily blooming in the field, a bird singing in the tree, a butterfly dancing in the gold of the sunlight, were "paradise enow."

We look over our calendar, Romance and I, and find the days so thickly dotted with notes of floral events that to particularize is impossible, but we decipher swamp rose signals as a matter of such possible present advent that we hurry to visit that valley paradise. The day is fitted to the quest, so grandly beams upon us that "great inverted bowl they call the sky," across which are drifting stray bits of white fleece, like fragments of fairy lace torn from the rose draperies of a summer sunset.

Down in the valley the social and economic problems of life fret us not at all. We cross the little brook, on a rolling log placed there by a hand that is far more friendly than the log itself, which does not hesitate to dump us ignominiously in the muddy creek. We push our way meekly through the willows up on to a little island elevation, and the splendor of the Valley Queen bursts on our adoring eyes. Ah, the winter was long, the snow deep, and bitter was the wind, but our reward is here. No other bloom in the valley can compare with the splendor of this flower. The swamp rose, *R. Carolina,* is rare. The whole valley produces but 2 or 3 of its species; yet these plants all seem rugged and hardy, and are of luxuriant growth. The flower clusters are large, one stalk often producing 30 or 40 blossoms. It has much forethought for its devotees, not opening all its glory at once, but blooming at least 2 weeks, a dream of beauty. The flower is large, and on one bush are a rich rose pink in color. There is but a single row of leaves around the corolla, the stamens of which are unusually luxuriant in their rich gold. Its free blooming qualities recommend it to Romance and me. We do not follow the advice of Emerson, who

"Loved the wood rose and left it on its stalk."

We love it, but we go home laden with its great fragrant clusters, which need much delicate attention. Our cut branches usually spend the nights with their dainty heads submerged in the bath tub, that they may appear in their regal valley splendor.

Within a few feet of our carmine rose, blooms another of the same species, but bearing beautiful transparent white blossoms, with hardly a touch of red save in the unopened buds. There is never a rose without a thorn, and our swamp rose is amply protected.

This little island may be unproductive from an agricultural point of view, but to the naturalist and botanist it is a mine of treasure. It is surrounded by a willow creek that encircles it like a frame. Romance and I feel isolated from the world, of which we can see nothing but the great viaduct in the distance. Just beyond our dual queens is a great sweetbriar, whose dainty blossoms toss about in the summer air. This is a veritable rose garden, for here, too, we find the wild rose, blooming in helpless little clusters at every turn. Over the heads of the great purple painted thistles dances a yellow tiger, *Papilio turnus,* so gorgeous in clothing and aristocratic in his swallow-tail coat and breadth of wing; and a mourning cloak, *Vanessa antiopa,* displays his elegant black in the sunshine. Above us in a sturdy oak, and almost drowned out by the zee-zee-zee of a cicada, we hear a dismal little pewee, pathetically bemoaning the bitterness of his lot, or, at least, so sounds his plaintive pe-a-wee, pe-a-wee, to us. However, the sly little shade-loving fellow is probably in reality a cheerful, contented little body, and could we but interpret his moan aright, it would tell us a tale of great cheer.

Romance and I pass on into the willow line, leaving our roses to be harvested later, and are at the entrance greeted by that disagreeable member of the Arum family, the swamp or skunk cabbage, which must have been lately "riled up" by some passing cow. Were the skunk cabbage a less obnoxious growth, its early rising would be a most commendable habit, for, coming to the valley as early as the 11th of February, Romance and I have found this brave harbinger of spring pushing its chilly wav through the soft loam of the swamp. The inconspicuous, lumpy flower is hidden carefully by its shell-like spathe, and makes its appearance some time in advance of the great heart shaped leaves whose growth is so luxuriant and whose odor is so obnoxious. I have never been able to determine whether that little member of the family *mustelidæ,* called skunk for short, is an evolution of the arum, or the arum an evolution of the animal, deterioration not being noticeable in the pungent proclivities of either. "It is interesting," says Mrs. Dana, "to remember that the skunk cabbage is nearly akin to the spotless calla lily, the purpose mottled spathe of the one answering to the snowy, peta-like leaf of the other. Bears greatly relish this early green, which Mahan remarks must be a hot morsel, as the juice is acrid. It is said to possess some narcotic powers, while the root, when chewed, causes the eyesight to grow dim."

We push forward over a half broken calf path into a wild tangle of elder bushes and willows, through which are interwoven long, delicate tendrils of *Clematis virginiana,* or traveler's joy, as it is often called, which in a few weeks will be covered with great sprays of filmy, white blossoms, and later with a feathery fluff of seed plumes which are very decorative. Occasionally we find a wild cucumber vine trailing daintily across the great willow branches, its long green tendrils waving gently in the soft air, as much at home in its foreign foothold as though it were a rightful householder.

Across a froggy looking tributary of the little creek, we spy a great green dragon throwing up its stately single stalk in serene supremacy. With explorative eagerness, I attempt to ford the waterway on a deceitful old log, and down I go into depths of swamp mud of an ugly green color and a sickly odor. An arm and some yards of organdie bear marks of the woeful calamity. I take my mud-stained self down to the stream and obliterate such convicting evidence as I can. Romance, with my shining example before her, succeeds in crossing the frog pond with better result. But what matters it? We have accomplished our object. The green dragon is at our hand. It is one of the most tropical looking productions of the valley, and is usually rather difficult of discovery as well as of access. The single umbrella leaf of our specimen measures nearly 2 feet across, and is a veritable sunshade. Truly, the Arum family is well represented in this little corner. Shooting up from a decayed tree trunk are the 2 leaf stalks of a Jack-in-the-pulpit, or Indian turnip, which in the spring shielded a stiff backed little preacher and his velvety green pulpit. Later they disappear and in their place comes a spike of scarlet berries that add brilliance to one's winter bouquet. It is said the Indians used to make a nutritious dish by boiling these berries.

But are we not in some tropical jungle? High above our heads nod great lily stalks that will be objects of delight in a few weeks. Here, too, sway the tall, swordlike leaves of the *fleur-de-lis,* in all the arrogant pride of the aristocratic lineage of which this dainty flower is the emblem.

"Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil or spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence,
The meadow and the lin."

Here also grows luxuriantly the great tender stalked jewel weed, also called Indian jewel and ladies' eardrop. Its orange spotted, cuplike blossoms, hanging so daintily on a slender thread, are tossed up and down in the breeze like swinging jewels. A whirl of color comes flinging through the trees, and a magnificent redheaded woodpecker settles on the trunk of a chestnut near at hand. Surely this bird, wearing the national colors, should sit on the right hand of our representative eagle, so emblematic are his red head, white shoulders and dark wings, which show a rich blue in the sunlight; and, too, he seems imbued with the American spirit of thrift in a strong degree, storing away stray nuts and grains in secure niches of tree and fence. A dear little chickadee is making merry music from his black throat, sitting unalarmed on an elder bush, friendly little fellow that he is. Crossing to higher ground, we come to a great patch of belated oxeyed daisies.

"That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

rhymed Chaucer; and Wordsworth calls it

"A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

In the great thorn bush is singing the sweetest of wood warblers, a brown thresher whose song Thoreau has interpreted into "Drop-it, drop-it, cover-it-up, cover-it-up, pull-it-up, pull-it-up, pull-it-up," leaving off the "queer-queer-queer-queer-queer," that invariably closes the sentence. This merry singing mavis is one of the most graceful birds of our climate. His eyes are filled with intelligence, his tail with expression; and he is a sociable fellow when domesticated. My own "Tibs," of childhood days, ruled me with a rod of iron. Many a scream of censure has met my ears when the food was not to his liking, or I had put on an unfamiliar gown.

The day is passing, and we turn roseward again, but we are not to leave this Edenic valley without witnessing the usual tragedy. On the grass under the oak tree lies a tiny home, of June grasses interlined cunningly with horsehair, and near it 2 greenish blue speckled eggs, broken! What was the cause of the accident? An insecure fastening, a too frail twig? Alas! we shall never know. Over our heads are chicking 2 little chirping sparrows, the mother, whom we recognize by her more somber coloring, circling nearer and nearer the devastated treasure which held her heart. To her, Neltje Blanchan attributes an unusually strong mother love. She says, "In every group of these birds, throughout the summer, we can see young ones hopping around after their parents, that are often no larger or more able bodied than they, and teasing to be fed; drooping their wings when the weary little mother hops away from them, to excite pity for a helplessness they do not possess, and persistently chirping for food until she weakly relents, returns to them, picks up a seed from the ground and thrusts it down the bill of the sauciest teaser."

We are only making matters worse by our interference, and we steal quietly away, the plaintive "chick, chick," of the bereft pair following us; but we gather our roses while we may and forget, after the manner of our kind, hurrying homeward with our floral treasures securely held from danger.

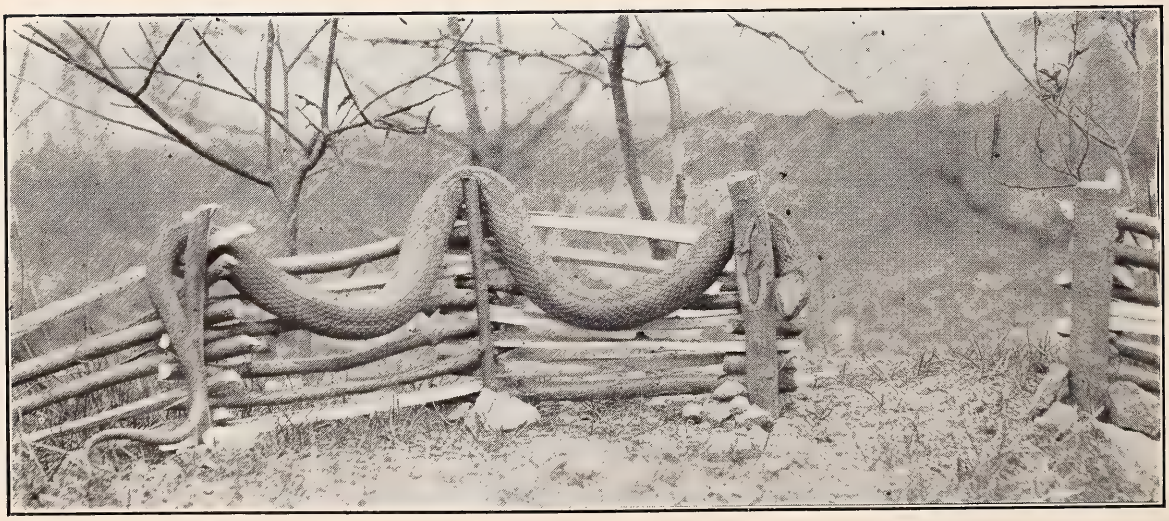
A FLORIDA KID ON A CAMP HUNT.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

IV.

We'd been layin' 'round th' fire er couple uv hours I reckon, an' it must er bin 8 er 9 o'clock, an' all ter onct Mr. Sam's dog got up an' run out fer's th' light shone an' growled th' biggest kind an' raised 'is bristles like he seen somethin' bad. Pa sez, "By grannies, fellers, there's er varmint out there som'ers," an' Uncle Dick sez, "That's no lie, Jim; there's plenty uv 'em in these woods," an' Mr. Sam sez, "Le's fix up th' fire pan an' see'f we cain't git er shot at 'im." We had en ole fry pan we'd brung along er purpose, an' Mr. Sam he got it an' went ter lashin' it on er little pole, an' I grab th' axe an' cut some fat splinters, an' Pa he drawed th' loads outen his ole gun an' charged her up with fresh powder an' rammed down 12 blue whistlers in each bar'l. In 5 minutes we wuz ready, fer we didn't have no time ter spare, 'casion uv its bein' most time fer moon up. Pa took 'is gun an' Mr. Sam took th' fire pan, an' Uncle Dick carried some splinters, 'an I led th' dog by er cord. We took off th' way th' dog seen th' thing, an' th' woods looked plum scairy by th' fire light. Th' pine trees looked like they wuz 200 feet high, an' th' live oaks looked er heap bigger'n in th' day time. Dreckly Pa sez, "S-s-s-h-h!" an' pinted off ter one side, an' I looked from behind 'im an' there wuz er pair uv eyes shinin' like fire by er palmetter bunch, but they wuz little an' close ter th' groun'. Pa sez, "It's er drotted pole cat," an' we walked towards it, an' shore nuff, there sot one er starin' at th' fire pan like he never seen it before. We went 'round 'im an' took down towards th' hummock, an' dreckly Pa sez, "S-s-s-h-h!" agin an' sez, "I seen 'im that time by that bunch uv bushes; he jumped back uv it. I bleeve its er catamount." We slipped along towards th' bushes without makin any fuss, an' th' dog begun ter git excited an' give er growl, an' I wouldn't er been out there by myself fer er $100. I fetched th' dog er little bat on th' jaw ter be quiet an' hadn't more'n done it when Mr. Sam stopped an' Pa fetched 'is gun up. I jest caught er glimpse uv somethin's eyes er shinin' through th' palmetter when Pa pulled down on 'im, bang! Th' ole gun fairly thundered, an' somethin' sez "E-e-e-yo-w-w!" an' jest tore up th' bushes goin' fer th' hummock. Mr. Sam sez, "Turn th' dog loose," but Pa sez, "Hole on, fellers; lemme load up," an' we stopped till he loaded up th' em'ty bar'l. Then we went ter where th' thing wuz er standin', an' there wuz blood on th' leaves an' big sign in th' sand where th' thing gathered itself an' jumped. The ole dog jest bristled 'is hair an' growled an' took th' trail straight fer th' hummock an' us after 'im. 'Round th' outside uv th' hummock wuz er strip uv high palmetter, an' th' dog charged inter it er growlin' mighty fierce. Jest then somethin' give er big jump an' lit on ter th' dog, an' uv al th' squallin' an' barkin' an' yelpin' I ever heern that shore beat it. Mr. Sam hollered ter th' dog, "Come back here, Ring, you durn fool! You'll git clawed inter doll rags," an' 'bout that time th' varmint made er couple uv big jumps inter th' hummock, an' we heerd 'is claws er rattlin' on er big live oak an' bark er fallin' an' th' dog bust out er bayin'. "He's treed, fellers, he's treed!" Mr. Sam hollered; an' in we went till we got clost ter th' dog, an' built er fire outen th' splinters we had left. We could hear th' varmint er breathin' in th' tree like it wuz nearly dead. Pa 'n' Mr. Sam went up mighty keerful an' dreckly they caught 'is eye through th' leaves an' Pa let 'im have one bar'l full in th' face, an' th' thing lit outen th' tree an' hit th' ground kerflam, an' let out th' worst squall I ever hope ter hear, an' kicked an' laid over dead. Ole Ring run ter 'im an' grabbed 'im by th' neck an' shook 'im mighty fierce, but th' pore ole varmint wuz done dead. It wuz er catamount, an' th' biggest, they al sed, they ever seen. He wuz big as ole Ring, 'cept his tail, an' it wuz mighty little. He had turrible bad claws, an' ole Ring got clawed up purty bad when they tangled in th' palmetter. We cut er pole an' Pa 'n' Mr. Sam toted 'im ter camp, which wer'n't over er quarter. The moon wuz er shinin' bright, an' we sot up er little while lookin' at th' ole cat. Ring wuz mighty proud in spite uv gettin' clawed, an' sot 'round big as Ike. I reckon it wuz 10 o'clock when we hit th' bed, an' I went ter sleep an' dreamt I caught er catamount in one uv my traps.

Nex' mornin' me 'n' Mr. Sam got up soon an' wuz in th' hummock time it wuz light 'nuff ter shoot, fer we wanted ter git er mess uv cat squir'ls fer breakfast. Th' hummock wuz ez purty I ever seen, mostly live oak an' hick'ry an' cabbage palmetter. Th' squir'ls wuz ever'where, look like; I never seen 'em so thick anywheres else. Ever' minute th' leaves would jar when th' squir'ls wuz jumpin' in th' cabbage trees. One run down er tree right at me, an' barked th' sassiest kind. He wuz so clost I couldn't shot 'im 'thout tearin' 'im all ter pieces, so Mr. Sam sez, "Lemme knock 'is head off with th' rifle," an' he cracks down on 'im, an' th' little ole squir'l jest natchelly tore th' bark off th' tree er climbin' an' hid hisself in er holler. I had to laff, an' Mr. Sam wuz shore chawed, an' went ter lookin' 'is gun over, an' sez, "By grabs, no wonder I never got 'im," an' shore 'nuff th' sights wuz sot fer 150 yards. I wuz sorter glad th' little feller got erway, he was so purty; but there wuz plenty more uv 'em, an' I wouldn't fool you. In er little while we had 14 an' quit an' went ter camp.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. EMERINE, JR.

THAT OLD-TIME SNAKE STORY.

Highly Commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.

A DAY'S FISHING.

ALLAN ERIC.

Not every devotee of the rod and reel seems aware that Lake Champlain and the region round about furnish some of the best fishing in the world. The waters of that region teem with fish in great variety, and an angler is always sure of making a good haul.

One of the many places in the Champlain region, not known to the casual visitor, is East creek, a stream which rises somewhere over in Vermont, and, in a halting way, as though doubtful of its welcome, enters the lake about opposite Fort Ticonderoga. At a certain point up this creek the fish are so plentiful that the water of the sluggish stream is filtered through them. They seem to bite just for amusement. An angler can never know about these rare places unless he has the confidence and the friendship of a competent guide, a native of the region and a sportsman.

We were so fortunate as to become acquainted with such a man. May his shadow never grow less! Considerable preparation is necessary in order to go up East creek. Special boats are required. They must be in several sections, like a boat sawed across 2 or 3 times, according to the length of the boat, and connected by strips of rubber, that act as hinges. This enables them to follow the windings of the creek. This creek, like a person stuttering violently, dashes along in a rapid succession of S-es.

After a smart row up the lake from The Locusts, with roaring waters tumbling after us, we entered the mouth of the creek, all well on board, but winded. In one boat were 2 ladies whom I shall call Jack and the Junior Partner. In the other boat were Dr. C. W. Schwartz, a reader and an admirer of RECREATION from its initial number, and a lady known as The Pilot, because she is a licensed pilot for Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence river.

At the Mount, from which Ethan Allen's forces hurled defiance and cast iron grape shot at the British, in Colonial times, we were joined by another boat, the most playful craft I ever saw. In it were our friends, Josiah and Samantha. Josiah was our guide. With a strong wind blowing up the creek, the boats, at times, went smoothly along without the aid of oars. At other times we had hard work to keep them from being blown into the tangle of grass along the low shores.

As we rubbered along we would first be looking at the stern of the Doctor's boat, then at the bow. Next we would meet our own boat coming back. The lines, with spoons attached, were let out for possible bass. Sometimes, where the creek made an unusually sharp bend, the spoon would be so far behind that the line would cut across a wide expanse of country between the part of the creek which we had left and the place where we were. It was not long before a bass struck on the Junior Partner's line. He didn't have long to wait, for she reeled right up, nearly to the tip of the rod, and had him in the boat before he had time to practice any nonsense.

Finally Josiah stopped and threw out the boulder, at the end of a long rope, which served for an anchor, and announced that we had reached the fishing hole. Hooks were at once baited with angle worms, the boats lying close together, and the fun began. The fish bit the hooks and they bit one another. They came into the boats in a steady stream, 2 at a time, on a single line. Many of them were pumpkin seeds, but a good many were watermelon seeds, and even little cucumber seeds were caught. These Josiah invariably threw overboard.

The fishing continued until the fish were actually in the way in the boats, when anchors were raised, and we started back, down the creek, to a place where a spring of water bubbled joyously up from below. There we were to camp and have dinner.

On the way we met The Traveler, with a flat bottomed boat, in which he had stepped a mast with a sail shaped like a sparerib. He declared he had sailed from Plattsburg in just one hour and 13 minutes, with the wind dead astern.

After dinner we continued down the creek, and returned home with all the fish any reasonable party could wish.

Client: That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls.

House Agent: Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent, orchids?—Exchange.

BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

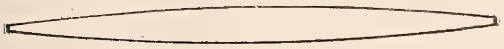
MOUTH OF MOON RIVER, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT, HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

EVERY BOY HIS OWN BOAT BUILDER.

J. M. MARTIN.

Those young men and boys who live or spend their vacations alongshore may be interested in learning how to build a cheap yet seaworthy boat. In the way I shall describe, 8 boys built a fleet of 4 canoes at slight cost, and in 3 working days. In these canoes they cruised Long Island sound, landing wherever night overtook them. When camping, the boats were carried high on the beach and a hollow square formed with them. Over this square the sails were spread and propped with the spars, forming a sort of tent in which the boys slept as comfortably as if at home.

To make such a canoe, get a piece of oak, 1¼ inch thick, 4 inches wide and 14 feet long, and shape it thus: leaving it 1¼ inch wide at the ends. Take 2 pieces of oak 1¼ x 6 x 22 inches; cut these like *B* and *C*. Then fasten these 3 pieces together with 3-inch screws, as shown in Fig. *D*.



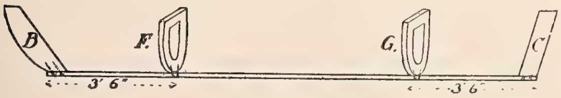


FIG. D.

These make the stem, stern and keel set up for the further building of the canoe. Next, get 2 pieces of clear, sound white pine 1¼ inch thick, 18 inches wide and 3 feet long, and with compass, saw and brace and bit cut them like Fig. *E*. After sawing out the center, place the rib on flat, replace the center piece and with a pair of common 2-inch iron butts make fast at 1 and 2, Fig. *E*. This will form doors for closets in each end of the canoe. Erect these ribs at *F* and *G*, Fig. *D*, and screw up through keel as shown.

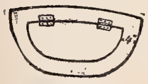


FIG. E.

Next, take 2 strips of oak 1¼ inch thick, 2 inches wide and 16 feet long. Cut one end of each on a slight angle to fit against stem; screw one fast at each side of stem, and bend around the 2 solid ribs as shown in Fig. *H*, cutting to proper length and screwing to stern post.

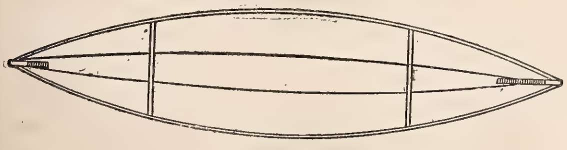


FIG. H.

Be sure both sides are evenly curved. In screwing through oak, bore first with a gimlet bit and countersink, or you will have hard work and probably split things as well.

Next get a lot of flat barrel hoops. If you are near a cooper's, new ones are best, but I have used them from old flour and sugar barrels. Fit these in, 3 inches apart, screwing them down to the keel with 1¼-inch screws. Judgment must be used in shaping these; always make them straighter toward stem and stern. By having a long thin strip you can determine the model of your craft by continually springing it from end to end up and down the ribs.

At a sawmill get 24 strips of pine 3-16 inch thick, 2½ inches wide and 16 feet long. Turn frame upside down and starting at the keel bend these strips lengthwise over the ribs, nailing through with one-inch wire nails. By holding the hammer head on the nail, your partner, from under the frame, can hammer down the point, thus clinching it. Put these strips first on one side and then on the other, so as not to get the frame out of shape. These strips go ½ inch apart, and must be narrowed at both ends to get the full number in at stem and stern.

Measure around your middle rib, from keel to oak strip. It will be about 32 inches. Procure 10 yards of canvas of this width, of a grade costing about 30 cents a yard. Daub the outside of keel with thick paint, and starting one inch past the center line of keel, tack on canvas with galvanized tacks every half inch. Stretch canvas well and tack on oak strip at top. Lap around stem and stern posts. Do the same on other side and you have your canoe.

The deck is constructed as shown in Fig. K. The cross deck beams are one inch thick and 1½ inch deep. They are planked over with same stuff as was used in hull, namely 3-16 x 2½, and all is covered with canvas tacked over the edge on oak strip. When deck is covered, spring 2 pieces of one inch half round moulding on oak strips, which will form a finish and cover the tacks.

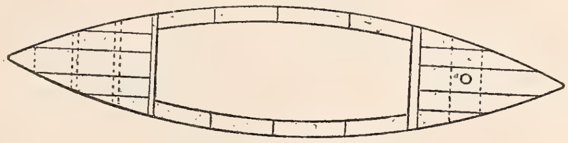
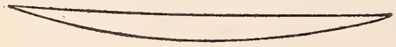


FIG. K.

On front deck we put a piece of 1¼ x 4 oak through center. Through this we cut a 2½-inch hole where the mast goes, as indicated in Fig. *K*.

Around the cockpit put a coaming ½ x 3 inches, and in the angle between that and deck put a piece of ¾-inch quarter round stuff.

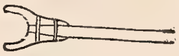
Turn canoe over and screw on a false keel, cut thus



out of 1 x 5 inch pine. This serves in place of centerboard.

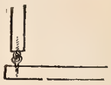
The canoe proper will then be complete. Give it a good coat of boiled linseed oil and while that is drying turn your attention to the sail.

You want a mast 2½ inches thick at the large end and 5 feet long, and 2 spars about 2 inches at large end, 1¼ inches at small end and 12 feet long. Put a pair of jaws on the boom, thus:



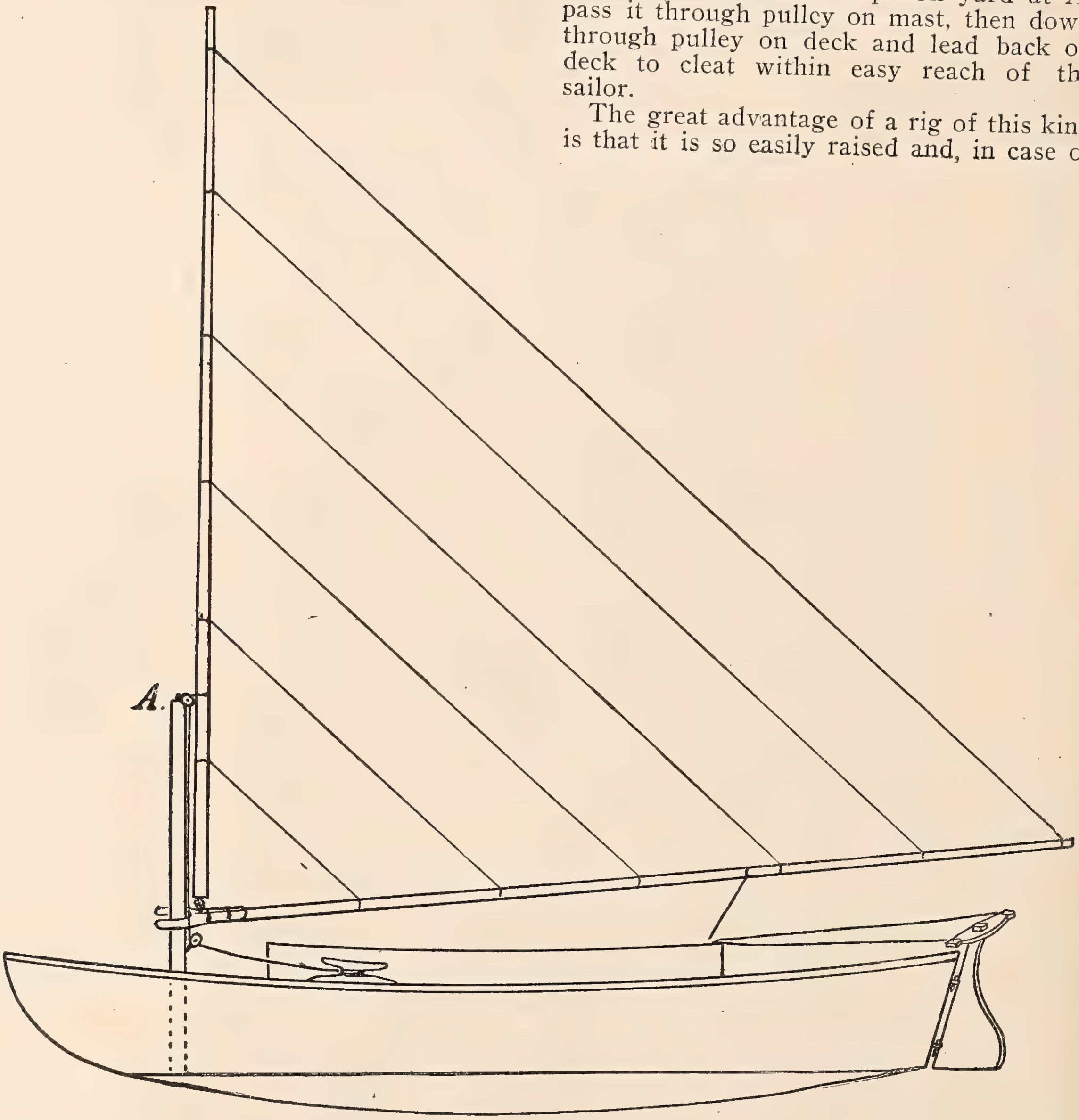
and then with 2 large screw-eyes fasten the boom and other spar together as shown.

The sail is made of heavy, unbleached muslin. At the top of mast put a small pulley, and at foot of mast, on the deck, put another. Fasten rope on yard at *A*, pass it through pulley on mast, then down through pulley on deck and lead back on deck to cleat within easy reach of the sailor.



The great advantage of a rig of this kind is that it is so easily raised and, in case of squall or accident, by simply letting go one cord the mast, sail, everything drops out of the way; no sliding rings to get caught.

Having completed the sail, give the canoe 2 heavy coats of lead paint. When that dries, you are ready to go to sea.



FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

THE WYOMING LICENSE LAW.

Jackson, Wyo.

EDITOR RECREATION:

On page 361 of May RECREATION there is an article, "A Sovereign Hold Up," signed "Quaker," that I should like to say a few words about.

Wyoming contains practically all the elk there are, and we are doing what we can to protect them from extermination. Our old game laws required a non-resident to pay a license fee of $20 to hunt big game in Wyoming, but did not restrict him as to number killed further than exacting that he should not waste meat or kill wantonly. Visiting sportsmen would hire a non-resident guide, cook and outfit, and come in here to hunt. No one in the party had any interest in the protection of the game or in the future of Wyoming. Some such parties are known to have killed everything in sight; even the guide helping to do the killing. Hundreds of elk were killed and the carcasses never touched afterward. In some instances whole bunches of elk were exterminated.

As a guide I was out on the mountains every fall. Knowing that such work was going on I restrained all my parties from killing more than 2 elk for each hunter and talked it with other guides until it became the custom. One fall a party of 9 hunters went hunting from the ranch, with as many guides, and only 19 bull elk were killed. The man who killed 3 bulls apologized to me for doing so, stating that he had wounded an elk, but did not know it until after killing another. He had, later, found the wounded one dead. In this way the limit of 2 head of elk started. I talked with the framers of our present game law, and asked that much. We prohibited non-resident guides because they have no interest in game protection here. We make ex-officio game wardens of all Wyoming guides, not to watch sportsmen, as they don't need it and don't object to being watched; but to watch game hogs, and they squeal about being watched.

A $40 license fee may seem high to some, but it and the $10 guide license are all the money we get for game protection to pay the State game warden and his deputies.

Wyoming guides do not ask a dude to pay their license, besides $5 a day, nor do they ask whiskey and tobacco furnished them. Neither do they refuse to work Sunday and then ask $5 for the day. They will generally be found temperate, gentlemanly and obliging, aiming to give full value for all money paid them and to see that visiting sportsmen get a fair and reasonable amount of game consistent with the game law. They have an interest in making the trip successful, so the sportsman may report favorably of his trip on his return home, and they have an interest in game protection. It shall be my earnest endeavor to get all Wyoming guides to join the L. A. S. That will give them a double interest in game protection. If a man does not intend to abide by the laws of the State we do not want him to come here. To all true sportsmen we extend an invitation to come and we will try to give them a pleasant and successful trip.

S. N. Leek,
Secretary Teton Guides Association and local warden L. A. S.

Great Falls, Mont.

Editor RECREATION:

A recent issue of RECREATION contained an article entitled "A Sovereign Hold Up," referring to the game laws of Wyoming, and showing how a sportsman who hunts in that State is required to pay $40 for the privilege; also how he must hire a Wyoming guide, pay $10 for his license and $5 a day to have the guide watch him, and report and arrest him if he exceeds the proper number.

The writer of that article states the situation correctly; but he might go farther and say where much of this Wyoming game came from. I have been on the ground and know that the State of Montana is constantly being robbed of its best game. The National Park takes in about 2 miles of Montana's best game region, which is thus subject also to the laws of Wyoming. When the park officials hear of a bunch of elk or antelope outside and near the boundary of the park they order out a detachment of soldiers, or dog robbers as they are called, to round up the game and drive it into the park. Later this same game is allowed to go South and out of the park into Wyoming. Then if a Montanian wishes to hunt this game, that was raised in Montana, he has to go into Wyoming and pay those exorbitant fees. If this is not a double robbery what is it?

One scout told me that during the winter of '98 1,500 elk died in the park. Would they let us have the dead ones? Would they tax us the same as for live ones? I believe in a license that allows the poor as well as the rich to enjoy the sport of hunting; not one which forces the poor to buy a small piece of venison or go without because they are not able to pay the license fees, creating thereby a market for game or depriving the poor of that which rightly belongs to them.

One good thing is to be done, namely, establishing a definite boundary line on the North side of the National Park. It seems that at one time a certain lieutenant went out and said, "About here is where the Northern boundary should be;" and that was all there was to it. No definite markings were made to guide a sportsman. Scouts and guides have disagreed as to the Northern limit to the extent of a mile and a half. One party was told by a scout that the Northern boundary was on a certain ridge, and after going a mile and a half outside, traveling 3 days in deep snow, making camp, and starting out to hunt, they were surprised by another scout, one Peter Holt, and his accomplices, taken in and fined for hunting in the park, notwithstanding the fact that the chief scout, who was at the trial, did not agree with Holt as to the location of the Northern boundary line. This is only one other way of bleeding under the laws of Wyoming.

C. J. B. Stephens.

HINTS FOR CAMPERS.

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Editor Recreation:

I saw in your May number a suggestion by A. W. Lowdermilk, of New Port, Idaho, in regard to camping. A man with a few dollars can enjoy himself camping a few weeks just as well as a man who has plenty of money. If you live in the West, Montana is a good State to visit; if in the Middle States, Minnesota, Wisconsin or Michigan are good places; if in the East, Maine can not be beaten. Go to Moosehead lake, Maine, Deer river, Minnesota, and North about 25 or 30 miles, or in Montana go to Belton, on the Great Northern Railroad. In any of these places you can hunt and fish to your heart's content in season, and have the best time in the world.

In the matter of equipment, the sportsman conforms to no rule. Each hunter follows his own ideas to a certain extent. Clothing is an important item if one is going into the woods for a serious trip of hunting, especially late in the fall. Woolen is the best fabric in the woods. Wear soft woolen coat and trousers, a sweater or a knitted jacket underneath the coat, and woolen leggings. Moccasins or lumbermen's short, rubber overshoes, with a woolen cap, a flannel shirt, woolen socks and underwear, complete the hunter's apparel. Corduroy, although much worn by hunters, is not good. It is heavy and is easily wet through.

In making a list, a hunter should leave out everything he does not actually need. I use an A tent, large enough for 2 men, until it gets cold. Then use a log hut or a dugout. A leanto is good if one stays only 2 weeks and the weather is not cold. For a bed I use a tarpaulin, or bed sheet 7x16 feet and weighing 20 ounces. It keeps me warm and is not so expensive as a sleeping bag. I carry 2 quilts and 3 blankets and I lay that outfit on a bed of boughs. If you have a leanto, build a fire the full length of it and it will keep you warm all night.

For 2 men 3 plates, 3 knives and forks, 3 cups are needed; one bread pan, one frying pan, 3 or 4 ordinary pans of different sizes, one coffee pot, one pail. A lamp or candles need not be taken, as one can see well enough by the fire.

For grub take flour, beans, rice, dried apples, dried peaches, prunes, canned corn and tomatoes, coffee, tea, salt and pepper. Don't forget matches, soap, towel, and wash dish. Potatoes are poor things to take, as they are heavy and hard to carry. Bacon is good, even if you kill your own meat, for you will want grease, as tallow is not good in cold weather.

If you have a tent take a camp stove. If you wish to camp in a leanto, a Dutch oven is the best thing in the world to bake bread in. The bread tastes better than when baked in any other way. The Dutch oven can also be used as a camp kettle, but one should also have an extra camp kettle.

Sugar is a good thing to take, but I never use it. Take, also, baking powder. I always make sour dough bread; and sour dough makes good slapjacks.

A pocket axe is a most useful article. Do not fail to take a good hunting knife as it does also in place of a butcher knife. Another item of equipment that a camper will find handy is a small package of lint and bandages. Minor accidents are common in the woods. A knife cut, or the wound made by falling on a sharp knot on a log, is often extremely painful, and sometimes dangerous if not properly cared for. A small manual of first aid to the injured might be carried in the same envelope with the map. Nobody should go into the woods without a compass. Getting lost is the easiest thing one can do in the woods. When you lose your bearings have your map handy, consult it and trust your compass. Matches should be carried in a watertight Recreation match box.

Max Brown.

ARRAIGNS DR. CARMICHAEL.

Dr. J. P. Carmichael, of Milwaukee, is one of the small remnant of sportsmen who still think it right to shoot ducks in spring. He recently aired his views in the Sentinel, whereupon G. A. Buckstaff, ex-Speaker of the Wisconsin House of Representatives, and a member of the L. A. S., got back at him in words and figures as follows, to wit:

I see by a letter published in The Sentinel that Dr. Carmichael is in the ranks of the spring shooters. I read the letter carefully, thinking I might find in it some new sophistry in favor of the barbarism, but he simply reiterates the old plea—"other States do it." He points with apparent shame to the fact that Wisconsin is one of only 5 States that prohibit spring shooting. It seems to me he ought to rejoice that he is a citizen of a State that leads in so many things that go to prove her citizens are of a higher intellectual and moral tone than those of some of the other States, and the protection of wild fowl in the mating season is not the least of these virtues. He wonders what the spring shooters of other States think of us for protecting game in the spring while they slaughter it. Doesn't the doctor know by this time that greedy, selfish people always take advantage of the unselfish. Doesn't he know that decent people never refrain from doing a good deed for fear someone else will benefit by it? This habit of the spring shooter when censured for his acts of pointing to someone else who does worse always reminds me of the boy who came to school with unwashed hands, and when the teacher took him to task for it replied, "Huh! If you think my hands are dirty you ought to see my feet!"

A sportsman is a man who delights in life afield, and the skill it requires to bring the game to bag. To drop a zigzagging snipe, to stop a darting quail, or to bring a whirring grouse out of a thicket, is an art that thrills and invigorates; but to sit behind a blind in the warm spring sun and see stupid, tired bluebills, after their long flight, light among your decoys, unless by the rapid action of a pump gun and plenty of shells you can kill them or drive them away, is the worst kind of slaughtering pot hunting. It requires no skill. Any man who can shoot a gun may kill spring ducks by the score or hundreds. All it requires is a conscience dead to the viciousness of the practice.

On the Poygan Gun club marshes a few years ago the Chicago shooters, who do not even merit the odious name of pot hunters shot and buried hundreds of ducks because they could not use them and the law prohibited the sale of them.

Two years ago this spring I saw at the depot in Oshkosh 3 Milwaukee "sportsmen" with 3 trunks and one barrel full of ducks they had shot on the lakes West of the city. The thirst to kill, to slaughter, that wiped out the buffalo and the pigeon is the motive that leads men to shoot wild fowl in spring. Breeders of domestic fowls kill their birds in the fall, and the only reason I ever heard for killing wild fowl in the spring is the fear that someone else may gather a part of the crop in the fall.

DUCKS AND QUAILS IN MEXICO.

Last fall I had the pleasure of a day's duck shooting on the San Meguil river, in Northwestern Chihuahua, Mexico, about 160 miles Southwest of El Paso, Texas. We went by rail to Casas Grandes, Mexico. There we were joined by 2 more hunters, making 5 in the party. Taking a wagon and team, we went about 15 miles from the station.

A few days before we started, there had been heavy rains all along the line and big pools of water were standing everywhere, on which were swimming enough ducks to satisfy New York city. At one place, just beyond Guzman station, there is a depression in the Mesa nearly ¾ of a mile across. This was filled with water, and the surface of the water was covered with ducks. We refrained from shooting, however, until we reached the San Meguil.

The Mexican people, while they are great lovers of game and hunting, rarely kill more than they can use at one time, consequently the game of that section is not at all wild, and one can easily get within range.

Our party divided on reaching the river, 2 of us working up stream, 2 more going a mile away and then working up stream, while the fifth worked in between. We hunted that way all morning and at noon camped in a grove of cottonwoods abou 15 miles from Casas Grandes. After a delightful repast and many stories had been passed around, we made a short excursion along the river bank, where we secured a few fine specimens of mallard and teal, but it was a little too early in the evening to do much shooting. Returning to the wagon we harnessed the horses and started back to Casas Grandes. On the way back we had considerable sport shooting ducks and quails. On counting our game at Casas Grandes we found we had 27 ducks and 15 quails. We could just as easily have secured 100 ducks, but were satisfied with what we had. We had a delightful time and found the natives of that section very hospitable.

F. J. B., El Paso, Texas.

A STRAY BUFFALO.

The following correspondence will interest many naturalists and sportsmen:

United States Indian Agent,
Standing Rock Agency, N. D.

Dear Sir: I have read in a Chicago paper a report that a buffalo has appeared among the cattle owned by the Indians near your agency. Will you kindly tell me whether or not this statement is correct? If so, I should be glad to have any particulars you may be able to give me. In case the animal is there, do you deem it possible to prevent the Indians and white men from killing him?

G. O. Shields.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Indian Service,
Standing Rock Agency.

G. O. Shields,
New York City.

Sir: It is a fact that a buffalo has appeared among the Indian cattle on this agency. After the buffalo had been among the cattle some time, along Firesteel creek, in South Dakota, in the Southern part of this agency, it was learned that the animal belonged to a herd of buffalo owned by Mr. Peter Dupris, of Cheyenne River Agency, and had strayed away. I accordingly gave orders that the animal should not be killed, and sent word to Dupris to send someone after it. He did so. The buffalo has gone back to Cheyenne Agency, and I understand is down there, roaming on the Moreau river.

Geo. H. Bingenheimer,
U. S. Ind. Agent.

A GUIDE TO BE AVOIDED.

I have noticed that you devote a good deal of space to the game hog trust. I live in a good game country and use in open season a Parker 10 gauge, a Winchester 10 gauge and a Winchester 45-90. I am considered a fair guide and have 9 chicken and duck dogs, all good ones, so I must be a thoroughbred razorback. Most of the men I guide are what you call sportsmen. They come here armed with featherweight hammerless guns, eye glasses, grass suits and cargoes of whiskey. They are anxious to kill all the game on any Western marsh in 20 minutes, if possible; but as a circus tent is a small mark for them to shoot at they have to be content with running down a crippled mud hen, or something else of about the same value. Then they go back East and write you about the Western hunters, who understand the working and killing of game and can and do kill good bags. Mister Eye Glass Man calls us hogs. If we are hogs, your gentleman sportsman would not make a profitable sucking pig, would he? So let us provide for them; procure some Page wire, surround a city park, where they can rubber at their gorgeous grizzly bear costumes, fill the enclosure with Belgian hares and pet coons, name a day when the sun shines the brightest, invite all their friends and tootsie-wootsies as audience, shoulder their guns, rush madly in among the ferocious varmints and show the world the Eastern shooters are not hogs but mere pigs.

E. Bowman, Goodell, Iowa.

And this is the way you talk of your customers, eh? I hope they may all be fortunate enough to read your screed, in order that they may find other and more courteous guides in future.—Editor.

DEFENDS MR. BLAGDEN.

The article by Dr. G. A. Mack, entitled, "On the Dirt Floor at Saranac," in your April issue contains a statement which imputes evasion of the law against hounding in the Adirondacks to one of the staunchest upholders of it. When speaking of the baying of the hounds and an occasional shot in the direction of Blagden's camp, the writer should have a care lest he implicate innocent persons. I happen to know that Mr. Bladgen has never had or permitted the use of hounds since the law went into effect prohibiting that mode of hunting deer. Furthermore, he has been an *habitue* of the Adirondacks for more than 25 years. His chief delight is in that glorious region and the upholding of laws to preserve its game and primitive attractiveness. Mr. Blagden goes to the North Woods every year with his family in search of health and rest, not, as so many others do, for the sake of what they can kill.

Dr. Mack's confession of illegal fishing near the State hatchery shows him in rather an unenviable light, and it is to be hoped that when he again visits the Adirondacks he will more strictly regard its laws and refrain from harmful statements where they are as undeserved as they are incorrect. Dr. Mack may recall me as the one who, in 1899, witnessed his standing shot at a deer within 20 steps of a trail near the St. Regis pond. He scored a clean miss, for which he blamed a 30 caliber rifle.

Harrison H. Dodge,
Mount Vernon, Vt.

HOGS IN TEXAS.

Dr. J. M. Nash, R. S. Farmer and I left here November 9th for Pecos, where we joined Hugh Robertson, W. H. Johnson, R. L. Jernigan and J. A. Gillett for a hunt. Before our return we killed 17 antelope, 2 bears and thousands of ducks and mountain quails.

George Tucker, Brenham, Tex.

I asked Doctor Nash for confirmation of this report and here is his reply:

Your card received. One member of our party was a newspaper man, hence the modest report of our hunt. You have stated correct number in the party. How did you get it?

J. M. Nash, D.D.S., Brenham, Tex.

I still think the report as to quantity of game killed is false. It is a matter of record, however, that at least 2 antelope were killed and that Gillet and Tucker were arrested, convicted and fined $50 each and costs.

Texas has a law prohibiting the killing of antelope at any time before 1902, and I am only sorry the law makers did not make the penalty imprisonment instead of a money fine. Any man who would kill one of the few antelope remaining in Texas should be locked up for at least 6 months.—EDITOR.

GAME IN CUBA.

I am not a lost soul, nor a lost patron of RECREATION because my subscription lapsed while I was a soldier in Cuba.

Since my discharge I have bought each month's issue at the bookstore, going in always at an hour when the store was likely to be full, hoping to induce others to buy. I usually get the last one.

While in Cuba I had several hunts. Deer, wild guineas and quails are abundant. Indeed, I never before saw so many quails. In time, Cuba will be a hunter's Eden. The drawback is the impenetrable undergrowth.

The deer are small, but oh, how good the meat was, after canned roast beef, rotten beef, and refrigerated beef! Anything is preferable to meat dead for weeks, yet alive with maggots. If anyone is curious to know the taste of it, let him chew slippery elm and rotten meat. Chew on it for 5 minutes, and then guess what he's eating. That would give him a fair idea of what the American soldier had to eat in Cuba.

H. W. M., New Orleans, La.

A. D.D.S. DUCK HOG.

Dr. C. F. Gould has difficulty in making his friends believe he brought down 86 ducks near McCook Sunday, thereby paying for his $10 license with the 72 ducks he sold to a local commission firm. "It was the best hunting I ever had," said Dr. Gould "It just seemed as though I couldn't shoot them fast enough I don't know why the ducks were so thick, because the day was warm. Not many hunters were out on account of the necessity of having a license."—Sioux City, Ia., Journal.

I wrote the "Doctor" and asked him if it were so. He replies:

The shoot with Mr. Halliday was correctly reported, only it took 3 days; but the birds were fine, mostly redheads and canvas-backs. It took place at McCook lake, South Dakota, March 17.

C. F. Gould.

On his letterhead Gould calls himself a D.D.S. He would have the people call him a Doctor of Dental Surgery; but to sportsmen who read of his spring duck slaughter and of his selling the birds these initials will convey an entirely different meaning.—EDITOR.

SLAUGHTERING BIG GAME.

At if to emphasize recent report of slaughter of big game in Alaska the steamer Al-Ki on her last trip brought from Wrangel 1,000 deer skins, consigned to Napa, Cal.

On the American side of the line there is little or no protection for game, and even in Northwest Territory the condition of affairs is deplorable. The law prohibits the killing of moose, caribou, deer, etc., between January 1 and October 1. The Yukon council recently decided to hold the law in abeyance, as regards game already killed, until March 1st.

The Dawson News says hunting is still going on, and, as game is plentiful, the kill has been large. "Last week 100 caribou were shot in one day, within a comparatively small area. Ole Erickson, who has just arrived from a hunting trip 100 miles East of here, says game is being slaughtered recklessly. One man has 50 tons of caribou and moose meat. Only the choicest pieces are being freighted to market. Along the trail may be seen numerous carcasses abandoned by hunters."—Blaine, Wash., Journal.

This is the way of the market hunter. His motto is, "Kill everything in sight and let future generations go to hell." A State prison is the only place that is good enough for such degraded brutes.—EDITOR.

DUCKS IN MINNESOTA.

A year ago, W. Brockelsby and I went to Lake Park, Minn., to shoot ducks. We arrived late in the afternoon, and by the time we got our camp in readiness it was nearly dusk. We saw a number of ducks coming in to feed on the marshes, so we put out some decoys, and took positions on shore. A small flock of mallards came our way, and then our guns spoke. A single bird came down. From the next flock I got 2 birds. Then I left Brockelsby and went to a spot in the rushes, where there was open water on 3 sides of me. I had no sooner taken my place than a flock of widgeon came, 2 of them falling to my shot. It was then too dark to shoot, and I returned to camp. When my companion came in we counted our game; he had 7 ducks and I, 5. We were back at the shooting grounds by dawn the next day, and the ducks came fast and thick. We had 2 hours of good sport, killing 12 ducks and one Canada goose.

E. O. Hougland, Edinburg, Ill.

GAME NOTES.

I find a professed sportsman in Washington who tells of hunting expeditions from which he brings home robins, and who always goes for the ducks on their Northbound visits to our waters.

When I propose to him to subscribe for

RECREATION he says he has a friend who keeps a newstand and who suffers him to read all the fraternity publications free.

When I express horror at his killing robins he replies, "Why, they're good to eat;" as though my horror arose from ignorance of that.

When I protest against killing ducks in the spring, because they are on the way to their nesting grounds, he answers, "Yes, I often find eggs in them when I draw them."

When I remarked that it is a shame to kill them at such a time, he smilingly replies, "I get them whenever I can."

Should such a man be allowed to own a gun, or a dog?

W. H. Nelson, Washington, D. C.

Could a State law be passed limiting the number of ducks or geese to be shot or taken by one man in one day? If passed, would it be constitutional?

Stevens 22.

ANSWER.

Many States already have such laws on their statute books. All the others should have them. The United States Supreme Court has decided time and again that the game in any State belongs to the people in their sovereign capacity and that the State, under its police power, may make any regulation it may see fit to preserve its game. Therefore laws limiting the number of birds or animals a man may kill in a day are entirely reasonable and in thorough accord with the constitution of the United States and of the various States.—EDITOR.

Foxes are rapidly increasing in this region. A bounty of $1 should be paid for each fox killed within the Adirondack preserve. That would save thousands of grouse and other birds. I do not think the anti-hounding law has served to increase the number of deer. There was a great slaughter last fall; if it is continued deer will be gone inside of 10 years. What we need is more protectors, a shorter season, no sale of game, and jail for every man caught breaking the law.

D. E. Moxley, Bloomingdale, N. Y.

We had several heavy rains last summer that were hard on chickens and sage hens, but I think birds will be plentiful next fall. During the season deer were killed within 2 miles of town. Antelope are scarce here, though there are some farther back. The Indians slaughter many. We are waiting for the action of the next session of the Legislature, and hope the reservation will be opened to settlers within 2 years.

J. Eckela, Forsyth, Mont.

Now that the rainy season is nearly over sportsmen naturally long for innocent outdoor sport. Therefore we have organized the Seattle Rifle and Pistol Club, and each Thursday afternoon 25 business and professional men go to Woodland park range and try their skill at 200 to 500 yards with rifle, and 10 to 50 yards with pistol, according to American Association rules.

Ashley B. Palmer, Seattle, Wash.

I have never killed more game of any kind than I needed for my own use. Civilization is steadily driving game back, and as it is becoming scarcer every year, the laws should be more rigidly enforced. Good game laws and game preserves should be established in every State of the Union, for if there are not, deer, elk, moose and caribou will soon be extinct.

G. H. Robbins, Heron, Mont.

The California Legislature has passed a new game law, one of the provisions of which restricts the number of ducks that may be killed in a day by any one person to 50. This will, in a measure, prevent the game hogs from getting in their deadly work, but the number permitted is too large even for this State, where ducks are unusually plentiful.

Louis Weinmann, San Francisco, Cal.

You have my best wishes in regard to your war with game hogs. Give them the brand; sportsmen will stand by you. I think the L. A. S. all right.

G. McGowan, Lawrence, Mich.

Deer, grouse, squirrels, rabbits, foxes and bobcats are fairly plentiful here. Sometimes a bear is seen. Ducks are not abundant.

A. Anderson,
Little Ridgeton, N. B., Can.

I find more to interest me in RECREATION than in any other publication I have ever read.

W. Franklin Hartenstine,
Morristown, N. J.

We have a few deer, grouse, pheasants, cougars, coyotes, rabbits and squirrels, and lots of trout and salmon.

J. Hoger, Gibbon, Ore.

Should like to hear from more coon hunters. We have great sport here hunting coons.

W. D. Gill, Franklin, Pa.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black, June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs sand worms clams. Tide and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and time: Daytime; not affected by tides.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Titusville, Pa.

Dear old Friend: Your letter was to me a whiff of the forest, the strike of a grayling, the rush of a deer, and the whirr of a grouse; for it revivified memories of all these and made me almost smell the smouldering embers of a camp fire and the roasting venison from Billy's camp stove. I assuredly recall our Au Sable trips, and rate them as the most enjoyable of my many outings. I would exert myself to the limit stimulated by the hope of again having my blood stirred by a duplication of past experiences.

Possibly I have told you of an old man I met in Castile. He was a man who cast long shadows toward the East, and whose joints were creaky with the weight of years. We spent an hour or so discussing rods, lines, guns, fish and game, and finally he said,

"Well, I ain't so young as I used to be. I can't climb and wade with the boys, but in camp, when we light our pipes and lie about the experiences of the day, I am as young and vigorous as ever."

Like this veteran of the rod and gun, we could sit around the camp fire and romance, and thus fill up the gaps made necessary in our exertions by reason of stiffened joints.

I have 3 neighbors who have, through the seductive influence of my narrations of experience on the Au Sable, made up their minds that they, too, would like to take such a trip. I am not at all averse to canvassing the question of spending a few weeks with you and them on the old familiar grounds where we have so many times pitched our tents.

Such a trip would lack much were we unable to secure the services of Billy. I hope he is still able to handle the pole and select good camping grounds. I have been in camp with all kinds of guides. I have had the professional in the Adirondacks, the cowboys of the plains, and the Indians around Lake Superior; but none of them filled the kitchen and the boat equal to Billy. In fact, the last trip I made was a dead failure because we had so poor a guide and the memory of Billy was so fresh. There may be others as good, but I doubt if better ones can be found.

I distinctly remember the stop we made at Bamfield's. If my memory is not playing me tricks, we saw there the skin of a bear which Bamfield had killed with bird shot while hunting grouse.

Bamfield's has been the headquarters of some Cleveland sportsmen ever since John Irwin assumed leadership more than 30 years ago. I knew Irwin well. He was an old man in '68, and must have gone long since to the happy hunting grounds. Bamfield's would be a good place for our outing, but I rather incline to the Grayling route. A trip down the river; camps at convenient places as the spirit moved; fishing and hunting when we were inclined to those diversions; and a windup at Bamfield's or some other point where we could get out without coming in contact with the log jams, if such still exist.

Yes, let us go. Let us talk it over if we don't go. Half the pleasure of such trips is embraced in the anticipation; the other half in discussing the events after they exist only as a memory. We can get the anticipation now, and I know of no good reason why we may not also get the trip and its reminscent after joys.

By the way, I suppose our grayling boats are on the misty lakes and rivers where our old friend Porter is sailing. They were not particularly handsome, yet they served our purpose well and are still hitched to a sturdy stake on memory's shore. I should like a trip in the old boats, a camp on the old spots, shelter under the old tent, just a small nip from the old bottle, a breath of air warmed by the old camp stove, and a morning's nap broken by Billy singing, "Wonderful things in the Bible I see."

Probably Time has broken up the old outfit. He has little sentiment for these things, and seems to revel in destruction. Many things will have to be replaced; and when our promised trip becomes a memory of the past, the new and the old will blend and, I hope, become equally dear as we recall the men we have camped with on the Au Sable.

Camping trips, be the game never so thick, the fish never so large, the camps never so well located, the company never so genial, the smiles of Old Probabilities never so benign, all, for the moment, fall short of anticipations. The anticipation is relegated to the past and is forgotten; the real enjoyment develops slowly as we sit by the home hearth and recall the incidents that passed with hardly a note or a comment. They are trips that end not when the boat is ashore, the baggage packed and the energies concentrated on getting home and engaging in the sterner duties of life.

My friends who have yet to become acquainted with the terrors of the wilderness; men whose experiences are limited to casting the fly for fingerling trout, tossing the bait for large mouth bass and shooting ruffed grouse along the border of cornfields. They are all right, however, and can be relied on in times of emergency. They are in the prime of life, and if there are any embryo bristles along their spines it will take more than a log jam and a night with wet clothes to develop them.

Each and every one of these gentlemen would help to make an Au Sable trip memorable. I shall paint in roseate hues the beauties of the Au Sable, and fill their imagination's game bags and creels with deer and birds, trout and grayling. I shall let them get whiffs of the pungent smoke from some of our old camp fires, and smell the grilling grouse, the frying fish, and the venison sizzling in its bed of onions.

I shall, without doubt, introduce you and Billy and make them thoroughly acquainted with you. When another autumn arrives I hope one or all of them will be able to join us, and contribute their part in making the outing of 1901 a memorable one in their annals as well as in our own.

Q. W. Miles.

A PICKEREL CATCH.

T. W. RICHARDSON.

During the fall of '99 I spent a few weeks on Lake George, in the vicinity of Cauldwell. I had not been there long when I became aware of the fact that there were pickerel to be caught ranging from 6 to 14 pounds should the angler find the right spot. Of course we all know from experience how the wily native can come home in the forenoon and with an unconcerned look on his face lift an 8 or 10-pounder out of his boat, and walk off with the remark that there's "purty good fishin' hereabouts." But I decided to find out how the natives pointed their boats in the morning, and I was successful. I espied one of the lucky anglers quietly holding a line, with a float attached, on the end of which I knew he had a fat perch to tempt Mr. Pickerel and I noted this choice position.

The next morning I was firmly moored in the identical spot, about 40 yards off shore, over a shelving, sandy bottom, and near the edge of a field of long, grassy sea weed which came almost to the surface and which occasionally showed a bare spot, the favorite haunt of the fresh water sharks. As bait I used a medium sized perch, running the hook through the back under the dorsal fin. I was careful to use a small length of gimp over the hook, so my expected catch would not bite through the line and escape. This I attached to about 3 yards of line which, in turn, was fastened to a float sufficiently buoyant to keep on the surface and hold the perch. Then, flinging out my line, I sank into a gentle reverie until some obliging pickerel should awake me to the occasion.

I had sat thus nearly 25 minutes, with frequent glances at my boat, which was acting as if it were alive, showing to my satisfaction that the bait was energetic in its attempts to escape. Suddenly the float disappeared with a pop which startled me, and the next moment the line was humming out over the gunwale with a speed that betokened a run of about 50 yards.

I was all attention and keeping the line slight taut I let the coil unwind off the seat until, with a slight jerk, it came to a pause and slowly settled in the water. At last Mr. Pickerel had found a suitable spot for his lunch, but I gave him short time to enjoy his meal. In about a minute or less I slowly and softly drew in the line until I felt a slight resistance. Then, with a good strong jerk, the line swished straight out of the water about 15 feet, and I had hooked my first pickerel for the season.

My captive had his own ideas of where he wanted to go and I had mine. He seemed to think the water would be more healthful for him about 100 yards up shore, but I had discovered some logs and beams there on the way out; so, gently checking the line, I persuaded him to come up and have a look at the bottom of the boat. Incidentally I got a look at him, but he did not agree to my plans. The next moment he was taking out line at a rate that would soon exhaust the supply on the seat. Again I checked him. Being anxious to get a look at him, and hoping for at least a 10-pounder to take back, I slowly brought him within 8 feet of the boat. I caught a glimpse of a dark green back and pink fins which in length looked up to my expectations. The next instant he was off like a flash, but that time not so far. After playing him another 5 minutes, I hauled him ingloriously up to the boat like an old boot and flopped him into the bottom, well up in the bow, so he might not in his gymnastic exercises get overboard. I then rowed for the pier to have him weighed.

Had I lost him I should have related the story as the loss of a 15-pounder, but when he was safely gilled on the scales he tipped 6¼ and I was satisfied.

CALIFORNIA CATCHES.

The fishing season opened about a month earlier than usual this year, and some good catches have been made recently at Avalon, Long Beach and Redondo. March 9th Dr. Milbank Johnson, of Los Angeles, and H. L. Borden, of New York, were trolling for yellowtail near Avalon and one of them hooked a tuna, which is an unusual occurrence so early in the season. The tackle being too light to handle such a large fish it was lost after a short struggle.

March 24th G. D. Bonbright, of Colorado Springs, took the first tuna of the season. It weighed only 32 pounds and is believed to be the smallest tuna ever taken at Avalon. April 1st a peculiar catch was made by Mrs. Bonbright. She was fishing with but one hook, yet, to her astonishment, she pulled in 2 large rock bass, one weighing 3 pounds and the other 6. It seems when the first fish struck the hook it was expelled through the fish's gills, and the second fish seized it and was also caught. Several different persons witnessed this strange occurrence and although it was April 1st this is no April fool fish story.

Barracuda, yellowtail and bonita have run in large numbers and have afforded excellent sport. Mackerel have also been running well, and some excellent strings have been taken at Avalon and Long Beach. April 11th a party of 4, fishing near Avalon, took a string of 184 large mackerel. Several other parties also brought in catches of 20 to 40. The Tuna club opened the season May 1st with its annual tournament for prizes.

B. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal.

GENTLEMEN ANGLERS IN MICHIGAN.

There were 4 in the party that left Harrisville, Mich., May 4, 1901, to go a few miles to that ideal trouting stream, Black creek. This stream is an inspiration in itself, having all kinds of bottom, shingly and gravelly, mossy and grassy, having rapids and ripples, falls and cataracts, shallows and deep, sluggish pools. We, Geo. W. Colwell, H. M. Long, Chas. Edwards and I, had a day of rare sport.

As it was our first trip of the season we each had a desire to excel all others in angling. Had we been pot hunters our catch would have been wonderful; but we are pleasure seekers and catch fish for sport, having a true conception of when sport becomes pot hunting.

We found some other anglers on the stream who were using bait, which the fish took readily, but we tried flies. The fish did not rise readily until about noon. Then our fun began. In about an hour one of the party shouted, "I have enough," and then from other parts of the stream came the shouts, "So have I." We compared notes and found that the glory of excellence rested with no one in particular as all had splendid catches, about 20 each, varying in weight from 6 to 21 ounces.

Black creek has been stocked from the State fish hatchery and is a splendid stream for trout to multiply in. It runs through impassable tangles of swamp in places, where anglers never cast a line; consequently the stream is not becoming depleted and is at present one of our best stocked streams, although we have here as good fishing as is found anywhere.

W. H. Sanborn, Harrisville, Mich.

FEARLESS OHIO WARDENS.

In April last Charles Ruckle and Levi Fox, game wardens, of Akron, Ohio, got into a boat shortly after dark and rowed out on Long lake in search of certain men who they had reason to believe were handling gill nets in the lake. When near the middle of the lake the wardens heard the muffled sounds of rowing and the rattle of a net being drawn into a boat. The officers moved slowly and cautiously toward the poachers, and on pulling alongside the boat proclaimed themselves and ordered the poachers to surrender. Warden Ruckle started to climb into the fishermen's boat. When he placed one foot in the boat one of the poachers attacked him, and a fierce fight ensued, in which more than a dozen shots were fired. Edward Frye, one of the law breakers, stopped 5 bullets. Two of these shattered his right arm, one went into his left arm, a fourth pierced the lower part of his chest, and a fifth struck him in the neck and lodged in his head near the brain. Frye died Friday. Neither of the game wardens was hit. This would seem to indicate that the education of the fishermen in the use of firearms had been neglected. Frye fell to the bottom of the boat exhausted, and his pal surrendered. The 2 wardens took the boat in tow, pulled ashore, got a team and took their prisoners to the police station in Akron. These wardens deserve the highest praise for their coolness and daring in collaring dangerous and unprincipled fish hogs in the dark, and should be handsomely rewarded for their splendid work.

MORE PENNSYLVANIA TROUT HOGS.

Deputy Sheriff Earnest May, of this place, and William Randolph, of Ruffsdale, returned Saturday from Jones Mills, where they had been trout fishing. They brought with them 364 trout. The men left here Thursday afternoon. Some of the trout were 6 to 8 inches long.

John Y. Woods, of this place, returned from the Ligonier valley Saturday evening, with 27 pounds of the speckled beauties. He is an experienced trout fisher.—Pennsylvania paper.

Here is a confirmation of the story:

Yours received regarding my fishing trip to Laurel mountain and the report is true. Sheriff Earnest May and I caught 364 trout in 2 days. It was fine sport. Send me sample copy of Recreation.

W. J. Randolph, Deputy Sheriff,
Ruffsdale, Pa.

Officers of the law and yet low down butchers! Under the laws of Pennsylvania all deputy sheriffs are ex officio game and fish wardens. A pretty pair you would be to send after fish law violators. There is not one of these in the State that need jailing worse than you do. The reporter says some of the trout were 6 to 8 inches long. From this I infer the others were under 6 inches. This appears like a wholesale violation of the law. Will not the State Fish Commissioners investigate this case? I should delight to hear of these 2 porkers being run in. Yes, Randolph, I send you a sample copy of this issue of Recreation, but I don't expect you to fall over yourself in your haste to subscribe for it.—Editor.

FISH BY THE TON.

Fish Commissioner J. W. Titcomb was in this city lately, and in speaking of matters pertaining to his line of business mentioned the phenomenal catch of fish that has taken place at Caspian lake, Greensboro, since May 1st.

In the first 4 or 5 days after the legal season opened over a ton of lake salmon and trout were taken from the lake. Such a catch is probably unprecedented in Vermont. The fish vary in size, but all are large. The largest trout weighed 13 pounds, and the largest salmon 4½ pounds. Caspian lake, better known perhaps as Greensboro pond, has been noted as a fishing resort for many years and its shores are lined with summer cottages. The sport this spring surpasses anything ever known there before.

Ten years ago the lake was stocked with trout, and since that time large numbers have been added from year to year. Salmon were put into the waters the first time about 5 years ago. Several bodies of water have been stocked this spring, among them being Caspian lake and Lake Dunmore, each of which has received 50,000 fry. It seems that from the work the Vermont Commissioner is now doing he should be encouraged by every sportsman and the laws should be respected and upheld by everyone. If this Commission keeps up its good work it will not be necessary for Vermont sportsmen to go to other States for the best fishing grounds.

HOW TO CATCH CRAPPIES.

I understand that the lake where I intend to go fishing contains, among other fish, crappies. Will they take a spoon or a fly in trolling or in casting? Never having used flies I find I can not get one over 20 feet away, they being so light. If a sinker is attached the fly sinks. Is that objectionable? Can it be used the same as a spoon hook?

O. W. A. Radloff, Myrtle, Minn.

ANSWER.

The habits of the crappie vary greatly in different regions, but usually it is not a fish which rises readily to the fly. You will probably find it most satisfactory to use either small minnows or worms. Different persons who have had experience both with the crappie and the calico bass have found that, during the summer, they will take worms and grasshoppers, and that they will occasionally rise to the artificial fly or even to a grasshopper. Later in the season they take live minnows best.

When using live minnows either troll or still fish; each has its advantages. These 2 species have a tender mouth and care must be taken in handling your fish or it will break away. It is hard to give directions which will enable one to become a good fly caster. Practice is the only thing which will do it. Observe how your fly casting friends throw and you will soon catch on. B. W. E.

A HOG UNCOVERED.

I wish to call your attention to an article in May RECREATION, on page 376, entitled, "Trout in Muddy Water." In your comment on same you state the number of trout taken would not have been excessive 10 years ago. Now, Brother Shields, this is just my point. This did not occur 10 years ago, for Rail states that 10 years ago he first saw the stream. He resolved to whip it the following spring, but when spring came he was across the Continent, where he remained 10 years. If he discovered the stream 10 years ago, went away for 10 years and fished in it when he returned, it appears this fishing occurred within the last few months. Would you not better remind Mr. Rail of his excessive catch in the shape of a revised roast?

Grob. Roberts, L. A. S. No. 3,300
Philadelphia, Pa.

You are right and I was wrong. I got the impression Rail was away only a few months. You have uncovered his bristles so that all good men may know and shun him.—EDITOR.

PIRATES IN BLUE.

Officers Hosler, Esser, Sheriff Neis and Adolph Schwartz went to Otisco lake yesterday and caught over 700 pickerel and perch.—Syracuse, N. Y. Post-Standard.

I asked Schwartz if they did and here is his reply:

Yours with reference to our catching 700 perch and pickerel has been received. Yes, police officers Hossler, Sheriff Nies, Esser and I caught 721 fish at Otisco lake, 18 miles from here. This is one of the best fishing grounds anywhere, owing to the fact that there are no pirates on the lake at any time and only fishing with lines is allowed. The lake is too far away from here for most people, and the only way you can get there is by wagon.

Adolph Schwartz, Syracuse, N. Y.

No pirates, eh? Well, there were 5 pirates there when you and your gang landed, and as measly a lot as ever skinned a lake or a stream. It is a pity the farmers out there didn't set the dogs on you and empty their shot guns into your legs, and I hope they will next time you go.—EDITOR.

CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAMS.

Mr. W. R. Welch, game warden, in the following communication tells what sportsmen may and may not expect while whipping the trout brooks of this county:

I have faithfully and continuously patrolled the streams of this county during the past close season, and little, if any, poaching his been done. But one report has been made to me of any illegal fishing. That was from the vicinity of Boulder creek, and as the report was signed by an anonymous name, I was not able to thoroughly investigate it. I have found but one person attempting to take fish illegally with gaff.

All the streams are in excellent condition, the water is clear and fairly low. From all indications the streams will be in good shape and will yield a fair supply of trout. My opinion is that the best fishing will be had in the smaller streams. I do not predict exceptionally large catches this year, as the constant poaching practiced in former years has begun to tell on the streams.

Fall creek, Newell creek, Love creek, Clear creek, Corralitos creek and both branches of Soquel creek, at the head waters, were stocked last year with a total of 85,000 trout fry. It is to be hoped anglers will respect the moral law and not take fingerlings.

The streams up the coast are all in good condition and should yield abundance of fish.—Santa Cruz (Cal.) Surf.

SOAKED FOR SPEARING FISH.

B. F. Babb was before the district court yesterday and pleaded guilty to spearing 15 fish Tuesday evening. The penalty is $2 to $20 for each fish taken in such a manner, and there were 15 counts in the complaint. Judge Stevens imposed a fine of $2 on each count, making $30 in all, which Babb paid. Special Deputy Game Wardens Nichols, of North Adams, and Luman, of Palmer, and Deputy Game Warden Wheeler, of this city, visited Southwick Tuesday night and found Babb having great luck with the spear. When he returned to the shore the wardens seized the fish and told Babb to appear in the court the next morning. The fish weighed about 75 pounds, and included 20 black bass, a number of pickerel, perch, etc. Two of the bass weighed over 4 pounds. Babb has often shot bass as they came into shallow water to spawn.

Babb, you could have bought a lot of beefsteak, eggs, potatoes, oysters and other good things for $30. Why didn't you wait till the legal fishing season opened, then do your fishing decently and save your money? Suppose you try to be a gentleman and let me know, later, how you make out.—EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

I enclose clipipng from the Swanton Courier:

Fish Commissioner Stone advocates a bounty on perch in Lake Champlain. A bounty of a cent apiece would bankrupt the State in a single year and every small boy within a dozen miles of the lake would be rolling in wealth.

Why should our Commissioner advise such a law as a bounty on perch? Are they so destructive to the fish of more value as food that a bounty would benefit fishermen? It certainly is evident that one could make good pay if the bounty should be even one cent on each, because at any time of the year perch can be caught in large numbers at our docks. Tons of these fish were caught this last winter through the ice.

Robert Bourne, Burlington, Vt.

Fireman Mackenzie, of the Northern Pacific Railway, saved 3 men from drowning in Atikokan river yesterday. The men were fishing and had 3 sticks of dynamite with them to throw into the water. One stick had been thrown out, when one of the men became frightened and upset the canoe. The men were unable to swim, and were in the greatest danger when Fireman Mackenzie jumped into a canoe and went after them. The 3 sticks of dynamite were in the water and liable to explode at any minute. Mackenzie managed to get 2 of the men ashore, and rescued the third man as he was sinking the last time. When the men were about half way back to shore the 3 sticks of dynamite exploded all at once and upset the canoe. Water was shot up into the air 40 feet, and the shirt was torn off the man Mackenzie was taking to shore. Neither he nor Mackenzie sustained any injury, however.—Canadian Paper.

Mackenzie's zeal was misdirected. He should have let the fish hogs take the consequences of their own acts.—Editor.

Archie Phillip, deputy game warden at Tower, arrived in the city yesterday noon with a quartet of offenders against the game and fish law, whom he apprehended on Lake Vermilion a few days ago, engaged in netting and dynamiting fish. The four men were taken before Judge Fuller at Tower, where they pleaded guilty to the charge of using gill nets and dynamite to take the fish, and were each fined $50 and costs or 60 days in jail. The prisoners did not have the money to pay their fines and were brought to Duluth to serve their time. Their names are Fred Swari, Hirman Johnson, Isaac Pihlaja and Dominie Corila. Two of the men were fishermen by occupation and 2 were miners. The fishermen used the nets and the miners the dynamite. Mr. Phillip seized 950 feet of gill nets and 200 pounds of pike, which the men had taken before they were arrested.

They will find mighty poor fishing in the Duluth jail. I have never tried it, but am sure of it all the same.—Editor.

I received the Bristol rod sent me for a premium and I am more than pleased with it. I have just returned from a week's trout fishing on Marquette river, so I had an excellent opportunity to test the rod. I stayed 5 days, landing 71 trout; no very large ones, but about a dozen between 11 and 12 inches long. I did not have a chance to test the rod against a large fish, but its general action is fine and I would not hesitate to tackle with it anything that swims. I thank you most heartily for giving me such a valuable premium.

F. H. Cogswell, Detroit, Mich.

During a 2 weeks' vacation in Northern Michigan I fished the Little Muskegon and its tributaries. Trout were not biting well, but I caught 20 to 25 each day I was out. They were 7 to 12 inches long. I thought that ought to satisfy anyone, but I never worked harder in my life. I learned while there that it was not policy to wade in water 4 feet deep and expect to come out with dry feet just because I had on hip boots.

Ed. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

I hope you will have every success with your efforts for game preservation. If I lived in America I should certainly belong to the L. A. S. It is a pity you can not extend your operations here, as I saw in a recent paper that 3 persons caught 150 trout in 3 days. Don't you think they deserve a place in the pen? The trout were introduced by the Government a few years ago, and these fish hogs are evidently trying to exterminate them.

W. T. Adams,
Howick Station, Natal, Africa.

I wish I could send you a trout. We are getting fine ones. They are increasing in our lake every year. We shall try to have a special act passed appropriating an amount sufficient to put about 5 men on as many trout spawning beds during November and December to prevent netting on the beds in the spawning season. Then trolling for trout would be good sport.

Dr. W. S. Wrean, Penn Yan, N. Y.

I received the Bristol steel rod you gave me as a premium for securing new subscribers to Recreation, and I am well pleased with it. There are not many game fish left in this locality, as the German carp destroy so much spawn. During the recent high waters I saw boys catch carp, with pitchforks, weighing 2 to 8 pounds.

Alfred H. Miller, Lancaster, Ohio.

Trout are not very plentiful here, though there are some in streams within a radius of 20 miles. The most are caught by a few men to sell. These same fellows will not do an honest day's work if asked. It is a disgrace that the sale of trout is allowed in this State.

G. S. Klump, M. D., Bellefonte, Pa.

A man was recently caught seining in the Mississippi river near Winona, Minnesota, in violation of the law. He was arrested, fined $50 and costs and the seine was burned. The fisherman figures his total loss at $318. This is a wholesome lesson to other violators, all of whom will be called on in turn.

We have good fishing here in the Wapsipinicon river. Large black bass and pickerel have been taken since the 10th of May.

J. P. Jaeger, Independence, Ia.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

MORE POINTERS FOR PETERS.

Wichita, Kan.

J. H. McKibben, Sec'y,
Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—I notice in May Recreation a copy of a letter from you ordering your advertisement in that magazine discontinued because of an article appearing on page 300 of the April number. I have always been an admirer and promoter of the Peters goods, and was just on the point of ordering some of your new 22-7-45 cartridges; but the tone of your letter seems so childish I am impelled to ask if that is the only reason why you withdraw your ad from the best sportsmen's journal in the country. If so, and if you can read impartially several other letters in May Recreation, in which the goods of other manufacturers are much more severely criticised, I think you will admit you have no occasion whatever to withdraw your ad.

You surely would not expect to subsidize or control a man like G. O. Shields by a little advertising patronage.

The pride of his friends is that his motto, like that of the Boston Post, is, "With a mission and without a muzzle." Of what value are our friends if they do not point out our faults, in order to protect us from our enemies?

Of course, if you have other reasons for withdrawing your patronage, which it seems almost certain you must have, it would be more manly to state them. If you will read the May number of Recreation you will find several other makes of guns, cartridges, etc., much more severely criticised than yours in the letter you mention.

I have a Winchester repeating shot gun and have the same fault to find with the Peters shells that Mr. Radcliff recites; but I did not consider it a fault of your shell particularly, because the shell was not used in your gun. Naturally, the Winchester people would make a shell for their own gun which would work better in it than those of another maker.

I hope you will have the manliness to acknowledge your fault, in the next Recreation, and regain the confidence of your friends throughout the country. We certainly have patronized you so largely in the past that we have contributed in no small way to the present success of your company.

Yours truly,
A. J. Applegate,
Pres. Wichita Gun Club,
and Member L. A. S.

Columbiaville, Mich., April 29, 1901.

Mr. J. H. McKibben, Sec'y,
Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—In the May number of Recreation I note, with unbounded surprise, that you have cancelled your advertisement in that journal. I feel safe in saying you have made a mistake this trip, for there are no 3 sportsmen's journal published from the use of whose columns a manufacturer of sporting goods can derive so much benefit as he can from advertisements placed in Recreation. Then, too, look at the rank injustice of your action. Most manufacturers like honest criticism, which enables them constantly to improve their goods; but you stop your advertisement because forsooth, the journal in which you advertise prints a few lines from a reader who sees a chance for improvement in your cartridges. He finds they do not work just right in a certain type of gun, and says so. This is merely a simple statement of facts and is in no way intended to disparage the output of your company. The manufacturer who hearkens to fair criticism of articles of his make, and then straightway sets about to improve them is a sure winner, for all progressive sportsmen will arise and call him blessed, and will also hasten to buy his goods. No, Mr. McKibben, your methods might go in China, where the people all look backward and where no progress is ever made, but in America one must keep up with the caravan or take chances of being left far behind.

For the publisher of a magazine to withhold criticism of an article simply because he is running an ad for the maker thereof savors of unfairness to the general reader. I sincerely hope Recreation may never become so effete and one sided as to refuse to allow its subscribers to express their honest convictions through its pages when they so desire. You would better call your action in the matter a mistake and continue to advertise in the only magazine that can give you adequate returns for your money.

Yours respectfully,
A. L. Vermilya.

Camp Hill, Pa., April 29, 1901.

Mr. J. H. McKibben, Sec'y,
Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—I have just been reading the May number of Recreation, and although I have no criticism whatever to make on the goods you manufacture, I feel justified in writing you in regard to the article on pages 378 and 379 of that issne.

It is quite apparent to me that Mr. Shields has done more for the manufacturers of your line of goods than any one else has.

First, he has done so by his never-let-up war on game hogs. I know from personal observation that the army of game hogs is decreasing, and only because of the work done by RECREATION. If matters had been left to go on as they have gone heretofore it would not take a great number of years for all the game to be exterminated; in which event I can not see where the demand for your class of goods would come from.

Mr. Shields is right when he says, "These people have been wise enough to see that an occasional adverse criticism is decidedly advantageous to them, because it gives their friends opportunities to come out and defend the goods."

I conscientiously feel that you have ruined years of your work done by advertising, as well as treated Mr. Shields unjustly, by withdrawing your ad.

Yours very truly,
A. M. Bowman, Sec'y.

MARLIN PUFFS.

Santa Ana, Cal.

Editor RECREATION:

I notice the Marlin people have had the nerve to commence an action against you for telling the truth about their goods.

I regret to say I have had considerable experience with Marlin rifles, having had 2 fancy guns made to order, and having owned several plain ones. If I ever get forgiveness for it I will take a solemn oath never to do it again. I believe in a fair deal, though, and will say Marlin makes an elegantly finished, fine handling, and accurate shooting rifle, when it takes a notion to shoot; but with all this, Marlin rifles are, in my estimation, barring the Zulu scatter gun, the bummest rifle on the market. They have been the cause of more profanity than all the mothers-in-law and hired girls in existence. The Marlin action is as uncertain as an old maid's temper, and more likely to buck just at the critical moment than a bunch grass broncho.

In the West there are a few hunters who go out occasionally to shoot chipmunks, and who swear by the Marlin; but the percentage of hunters who swear at Marlins till they can dispose of them to some unsuspecting tenderfoot is much larger.

I have also found the Marlin people unsatisfactory to deal with. Some time ago, after corresponding with them, they agreed to make me a 28-inch half octagon, 22-5-40 barrel for my Schuetzen Ballard. I expressed the frame to the factory and sent remittance to cover entire cost. After waiting and writing them several times, and receiving several stand-offs I wrote them to cancel the order and I would ship the frame to the Stevens people to have the work done. Instead of doing so they fitted in a light 24-inch barrel, that was not at all what I wanted, and said they had nothing else in stock; but they kept the full amount of cash for the special barrel I had ordered. I was so disgusted with them I was glad to get off that cheap. In future I shall send such orders to Stevens.

A great many gun dealers in the West will not carry Marlin rifles in stock because these guns are so unreliable. I have had a good deal of experience in rifle shooting, having used most of the American makes, and a good many foreign makes; and for an all around gun, fine handling, simplicity, accuracy and reliability, I consider the Savage, fitted with Lyman ivory bead and Lyman sporting rear sight, the acme of perfection. With miniatures, black powder, and full smokeless loads, it is anything from a 22 to a 4 year old cannon, and a more accurate gun I never handled. It will kill anything from a cockroach to a game hog.

C. B. Maxwell.

Cripple Creek, Col.

Editor RECREATION:

If the courts have not tied you up to keep the peace regarding those Marlin rifles, I want you to print this; not to injure Marlin, but to protect your readers and especially those contemplating hunting trips.

Last fall I was located at Rifle, Col., in the taxidermist business, and met all, or nearly all, the hunters going into the White river game fields. Being a gun crank, my place was headquarters for discussions as to the merits of different rifles, etc. A man from Philadelphia came in, *en route* to the mountains. He had a 30-30 Marlin and asked my opinion of it. I told him I did not like the action. He went on and did his hunting in a place where game was scarce. He hunted diligently 7 days before seeing a good head. Finally a good one got up and the Marlin cut loose, scoring a clean miss. Out jumped 2 more bucks. The hunter threw down the lever and got ready for the next shot; but that lever never came up. Just what did happen I could never find out; but the man brought the gun to me to be repaired. I advised him to throw it in the river. That man came over 2,000 miles by rail and 100 miles by stage to hunt, and you can possibly imagine what he thinks of the Marlin rifle. Young man, take my advice and buy a Winchester 30-40 or a Savage 303. They are none too big and they can't be swamped. The wire patched bullets are a big improvement. The hunter above referred to bought a head from me to take home, because the Marlin repeater would not repeat.

S. T. Stevens.

SMALL SHOT.

In reply to H. J. Decker, Pritcher, N. Y., I would say: I have used rifles on the kinds of game he mentions for 30 years. The rifle which will best suit him is the 32-20, model '92, Winchester. The capabilities of that cartridge are not as yet fully known to all shooters.

C. O. Peake, Orange, Vt.

In reply to H. J. Decker, Pitcher, N. Y., as to the best rifle cartridge for small game, would say I prefer the 32 long rim fire. My brother likes the 22 long rifle. Both are good. I use a Stevens Ideal No. 44 and think it as good as any.

Allyn H. Tedman, Ridgefield, N. J.

In reply to H. J. Decker would say that the Winchester repeating rifle is the best for small game. Winchester take-downs are superior to all others and are as strong as any solid frame. They weigh only 5¾ pounds. L. A. S., N. Y. City.

In March Recreation I came across an article headed "Lyman Sights on the Savage Rifle" and signed W. F. W., Pittsburg, Pa. The whole trouble is that the ivory front sight on the Savage rifle was too low. There are a number of Lyman ivory bead front sights made by the Lyman Company and sold for different rifles. Dealers sometimes do not know that they are of different heights, so they place on the Savage an ivory bead sight designed for another rifle, and in consequence the sight does not give satisfaction. Sights, like any other contrivance, must be properly fitted to give satisfaction. We shall be pleased to send a catalogue showing all our sights to anyone wanting it.

Arthur Savage,
Gen. Mgr., Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.

I note in Recreation the opinions of several small bore cranks. Mr. Barnes must have been sleepy when he said he could tear a 4 times larger hole in a deer with his 25-35 than he could with a 45-70. He would have to use a soft point bullet of about 250 grains. It would be impossible to tear as large a hole with even the 117 grain soft point factory bullet. It stands to reason that a 117 grain bullet will not expand so much as a 405 or 500 grain bullet. Then I think he was preparing to start a meat market when he killed those 40 deer.

G. W. McGowan, Lawrence, Mich.

Should like to know if any of your readers have been bothered by poor primers. I used one box of Peters cartridges in my Winchester, model, '97. They seemed to work all right, but in 3 of them the primers were no good. Have used W. R. A. and U. M. C. shells for the last 10 years and never had a misfire. Recently killed 2 owls at one shot, measuring about 4½ feet each.

N. W. Jackson, Clayton, Mich.

Will some Southern reader of Recreation tell me what weight, length and bore of gun is best adapted to quail shooting in Virginia. I expect to spend the coming fall there and want to have a gun built for Virginia game. Here I hunt nothing but ducks and am wedded to a 10 pound, 10 bore, 32 inch gun built for me by the Ithaca Gun Co.

Northwest, Butte, Mont.

I prefer a 38-55 for all game up to and including deer. For bear, moose and elk a 45-70 or a 45-90 is better. A man too weak to carry an 8 or 9 pound gun would better content himself with fishing; he was not cut out for a hunter. Give me the black powder gun, and if I like I can load it with bulk for bulk smokeless.

G. H. Robbins, Hero, Mont.

You are doing good work in roasting the game hogs as they deserve. I agree with J. B., Woonsocket, R. I., on barring the shot gun. I believe in using the rifle even on small game. It is more sportsmanlike and requires more skill, which game hogs and pot hunters do not have.

A. A. Grexel, Glessner, Pa.

I use Lyman sights and like them very much. I have found U. S. cartridges unsatisfactory, as the lubricant scales off and makes the action work hard. I like Peters' best, although I have had several of them miss fire. I still use them because they are accurate and clean.

L. T., Greeley, Colo.

What is the use of carrying a gun weighing 9½ to 10 pounds when you can get a lighter one, say a 30-30 Winchester, that will kill as well or better? The big gun may be all right if you have a mule to carry it and can find a fence to rest it on when shooting.

P. F. Finlayson, Sicamous, B. C.

I had a trial lot of U. M. C. Acme shells for shooting during the Christmas holidays and am getting out 1,000 loaded with the various smokeless powders for further testing. I liked the small lot very well. I am writing as a sportsman; am not in the business.

H. E. H.,
Adelaide, South Australia.

I use thousands of shells every year and so do other members of our club. We have the honor of holding the gold medal emblematic of the county championship. We won it by a score of 97 out of 100 targets, with U. M. C. shells, factory loaded.

R. J. W., Springfield, O.

The Syracuse guns are all right. I have shot one for 5 years and never saw a better shooting gun at any price. I broke the wing of a black duck at 17 rods, actual measurement. Was shooting 3¼ drams powder and 1¼ ounces of No. 4 shot.

H. G. Jaquay,
Canastota, N. Y.

L. O. Ingalls, West Durham, N. Y., asks to be told a good load for fox shooting. For a 12 bore, 8 pound gun he should try 3¼ drams f. f. g. DuPont powder, or the same amount by measure of smokeless, and 1⅛ ounces B. B. shot.

F. E. Mills, Middletown, N. Y.

In reply to L. A. S., San Antonio, Tex., would say that soft point bullets are made for the 6 m/m Lee U. S. Navy rifle by the Winchester people. The rifle is as effective as the 30-30, but is not much liked on account of its bolt action.

L. A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answering F. M. Gilhan: I have tried nearly all the smokeless powders, and consider Ballistite the quickest and best.

If Y. F. will try the Stevens 25 caliber he will find it just the thing for target and small game shooting.

G. B., Amherst, Mass.

What do you think of a 10 gauge gun for ducks and geese? Is the penetration of the 12 gauge as great as that of the 10? I am 17 years old and have a 10 gauge double gun. I like to hunt but never was a hog.

Clyde Johnson, Rockton, Ill.

In answer to A. W. Webley will say I own a 44 caliber revolver and am using the 44 Russian cartridge. I find it exceedingly accurate. A friend of mine is using the same cartridge and says it can not be beaten.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Ia.

S. N. Watson asks if round rifle balls give as good results as grooved ones. As far as accuracy goes they are better than grooved bullets; at least I have found them so when fired from my 40-65 Winchester.

O. A. Richardson, Montgomery, Vt.

Am pleased to see the stand you have taken in regard to the Peters Company. Am with you every time, and will certainly not burn any Peters powder as long as they keep out of our Recreation circle.

L. A. S., No. 3619.

For an oil to use outside and inside of guns before putting them awav. I find from long experience that distilled neatsfoot oil is the best. It can be bought at any large drug store.

F. A. Nelson, Rochester, N. Y.

Your department of rifles and ammunition is interesting and instructive. I have found many things therein which have helped to improve my shooting.

D. C. Read, Chaumont, N. Y.

Tell A. S. Morse, of Kansas City, that a Lyman receiver sight on a 30-40, with a jack bead and hood for front sight, is a good combination

A. F. Lehman, St. Paul, Minn.

Which is considered the best for all around work, the Winchester 16 gauge pump gun or the Ithaca double gun, and why?

H. D. Billings, Newtonville, Mass.

Will 26 inch barrels on a 12 gauge gun throw shot as far and as closely as would 28 inch barrels on the same gun?

W. A. D., Binghamton, N. Y.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

DO DOES LEAD?

Oberlin, O.

Editor RECREATION:

In a lecture given by Ernest Seton-Thompson in this city last November, he said that among elk, deer, antelope, etc., each band is led by a female, except in case of danger, real or imaginary, when the males rush to the front for the defense of the band. The statement surprised me, for I had long believed that among all grazing animals each band is habitually led by a male, who not only selects the route of travel and the feeding ground for the band, but is constantly on the lookout for danger, and ready to join the other males of the band in efforts to protect the females and the young.

Personally, I have had little opportunity to observe the habits of wild animals, but on a few occasions I have seen bands of deer, and of antelope, moving over the billowy country bordering the Missouri river. In each case the band was not only led by one or more males, but the rear was also guarded by other males. When alarmed, the males took position between the cause of fear and the females, while the latter escaped, by retreat, and were soon joined by the males. No shooting was indulged on any of these occasions.

In a conversation with Mr. Seton-Thompson, the day after the lecture referred to, he stated that most of his observations had been made among the partially domesticated cattle of our Western plains, and he also admitted that, possibly, his observations had been largely made among those bands or bunches that were moving away from what they may have regarded as enemies, their herders.

Would it not be of real interest to your readers to find on the pages of RECREATION the testimony of several persons who have made careful, if not extensive, observations of the habits of wild animals in the matter of leadership and defense?

Being anxious to gather facts in this line, I wrote to Rev. C. L. Hall, of Elbow Woods, N. D., who has lived among the Indians of the Fort Berthold reservation during the past 24 years, asking him to question the old hunters among the Arickaree, Gros Ventre and Mandan tribes regarding the points in question. I did not state my opinions for the verdict of the Indians, but asked for their knowledge in the case. Mr. Hall replied promptly, as follows: "I found 4 old hunters together immediately after the receipt of your letter, and propounded your questions. They replied as follows: 'With deer, elk and antelope the male is on the lookout and gives warning of danger; also giving the does and the young a chance to get away.' All agreed to this. But it was not so clear that a doe never leads the way when there is no alarm. Of course, that would be a harder matter to determine. I once surprised a dozen antelope close at hand, as I drove up a rise of ground and saw down on the other side. They ran in a circle, from left to right, in front of me. The stag held back till the rest had run far off, and then quickly caught up with them.

"In the case of buffalo, one of the older Indians said the herd was sometimes led by an old cow, and sometimes by an old bull. In times of danger they stampeded without regard to leadership. Concerning wolves, these Indians had no opinion."

During the past 3 months I have consulted several careful observers and get no evidence that females habitually, or even frequently, take the leadership when there are males in the herd.

What do the readers of RECREATION know on this subject? Guess work, suspicions and opinions are worthless. What is certain?

Lyman B. Sperry.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

New York City.

Editor RECREATION:

Some years ago, while spending the summer in the Alleghany mountains, at Cresson Springs, Pa., I met several chipmunks and squirrels and became intimately acquainted with them. Large and beautiful grounds surrounded the hotel, and the woods near afforded first class accommodations for all kinds of birds, butterflies and insects. Red and gray squirrels swarmed all over the place. The pretty-to-look-at-only skunks also made their homes there, and it is with gratitude I can truly say they gave me no cause for complaint during my stay. In the grass and on the walks small holes showed the entrances to the apartments of chipmunks, and I often saw the little animals sitting in front of their homes taking a view of the surrounding country.

After dinner I usually left the table with my pocket full of nuts and made a beeline to a corner of the piazza where my friends would come as soon as I chirped to them, if they were not already waiting for me.

Most of the nuts were carried away by the chipmunks to their storehouse. One little fellow had to make many trips, as the capacity of his pouch was not great. I often gave them almonds merely for the pleasure of having them sit in front of me, open the nuts and eat the meat leisurely. Nearly all the chipmunks ate from my hand. One in particular would sit upright and fill his pouches until they bulged, as nut after nut disappeared into the mysterious caverns on his face. One day a certain nut was evidently too large, or the ends too sharp, for he deliberately took it out again, all wet, placed it back in my hand and selected a nut that fitted better in his pouch. Then he raced off to his home with his treasure, but lost no time in returning to me. This was kept up as long as the supply of nuts lasted. After that he had no further use for me.

In the woods near the house was a long board walk, and when walking there I had to watch my steps carefully to avoid treading on little chipmunk heads peeping up out of the holes in the boards, waiting patiently for nuts to fall, as they invariably did when I walked there.

The gray squirrels were always playing in the trees near the house, and I used to listen attentively to their calls. One day, when I imitated a certain call a squirrel came down the tree at once. When, to his disgust, he found it was only a horrid biped calling he sat up on his haunches and gave me a fierce scolding.

A pair of robins were housekeeping in one of the trees on the lawn, and I was much amused watching the unwelcome attentions thrust on them by a red squirrel, who, no doubt, was looking for some tender morsel, eggs, or the contents perhaps, after they were hatched. The squirrel would run chattering up and down the tree, followed by one of the robins with wide open beak and outstretched wings, a sight to strike terror to the heart of any animal but a red squirrel. This chase was repeated daily, but I never found out who was the victor.

One hot day I sought a cool spot under a tree on the lawn, intending to enjoy an hour with my book, when my attention was aroused by the sound of persistent humming that was kept up right above my head. I thought it was a bumblebee, but to my delight it proved to be a beautiful humming bird that had followed a woodpecker, which was at work on the tree and which, after eating the grub he had been boring for, flew away to another tree. The humming bird, remaining poised seemingly motionless on its vibrating wings, thrust its slender bill into the hole made by the woodpecker, sucked the sap that oozed from the side, and then flew away to the next tree visited by the woodpecker.

H. L. Lagowitz.

BIRDS AND CROPS.

JAMES FRANK.

Weeds and insects are the chief enemies of farm crops. Fortunately certain agents are at work to check their ravages, the most efficient being the insect eating and seed eating birds. Many birds visit our farms daily in search of insects, and later in the season these same birds feed in flocks on the ripened seeds of weeds which we have failed to destroy. Since they attack weeds in the most critical stage of life, the seed period, their services are of great practical value. The benefits rendered by birds are noticed most in the case of hoed crops, where are found the largest number of annual weeds. The principal weeds which birds keep from going to seed on our farms are the rag weed, pigeon grass, smart weed and pig weed. Some birds eat more or less weed seed throughout the year, even when insects are most abundant; but generally their food in the growing season of crops is insects.

Many of these birds are treated as enemies, and often when we visit a garden or a cornfield we may see the farmer running for his gun to shoot and kill, never stopping to consider whether the bird is injurious or beneficial. It is time we realized that in the destruction of these birds we are simply increasing insects and weeds and decreasing our crops' growth. There are few birds on our farms that are not helpful. By feeding the birds in winter and spring, when their food is scarce, we soon win their friendship. We should always try to make our places homes for these beneficial birds.

Our game birds, the ruffed grouse, the prairie chicken and the quail, are also beneficial to our crops in destroying weeds and insects. Early in the season prairie chickens feed their young on the grasshoppers that abound in our fields. Our friends, the quails, pick up thousands of weed seeds in the fields where grain has been cut and a rank growth of weeds has taken its place. The quantity of grain found in the examined stomachs of these birds is surprisingly small, while the proportion of weed seed is astonishingly large. In some cases the crops and gizzards of these birds have been found to be literally gorged with hundreds of seeds of our pestiferous rag weed. Our little friend is never idle. In late fall and winter, when food is scarce, we may find Bob White scratching in the stubble and devouring our hated chinch bug.

In order that our song birds may enjoy

our places, and live in content, we must keep out all injurious birds. The leader of these is the English sparrow. It destroys fruits and grain, disfigures buildings and drives away other birds. It increases with great rapidity, and we should all aid in exterminating it, while at the same time making our places attractive to the beneficial birds.

A SNAPPING POSSUM.

J. E. TAYLOR.

In October Recreation Mr. E. C. Brown wastes 2 pages of space in an article headed "Fishing for Possum." My experience leads me to believe some of his statements the creation of a vivid imagination rather than a plain narrative of facts.

For instance, when the author of this romantic possum story had climbed the tree to the hole and "peered down into the opening," there came from it a "rapid succession of sounds resembling the click of a steel trap." Mr. Brown should have the proud satisfaction of knowing his one experience at that hole was different from that of any other possum hunter on record. I have cut possums out, dug them out, pulled them out and punched them out of holes; but never yet have I seen one keyed up to a steel trap click, whether I simply peered in the hole or punched the beast to death in trying to get it out.

Then think of a man having the nerve to run his bare hand into the sacred domicile of an animal after being warned by a prolonged steel trap symphony! But "with 2 fingers perforated and an arm laid open in 3 long stripes," we find this dauntless individual making a second attempt with no more protection than a felt hat! We are next told that the possum lay in such a considerate position that a hook from a dangling line could catch it under the tail. This possum was surely different from others of its kind, for they, when at home, invariably cover up in a bed of leaves or other light stuff.

And then when being lowered by the string the "vicious little jaws" of this steel trap wonder "were snapping right and left." No, Mr. Brown, possums do not snap right and left, and if you can prove yours did I will pay your subscription to Recreation for 10 years in advance.

"A great scratching inside the hole informed me that madame was also at home." I presume this possum was afraid it would be overlooked, though I never knew one to court attention. They are generally still as death, especially when disturbed. Then there was Harry, who knew all about possums, "between 2 fires" when crossing a stream and the possums began to fight. Possums out of the same hole do not fight as a general thing, and a hunter would take no notice of an occasional growl from such animals in a bag.

PANTHERS IN WISCONSIN.

I notice in Recreation a correspondent inquires if panthers are now ever found in Wisconsin. I am interested in the subject, and should be glad of any information from parties who have a positive knowledge of the existence of such animals here. Early last fall while my wife and I were enjoying a trip up the Somo river, we came across tracks of a different sort from any we had seen before. They were on an old road, and the soil being sandy, and the time not long after a rain, they were clearly defined. The outline of the footprint was nearly round or similar in shape to that of a house cat, the pad, or ball of the foot, and each toe mark showing plainly. I had a tape line with me, and the exact diameter of the foot print was 5 inches. Tracks were about an hour old when we saw them. I followed the trail a short distance down the road, and a small animal making same style of imprint had joined the larger one. They had continued together and had finally turned off into the brush. Could a lynx or a wildcat have made tracks of that size? The tracks were not those of a bear. Two weeks prior to that time 2 parties from this place were hunting in that neighborhood and jumped an animal that they fired at, but missed. It ran, or rather jumped, with great rapidity, and was white or light colored under the belly, but beyond that they could not describe it, owing to intervening bushes and trees. Are panthers ever known to attack adult human beings unless wounded or suddenly surprised at close quarters?

J. C. Webster, Tomahawk, Wis.

ANSWER.

All the evidence in your letter, as well as the probabilities, go to show that the animal was a panther. One form or other of the species extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Ottawa to South America. Wisconsin is within the accredited range.—Editor.

CHINESE, MONGOLIAN OR ENGLISH ?

In looking over April Recreation I find a bit of pheasant lore from H. R. Foster. There seems to be a great misunderstanding about the proper name of these birds. Is it Chinese, Mongolian, or English? All I can find about these birds is that the Chinese pheasant is found in China, Corea and Mongolia. In the first

2 places it is known as the Chinese. The birds that come from Mongolia are called Mongolian pheasants, but are in fact the same bird as the Chinese. The English pheasant derives the name it now has from its being found in England, but the English bird originated in China, the same as others of the species.

The difference in plumage is caused by the differences in the climate of the countries where the birds live. The brightest come from China. In fact, almost all our pheasants come from China; a few from Japan and India.

In regard to size, some birds will grow larger than others. I have had 2 birds hatch from the same litter and when grown one would weigh 1½ pounds more than the other. In breeding these pheasants I have had a pen of 4 hens and a cock confined in a yard 14 feet wide and 20 feet long. Ninety-five per cent. of the eggs hatched. I have had cock birds with the white ring one inch wide clearly shown and cocks from the same litter with hardly any ring. When you get Chinese, Mongolian or English pheasants you get the same thing only from different countries. Let us hear from someone else.

C. L. Darlington, Stoneham, Mass.

WILD PIGEONS.

Wild pigeons have been a little troublesome in some sections of the interior of San Joaquin valley this year. The farmers in a few sections have complained and have reported that the pigeons destroyed a great quantity of their seed. The pigeons come nearly every year, especially in the fall, from the higher Sierra Nevadas to the lower foothills, where they remain a few months, and then they depart again, going either North or to the higher mountains. There were many thousands of them this year. Generally we see only a few bands of them, and they seldom become troublesome on account of large numbers. They usually come when the acorns and coffee berries are ripe. These furnish at certain seasons the principal food of the pigeons, and this in such a degree that their meat is not inviting in such times. As a general rule, they do not trouble the grain much, and so I find no excuse for those people who killed them in large numbers. The pigeons are not here when the fruit is ripe. There were great snow storms in the mountains, which drove the poor birds for a time to the valley. Being short of food, they had to come and they had to eat something. Some farmers may have suffered a little, but I pity the poor birds, which have been killed by thousands.

For many years I have tried to catch a few pigeons alive for propagation, but always failed, until finally this year I was rewarded. They fly much faster than our tame pigeons, and are larger and stronger. Their wings are very powerful. They are *Columba oenas*, wood pigeon.

Otto Luhdorff, Visalia, Cal.

PREFERRED TO BE A PET

Last fall I brought a chipmunk, or striped squirrel, from another part of the State and kept him in a cage at my home in the city of Augusta, Me. My little 5 year old granddaughter, who has a great liking for wild birds and animals, began to think it was cruel to keep him a captive and wanted him put back into his native woods. I therefore put him in a small box, around which a paper was closely wrapped, and with the child went out of the city about a mile, deposited him at the root of a tree, placed plenty of nuts and corn by the box and left him. The next day he was back at my house, trying to get into his cage, which was out of reach. The cage was placed on the ground, and the squirrel in the meantime ran into some shrubs near the house. The next day he was found in his cage running his wheel at a lively rate. How do you account for it? He did not see the light of day from the time we started to the place where we left him. After we left him we traveled about the woods a good deal before coming home. It is needless to say he will be one of the family from now on. This evidence of the affection and knowledge of birds and animals calls for the kindest of treatment at the hands of man.

E. C. Farrington, Augusta, Me.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

The enemies of the robin, the thrush, the scarlet tanager, the blue bird, the cheweet, the blackbird, the bobolink, the oriole, the wren and the lark are legion. None but wanton wretches take their lives, unless it be the natural enemies of birds. Game animals and game birds have a hard struggle for existence here in Idaho. The Indians leave their reservations but to slay and waste. The wolf, the lynx, the coyote, owls, hawks, and eagles, are waging war on ruffed grouse, blue grouse, plover, prairie chickens and meadow larks. Hide hunters have slaughtered deer within a few miles of here, leaving the grinning skulls in heaps as horrid reminders of broken laws. Government must aid in saving the remnant of birds and animals.

A few years ago it was not unusual to see 20 to 60 deer in a day in the Priest Lake country. Now you may travel a week and not see one. I have not shot a doe since I came West, and not more than one buck each year.

A. C. G. Slocum, Rathdrum, Idaho.

A beautiful full blooded Irish setter, belonging to a U. S. Senator, gave birth to a litter of 13 puppies. An hour later the mother, after caressing and attending them as only a mother dog can, picked up a piece of burlap, carried it in her mouth to a secluded corner, carried each puppy in its turn to the impromptu bed, curled herself up around the little fellows, laid her head down quietly and died. Had she a premonition of approaching death? One little half orphan, now 3 years old, after receiving its nourishment from a bottle, is at this present moment running around not a great distance from where I sit.

Dr. G. W. B., Brooklyn.

This morning I killed a wild pigeon and have sent him to Fred Kaempfer for mounting. It is the first one I ever saw. He was with a flock of mourning doves inside city limits and the only one in the flock.

James L. Platt, Cresco, Iowa.

You should not have killed the pigeon. No man should kill one of these birds for the next 10 years, and if any other reader of RECREATION sees one or any number of them I trust he will not only refrain from shooting them, but try to induce others to preserve them.—EDITOR.

I should like to know why it is so difficult to raise mongolian pheasants in this part of the country. I have tried 3 consecutive seasons. The eggs always hatch, but the pheasants die within a month.

Quails are plentiful here. One can get 30 or 40 in a day without pursuing the bevies, which, to my mind, is the worst thing one can do to exterminate them; as it does not leave enough for the next year's brood. They are increasing every year, as the season is short.

R. P., Cleveland, Ohio.

Two species of crows proper are found in Cuba. I am not well acquainted with either species, but believe the one known commonly as *cao* is the same as the one described by Audubon by the name of *Corvus americanus*. The description of this corresponds in all respects with the Cuban species. In our fauna we also have the *Corvus jamaicensis*.

O. A. Fischer, Trinidad, Cuba.

A Mexican told me this cure for rattlesnake bite. Kill the snake, cut out its gall and let the contents run into the wound. My informant has tried it and it works O. K.

H. A. King, Ft. Davis, Tex.

How do you spend your summer? Do you camp out, take a canoeing trip, a yachting cruise, live on a houseboat, have a cottage by the sea or a cabin in the mountains? If any of these joys is yours, complete it by adding to your outfit a Primus oil stove. You can get one free of cost by sending me 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each. The Primus stove is a perfect cooker and heater. With one of these in your outfit you can defy many discomforts that prevail in outdoor life without one. Send me the club and let me give you a chance to try a Primus.

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera, send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

Every family uses salad on the table at least once a day. No piece of table ware, therefore, could be more useful than a salad bowl. Every housekeeper who likes to have her table look beautiful should send me 10 subscriptions and earn for herself one of the exquisite cut glass salad bowls I offer for such a club.

For a short time only I can give a $15 Wizard camera as premium for 8 subscriptions. This is a remarkable offer, as I have never before asked less than 12 subscriptions for this camera, and everyone knows the Wizard is worth full value.

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Everyone knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

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"	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
"	W. S. Mygrant,	46 Elton Street, Brooklyn.
"	P. A. Geepel,	473 Grand Ave., Astoria, L. I.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
"	Wm. S. Mead,	Woodstock.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.
Herkimer,	J. A. Bloom,	Center.
"	D. F. Sperry,	Old Forge.
Rensselaer,	Benj. McNary,	Bath.
Putnam,	H. L. Brady,	Mahopac Falls.
Schuyler,	G. C. Fordham,	Watkins.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
"	Samuel Waklee,	Box 373, Stratford.
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.
"	D. J. Ryan,	188 Elizabeth St., Derby.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk,	Orlando McKenzie,	Norfolk.
"	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.
Suffolk,	Capt. W. J. Stone.	4 Tremont Row, Boston.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
Mercer.	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
"	Roland Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
"	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
"	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
"	Calone Orr,	Hibernia.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.
Monmouth.	Dory-Hunt,	Wanague.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Perry,	Samuel Sunday,	Lebo.
Warren.	F. P. Sweet,	Goodwill Hill.
Juniata,	Clifford Singer,	Oakland Mills.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Potter	Ira Murphy,	Coudersport
"	Wiley Barrows,	Austin.
Crawford,		
(West half)	Jasper Tillotson	Tillotson.
(East half)	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Allegheny,	F. J. Forquer,	Murrinsville.
Butler,	S. H. Allen,	Natrona.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
"	W. R. Keefer,	"
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	Granere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.
Carbon,	Asa D. Hontz,	East Mauch Chunk
Cumberland,	J. C. Gill,	Mechanicsburg.
Wyoming,	Cyrus Walter,	Tunkhannock.
Tioga,	E. B. Beaumont, Jr.,	Lawrenceville
Lycoming,	Jas. J. Brennan,	Oval.
"	B. D. Kurtz,	Cammal.
Delaware,	Walter Lusson,	Ardmore

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Berrien,	W. A. Palmer,	Buchanan.
Cass.	Thomas Dewey.	Dowagiac.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill.
King William	N. H. Montague,	Palls.
Smythe,	J. M. Hughes,	Chatham Hill.
King & Queen,	R. D. Bates,	Newtown.
Louisa,	J. P. Harris,	Applegrove.
Henrico,	W. J. Lynham,	412 W. Marshall Richmond.
East Rockingham,	E. J. Carickhoff,	Harrisonburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.
Big Horn,	E. E. Van Dyke,	Clark.

LOCAL WARDENS IN TENNESSEE.

Sumner,	W. G. Harris,	Gallatin
Stewart,	John H. Lory,	Bear Spring.
Robertson,	C. C. Bell,	Springfield.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEBRASKA.

Hall,	E. C. Statler,	Grand Island

LOCAL WARDENS IN VERMONT.

Rutland,	Wm. J. Liddle,.	Box 281, Fair Haven

LOCAL WARDENS IN OKLAHOMA.

Kiowa and Comanche Nation,	A. C. Cooper.	Ft. Sill.

LOCAL CHAPTERS.

Albert Lea, Minn.,	H. A. Morgan,	Rear Warden
Angelica, N. Y.	C. A. Lathrop,	"
Buffalo, N. Y.,	H. C. Gardiner,	"
Cammal, Pa.,	B. A. Ovenshire.	"
Carbon Co., Pa.,	E. F. Frey,	"
Coudersport, Pa.,	I. L. Murphy,	"
Cresco, Iowa.,	J, L. Platt,	"
Davis, W. Va.,	J. Heltzen,	"
Dowagiac, Mich.,	W. F. Hoyt,	"
Evansville, Ind.,	F. M. Gilbert,	"
Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	W. L. Waltemarth	"
Indianapolis, Ind.,	Joseph E. Bell,	"
Jerome, Ariz.,	Dr. L. A. Hawkins,	"
Kalispell, Mont.,	John Eakright,	"
Lake Co., Ind.,	Dr. R. C. Mackey,	"
Loganpsort, Ind.,	E. B. McConnell,	"
Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	Dr. J H. Swartz.	"
New Albany, Ind.,	Dr. J. F. Weathers,	"
Penn Yan, N. Y.,	Dr. H. R. Phillips,	"
Rochester, N. Y.,	C. H. McChesney	"
Schenectady, N. Y.,	J. W. Furnside,	"
Syracuse, N. Y.,	C. C Truesdell,	"
The Dalles, Ore.,	C. B. Cushing,	"

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario Sporting goods.

ADVISES CONSOLIDATION.

Mr. J. H. Ager, President of the Nebraska State Fish and Game Protection Association and Chief Warden of the Nebraska Division of the League of American Sportsmen, makes the following report:

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Sir: The principal work for which the Nebraska State Fish and Game Protective Association was organized, to wit, a revision of the fish and game laws of the State, having been accomplished, I deem it proper I should make a short report. Last summer we offered a reward for the detection and conviction of parties engaged in illegal killing of game. We secured 4 convictions, the fines in which aggregated over $500. Those amounts were paid into the school treasury. There is no doubt the well advertised fact that the Association intended, without fear or favor, to prosecute any and all violators of the game laws had a restraining influence on would-be violators, and much game was saved that would otherwise have been slaughtered. Under the auspices of the State Association and the League of American Sportsmen, a bill was drawn by Ex-Chief Justice Post, of Columbus, which embodied the advanced legislation on this subject in other States.

In his inaugural message, Governor Deitrich called attention to the unwarranted destruction and shipment of game and other birds, and recommended legislation for their protection. The bill, with numerous amendments, passed the legislature, was signed by the Governor, and takes effect July 1. The principal features of the bill are that it prohibits the shipment of fish and game out of the State, imposes a hunting license of $10 on non-residents of the State, and a license of $1 on residents of the State, except in counties in which they reside; restricts the number of birds that may be taken, and limits the number of birds and fish that may be had in possession. To aid in the enforcement of the law a game warden and 3 paid deputies are provided for. The reasonable and just request of the large number of sportsmen who find enjoyment with the gun and rod, that they be permitted to shoot quails during November, was denied them, and a closed season for 2 years was made on these birds. The sportsmen also requested that the privilege of shooting chickens during September and October should be accorded them, but the Legislature would not accede to making September an open month, and the chicken season under the new law is not open until October.

I feel that the sportsmen, by this action, were not treated with the fairness due them. As a class, the cause of game protection and, in fact, the protection of all bird life, is due in a greater measure to them than to any other class of people in the State. Of the membership of 189 in our State organization, each of whom contributed a dollar for the conviction of illegal shooters and to defray expenses of the passage of a new bill, all were of this class. The next Legislature should be asked to, and I believe will, restore to sportsmen the privilege of shooting chickens and grouse during September.

Due credit for securing the passage of the bill should be accorded to the members of the executive committee and to Mr. Fred Mockett, the secretary, as well as to Mr. Geo. B. Simpkins, whom the Governor has appointed chief warden. We were also assisted greatly by the State Ornithologists' Union, the State Boards of Agriculture and Horticulture and the State Teachers' Association. I wish, also, to add a word of deserved praise for Mr. G. O. Shields, editor of RECREATION and the president of the League of American Sportsmen, who, in my opinion, through the League and his magazine, has done more than any other one man in the State or the nation to bring about a united and determined effort in all the States and territories for the better protection of the game and bird life in our country. As by the passage of the new law, the work of the State Fish and Game Protective Association is practically completed, I hereby tender my resignation as president. Whether or not the organization shall be kept alive, I most heartily urge that each member of the State organization not now a member of the League of American Sportsmen, join the latter organization, and I enclose herewith a blank application to Mr. Rice, the secretary of the League.

FOUR STATES TO THE FORE.

Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are among the banner States in the matter of game protection. Their Legislatures have enacted important amendments to their game laws, and the 2 latter included in their schedules provisions against spring shooting.

The pot hunters and market hunters of Wisconsin put in a bill early in the session, to repeal the law which has been in effect in that State several years prohibiting spring shooting. This bill was voted down in both houses by large majorities.

Chief Warden Pratt, of Michigan; Chief Warden Lange, of Minnesota, and Chief Warden Drought and Secretary-Treasurer Gropper, of Wisconsin, are entitled to the gratitude of all good sportsmen for the heroic and persistent work they did during the past winter in behalf of these advanced laws. Nearly all the members of the League in both States co-operated actively and earnestly with their officers; and, without disparaging the good work of other sportsmen in both States, it is only fair to say the bills in question could not have been passed but for the splendid work of the League.

It now remains for Illinois, Iowa and the Dakotas to enact laws prohibiting spring shooting. These complete the group of States in which the greatest destruction to bird life is committed by market hunters. Since Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have set the example and have broken the backbone of the market hunters and the game dealers; there should be no difficulty in inducing the Legislatures of the other States to deal a death blow to the entire market interests.

Let every League member go to work now to bring about this result. Let no opportunity be neglected, from this time until the convening of your next Legislature, to make known your demands and to create public sentiment in favor of this needed reform. What has been done in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota can be done in the other States if League members there will work as hard as those in the other States have worked.

Connecticut is another of the many States that have recently taken advanced positions in the matter of game protection. The Legislature of that State passed a bill, in May last, which was prepared by and introduced at the request of Chief Warden Sherwood, of the Connecticut division of the League, and which prohibits the sale of ruffed grouse, quails and woodcock at all times.

And the League did it.

Mr. Sherwood is a thoroughly up-to-date sportsman and a hustler. His neighbors should return him to the Legislature at the next election.

LEAGUE NOTES.

The Hon. Frank L. Littleton, Chief warden of the Indiana Division, has made another big play. In a letter dated June 3 he enclosed a check for $101 in payment of 101 applications for membership. Two of these applications come from members of the Indiana Legislature and a third from an ex-member of the same body.

Mr. Littleton also reports the organization of a local chapter at New Albany, Ind., making 6 in that State now in working order.

This is simply another indication of Mr. Littleton's wonderful genius for work.

Hon. C. M. Morse, of Winona, Minn., is another of the stalwart workers in the League. Within the past few weeks he has sent in applications for membership from the Hon. S. R. Van Sant, Governor of Minnesota; W. P. Hall, D. W. Meeker and H. G. Smith, members of the State Fish and Game Commission; S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent State Fish and Game Commission; James Tawney, member of Congress, and W. B. Anderson, member of the State Legislature. This is another illustration of what a live man can do, in a live town, when he tries.

I fear I shall not be able to go to Denver this summer for the semi-annual meeting of the L. A. S.

By the way, why didn't you select a hotter place? I believe there is one, and there are more game hogs in it than even in Denver.

A. W. Dimock, 66 B'way, N. Y.

Yes, that may be true, Brother Dimock, but the devil will never be able to complete his staff until "Major" W. C. Daniels and Bryan Haywood get there.—Editor.

Mr. S. A. Davis, of Guayaquil, Ecuador, South America, sends in his application for 5 years' membership in the League, accompanied by the necessary check. It looks as if we might have to change the name of this body after a while and call it the League of Pan-American Sportsmen.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford of the same institution.

FOREST MANAGEMENT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

JOHN GIFFORD.

The annual report of the director of the New York State College of Forestry for 1900, Cornell University Records, 40 pages, series 1, No. 3, part 4, deserves to be noted as one of the choicest pieces of forestry literature yet produced in this country. It is clear, concise and logical, showing a broad knowledge of the subject in general, applied to the solution of one of the most difficult of all problems, namely, the practice of true forestry profitably on land which has been lumbered over and actually by lumbermen abused beyond immediate repair. This publication is so full of meat and valuable suggestions that it is difficult to do it justice in a short review. It should be carefully read by all persons interested in forestry and especially by those who have regard for the future welfare of the Adirondack Park.

The first part relates to the students, teaching force and courses of the College of Forestry at Ithaca. Nothing further need be said in this connection except that the college is in a thrifty condition, constantly growing, although hampered in a most unfortunate manner by lack of room. This is the only State college of forestry in this country.*

There is the most to be said regarding the college forest, in the midst of the Adirondacks. This is the theater of forestry work of New York, the center, in fact, around which all the forestry interests of the State naturally rotate. Great foresight is necessary in establishing a policy and method of management for this territory, and the constitutional amendment of 1894 should remain intact until this point is absolutely settled. For this purpose the demonstration forest of the New York State College of Forestry was established. Dr. Fernow points out clearly in the beginning that the main difference between the forester and the lumberman is that the forester has a future crop always in mind while the lumberman is simply concerned with the present profit. The forester removes the old crop, or better, in this instance, that part of the old crop which the lumberman would not or could not handle, and replaces it by a new and better one. As in all business enterprises, and forestry is a business, a working capital was necessary for the college tract. As Andrew Carnegie says, labor, capital and executive ability are the 3 legs of a 3-legged stool. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for this purpose, $1 an acre, since the tract contains in all 30,000 acres. This is $20,000 less than was asked for and is desirable to carry on the business satisfactorily, and the deficiency has greatly hampered the administration.

The first work is the removal of the old hardwoods. This should be done gradually, both for silvicultural and æsthetic reasons. In order to make it profitable, however, it is often necessary to cut more than the rules of silviculture might sanction and to find a use for the vast amount of inferior material which would otherwise either go to waste or occasion great expense in its removal. This necessitates the utilization of labor saving devices, especially railroads for transportation purposes, and the establishment of industries which will use such materials. This has been accomplished. A railroad has been built, a stave factory constructed and an acid factory is under way. These factories are off the tract in Tupper Lake, and are being built by capitalists on the strength of an agreement by which the College of Forestry binds itself to furnish a fixed annual quantity of wood for a period of 15 years.

Considerable planting has been already done on a few burned areas. The plants were bought for this purpose, but the College of Forestry will soon have in its own nurseries a large quantity of good plant material. It is essential that no fires shall ever occur on these areas because it would entail a great loss of time and labor. The college relies mainly on the State fire system for this protection. The constitutional amendment in no way hampers fire protection or even planting on burned-over areas, and the ability of the State to prevent fires in the future will attest its fitness to own and manage forest land.

Dr. Fernow brings out clearly several important points: First, that although a sustained yield is the ideal condition to be worked for it is by no means essential. He points out how futile it is to try to determine the annual increment in such woods as exist over the major part of this country. Such considerations are only intended for forests which approach at least a normal condition; such do not exist to any great extent, if at all, in the Eastern United States. He emphasizes the importance of the application of the primary rules of silviculture; that is, cutting wherever the skilled eye of the forester may dictate for the gradual betterment of the stand and soil conditions. No fixed rules can be applied, however. It depends on the circumstances of each situation and on the personality of the forester. How misleading is the system of cutting down to a certain diameter limit in the hands of unskilled men! It is neither forestry nor lumbering. It is like cutting the best cabbages from a garden and leaving the rest to fight as best they can with the weeds. It produces in the end the same conditions that are produced at once by the lumberman. It would be far better in many instances to cut clear and plant afresh. As Dr. Fernow aptly says there are 3 primary essentials to American forestry:

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*At a recent banquet held by the students of this college, there were 26 present. Three were professors and the rest were either regular or special forestry students, including 3 post graduate students in forestry.

Better protection to forest property, including rational methods of taxation: a subject of legislation.

More thorough utilization of the forest crop: a subject of wood technology and development of means of transportation and harvesting.

Silvicultural methods of harvesting so as to produce a desirable new crop or else artificial reforestation, if that is more efficient and cheaper, the main concern of forestry.

It is, therefore, plain from this valuable brochure that the maintenance of a sustained yield is not essential to forestry, but that the removal of dead, unsound and undesirable trees or careful improvement cuttings, careful utilization, roads and other labor saving devices, and in many instances, but, of course, not always, planting of the most desirable species are essential to true forestry.

FORCES WORKING AGAINST FOREST RESERVES.

An article in the Minneapolis Journal of April 20 throws an interesting side light on the antagonistic forces with which the promoters of the State forest reservation policy have to count. The article exposes at great length the recent defraudations, which have characterized logging operations in the various Indian reservations of the State this season. This year they were in part found out and the penalty in part was paid, but the frauds have been perpetrated for years.

The law permits the sale of dead and down pine timber for the benefit of the Indians, but the loggers find it difficult to recognize this class of timber. At least, they can not keep their hands off the green; hence a considerable quantity of the latter goes into the log pile with the dead.

If, as in the present year, this is found out, the Indians are the gainers by the increased penalty price which the lumbermen are forced to pay; though it is not likely all the ill doers are found out and all the green logs are scaled.

The heaviest inroads this season have been made in the pine on the lands which it has been desired to have set aside as a forest reserve around Cass lake, and this fact brings out the main opposition to the National Park proposition; the lumbermen oppose it because it withdraws the timber from their immediate grasp; the Indians object to it because they expect it will curtail their immediate income. The position is quite natural and rational from their narrow point of view and in the light of the forest reserve policy as hitherto mostly conceived and practiced. If reservation means entire withdrawal from use, those who are at present relying on the exploitation of this resource for their livelihood naturally object to it. Not until a rational system of forest management, which provides for a proper utilization and reproduction of the virgin crop, goes hand in hand with the forest reservation policy will such opposition cease. Not until it is understood that rational, conservative and economic forest use, under skillful, professional management, is at the bottom of forest preservation, will the reservation policy appeal to a Western community and the selfish interests of to-day yield to the broader continued interests of the future.

If the opposition of the lumbermen and Indians appears narrow, selfish, greedy, what shall we say of the opposition of the farmers of Michigan, who are responsible for having defeated, last winter, the most rational legislation on behalf of forestry. They are not better than the thieving loggers. This legislation provided for the gradual acquisition by the State of cut over and abandoned timber lands for the purpose of recuperating and managing the same as timber producers. The farmers leagued themselves together with real estate dealers and newspapers profiting by advertising tax titles, they fearing that the withdrawal of forest lands from settlement would prevent settlers from coming in and sharing the burden of taxation.

They overlook the facts that most of these lands in their present condition are not fit, and probably never will be, for farm use; are dead capital, and are not tax producing; that in the hands of the State they may become not only valuable again, but if restored will furnish the basis for wood industries, which to the farmer, settled on the really good farm lands, give a home market worth much more than the share of taxes which the poor deluded settler on the poor lands may be able to contribute. This presupposes, to be sure, a rational application of the timber reserve policy, and that only truly non-agricultural lands are taken and devoted to timber production. It is evident that a large amount of education as to the true meaning of forestry and of forest reservation policy is still necessary before they will be thoroughly appreciated. Only the broad minded, the far seeing, the altruistic, can comprehend that these things mean provision for the future at the least sacrifice to the present community.

SIMPLE FACTS OF FORESTRY.

Forestry in the widest sense means the rational treatment of forests as such. It may be rational to cut and remove the forest and use the land for agriculture or other purposes, but that is not forestry, for forestry presupposes the continuance as forest. In the narrower sense forestry designates the art and business of producing wood crops, just as agriculture is the art and business of producing food crops. Nature alone, left to herself, produces wood crops, but she does so at great expense of space and time. She produces weeds and undesirable trees as readily as valuable ones. She does not care whether the crop becomes available in 100 or 1,000 years; whether clear timber or knotty timber is the result. It is, then, the economic production of wood crops; the largest quantity of the best quality on the smallest space in the shortest time, which the forester attempts.

To produce a wood crop space is needed and light. To secure, therefore, an economic wood crop, nature's uneconomic crop must first be removed. The forester is a harvester as well as a producer. There are desirable, useful kinds of trees, and others less useful, or useless—tree weeds. The lumberman harvests only the desirable and leaves the undesirable, the weeds, in possession of the ground. The forester, if he wishes to reproduce the desirable, must first reduce the weeds. He must, therefore, incur the expense of weeding before he can expect to produce his crop. Forestry means present outlay for future revenue.

PRESERVING SCENERY

Although forestry has directly little to do with the attempts at preserving fine scenery and objects of interest, such attempts do appeal, nevertheless, most strongly to the forester, who is indirectly engaged in doing the same thing, namely, preserving for future generations satisfactory conditions. Every forester and forest lover will therefore rejoice to hear that on March 15 the Governor of California signed a bill appropriating $250,000 to buy the big basin in the Santa Cruz mountains in which some of the big redwoods are located. This legislation was secured through the efforts of the Sempervivens Club, and places within easy access of San Francisco a piece of virgin woodland which will exhibit to future generations the marvelous development of these congeners of the Big Trees.

A similar movement toward preserving scenery has taken practical shape in the East. May 6th Governor Odell, of New York, signed the bill which appropriates the means for saving the palisades along the Hudson from further defacement by the quarrymen. In co-operation with the State of New Jersey this bit of striking river front just out of the city of New York is to be set aside as a park.

The New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission consists of 3 members, 2 of whom are to drop out in 1903, leaving a single commissioner. The Lieutenant Governor and Mr. Charles E. Babcock, of the former commission, are the temporary officers. Mr. De Witt C. Middleton, of Watertown, also a member of the former commission, is the permanent officer, whose term of office expires in 1905.

How do you spend your summer? Do you camp out, take a canoeing trip, a yachting cruise, live on a houseboat, have a cottage by the sea or a cabin in the mountains? If any of these joys is yours, complete it by adding to your outfit a Primus oil stove. You can get one free of cost by sending me 4 yearly subscriptions to Recreation at $1 each. The Primus stove is a perfect cooker and heater. with one of these in your outfit you can defy many discomforts that prevail in outdoor life without one. Send me the club and let me give you a chance to try a Primus.

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D.

Author of 'On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

USES OF EGGS.

The ways in which eggs are served alone or in combination with other food materials are numerous. Cooked in various ways they are a favorite animal food, taking the place of meat to a certain extent; while raw eggs, usually seasoned, are by no means infrequently eaten. Boiled eggs are often used for garnishing or ornamenting different foods. Eggs are combined with other materials in various ways in many made dishes. They are used in making cakes and such foods to improve their flavor, color, and texture; while in custards, creams, etc., they thicken the material and give it the desired consistency. The white of the egg is also employed in making icings and confectionery. Well beaten or whipped egg white is used to leaven many forms of cakes and similar foods, as well as to improve the flavor. The beaten white encloses air in small bubbles, which become distributed throughout the mass of dough in mixing. The heat of cooking expands the air and makes the walls of the air bubbles firm, so that the porous structure is retained. The power to inclose and retain air varies, being greatest in the fresh egg and much lessened in packed or old eggs. Convenient leavening powders have lessened the number of eggs used for this purpose. Sponge cake, however, is a familiar example of food so leavened. This use of eggs explains some of the recipes in old cookery books which call for such large numbers of eggs. These uses are all familiar; the reasons for them are doubtless seldom thought of.

There are several simple ways of cooking eggs which are commonly followed. Thus, the egg in the shell is cooked by immersion in hot or boiling water, or is less commonly roasted. After removal from the shell, the egg is cooked in hot water or in hot fat. In the latter case it may or may not be beaten or stirred. Combined with other materials to form various made dishes, eggs are boiled, baked, steamed, or fried as the case may be. The total number of ways of serving and preparing eggs is large, but in nearly every case it will be found that the method of preparation is only a more or less elabrate modification of one of the simple methods of cooking.

Numerous experiments have been made to show the changes which actually take place when egg albumen is heated. If the egg white is gently warmed, no change is noticed until the temperature reaches 134 degrees Fahrenheit, when coagulation begins. White fibers appear, which become more numerous, until at about 160 degrees Fahrenheit the whole mass is coagulated, the white almost opaque, yet tender and jellylike. If the temperature is raised and continued to 212 degrees Fahrenheit the temperature of boiling water, the coagulated albumen becomes much harder, and eventually more or less tough and hornlike. It also undergoes a shrinkage. When the whole egg is cooked in boiling water, the temperature of the interior does not immediately reach 212 degrees Fahrenheit, several minutes being probably required. It has been found by experiment that the yolk of egg coagulates firmly at a lower temperature than the white.

The foods in which eggs are combined with other materials range from a simple custard or cake to the most elaborate of the confectioner's products. In all such dishes as previously noted, eggs are used to give consistency, color, flavor or lightness.

Eggs are especially rich in protein, the nitrogenous ingredient of food. This material is required by man to build and repair the tissues of the body. Some energy is also furnished by protein, but fats and carbohydrates supply the greater part of the total amount needed. Combining eggs with flour and sugar (carbohydrates) and butter, cream, etc. (fat), is perhaps an unconscious effort to prepare a food which shall more nearly meet the requirements of the body than either ingredient alone. When eggs, meat, fish, cheese or other similar food rich in protein are eaten, such other foods as bread, butter, potatoes, etc., are usually served at the same time, the object being, even if the fact is not realized, to combine the different classes of nutrients into a suitable diet. The wisdom of such combination, as well as of other generally accepted food habits, was proved long ago by practical experience. The reason has been more slowly learned.

As previously stated, the egg white, when heated at the temperature of boiling water for a considerable time, becomes hard and contracts. This explains the curdling of custards, shrinkage and toughening of omelets, soufflés, meringues, sponge cake and similar mixtures. The firm coagulation of albumen at 212 degrees Fahrenheit explains the use of egg white for clarifying coffee, soup, or other liquids.

The albumen, which is mixed with the liquid before boiling, coagulates and incloses the floating particles, leaving the liquor clear. When eggs are removed from the shell, a little of the white usually clings to the inner surface unless it is scraped. Such eggshells are often used for clarifying purposes instead of the whole egg. The clarifying properties are, of course, due to the egg white and not to the shells.

CALCULATING VALUE OF GIVEN DIET.

The following may be taken as an illustration of the way in which tables of composition of food products and dietary standards may be practically applied to calculate the food value of any given diet.*

Suppose the family consists of 4 adults, and that there are on hand, or may be readily purchased, the following food materials: Oatmeal, milk, sugar, eggs, lamb chops, roast beef, potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice, bread, cake, bananas, tea, and coffee. From these materials, menus for 3 meals might be arranged as follows:

Breakfast: Oatmeal, milk, sugar, lamb chops, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner: Roast beef, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice pudding, and tea.

Supper: Bread, butter, cake and bananas.

The amounts required of the several articles of food may be readily approximated by any person experienced in marketing or preparing food for a family. Thus, it may be assumed that 4 adults would consume for a breakfast 1½ pounds lamb chops, ½ pound oatmeal, ½ pound bread, 6 ounces milk, 2 ounces sugar and 2 ounces butter. From the table of composition of food materials the nutritive ingredients which these foods furnish may be easily calculated. Thus, if oatmeal contains 16.1 per cent. of protein and furnishes 1,860 calories a pound, ½ pound would contain 0.081 pound protein (0.5 × 0.161 = 0.081 pound) and yield 930 calories (0.5 × 1,860 = 930); and if lamb chops contain 16 per cent. protein and furnish 1,130 calories a pound, 1½ pounds of lamb chops would furnish 0.24 pound protein (1.5 pounds × 0.16 = 0.24 pound), and 1,195 calories (1.5 pounds × 1,130 = 1,695) calories. The others may be calculated in the same way.

The assumed quantities of food materials which the 4 persons would consume in a day, and the calculated protein content and fuel value, would be as follows:

MENU FOR FAMILY OF 4 ADULTS FOR ONE DAY.

Food materials.	Weights		Protein	Fuel Value
	Pounds	Ounces	Pound	Calories
Breakfast.				
Oatmeal		8	.081	930
Milk		6	.012	122
Sugar		2		232
Lamb chops (from leg)	1	8	.240	1,695
Bread		8	.046	608
Butter		2	.001	451
Coffee *a*			.010	417
Total			.390	4,455
Dinner.				
Roast beef (chuck)	1	12	.277	1,435
Potatoes		12	.014	233
Sweet potatoes		12	.011	480
Bread		6	035	456
Butter		2	.001	451
Rice		4	.020	408
Eggs		4	.030	160
Milk		6	.012	122
Sugar		2		232
Tea			.010	410
Total			.410	4,387
Supper.				
Bread		12	.070	912
Butter		2	.001	451
Bananas		12	.006	225
Cake		8	.032	838
Total			.109	2,426
Total for 3 meals			.909	11,268
Average for one person.			.227	2,817

The American dietary standard for a man at muscular work calls for 0.28 pound protein and 3,500 calories. It will be seen that the menu suggested above is insufficient; that is, more food must be supplied. For instance, cheese might be added for dinner, and pork and beans and milk for supper. The amounts of protein and energy which a sufficient quantity of these articles for 4 persons would supply are shown in the following table:

FOOD ADDED TO BRING THE DAY'S MENU UP TO THE DIETARY STANDARD

Food materials	Weights		Protein	Fuel Value
	Pounnds	Ounces	Found	Calories
Cheese		4	.069	.536
Beans		10	.141	.005
Pork		4	.005	.918
Milk	2		.066	.650
Total amount added to menu			.281	3.109

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*U. S. Department of Agriculture, Farmers' Bulletin 23, contains such a table. A more extended table is included in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Office of Experiment Stations Bulletin 28 (revised).

a. Coffee and tea in themselves have little or no nutritive value. In the menu, allowance is made for the milk or cream and the sugar that would ordinarily be added.

These additions would make the total protein 1.190 pounds and the total fuel value 14,377 calories for 4 persons, or for one person, 0.298 pound protein and 3,599 calories. For the sake of simplifying calculation, no distinction is made between the amounts required by men and women. These values are approximately the amounts required by the dietary standard.

Following the above method, the value of any diet chosen may be easily calculated. It should be borne in mind that approximate rather than absolute agreement with the dietary standard is sought. It is not the purpose to furnish a prescription for definite amounts of food materials, but rather to supply the means of judging whether the food habits of families accord in general with what research has shown to be most desirable from a physiological standpoint. If economy is necessary, a study of the tables showing the composition of different goods will show that it is possible to devise menus which will furnish the requisite amounts of nutrients and energy at comparatively low cost.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PURE ICE.

Many families are careful to boil or filter the water which they drink, but it not infrequently happens that ice will be added to the water to cool it without the fact being recognized that the ice may be more impure than the water before filtering. It is possible in many cities to purchase artificial ice frozen from distilled water. Such ice, if properly made, should be free from disease germs and dirt. The idea is widespread that freezing kills disease germs. As far as experiments show, this is not the case. The micro-organisms tested have resisted the lowest temperature it was possible to obtain. It is probably true that the water in rivers and lakes is frequently purer in the winter than in the summer, owing to the fact that the small tributary streams which are often the sources of pollution are frozen some time before the ice forms in the large body of water. An order was recently passed by the Boston aldermen authorizing the board of health to employ an expert chemist to analyze the ice supply of the city, for the purpose of ascertaining its purity. The Sanitarian quotes the following statements regarding this matter:

"The city and State authorities are kept busy with the problem of restricting pollution, and even with the most careful supervision our streams are badly contaminated. What, then, can be said of our ice crops, where no supervision is had, much less required by the owners? Did you ever hear of an ice company troubling itself to prohibit or prosecute offenders for polluting their grounds? Have you ever observed the general condition of an ice plant bordering on a lake or pond? If so, have you not seen the most dilapidated buildings and surroundings? There is neither paint nor cleanliness. The whole has more the appearance of a garbage plant than anything else; but paint and cleanliness cost money, and would therefore deduct from the profits of the trust, and, what is more, the consumer as a rule does not see them, so what does it matter?

"The direct or indirect pollution of water which sewage or other human or animal waste causes must be condemned if we would avoid the possibility of distributing disease by the use of ice which comes from such sources. Ice, which is water in its solid form, has become an important factor in the well-being of mankind, and is absolutely essential to his welfare today. Ice fields and crops are selected solely because of their cheapness for production, with little or no heed as to their sanitary conditions; and this business is unrestricted and unmolested in its conduct, notwithstanding it can and probably does convey more disease than any and all other sources. This country harvests $100,000,000 worth of ice a year. Its product is greater than the combined output of gold and silver of the country, and such a business needs some supervision and regulation. . . ."

Like action by the aldermen of other cities besides Boston, or, in default of such action, by the health authorities, would doubtless go far toward preventing the spread of typhoid fever and other water and ice born disease germs during summer.

Are you saving your photo prints? If not, begin at once. Send me 2 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, at $1 each, and I will send you a Buechner album that will hold 100 4 x 5 prints. It will be of great value to you in showing the progress you make in your photography, from the first page to the last, and your prints will always recall interesting memories.

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Everyone knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

I have added Carbutt plates to my premium list. If you use plates read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.

BOOK NOTES

"The Second Boer War, 1899-1900," by John P. Wisser, Captain 7th U. S. Artillery, is a complete, detailed history of the struggle, derived from a careful study of the leading military journals of the world and other important sources of information. The special aims of Captain Wisser are to present the subject in a fair light and to be as accurate as possible. Various chapters are "The Campaign in Natal," "The Third Attempt to Relieve Ladysmith," "Lord Roberts' Campaign," "The Third Campaign Against Louis Botha," "The General Situation," "Tactical Deductions from the War," etc. An appendix contains valuable statistics, and a set of 23 important maps, in detached sheets, accompanies the volume. Published by Hudson-Kimberly Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Two years ago literary critics were howling that the world was tired of realism. They clamored for romance. It has been given them, in allopathic doses, oft repeated. Will they tire? Taking chances that the time is not yet, Hamilton Drummond offers them "The King's Pawn," an animated story of that fascinating and picturesque monarch, Henry of Navarre. The tale is full of action, intrigue, love, gallantry and blood; and it has the required happy ending without which no publisher of to-day would dare serve the public a novel. "The King's Pawn" is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Scientists and students will be interested in "Herbert Spencer and his Critics," by Charles B. Waite, A.M., published by C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. The author states it is his purpose "To give a brief but complete view of the New Philosophy, and to state the salient points of the principal criticisms which have been made upon it." To do this pre-supposes a masterly knowledge of the subject, and Mr. Waite thus puts within the reach of busy people a working idea of material which they would otherwise require years to obtain.

The latest addition to the Nature Study series of books published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, is "The Mushroom Book," by Nina L. Marshall. This volume is a reliable and practical guide to the common fungi. By the aid of its many accurate color plates, made from photographs, and its hundreds of line and half tone drawings, even the unscientific reader can identify the edible and poisonous varieties of mushrooms, and become familiar with an exceedingly interesting division of plant life.

"The Goldsmith of Nome" and other verse is a small volume by S. C. Dunham, written while the author was under assignment to Northern Alaska as a special agent. "The Men Who Blaze the Trail," "Comrades of the Klondike," "Just Back from Dawson," "I'm Goin' Back to Dawson," etc., are titles that will appeal to many hearts, in the East as well as in the West. Published by the Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

The Photo-American Publishing Company, Bible House, New York, has issued in pamphlet form a series of articles entitled "Lantern Slides and Slide Making," by O. I. Yellett. The pamphlet is handsomely made and illustrated, and the publishers will send it postpaid on receipt of 50 cents.

A collection of Philippine stories, chiefly facts, by Ira L. Reeves, 1st Lieutenant 4th Infantry, is published by Hudson-Kimberly Co., Kansas City, Mo., under the title of "Bamboo Tales." Mr. Reeves has had opportunity for witnessing many tragic scenes, which are graphically recorded.

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

I have added Lovell plates to my premium list. If you use plates, read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	**1901.**
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	**$3,903**
February ..	256	693	2,151	**3,267**
March	300	1,049	1,919	**3.710**
April	342	645	1,570	**2,760**
May	292	902	1,377	**2,303**
June	307	770	971	**2,016**
July	345	563	854	
August	306	601	1,262	
September .	498	951	1,464	
October ...	438	969	1,842	
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

You will note that January, 1901, shows an increase, over the corresponding month of last year, of about 20 per cent., and that each month from January to June inclusive shows a rapid growth of the percentage of increase. June, 1901, is more than 100 per cent. ahead of June, 1900.

This must be very discouraging for Marlin, and for the fish and game hogs, all of whom have long been praying that RECREATION might die.

A NOTE OF ALARM.

Here is a letter written 10 years ago, and while it is purely personal in its nature, it contains some interesting facts and observations on the game of Colorado, which have proven pathetically prophetic. If this should be read by Mr. Graff, or by anyone who knows him, I should be glad to hear from or of him:

Hayden, Colo., Feb. 2, 1891.

My dear Friend:

Like the ground hog, I will come out this sunshiny day to say your letter of 12-13 was duly received and fully appreciated, and to tell you that our Indian summer weather has given place to regular old fashioned winter. The stock that have been ranging over the hills, with plenty of green grass to eat, are now drifting homeward, like the hostiles, to get their rations of hay. I can always tell when winter sets in to stay by Old George, my one time favorite and famous hunting horse, who then suddenly makes his appearance, followed by the band. I have just as much confidence in his wisdom as I have love for the old fellow, who, like myself, is fast growing old, but still knows enough to come in when it snows. Many a day he has carried me over the hills with as sure a foot as antelope, climbing like a goat or going down on his haunches where an Eastern horse would break his rider's or his own neck He is a natural engineer, and would find the shortest distance between any 2 given points, one of them being home, when his rider was bewildered and did not know exactly where he was. Old George always got his head then and I got home by the shortest practical route. He paid no attention to trails except when he knew they were right, and would cut off bends like a surveyor. He was always on the lookout for deer when we were out after meat, and many the buck he has shown me. He was as good as old Shenop, in the sketch, "How to Hunt." Moses never had the law laid down to him better than that.

Now that the snow has come the elk are driven down and the slaughter has commenced. Of course it always has been customary for the settlers to consider elk their winter beef, and they have only killed game for food; but the new comers and tenderfeet are now after the elk and all they want is Gatling guns to make them happy. They are killing game for fun, so they say, and who is going to stop them? You might reason with a man of some moral principle, but when you undertake that with the class that nothing but the fear of punishment restrains from any and all crimes it fails. The only way to stop these fellows from killing the elk would be to kill them. And so the elk must go.

I have been having some sport trapping wolves and eagles that became troublesome and bold. The county pays a bounty of $1 for wolf scalps, and that helps one out on taxes. The fur is fine and good, the animals being fat and in good season. Have more than a dozen fine pelts now and will continue as long as the old horse lasts for bait.

I am sorry you did not get up into the moose country. It would have been a grand trip; but the moose will be all the bigger for you next time.

As far as the big game question out here is concerned, the man with the plow has settled it, and soon the elk will be as great a curiosity as an honest and upright county commissioner. There are a few beavers and otters left along the river Only a few days ago I saw where 3 otters had gone up the river, stopping at every air hole or open place to fish awhile and then moving on. In a few days they will probably move down again. They make these trips every year and so far have escaped general notice or capture.

The lynx, or bob cats, come down from

the hills and follow the streams after cottontails. Once in a while I see a mountain lion track along the river on the ice, where a cat has been prowling about for something new.

A little colony of beavers are a few hundred yards below now on the Bear river and will be protected. Sage hens, jack rabbits and coyotes seem about as plentiful as ever. Nothing but their insignificance protects them now, but maybe before many years, a man will be found who will be as enthusiastic after a jack rabbit as we are now after a bear. When I crossed the plains in '59, as a Pike's peaker, the buffalo were as plentiful as the rabbits now. Who can foretell the changes in the next 30 years? That pretty little poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proved?" answers it all in a nutshell.

A. C. Graff.

A SUPERFLUITY OF MAGAZINES.

Almost every year a new magazine devoted to popular ornithology is started, and often more than one. The question naturally arises, *cui bono?* For what new purpose or end is it intended? As a rule, those who start the new magazines are very young and think they have some special information which the world ought to possess, but for which there is no mouthpiece. They want to see themselves in print, they overflow with a zeal to make themselves heard. They believe the world will be eager to hear them. All they have to deliver may be given, however, in one or 2 numbers. They then become exhausted of intelligence, and perhaps of money, and the new journal dies of inanition. Occasionally a few more numbers are issued, generally much to the detriment of their own pockets and the patience of themselves and their friends. This kind of mania—at least in its virulent form, is mostly confined to the United States. In other countries it is little developed.

Doubtless a certain enjoyment and some intellectual exercise are derived from the form of *divertissement* in question. Nobody is seriously injured, as a rule, and we have no good reason to object. The cost may inconvenience some of the projectors, but it may be regarded as an outlay for education. The only person to seriously object is the bibliographer. How shall he treat these numerous candidates for popular favor? Shall he consider all the notes and articles contained in them seriously, or ignore them? Once in a while a newly discovered isolated fact or feature is made known or a long known one shown up in a new relation. To go through all the great mass of verbiage to discover such, however, involves much loss of time. So say some of the older ornithologists! Let us hope, however, that any such consequences may be offset by the pleasure derived by the projectors in their work or amusement.—The Osprey.

Much that is said above will apply with equal force to sportsmen's journals. A new one of these is started somewhere about once a month. Some youth contracts the fatal disease of *faces scribendi.* He sends a lot of stuff to different publishers, and the quality of it is so bad they can not use it. So it goes back to him, or into the waste basket. He writes something occasionally for the local county paper and of course it is printed. His friends read it and stuff him with flattery. His head swells. Finally, the idea dawns on him that he can become a great editor. He talks with the publisher of the county paper, and this man, anxious for a good job of printing, tells him by all means he should start a sportsmen's journal.

The young man may possibly have a few hundred dollars saved up. If not, he knows someone who has, and he goes after it. The financial obstacle is surmounted in some way or other. Then a prospectus is sent out to all the manufacturers of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and photo goods, informing them of the new venture and asking for an ad. All the recipients groan when they read the announcement. They write him they can not, and beg him not to do it. They tell him the field is already overcrowded; that they are constantly being importuned by similar would-be editors and that they can not comply with his request. Then the young man writes another letter in reply, stating that this is to be the only sportsmen's journal published at Reed's Cross Roads, or, for that matter, in the entire county of Podunk. That this is to be the official organ of the Reed's Cross Roads Rod and Gun Club; that all the members thereof have already subscribed for it; that the president and the secretary of the club have written articles for the first number, and that several other well known "sporting" writers have done likewise. In fact, he says this new journal is to be the greatest of them all, and it, therefore, becomes the "duty" of all gun, ammunition and fishing tackle manufacturers to support the new enterprise. A few of them throw up their hands and give the new exponent of field sports an ad, on one basis or another.

In due time the first issue of the new journal makes its appearance. The mushroom editor writes a flowery salutatory, and tells of great things he is going to do. There are some half tone cuts in the paper which look like sections of asphalt sidewalk plastered with mud. Among these are the portraits of a few of the distinguished contributors to this number. The pictures would lead one to suppose these men were train robbers, or Malay negroes imported for the occasion.

I need not continue the history. All makers of sportsmen's goods know the sequel. A few numbers are issued, and the new editor quits.

There are all kinds of sportsmen's associations in this country, and there is but one other kind needed. That is an association for the prevention of cruelty to sportsmen and to the makers of sportsmen's goods.

A MISLEADING CIRCULAR.

Fred. Erb, Jr., of Lafayette, Ind., recently issued a circular entitled, "Birds and Their Habits," which he has distributed widely among farmers and sportsmen in that State, and in which he makes this statement:

> I am asked by many people: Do game birds, such as quails and prairie chickens, eat bugs and worms? From an observation extending over a great many years, I will say no. In the year 1877 when the grasshoppers were so thick in Nebraska I was out there with a hunting party. At times you could not see the sun for the grasshoppers. Prairie chickens were plentiful and you could kill all you wanted around Firth, Nebraska, till the grasshoppers showed up. To show you how much they liked grasshoppers or bugs, they left that country, and when we wanted to find chickens we had to go where there were no grasshoppers. I have watched the habits of game closely. I have never found a bug or a worm in the craw of a quail or a prairie chicken. They live on wheat and seeds such as are raised in the fields. I have had a great many gentlemen investigate this question and they found I was right. Because a bird will eat a bug or a worm in the cage is no sign it will eat it when turned loose in the field. No, it will scratch for seeds and live on such.

Mr. Erb is a conscientious and industrious worker in the cause of game and song bird protection, and would not willfully misstate any fact, or give any wrong information regarding the habits of any bird, but his observations or the reports of those of other people have led him into a serious error, as is shown by the following letter from Dr. T. S. Palmer, Chief of the Biographical Bureau of the Agricultural Department:

As to Mr. Erb's statement that quails, prairie chickens, and robins do not eat insects, this simply indicates that Mr. Erb's conclusions have been based on insufficient data. The young of all these birds are fed almost entirely on insects. In fact, the stomachs of 2 young prairie chickens which we have examined show nothing else. Doubtless you recollect the case mentioned by Samuels, of a farmer's boy in Ohio, who, on observing a flock of quails in his father's cornfield, supposed the birds were pulling up corn and killed one of them. Examination of the crow revealed the presence of one cutworm, 21 striped vine bugs, and 100 chinch bugs, but no corn. Among the robins' stomachs examined by Professor Beal I find 3, selected at random, which furnish fair evidence of the birds' work as insect destroyers. One stomach, taken at Beaver, Pa., March 29, 1892, contained 98 per cent of animal matter, nearly all insect remains, and comprising mainly beetles, grasshoppers, and crickets. Another stomach, collected August 9, 1898, at Bozeman, Mont., contained nothing but insect matter, all grasshoppers, with the exception of a few eggs of the katydid. A third stomach, collected July 21, 1893, at Onaga, Kas., shows nothing but insect remains, 84 per cent of which were of crickets and grasshoppers. Of course, all these birds take vegetable food, such as fruit or grain, at certain seasons of the year, when it is abundant, and it probably happened that Mr. Erb's observations were made at such times.

ANOTHER SETBACK FOR THE GAME DEALERS.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Game brought into Oregon is amenable to the law of the State, no matter where or when killed, and although trout may have been legally caught in the State of Washington, they can not be brought into Oregon and sold in the open market when the season is closed here. That was the gist of a decision rendered this morning by Judge Bellinger in the Federal Court, and is important because by its terms the State has entire control over all fish and game brought within its borders. The case was brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus sued out by W. W. Deininger, Manager of the Chlopeck Fish Company, who was arrested and fined $35 for selling in the open markets of Portland trout which were caught in Washington. The contention of the defense was that the trout having been lawfully caught it would be interfering with interstate commerce to restrain their sale here. Judge Bellinger quoted from a Connecticut decision, in which it was held that the State could make and enforce such laws. "The decision is based on the fundamental principle," said Judge Bellinger, "of the complete ownership of many things, such as real estate, and the qualified ownership of birds and fish. There is no rule by which we can distinguish between bringing game into the State or taking it out. The ultimate object sought in this case, is the sale of the fish and the law has the legitimate right to stop this. The taking of fish is not an industry. The right of Oregon to prohibit the selling of game at certain times does not depend on the laws of another State. When the game is brought here from another State it becomes the game of this State, and is under the authority of the officers. The petition for a writ of habeas corpus will therefore be denied."

Here is another sad blow for the game dealers. Truly, they have a rough road to travel, and the sooner they all decide to abandon it and get on an easy trail, the better it will be for them.—Editor.

AN UNWISE EDITOR.

A. J. Von Schaick, editor of the Fort Ann, N. Y., Republic, is busy defending the fish pirates who are trying to clean out Lake Champlain. In a personal letter to a lady who lives in Whitehall, N. Y., the editor says:

"My ground is that the fish of Lake Champlain belong wholly to the people, and that fish laws are immoral. In Lake George, however, where the State propagates fish the State has a right, and it is its duty to protect. I would make it a crime to shoot a deer, or a pigeon for sport. These innocent creatures have as much right to life as we humans; and they are generally better than most men, and women, too."

In an editorial, this same man refers to the members of the State Legislature as "boodlers and bums." In another editorial he refers to a League warden who has been making a lot of trouble for the aforesaid fish pirates as "a crank."

It goes without saying that the Fort Ann Republic is a weakling and has not circulation enough to do any serious harm. It could never have a large circulation under the management of any man who is fool enough to take sides with habitual law breakers and to condemn the people's representatives who make game and fish protective laws, at the request of a majority of the people.

SPORTING GOODS TRADE ACTIVE.

The gun, ammunition and fishing tackle business of this country has never been so prosperous as at present. There is scarcely a factory in the United States, in any of these lines, that is able to fill its orders for goods, though many factories have doubled or even quadrupled their plants within the past 2 or 3 years. A prominent gun manufacturer told me a few days ago he was refusing orders all the time and that 2 davs before our talk he had declined an order for 1,000 guns, where the jobber had offered to give him a check in advance for the full amount of the bill. Similar conditions obtain almost everywhere. A reel maker told me 2 months ago that if I would furnish him 10 expert workmen in his line, men capable of making and assembling reels, he would give me $1,000. He had all he could get of such men, yet he could not keep in sight of the demand for his goods; hence his need of additional expert help.

This great consumption of sportsmen's goods indicates the trend of public taste and sentiment toward outdoor sports. It also suggests hard lines for the game and fish supply. Still, with proper enforcement of the wholesome laws now obtained in nearly all States and Territories, it is possible to keep the supply up to the demand.

A GUN FOR BABCOCK.

A revolver has been invented and patented which has an electric searchlight attached. It is claimed that this will be useful in hunting burglars at night, as the searchlight will enable the hunter to find a man in a dark room, and whenever the light shines on him the pistol is properly aimed so the bullet is likely to find the bull's eye.

It would be a great scheme for some one to attach a searchlight to, say, a 4 gauge double gun. Such an outfit would enable Babcock and the other Otay Dam duck hogs to continue their work of slaughter even after dark. The ducks would be blinded by the light, and would, no doubt, bunch beautifully on the water. The punter could push the swine close up to the birds, and the shooter could cut a swathe through them. It should be an easy matter for even such ill bred butchers as Babcock and his herd to load up a boat in a few hours with a searchlight gun.

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or in articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and concatinated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantations and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity, and ventriloquial verbosity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely. Don't use big words."

Some of my readers have heard of the Pecos valley of New Mexico. Some years ago it was famous, but later the bottom dropped out of it and the public has not thirsted for knowledge of it since. Still there are a few people scattered over the country who occasionally inquire what has become of the great irrigation works and of the great real estate boom these people attempted to create some years ago. It is sleeping beneath the mesquite. Eddy, the principal town in the Pecos valley, has changed its name to Carlsbad. The village of Hagerman should now change its name to Sleepwell, and we may expect to hear the name of the Pecos river has been changed to Sweetwater. But a skunk by any other name would smell as bad.

The Governor-General of Canada has issued the following order:

No one shall receive, ship, transport, or have in possession for the purpose of shipping or transporting out of the Dominion of Canada any speckled trout, river trout or sea trout, taken or caught in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island; provided,

(a) Any person may so ship such trout caught him for sport, to the extent of 25 pounds in weight, if the shipment is accompanied by a certificate to that effect from either the local fishery officer in whose district the fish were caught or from the local station agent adjacent to the locality in which they were caught or is accompanied by copy of the official license or permit issued to the person making the shipment.

(b) No single package of such trout shall exceed 25 pounds in weight, nor shall any person be permitted to ship more than one package during the season.

It is said the army is to be provided with a new type of revolver which is considered a great improvement over the one now in use. The Board of Ordnance and Fortifications has recently conducted tests of the various models of automatic revolvers, and among those submitted was the Luger, recently adopted by the Swiss government. This was selected by the board, and it was recommended that $15,000 be allotted for the purchase of 1,000 of the weapons which are to be issued to the cavalry.

Our government seems to have a strong predilection for foreign made arms.

A man in Lewiston, Mont., writes to a San Francisco paper boasting of having killed 40 buffaloes in one day. Instead of bragging of his butchery he should feel heartily ashamed of it; but that is exactly the trouble with that kind of men. They have no sense of shame, and there are hundreds of the old skin hunters, who are responsible for the disappearance of the buffaloes, who would to-day repeat the crimes of the '70's, if they had a chance. The only consolation for the extermination of American big game is that many of these old butchers are now compelled to work for a living.

At the Sportsmen's Show I stood looking in the cage at the 2 beavers, when a young lady rushed up and asked:

"What are those?" I said,

"They are——

"Chipmunks?"

"No, ma'am, they are——

"Badgers?"

"No, they are beavers;" and I gave the answer as quick as she would let me.

She put her hand in the cage, commenced to feel of their coats and rub them. "Well, then," she added, "they are unplucked beavers, aren't they?"

L. A. Walker, manager of a hotel in Helena, Mont., was arrested some time ago for serving ducks on his table, in violation of law. He pleaded guilty and was fined $25. It no doubt took the profits on several dinners to settle with the Justice, and in future it would be much more profitable for Mr. Walker to feed his boarders good beefsteak, or spring chicken, than unlawful game.

Joseph Graff, of Jamestown, N. Y., and several other live sportsmen have imported from Kansas 18 dozen quails which have been distributed in the country around that city.

The law provides protection for the birds for 3 years and the men who have been put to the expense of buying them will prosecute infractions of the statute.

A yearly subscription to RECREATION is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. RECREATION teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read RECREATION. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

If you have not yet ordered a set of the Hudson pictures, illustrating the poem "To My Gun," you should do so at once. Only a few sets were printed and nearly all of them have been sold. No more will be printed, as the plates were too much worn in running the November edition of RECREATION to make any more good impressions. Only $1 for the 5 full page artist's proofs. Nothing finer could be found at the price, for decorating an office, a dining-room, a parlor or a den.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

INCREASING ITS FACILITIES.

The announcement that an additional car is to be attached to the Empire State Express is based on experiments made which have demonstrated that the additional weight will not diminish the speed of the famous train, which still remains the fastest long distance train in the world.

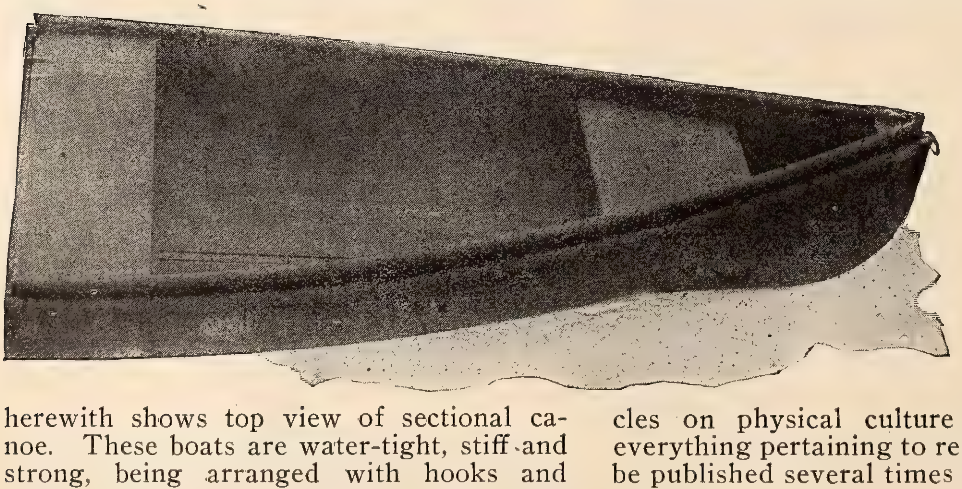
During the Pan-American Exposition the Empire State Express will undoubtedly be taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate the people of the East who make the trip to Buffalo, and the addition of one car to this fast train will materially increase its accommodation.

This train, it has been practically demonstrated, is the best money making train, according to its capacity, on the New York Central road. The people like to ride on it because of its speed and its excellent accommodations. It makes fewer stops for the long distance than any train in America; hence its great popularity.

The fast mail, another popular train on the Central, is but a little slower than the Empire, however, and the Central has many other fast trains which are popular with the public and justify the oft repeated assertion that the New York Central is the pride of the people of New York State as well as the admiration of the traveling public generally.

A SECTIONAL METAL CANOE.

W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, has put on the market a new metal canoe, and, to fill an urgent demand, it is made either complete or in sections that can be readily taken apart and put together. The cut herewith shows top view of sectional canoe. These boats are water-tight, stiff and strong, being arranged with hooks and cleats, which make a perfect and rigid construction. When taken apart the sections can be nested, making a convenient package for transportation.



Write for a descriptive catalogue of these canoes and say you saw them advertised in RECREATION.

A PROGRESSIVE G. P. A.

George H. Daniels is one of the men who believes in keeping everlastingly at it. And he knows how to keep at it. He knows how to make it count. This is shown by the great throngs of people that travel on the New York Central trains every day in the year. George gets these by advertising, and he keeps them after he gets them by taking good care of them. George is always springing some surprise on the traveling public. The latest one is his new edition of No. 6 of the 4-track series, entitled "In the Adirondack Mountains." This comes opportunely and contains an immense amount of valuable information for people who are looking toward that paradise of sportsmen and rest seekers. Everything you could possibly want to know about the Adirondacks is told in this folder. A fine map of the entire Adirondack region comes with the book. If interested, write for a copy of it and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

A SPORTING GOODS JOURNAL.

R. H. Ingersoll & Bro. are about to begin publishing a periodical which shall contain, in addition to their advertisements of sporting goods, such other matter that everybody interested in athletics of any kind will feel it essential to have copies. This paper will be of great benefit to all amateur athletes and sportsmen on account of its valuable information as to rules, method of play, etc., for seasonable games, articles on physical culture and on nearly everything pertaining to recreation. It will be published several times each year, at the beginning of each principal athletic season. The current number can be had by addressing Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., New York, and saying you saw it mentioned in RECREATION. Later editions will also be mailed as issued, without charge. Attention is called to the Ingersoll advertisement on another page.

Normal, Ill.

D. W. Cree, Griggsville, Ill.

Dear Sir:—We greatly enjoyed the Common Sense camp stove got of you this spring. We camped at Lake Senachwine and part of the time had disagreeable weather, but we had no trouble to keep perfectly comfortable. The stove is a fine cooker, in both the oven and on top. As I had my family with me we appreciated the fact that it is much pleasanter and cleaner to cook on a stove with no smoke to bother us than over a camp fire. In many places here fuel is scarce, and this stove is economical of fuel. The longer we used it the better we liked it. I have camped in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Wisconsin and Illinois. Thanks for promptness in shipping.

B. P. Colton,
Illinois State University Museum of Natural History.

Mr. William M. Cornwall, of 265 Broadway, New York, is in a position to furnish sportsmen with any article they may need in the way of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, or camp equipment, at manufacturers' prices, and in many instances below. He has been doing business with RECREATION readers so long that thouands of them know him and are ready to recommend him to others. This is to assure the others that if they entrust orders to Mr. Cornwall their interests will have prompt and careful attention.

Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, are making a series of what they call wick plugs for preserving guns. The wick is made of such a size as to fit snugly in a gun of any gauge from 16 to 8. The wick is to be thoroughly saturated in any good oil or gun grease and then drawn into the gun, filling the barrel tightly from breech to muzzle. The wick may be left in the gun a year, if need be, and the makers claim that it is impossible for the barrel to rust while it is there. If interested send for circular, and mention RECREATION.

The University Chemical Company, Morris Heights, N. Y., is making a mosquito lotion with which it will be well for every camper to arm himself. It is made of several different chemicals that have been found most efficient for keeping off mosquitoes, black flies and gnats, and I have no doubt it will be successful. It is put up in crushable tubes, so you can take out what you want each time, screw the top on and save the rest for future reference. Descriptive circular on application. Please mention RECREATION.

Mr. J. W. Schreiber, of Titusville, Pa., has sent me, within the last 30 days, 220 subscriptions for RECREATION, and has received as a premium a naphtha launch, built by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., of Racine, Wis. Almost any man or boy can afford to have a naphtha launch if he can make his friends pay for it. Furthermore, if he gets it as Mr. Schreiber got his, he does every one of his friends a valuable service, for they will get $10 worth of information out of this magazine within the year.

Roulette, Pa.

Ed. W. Newcomb, New York.

Dear Sir:—I bought a box of your improved Non Halation Plate Backing and have had remarkably good luck in getting beautiful plates since using the Backing. I certainly would not be without it if it cost $10 a box. It is worth that much any time if a person appreciates good plates.

(Signed) W. S. Pfeiffer.

The Eastman Kodak Company has issued a little book called "Pictures by Flashlight." It is a primer, so to speak, for amateur photographers who desire to take up this most interesting and fascinating branch of photography. The book sells at 10 cents a copy, and if you have any idea of going into the flashlight business, I advise you to send for it. If you do so, please mention RECREATION.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, 315 Broadway, New York City, has put out a beautiful catalogue of its golf goods. It is so chuck full of valuable information, and of illustrations of all kinds of golf goods, that I can not see how any golf player can be happy without it.

If you are interested in that game, write for this booklet and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

Henry L. Jespersen, of No. 10 Park Place, New York, is the agent for the Ithaca gun, of which he carries a full and assorted stock. If any reader of RECREATION wishes a gun I advise him to send for Mr. Jespersen's handsome catalogue. Mr. Jespersen gladly answers all questions relative to gunning and angling, as he is authority on those subjects.

JOIN THIS PROCESSION.

I have received from the Davenport Arms Co. the Elita shot gun which RECREATION so kindly offers as a premium. It is the handsomest single gun I ever saw and its shooting qualities are far ahead of many high priced double guns. Mrs. Atwood, for whom I had the gun made, is delighted with it and has already tried it on a few clay pigeons. The Davenport Arms Co. made a special effort to get it ready so we could try it the 19th, which was a holiday in Massachusetts, and it has more than met our expectations. Thank you for your promptness in sending order to them and for the courteous manner in which you have treated me.

Geo. H. Atwood, Boston, Mass.

I received the Abercrombie tent as premium for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION, and am delighted with it. There is not another in Auburn that is to be compared with mine. It beats them in 40 ways. It is a standing recommendation of RECREATION, its honest editor, and of Abercrombie & Co. It more than repays me for the trouble spent in securing the subscriptions, and I thank you for your kind and upright treatment. Harry Rhuland, Auburn, N. Y.

The Laughlin fountain pen you sent me as premium for 3 subscriptions to RECREATION was duly received, and I am highly delighted with it. I think it the best pen I have ever used. I recommend it to any person wanting a first class pen, that never fails but is always ready when he is. I thank you for the pen and for your promptness in sending it.

A. H. G. Craft, Jamestown, N. Y.

I received the Mullins Get There boat you sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION, gave it a thorough trial and am highly pleased with it. I have hunted ducks 25 years, and this boat is one of the grandest additions I have made to my outfit. I thank you most cordially for sending me such a fine present for so little work.

L. Van Vleck, Waterloo, Iowa.

I received the Shakespeare reel sent me as a premium for 15 subscriptions and am well pleased with it. This reel is a fine piece of machinery, and great credit should be given Mr. Shakespeare for turning out such a beautiful reel. I am surprised that you can afford to give such valuable prizes for so few subscriptions.

G. M. Finkey, Augusta, Mich.

Please accept my thanks for the Savage rifle which you sent me for 40 subscriptions. It arrived O. K. and I am much surprised to find that you give such a valuable premium for so little work as is needed to get that number of subscribers. Thank you for the square manner in which you have treated me.

R. C. Lillie, Mattoon, Wis.

The Harrington & Richardson shot gun you sent me as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION is received. Have tried it and it has proved satisfactory in every particular. Am more than pleased with it. I can not see how you can afford to give such valuable premiums.

Walter S. Shover, Ostrander, Ohio.

Received the RECREATION match box you sent, and like it very much. There is good canoeing here, but it is rough, and one needs something to keep matches dry. That match box is the best one I ever saw.

J. M. Kidd, Kingston, Canada.

Your splendid premium reached me a few days ago. The Horton rod is a beauty, and worth twice the amount of time spent in getting subscribers for your magazine. Please accept my sincere thanks.

A. J. Nack, Northfield, Vt.

Accept my thanks for the Davenport gun which you sent me for 5 subscriptions to RECREATION. It is a much more beautiful gun than I expected, and I am much pleased with it.

Robert Kieffer, Fleetwood, Pa.

I have received the Forehand gun you sent me for a club. It is a beauty. Also the gold watch. It is a good timekeeper, and my wife is well pleased with the design of the case. M. Cook, Barre, Vt.

The Wizard A camera I secured last fall as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION is a beauty and I am much pleased with the work it does.

C. B. Newton, Omaha, Neb.

I received the take down repeating rifle you sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION in good order, and am more than pleased with it.

H. L. McCloy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please accept my thanks for the biggest prize I ever received for the same amount of work, the Yawman & Erbe automatic fishing reel. B. H. Mosher, Athol, Mass.

Received the Marble pocket axe as premium, and think it is one of the handsomest little tools a man could have in camp. Chas. Randall, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I received the George Carpenter tent all right. Please accept my thanks. I am much pleased with it.

Harry Davis, Gloversville, N. Y.

CAUTION
See that each bottle bears our signature over the CorK
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
Double Copper Distilled
Absolutely Pure
CAUTION!!
None Genuine without this label
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

PURE WHISKEY

Direct from Distiller
To - - - Consumer

FOUR FULL QUARTS
for $3.20

EXPRESS PREPAID By *US*

SAVES MIDDLEMENS PROFITS
PREVENTS ADULTERATION

Since *1866*

Hayner's pure double copper distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold to Consumers direct from our own Distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who offer to sell you whiskey in this way are speculators who buy to sell again, on which plan they are compelled to add a profit, which you can save by buying from us direct.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive and test it, if not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of **pure** whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration.

REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Dayton; State National Bank, St. Louis, or any of the Express Companies.

WRITE NEAREST ADDRESS

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

226-232 West Fifth Street, DAYTON, O. 305-307 S, Seventh St., ST. LOUIS, Mo.

N.B.—Orders from Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N.Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 qts. by freight, prepaid.

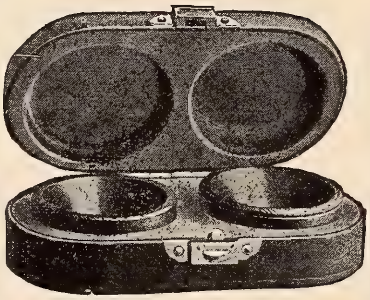
I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

Have You a Camera?

Have you ever attempted INTERIORS and ARCHITECTURE, *i.e.* WIDE-ANGLE WORK? Have your results been unsatisfactory?

Then Try The

EMIL Wide Angle



At a merely nominal cost you can buy this objective, mounted in cells, in leather covered case. It is interchangeable with your Rectilinear in the shutter on your camera, and forms a necessary adjunct to your outfit. For the Professional and the Advanced Amateur, our

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE APLANAT

is the best that can be had. We like to send our Lenses out for COMPETITIVE TRIAL, and are glad to have you return them if you can buy better elsewhere.

Our 1901 Catalogue also tells about

Wizard Cameras

IT IS FREE

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF N. Y.,
CRESSKILL, N. J.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

AND NOW COMES THE 6TH COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 5 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 6th opened April 1st, 1901, and will close November 30th, 1901.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and New Automatic T. I. B. Shutter, and listed at $61.50.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch; listed at $20.

Seventh prize: A Tourists Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8 x 10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5 x 7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4 x 5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER

It is a truism to state that photography is expensive. We all know it. My only excuse for mentioning it is as a preface to my reply to the question I am frequently asked, How can I make my camera pay expenses? Make pictures with it that will sell, of course. What kind will sell? Similar to those that are sold. If you can make a fair picture, you can sell it if you send it to the right place.

All photographs offered to newspapers and to magazines using cheap paper should be printed as clear and sharp as possible, to make up for what they will lose in the half tone process. You can not print them too sharply, and for reproduction gelatine paper is almost universally used. The majority of pictures that go to illustrate newspapers and cheap magazines are of the record of fact variety, and their object is to set before the public as clearly as possible the thing or event they illustrate. Therefore, include in trimming them only such parts as help to tell the story. For illustrating poems, books, and first class magazines, high grade, artistic pictures are required. The kind of pictures depends on the nature of the publication. Newspapers want illustrations of current events, red hot from the griddle; and they pay the highest prices I know of, for the poorest pictures, so they be timely. They must illustrate some current event and reach the office in time to be used at once, if not sooner! Get a good shot at a fire, a collapsed building, a storm track, a runaway, or some person prominently before the public; rush development; dry with alcohol, print on Velox or some such paper; get it to the office in time to accompany the reporter's text of the event, and you will get a warm welcome and a golden reward. In such pictures strive only for a sharp print of the actual happening. You may not consider your result high art. There is not a ghost of a chance that it will be; but it is business, and the question I am answering is how to do business with a camera. Sporting, outing, and all outdoor publications want pictures of hunting scenes, camping, sporting events, races of all sorts, fine boats, yachting, cycling, shooting, game and birds, any and every form of outdoor exercise and recreation. Every illustrated magazine uses photos. Any of the great book publishing houses will be delighted to accept artistic camera illustrations of any popular short story, poem, or book of poems, so designed as to make a handsome Christmas or gift book. For an example of this work see Riley's Love Lyrics, illustrated by William B. Dyer, President of the Chicago Amateurs' Club. There is latitude wide as may be. For book illustrations and magazine work, all the artistic effect and delicate work of which you are capable, and possibly more, will be required. These 2 classes of work call chiefly for landscapes, water studies, figures, fancy heads or portrait heads. Any magazine is glad to get a beautiful or interesting print of a child's head, simply as a study; or the whole figure, engaged in some childish pursuit. Animal studies find ready market, especially those of kittens, puppies, lambs, little chickens, ducks, turkeys, goslings, the young of any bird or wild animal. In fact, from a baby on down through the whole bird and animal kingdom, anything young, tender, and helpless makes instant appeal to the heart.

In preparing pictures to submit for any of these purposes, avoid many accessories. Make the composition of your landscapes a long and thoughtful study. There is no time or season that has not its pictorial aspect for the camera. If you ever hope to get into the magazines or Salons you must make your studies simple. Let your figure study be of the figure alone, the expression, pose, and drapery telling the story. Let your portrait be of the face and shoulders alone, unless you want the subject engaged in some occupation. If you do, add only the book you want read, the flower admired, or the fan to occupy the hands. Wherever you get a good chance, put in a hand. They are so beautiful and full of expression, these human hands of ours; from the wavering baby touch down to the end of years when, seamed and lined, they waver in childish aimlessness once more. It is high art to introduce a hand into a study. If you do it right, there is as much interest to the close student of art in the hand as in the face. The professional photographer Bell, of Sault Sainte Marie, showed me, last summer, the finest study of a hand I ever saw. It was the hand of an old Pottawatomie chief. There was as much expression and fine lining in it as in his face.

In using faces for studies, a speaking likeness, in which the contour of the face is lighted up by the life of the soul, is good, whether it be that of a princess or a cook. A laughing, roguish, baby face is good. So are the beautiful, quaint or cunning faces of childhood; so are the faces of youth, strong in manly purpose; or those of maidens, showing various phases of character. Middle life has its characteristics and beauties, and the faces of age have theirs. The lined, seamed faces, telling stories of a life of struggle, hard work, and temptation, or the calm, peaceful faces of those that have sailed lightly, may be alike striking and interesting.

Two dollars each is the lowest price I know of being paid for such photos. Five is more nearly the usual thing, and $10 is about right for the average. Extraordinarily good ones run up to the hundred mark, and over.

All scientific journals want pictures of inventors, their homes, pursuits, machinery, and scientific appliances. All religious publications want pictures of prominent church workers, officials, philanthropists, missionaries, the scenes of their work, and scenes described in Bible history. The way to find an opening along any of these lines is to go to the magazine and newspaper stalls and carefully examine the class of work that is accepted by the editor of the publication to which you think of sending. Always bear in mind the fact that your pictures will not be judged by a committee of artists, looking for composition, atmosphere and tonality, but by an editor, in whose breast they must strike the chords of suitability, timeliness, and newness.

ON COLORING LANTERN SLIDES.

It is a curious fact that, though thousands of slides are shown through the lantern annually, over 50 per cent. of them are harshly outlined in black and white, when a little extra time bestowed on each slide would enhance its beauty beyond conception.

Among the best developers for slides that are to be colored that used as the standard formula of the New York Camera Club ranks high. The stock solution is made up of

Carbonate of soda	200 grains.
Sulphite of soda	200 grains.
Hydroquinone	50 grains.
Water	10 ounces.

Cold black tones may be produced by a normal exposure developed with equal parts of stock solution and water, to which has been added one or 2 drops of a 10 per cent. solution of potassium bromide. A more diluted developer and 10 to 20 drops of restrainer will give warmer tones, the rule being that the warmth of tone is increased with the amount of bromide used and the length of the exposure given.

In many cases, for instance in a seascape, a slide will be improved by being tinged with blue, or perhaps even colored to a deep blue. The following bath will secure this result:

No. 1.

Sulphocyanide of ammonium	200 grains.
Water	32 ounces.
Carbonate of soda (granular)	2 grains.

No. 2.

Chloride of gold (brown)	15 grains.
Water	1 ounce.

To use, add 4 drops of No. 2 to 2 ounces of No. 1, and have bath at a temperature of 74° Fahr. This temperature must be exact. Reduced slides should be toned only after they have been dried. The process of toning can best be judged by viewing the slide by transmitted daylight. When fully toned it will show a pure blue color.

The following bath produces Bartolozzi red tones:

No. 1.

Ferrocyanide of potassium (yellow prussiate)	15 grains.
Water	16 ounces.

No. 2.

Nitrate of uranium	30 grains.
Sulphocyanide of ammonium	150 grains.
Citric acid (crys.)	30 grains.
Water	16 ounces.

To use, thoroughly soak the slide in water and place in a bath composed of equal parts of stock solutions Nos. 1 and 2, where it quickly takes on a beautiful red hue. Wash in the usual way.

To secure a bright green slide use:

No. 1.

Oxalate of iron	20 grains.
Ferrocyanide of potassium	15 grains.
Water	32 ounces.

No. 2.

Chromate of potassium	5 grains.
Water	16 ounces.

The slide must be placed in No. 1 until it takes on a dark blue color, when it is given a minute in No. 2 and then dried. This bath has the effect of slightly intensifying.

Another method of securing a blue tone is to soak old or presumably fogged plates in a bath composed of equal parts of the following until the gelatine is perfectly clear:

No. 1.

Red prussiate of potassium	11 ounces.
Water	16 ounces.

No. 2.

Hypo	1 ounce.
Water	16 ounces.

Thoroughly wash, and before drying place in a clean tray and flow over with a solution of

Citrate of iron and ammonia	¼ ounce.
Water	1 ounce.

After allowing it to remain in the bath one minute dry in the dark. Print in contact with the negative in daylight until the shadows are slightly browned, a condition which can easily be seen by looking at the back of the glass. Then flow over it a solution of

Red prussiate of potassium	2 ounces.
Water	8 ounces.

When developed wash in clean water until high lights are clear. Any dry plate can be used, the silver salts being, of course, first removed by hypo, but the finished result is possibly more suitable for a transparency than a lantern slide. As transparencies, they are striking.

A simple and easy method of transferring an impression, such as a title, from an engraved block or type, consists in making a kind of transfer paper on which the desired inscription is either written with indelible or waterproof ink, or printed with ordinary printers' ink.

To make the paper bend the upper left hand edge of a piece of ordinary smooth paper upward at right angles about ¼ inch, and fasten with 3 pins on the right hand lower corner of a smooth board in such a manner that the 2 flat edges of the paper will extend ¼ inch over the edges of the board. Coat the paper by flowing over it a thin solution of insulating varnish made of raw rubber dissolved in benzole.—H. M. Johnstone, in the Photo-American.

SOME PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

To prevent pinholes do not, after focussing, swing open the camera back while the dark slide is being sought, as the wind will get into the camera and disturb the dust that is almost sure to be present in the folds of the bellows. Or the wind itself might be charged with dust, which would settle on the film when the shutter is drawn. Again, by opening the camera back the full glare of light will enter, and the bellows will often retain enough to fog a rapid plate. Slip your dark slide in as quickly as possible after opening the back of the camera.

To unmount prints put them face down on a clean board or on glass. Wring out a cloth that has been soaked in water, preferably warm, so it will not drip, and place it, 3 or 4 folds thick, on the prints. It should be so folded that its size is just sufficient to cover them. Put another piece of glass on the top, and then a weight. Leave the whole arrangement several hours, until the mount is thoroughly damp, when the print will come off, without being damaged.

A simple print washer can be made with a square biscuit tin by boring some small holes in one side about 2 inches from the top, and then putting it under a tap to which a piece of india rubber piping has been fixed. Enough piping is wanted to touch the bottom of tin. This will keep the water in motion. The tap should be turned on full enough to keep the water above the waste holes, but below the top of the box.

To make the dark room lamp safer stand it near the wall. Take a sheet of cardboard, and tack one side to the wall, driving in 2 tacks on the other side of the lamp with their heads left out, so as to catch the cardboard when bent around the lamp. Cut out a hole in the cardboard in front of the glass, and black all the inside. Lampblack and paste make a good dead black. A leaky lamp may be made quite safe in this way.

An efficient background can be made with a few sheets of brown carpet paper. Fasten them together to make the required size and brush them over with a strong paste. Put some soot or cheap lampblack in a pepper pot and carefully shake out on to the wet brown paper any design that is wanted; afterward go over with a stiff brush, shading off as required, and dry thoroughly.

A good thing at a small cost may be made by stuffing part of a sponge in a large bottle, half the sponge sticking out. Any chemicals accidentally spilt can be mopped up easily with it. It is also excellent for spreading mountant, as there are no bristles to lose, and when full of paste it can be stood up on its handle. It is easily cleaned by pulling sponge and bottle apart.

To make a plate duster take 2 pieces of wood each about 4 inches long and ½ inch square, and glue them together in the form of a T. Over the top of this fasten a piece of plush by gluing along each side, taking care to leave it loose enough to insert a piece of cotton wool. This forms a reliable plate duster, which can be thrown away when dirty.

An important thing to remember when toning gelatino-chloride prints, in order that they may tone easily, is to see that they are thoroughy cleansed in the preliminary washing. By so doing time and gold will be saved.

In the carbon process warmth and damp both cause the sensitized tissue to become unworkable. In a climate where there are rapid changes the tissue should be printed as soon as possible after sensitizing.

Always use a backed plate for an enlarged negative, especially if there are strong high lights.—Photography.

USE OF COMBINED LENSES.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR RECREATION:

Mrs. Porter, in her article in January RECREATION, says to L. H. R. Gass she can not see how using the lenses double or single makes any difference in the length of the exposure. Is not Mrs. P. mistaken about that? I use a telephoto lens, and in using the single lens alone I always give 4 times the exposure of the double, as that is what I have always understood is necessary. It is said the speed of a lens depends on the size of the picture. If that is so, which is the faster, a double lens working with stop F 16 or a single lens working with the same stop?

As Mrs. Porter has been several years taking photos of birds and birds' nests, why did she not enter some of her pictures in RECREATION'S contest?

I wish Mrs. Porter would inform me through RECREATION whether the portrait lens and the wide angle lens of the ampliscopes work satisfactorily. If I want to use the portrait lens and the correct exposure is 1-5 of a second with my doublet, what exposure shall I give? What exposure with the wide angle?

Henry P., Seattle, Wash.

ANSWER.

The mistake to which you refer was explained in May RECREATION.

Authors vary as to lengthening the normal exposure, in using the back combination of a doublet, 2 to 5 times. Four times being between the extremes, would be about right. A doublet and a single lens at the same aperture require 2 to 5 times the length of exposure for the single lens.

The Manhattan Optical Company says twice, others say longer.

I have not submitted pictures in RECREATION photo contest because I have a complete outfit and prizes are no inducement to me; because I considered it poor taste for me to do so; and because I am paid for my photographic work.

All the ampliscopes work satisfactorily or they would not be on the market under Mr. Nehring's guarantee. As to your last proposition, I will quote from Mr. Nehring, whose authority on the subject you will doubtless prefer to mine:

"The Portrait lens will convert the rectilinear lens into a high grade portrait objective with all its softness and flatness of field, throwing the background out of focus and enabling the operator to obtain large heads with even the shortest bellows camera, without any loss of speed."

G. S. P.

BAD TASTE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

In many photographs reproduced in sportsmen's periodicals, whether of roasted game hogs or trophies of honest sportsmen, there is often a lamentable want of taste. RECREATION has set the seal of disapproval on the common practice of a hunter having himself and his game photographed, branding the custom as vulgar. Am inclined to think all sportsmen of the true type will not agree with this. Cameras are taken to the woods for many purposes, and nearly all hunters take a pride, which I think is honest, in sending their friends photos of their first big game. In what way is it more vulgar than to have the game mounted and placed in a conspicuous place in their office or hall?

Be that as it may, it is unpardonable for sportsmen to hang their bag of grouse on the veranda, string them from post to post, then arrange the shooters close beside, each with gun ready, and an expectant look on his face as if it would be the most natural thing in the world for grouse to go whirring over that veranda.

Or again, it is the antlered monarch of the waste brought down by a stream of lead and nickel. Here a whole party of sportsmen gather about it. Nearly every rifle is to the shoulder, and their heroic look shows that they expect a charge of cavalry. What sense is there in standing about a dead buck, with rifles acock, as if defying the whole of the L. A. S.? Yet look through any half dozen numbers of any sportsmen's paper and see if this is not common. The moose pictures advertising the Savage rifle are not thus.

Another common fault is the too evident anxiety of each man to show a good side view of his gun. It must not, at any hazard, be taken for an old fashioned muzzle loading weapon and must show, if possible, the magazine or breakdown mechanism.

Perhaps these criticisms have been made before, but if so they have been overlooked by many sportsmen and amateur photgraphers.

F. A. Good. Woodstock. N. B.

DEFENDS MR. MOULTHROPE.

I noticed several articles in both February and March RECREATION in regard to a photograph taken by Mr. Moulthorpe and reproduced in December RECREATION. I do not know anything about photography nor the conditions under which the photo in question was taken, but what I do know is that if any man says one can not see rain, sunshine and strong shadows at the same time he is badly mistaken. The next day after getting February RECREATION I was caught in a heavy rain and was well soaked, but at the same time the sun was shining brightly and throwing strong shadows. The sky does not necessarily have to be full of clouds, without a break, for it to rain. In the case I mention it was about 10 o'clock a. m., so the sun was well in the East. I would have had to go half a mile West to be directly under the cloud from which the rain came, but a strong West breeze brought the rain to us while the sun shone bright.

Last week while at Hilo, on the island of Hawaii I saw the same thing. That time it was about the middle of the afternoon, with the sun in the West. The clouds were in the East and an East wind did the business. At that time I called the attention of a friend to the circumstance, and told him about the criticisms of the photo. He said, "Those fellows would better watch the weather and learn something."

There is just such a shower going on now while I am writing, and it is the third time I have seen it today. I have seen the same thing in Alaska, and for the benefit of H. M. Lee and C. C. Pierce will say that I lived in Los Angeles county, Cal., 14 years and have seen the same thing there more than once.

Elbert L. Stevenson, Honolulu,Hawaii.

RAMBLINGS.

Mr. Harry Knowles' article in February RECREATION contained some good suggestions, but in giving the symbols for sodium phosphate, phosphoric acid and silver chloride he made errors in each.

According to Witthaus' "Manual of Chemistry" and other standard works on this subject, the symbols are as follows:

Sodium Phosphate	HNa_2PO_4
Phosphoric Acid	H_3PO_4
Silver Chloride	$AgCl$

The compounds for which Mr. Knowles gives the symbols do not exist.

As additions to the list of symbols for use as labels I suggest:

KBr	Potassium Bromide
H_2SO_4	Sulphuric Acid
Na_2SO_3	Sodium Sulphite
HCl	Hydrochloric Acid (Muriatic)
$(NH_4)Br$	Ammonium Bromide
$AuCl_3$	Gold Chloride
$NaCl$	Sodium Chloride (common salt)

Additional abbreviations: Sol. for solution; Sat. Sol. for saturated solution.

Labels written with red ink are more easily visible in a dim light than with black ink. If varnished after fixing to bottles they will keep clean and neat for years.

Users of Vinco paper who like to have their developer work slower can by adding granulated sugar to the mixed developer slow its action to any degree. I use 15 grains of sugar to each ounce of mixed developer. The sugar acts only mechanically and does not affect the blacks or whites of the print. Use usual amount of KBr.

Isador S. Trostler, Omaha, Neb.

SNAP SHOTS.

Is there a book giving instruction in making transparencies? Please tell me a good varnish for plates and how to use it.

L. F. Logan, East Providence, R. I.

ANSWER

I know of no book wholly devoted to transparencies. "Lantern Slides and Slide Making," published at 50 cents by the Photo-American Co., Bible House, New York, will come near being what you want, since a lantern slide is but a small transparency.

The best negative varnish I know of is made by the American Aristo Co. You can get it in any Boston stock house, Lloyd's for instance.

To varnish a negative warm it slightly and pour about 2 drams on the center, holding the negative level Incline it a little so the varnish will flow to the right hand upper corner, then flow it back to the upper left hand, then down to lower left and finally to the lower right hand corner, allowing all surplus to then drain back into the bottle. It is quite a knack, but you will get it after seeing it done and trying a few times.—Editor.

I can get good prints on Solio, but with the same negative Velox prints appear blurred and have gray high lights. What is wrong?

Please give a formula for a home made mounting paste.

Are Solio prints acceptable in your photo contest?

W. H. Ireland, Earlville, N. Y.

Try less exposure and a little bromide of potash as per Velox directions.

In an ounce of tepid water stir enough corn starch to make a thick cream. Put this in a warm cup. Pour in enough boiling water containing 20 drops formalin to fill cup, and stir vigorously till the mass is opalescent. Let it become cold and strain through cheesecloth. Never use it hot.

Prints made on any paper may be entered in Recreation's photo contest. Any number of subjects may be entered and the prints may be of any size.

Is there a photgraphic positive paper manufactured? I want a paper on which I can make pictures and develop and finish at once, without making a negative and printing I read the amateur photo department in Recreation every month. I own a 4 x 5 folding camera. Can you tell how to make an outfit to photograph electric sparks. A. H. C., San Marcos, Tex.

ANSWER.

There is no such paper as you wish, nor is it likely there ever will be. You can get coated ferrotypes, dry and ready for exposure, from American Dry Plate Co., Worcester, Mass., or their agents. These plates, of course, can not be printed from. You would simply get a tintype at each exposure.

A description of an outfit for photographing electric sparks would require more space than I can give.—Editor.

Have you the best possible outfit ready for your summer photographic work? Such an outfit is expensive. Why not get a high grade camera for nothing except a few hours' work? By sending me only 5 yearly subscriptions at $1 each, you can earn for yourself a Wizard camera listing at $10. It is the equal of any camera made at the price, and by getting one in this way you will have $10 ahead for buying other supplies.

Are you saving your photo prints? If not, begin at once. Send me 2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation, at $1 each, and I will send you a Buechner album that will hold 100 4 x 5 prints. It will be of great value to you in showing the progress you make in your photography, from the first page to the last, and your prints will always recall interesting memories.

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If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

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S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

I have copies of these pictures and they are worth to any sportsman 5 times the price Mr. Leek charges.—Editor.

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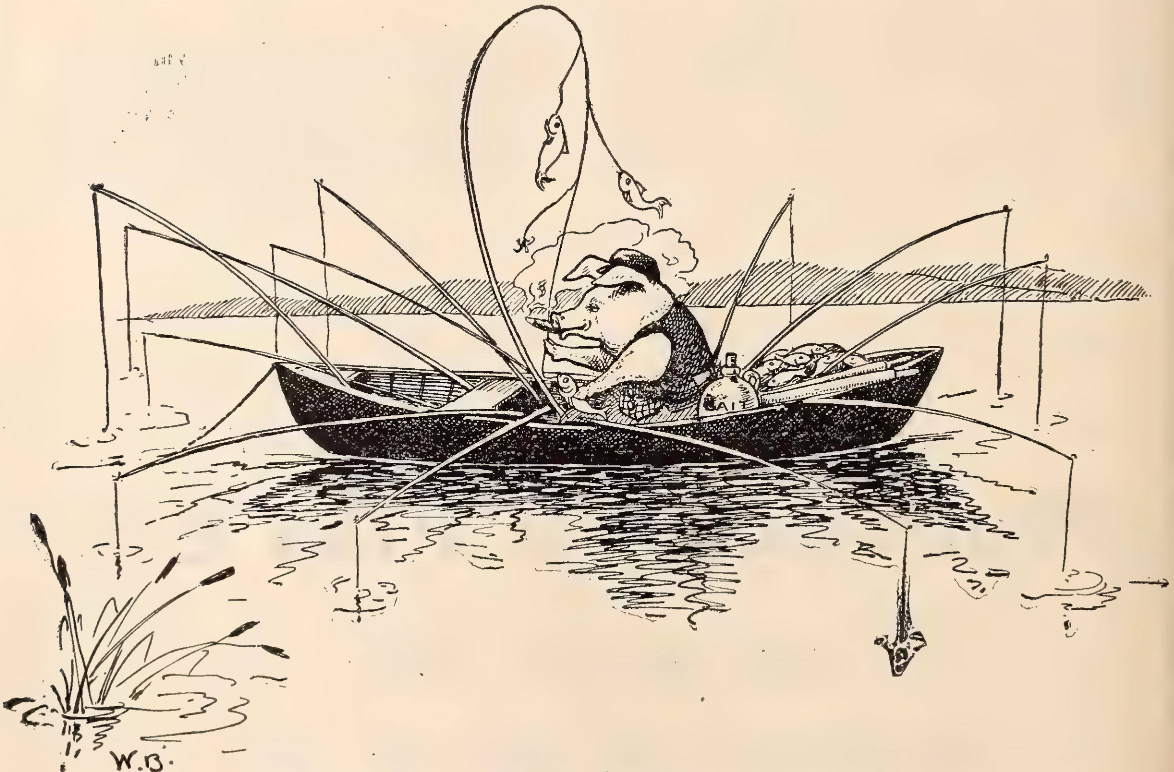

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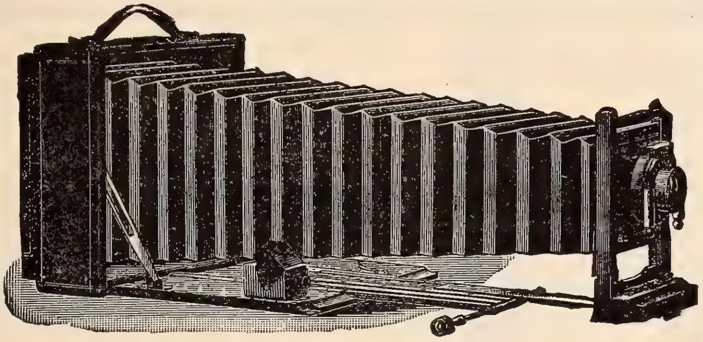

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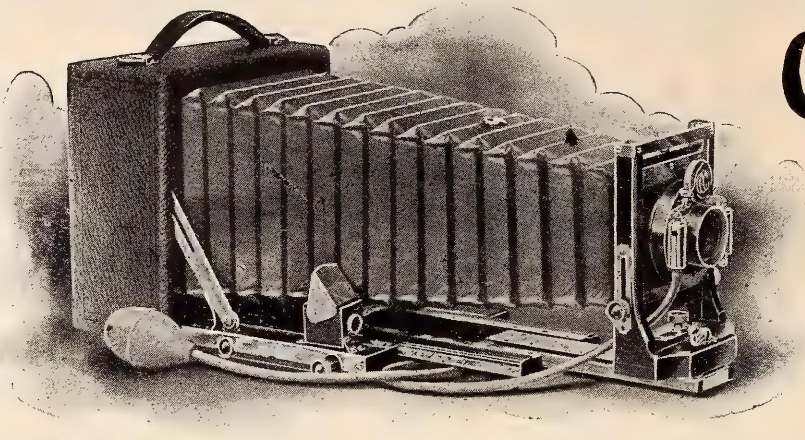

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AFIELD ON THE FIRST.

Messrs. D. Jones, S. E. Wise, C. E. Williams, John Kittle and E. M. Heaton, of the Bradford Gun Club, took advantage of the first day of the open season by going afield with dog and gun. They availed themselves of the invitation of Mr. John Pierce to shoot on his farm.

The start was to be early, and all were ready betimes. Then it was discovered that Sport, C. E. Williams' dog, was missing, and as he was our best dog, we had to find him. Finally he was rounded up, and we set forth in cool, crisp morning air. Presently the dogs found game, and soon a covey was flushed. Jones, who is considered our best shot, was right in it. Quails and rabbits broke cover to right and left, the pump gun worked, but neither fur nor feather fell. Later, when one of the pups flushed a brace, Jones redeemed himself. Then Williams, with his hammerless, and Wise, with his Remington, began to score. Williams was squatting to light a cigar, the boys standing idly by, when up jumped a covey right under his feet. All were so surprised that not a shot was fired.

Heaton, with his 10 gauge Parker, was the joke of the day. The express company had ruined his Lefever 12 gauge barrels, and he had to use the duck gun. Every time the old cannon went off it scared a rabbit to death. Mr. Pierce was with us most of the morning, and at midday invited us to the house for dinner. The way that crowd of sportsmen devoured the feast, proved the call was just in time.

When game was counted it was found we had enough to make 6 quails and a rabbit each. Wise had the most to his credit; Williams came second; Kittle, third; and Jones and Heaton tied for fourth place.

I congratulate you on the good work of the L. A. S. Every member of our club is heart and soul with you.

Recoil, Bradford, Ohio.

THE PUGNACIOUS PURP.

A man he owned a terrier dorg—
A bobtailed, onery cuss—
And that there purp got that there man
In many an ugly muss;
For the man he was on his mussel,
And the dorg was on his bite,
So to kick that dorg-goned animile
Was sure to raise a fight.

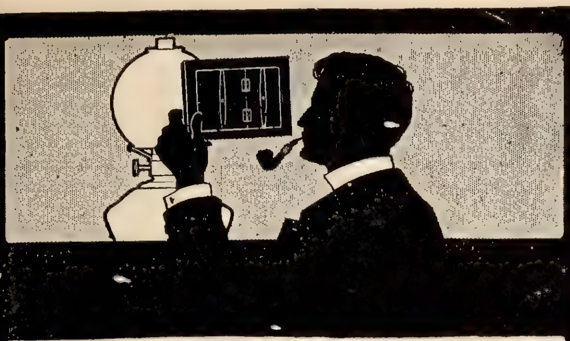
A woman she owned a Thomas cat
That fit at fifteen pound,
And other cats got up and slid
When that there cat was round.
The man and his dorg came along one day
Where the woman she did dwell,
And the purp he growled ferociously,
Then went for the cat like thunder.

He tried for to chaw the neck of the cat,
But the cat he wouldn't be chawed,
So he lit on the back of that there dorg,
And bit, and chawed, and clawed!
Oh! the hair it flew! and the purp he yowled,
As the claws went into his hide,
And chunks of flesh were peeled from his back,
Then he flummixed, and kicked and died.

The man he ripped and cussed and swore—
As he gathered a big brickbat—
That he would be durned essentially
If he didn't kill that cat!
But the woman allowed she'd be blest if he did,
And snatched up an old shot gun,
Which she fired and peppered his diaphram
With bird shot number one.

They toted him home on a window blind,
And the doctors cured him up,
But he never was known to fight again,
Or to own another purp.
Folks may turn up their snoots at this rhyme,
I don't care a cuss for that!
All I wanted to show is that fighting dorgs
May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

—Exchange.



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By chance I picked up a copy of RECREATION last December and became fascinated, of course, not only by the magazine, but by the premium list. Since that time I have had the pleasure of swelling your subscription list by many names, and in justice to you I must say the premiums are magnificent. I have had from you a Lefever double hammerless shot gun, a ladies' gold hunting case watch, a repeating rifle with Lyman sights, a hunting coat, a gun case and a pair of moose hide boots. Every article is perfect and of No. 1 value. Better than all, the subscribers are, without exception, well pleased. No one need hesitate as to what sportsmen's journal he wants when he has once read RECREATION.

Frank Horn, Columbus, Ohio.

I received the set of Nehring ampliscopes you sent me as a premium and am much pleased with them.

L. D. Whittlesey, Turin, N. Y.

I have added Carbutt plates to my premium list. If you use plates, read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.

I received the Carpenter tent in good shape, and thank you for it. Am delighted with it.

Harry F. Williamson,
Ilion, N. Y.

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"If miners all are minors then
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"A bat about a farmer's room
Not long ago I knew
To fly. He caught a fly, and then
Flew up the chimney flue.
But such a scene was never seen—
I am quite sure of that—
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the bat a bat."

"'How do you do?' said Sall to John
'So-so,' replied he.
'How do you do?' said John to Sall,
'Sometimes sew-sew,' said she."

"A kitchen maid is often made
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than toil it at her toilet."

"'Tis punishment for me to pun;
'Tis trifling, void of worth;
So let it pass unnoticed
Like dew that's due to earth."

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THIS PHOTOGRAPH

was made by Mr. S. S. Jones with a Collinear Lens, Series 2, No. 4 with full opening, F 5.6 in 1-1000 part of a second. The horses' feet are microscopically sharp; the perspective is correct; the proportion is perfect. The same

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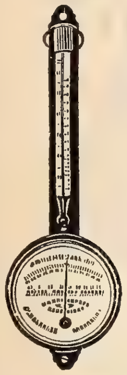

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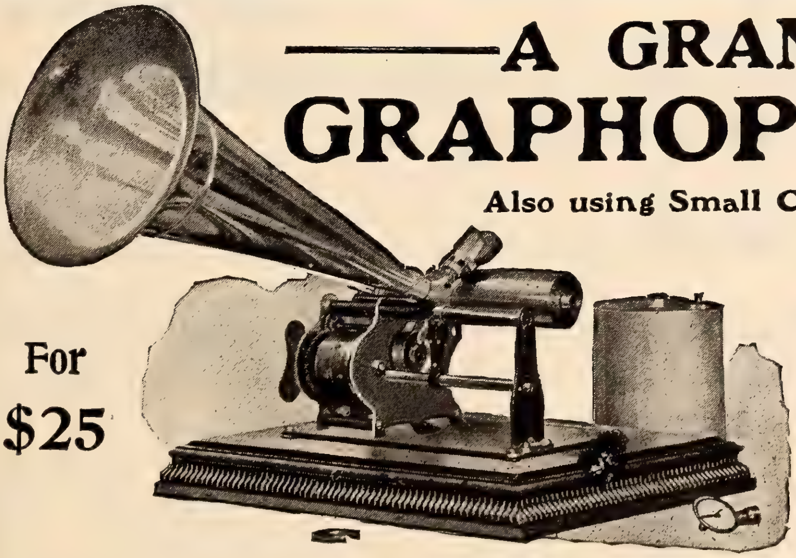

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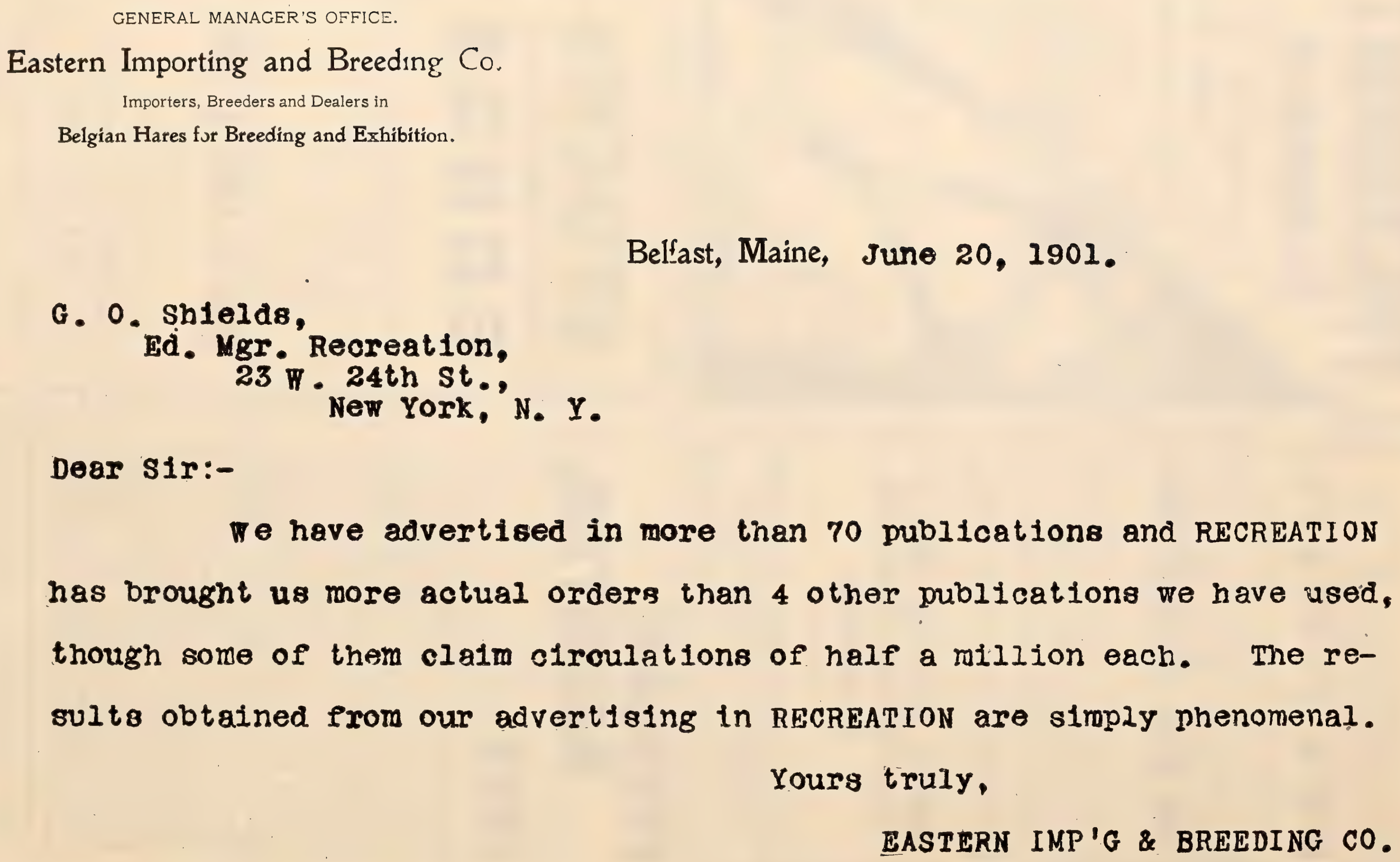

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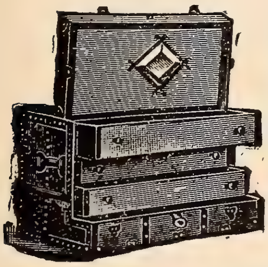

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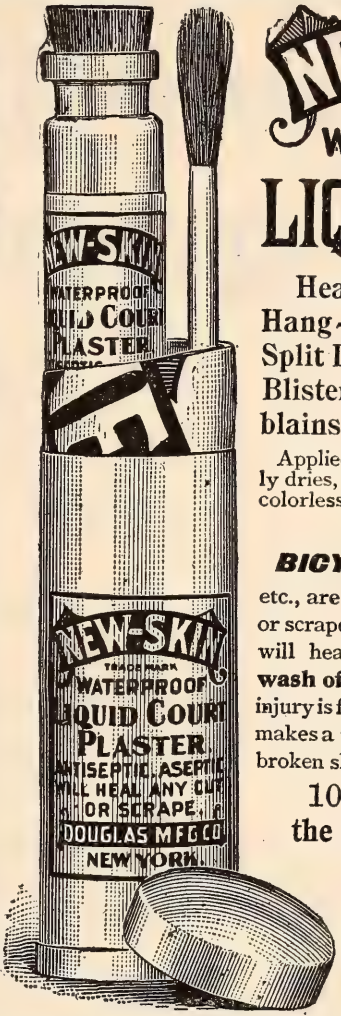

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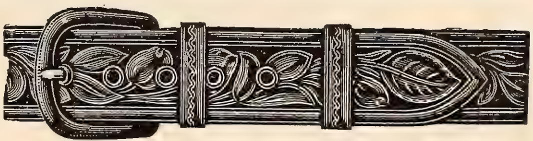

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I can yet say without hesitation
  I'm having a lot of good cheer.
In my mind I picture the ceiling
  An exquisite, beautiful sky,
And I have a most curious feeling,
  That the bed is a bank, where I lie
And dream of the meadows, and flowers;
And the draughts are the breezes that blow
Through ecstatic lovers' sweet bowers;
  While streams from the water jug flow.
The floor is the grass; and the sparrows
  Are the sweet voiced, summer song birds;
I almost can feel Cupid's arrows,
  While my heart is too happy for words.
But this is mere nonsense! I'm dreaming!
  This year I've a penniless doom,
And I wake from these pictures of seeming
  In my wretched $1 hall room.

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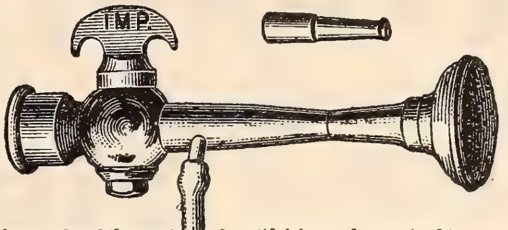

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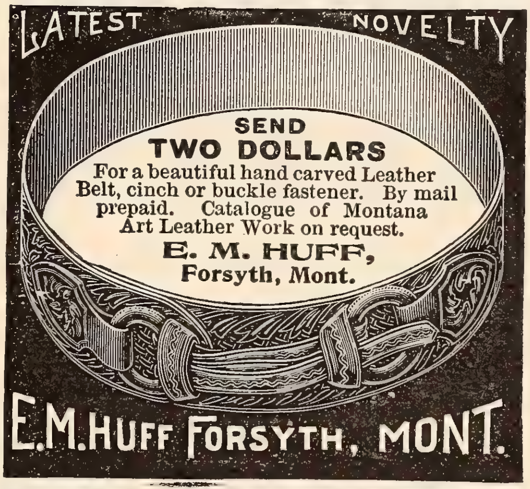

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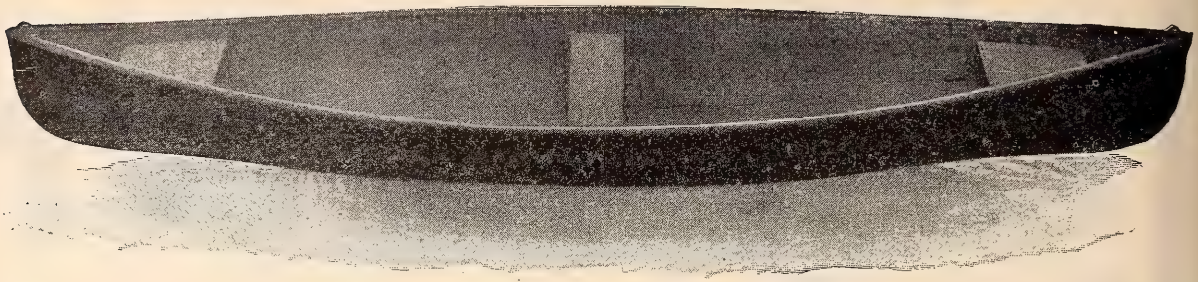

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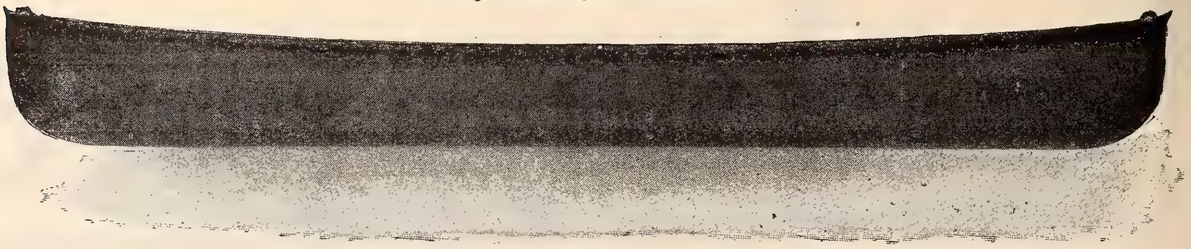

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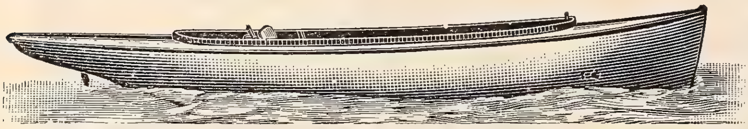

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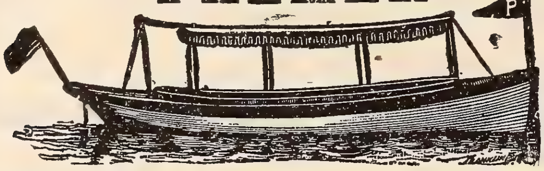

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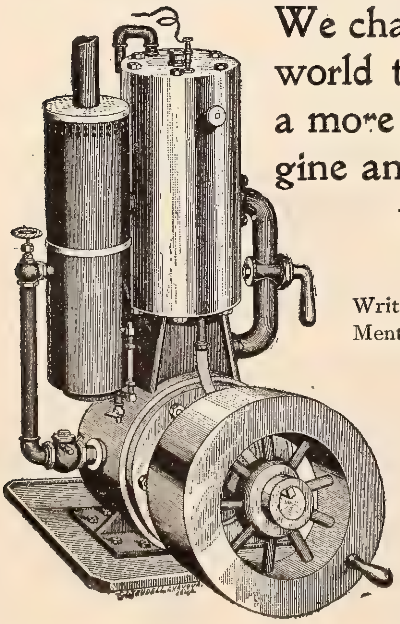

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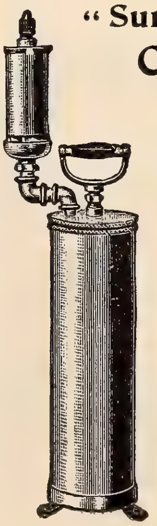

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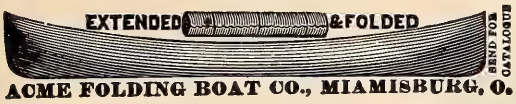

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Acme Folding Boat Company, Miamisburg, O.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

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We make several sizes, very stiff to stand and shoot or cast from. For family use also. They stand more jamming than a wooden boat. Why not have a boat you can take anywhere, when it's equal to any other? Carry in a buggy. No boathouse. Check as baggage. Always ready. Changeable beam. Same boat for canoe or rowboat, by removing the spreading-oar-bed device. There is no other for the critical sportsman.

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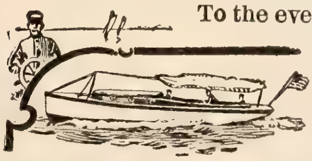

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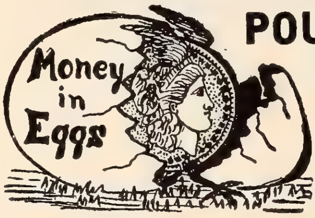

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From twenty varieties of land and water fowls

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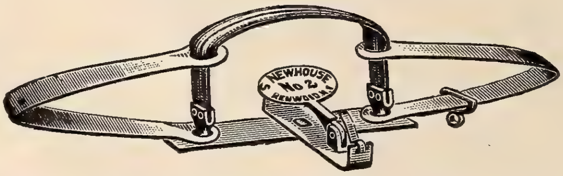

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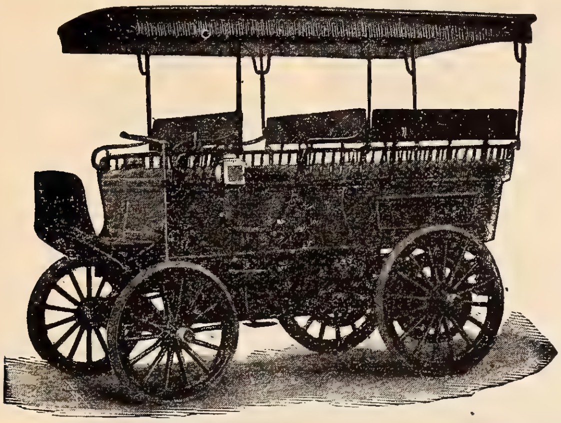

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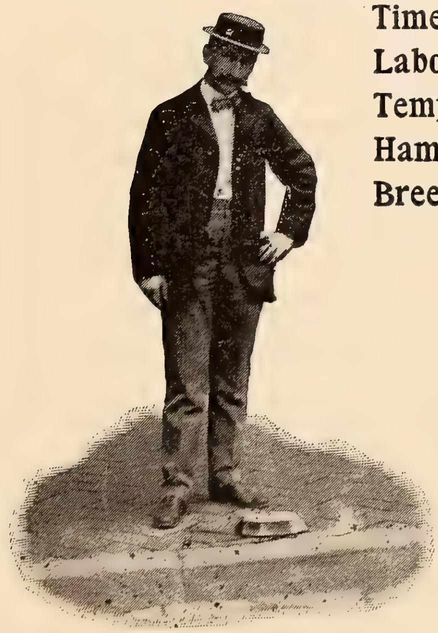

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Territory for sale by States, or the entire U. S., with the exception of New Jersey, which has already been sold.

Here is a Hitching Post which you can place at your gate, your front door step, your side door, your back door, or anywhere else, and which is invisible when not in use. You instruct your friends how to release it, and let other people go to the woods to tie up. It heads off strangers who would use your hitching post while calling on your neighbors, or while doing their shopping.

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A fortune in sight for any man who will put this on the market and push it. For particulars address

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Following are names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

IDAHO.

John Ching, Kilgore, elk, bear, deer, antelope mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
R. W. Rock, Lake, ditto
Charles Pettys, Kilgore, "

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A. T. Leeds, Darby, ditto
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

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Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
S. N. Leek, Jackson, ditto
James L. McLaughlin, Valley, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
T. R. Wilson, Alta, Uinta Co., elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Jackman, B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
W. A. Brewster, Banff, Rocky Mountain Park, Can., bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.

THE GAME HOG'S LAMENT.

F. L. FIELD.

We went out a-huntin', we game hogs did,
Paw Rooter, Uncle Rooter, and myself—
Rooter Kid.
We got lots of game for the time we were gone;
We got a dozen does and a tiny little fawn.
We looked, comin' home, like a movin' city Zoo;
For we git lots of game, we game hogs do.
Got our game out of season, but what did we care!
Other bristlebacks were out; we wanted our share.
We had our pictures took right away, you bet!
I stood in the middle, for I am the pet.
Have it put in the papers, in the same old way?
Sure, that's just what we did the very next day.
But Coquina, dash his eyes! he got hold of it too;
And we were mighty lean when with us he was through.
It cost us all our money, my paw he said,
So now we are workin' for our daily bread.
The moral of this story is "Game hogs, beware!
Send a plunk to RECREATION; read its pages with care."

The Teton Guides' Association OF JACKSON, WYO.

Enjoyed a very prosperous season in 1900, all our Guides having been employed, and having given perfect satisfaction in every instance.

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For the season of 1901 we are better prepared than ever to handle hunting parties in the Jackson's Hole country, or tourists for the Yellowstone National Park. Our prices are as low as consistent with first class service. Reference furnished on request. Correspondence solicited.

Address the Secretary.

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I should be glad to correspond with a few sportsmen relative to the Apopka Mountain section of Florida. I have a very pleasant place; quails, turkeys, deer, black bass, etc.

C. H. STOKES, P.M. Mohawk, Lake Co., Fla.

Are you planning a hunting trip for next fall? If so write me. I have a complete packing and camping outfit for several men, also an ample supply of horses, saddles, etc.

My ranch is in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, where elk, deer, bear, antelope, mountain sheep and mountain lions may still be found in fair numbers. Also fine trout fishing. Rates reasonable.

References:

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Scenery on route from here to Park finest to be seen on any trip in the mountains.

Address Geo. B. McClelland, Red Bank, Wyo.

To Exchange: Stearns combination tandem, and men's Tribune racing wheel. Both wheels in good order; have not been run over 500 miles. Will exchange for high grade trap gun.
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523 Chase St., Kane, Pa.

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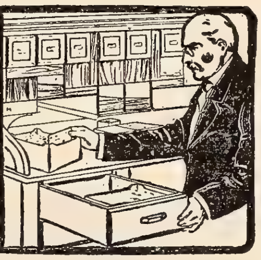

Wanted : Names and addresses of gentlemen desiring to visit Montana, Wyoming or Idaho next fall on hunting, fishing or prospecting trips. Have had many years' experience in the mountains as hunters' prospector and guide. Am expert in all these lines, and can furnish best of references. See my article on pp. 9 and 10 of this issue of RECREATION. Address

George F. Wright,
3485 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sportsmen who want big game should come here. We have plenty of moose, lots of small game and the best trout fishing that can be found anywhere. About 100 moose were shot in this county last year. People who come this way for big game should bring a 45-70 Winchester.

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WE ARE PREPARED to handle small parties of tourists who would like to secure some good game heads. Can guarantee close shooting at elk, deer, mountain sheep and bear. Best of trout fishing. A trip through the Yellowstone Park can be taken before hunting season commences. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charges. 127 miles from railroad; good saddle and pack horses provided. We are at Glen Island, New York, in charge of Sioux Indians, and shall be glad to have personal interview.

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JOINTLESS,

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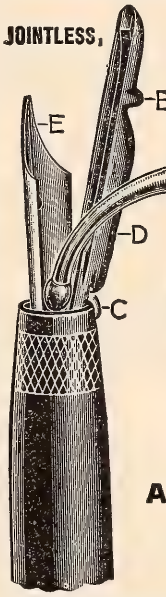

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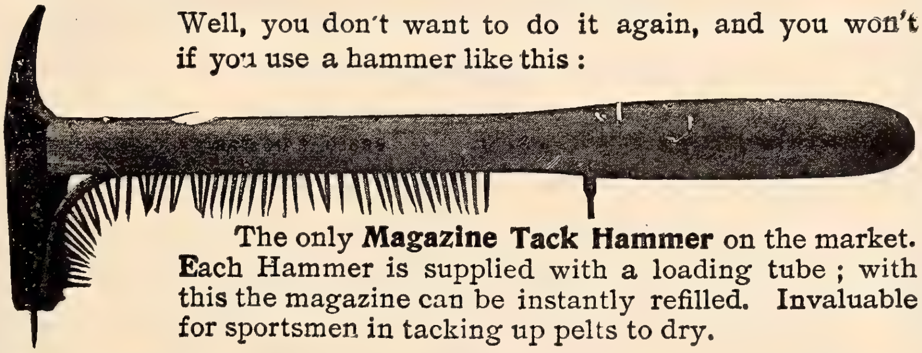

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Good Tennis balls, well sewed and lively, each, **17c.**
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Tennis nets and supplies at cut prices.
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All Wizard Cameras **40%** off
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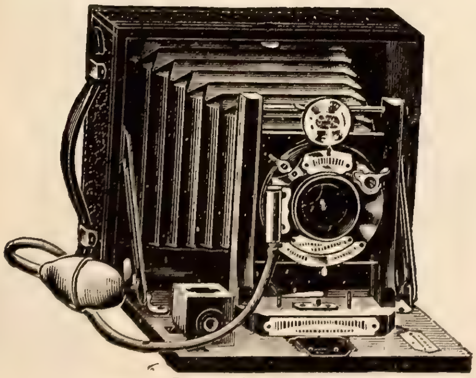

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Special for August and September
Cycle Wizard A Camera, fitted with extra rapid Achromatic lens, made and finished in finest manner, as shown in illustration. Complete with leather carrying case and plateholder, maker's price, $10, cut for August and Sept. to **$4.98**

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Good all-around box cameras, complete with plate holder, reliable in every way, offered at much less than actual cost in making. Well made and finished leather covered.

For 3½ x 3½ pictures, **98c.** 3¼ x 4¼, **$1.09.** 4 x 5, **$1.79.**

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Have been made for a quarter of a century for Western Hunters, Trappers, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers. Today they are in use in nearly every civilized country in the world.

Genuine Hand-Sewed, Water Proof, Made to measure and Delivery Prepaid.

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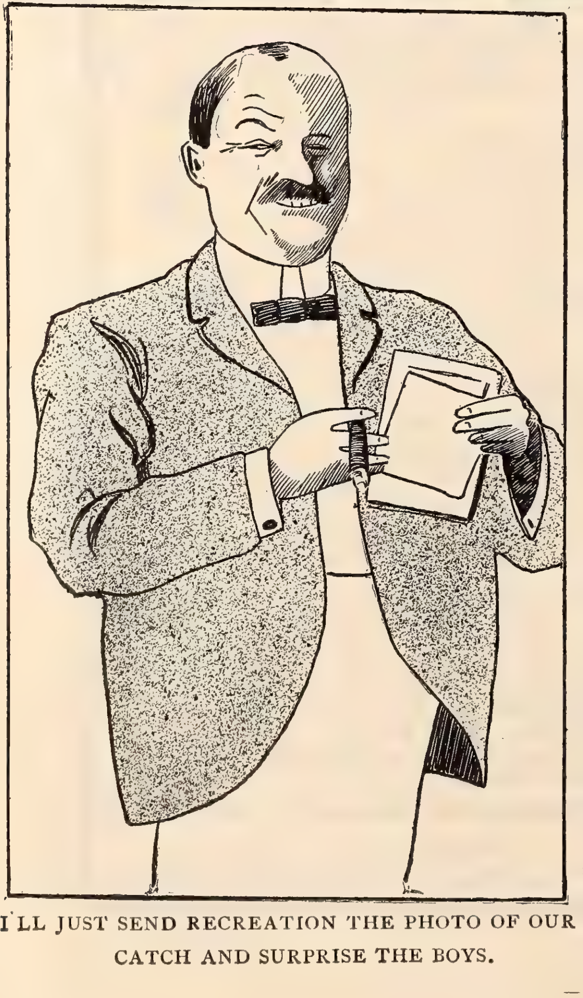

I'LL JUST SEND RECREATION THE PHOTO OF OUR CATCH AND SURPRISE THE BOYS.

A CAMP TREASURE.

While discussing guns and ammunition it is strange to me that the brethren don't say anything about other articles which go to make up the hunter's kit. There are many other articles which are quite as essential to the comfort and pleasure of the hunter as the gun or the load; for instance, that most useful article in the camper's kit, the Marble safety pocket axe. What a boon to the camper-out this little tool is! I have had one nearly 2 years, and have used it for nearly every purpose to which a thing of that kind could be put. I would not be without one for 3 times its cost. The safety guard on this little axe places it far ahead of anything else in its class. This enables anyone to pack it among other utensils without damaging the edge or injuring other articles. It can also be carried in the hip pocket and scarcely be noticed. If you are interested in getting one of these little axes get up a club for RECREATION and obtain one as a premium, or else write W. L. Marble for his book, "The Story of an Axe." Let us hear from others who have anything of interest. If you have a good thing let your neighbor know of it. If you see a good thing advertised in RECREATION say so. There are more good things to be found in RECREATION than in any other magazine published, regardless of price.

W. C. Whittemore, Redlands, Cal.

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To suit all manner of rifle cranks and pocketbooks of all dimensions, from the $10 complete outfit to $50 and upward. Our "SNAP SHOT" telescopes are far ahead of any known rifle sight for off-hand and hunting purposes, while the principal rest-shooters find their ideal in our high-grade target telescopes. The highest known scores have been made with their aid. SEND FOR LIST.

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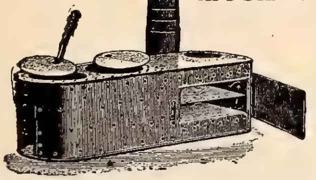

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Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns larger wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

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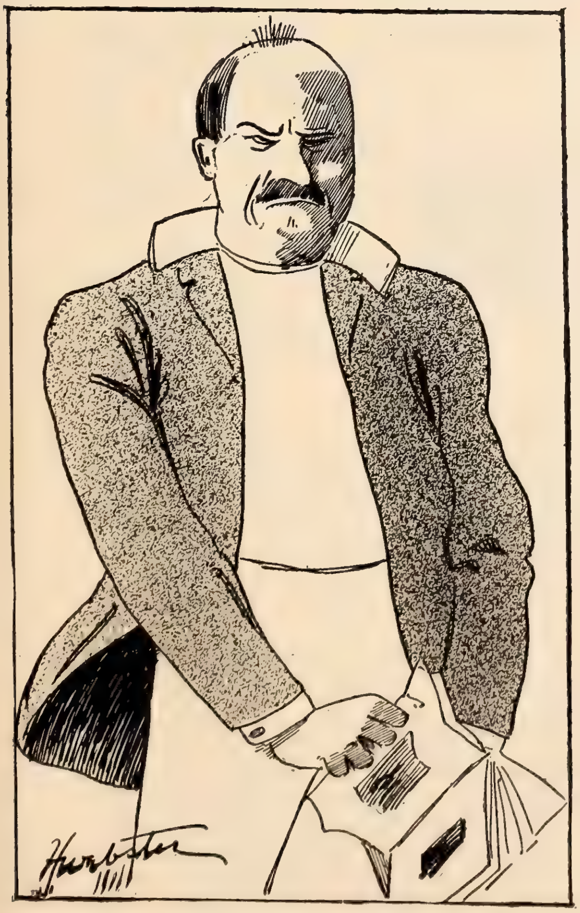

WHEN RECREATION ARRIVES.

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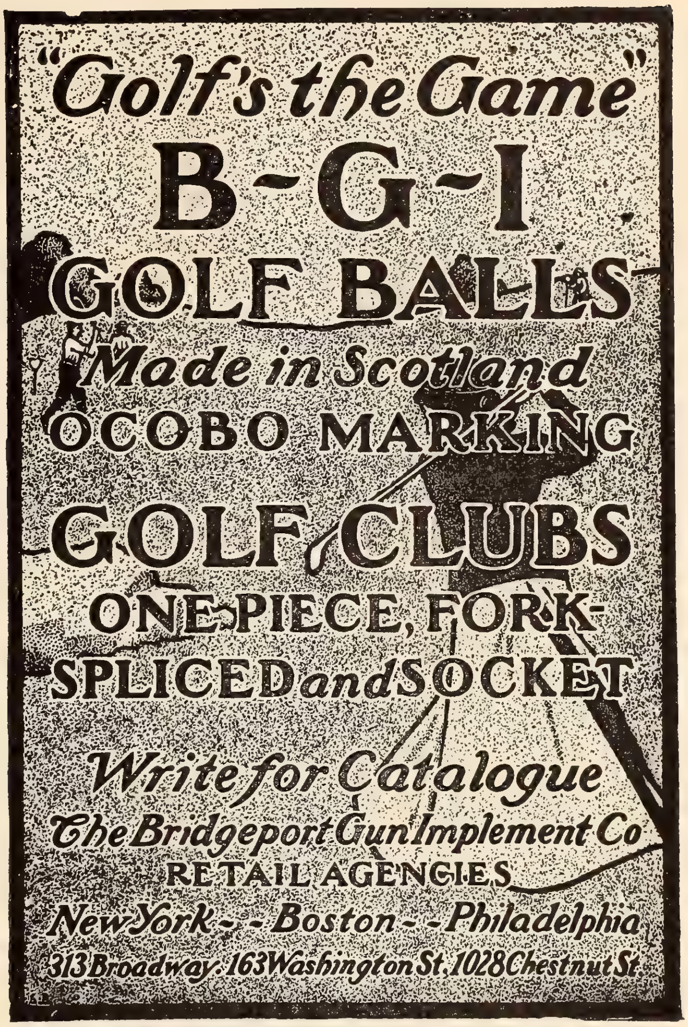

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ONE-PIECE, FORK-SPLICED and SOCKET

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Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
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WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

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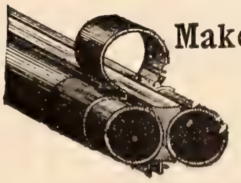

Makes Wing Shooting Easy
Price 50 cents

Circular free. Give gauge and state whether gun is single or double barrelled.

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2500 U. M. C. **LOADED SHOT SHELLS**, 10 Guage only, all standard load, and perfect, $1.25 per 100.

WEIDNER BRO., Buffalo Grove, Ill.

For Sale: A Tribune Tandem, 98 model. Good as new; ridden less than 500 miles.
Address S. G., care RECREATION.

ANOTHER EDITOR HITS THE BULL'SEYE.

The Rushville (Ill.) Times thus comments on game protection in that State:

There is a hunters' yarn floating about to the effect that 2 wild turkeys were killed recently in this part of the State. The incredulity with which this story is received among sportsmen helps one to understand how completely the wild turkey has been hunted from the Illinois forests, where at one time it was plentiful. The fate of the turkey was foreshadowed by the extermination of the deer years before.

There was a time not many years ago when on frosty mornings in the fall of the year, the rail fences, corn shocks and smaller trees would be picketed by thousands of prairie chickens. On bright days in spring the deep, sonorous booming of the cocks could be heard in every direction. Now the prairie chicken is fast disappearing, and the quail is following. It is not true that a dense rural population has driven these birds away, for they are inclined to fraternize with man and to grow tame about the feed lot, and even the back door of the farmhouse in winter. The increase of population in the country districts of Illinois since the '70s has not been so great as seriously to interfere with the game birds. Systematic pursuit by skilled hunters with trained dogs killing game for the markets is the principal cause of game extermination. Prairie chickens, quails and other game can be bought at any time in the Chicago market, except when the weather is so warm as to make the handling of game unprofitable. Therefore the State Game Warden should show more energy in the enforcement of the laws.

Of the migrating birds, the wild pigeons, which used to darken the sky and break down trees by their countless numbers, are gone and all but forgotten. An occasional straggler serves to remind old settlers of the havoc that has been wrought by the hunters. Wild ducks and geese are being wiped out by hunters during nestling time and prevented from breeding in the excellent grounds the Illinois river valley affords. When the market hunter shall have succeeded in destroying the source of his profit, he will himself disappear.

Illinois needs a more rigid game law and faithful game officials. The migratory as well as the resident birds ought to be protected during the nesting time. The professional hunter who measures his success by the havoc he can spread, and by his ability to outwit game wardens, ought to be dealt with as is any other violator of law and held in the contempt that an ordinary vandal deserves.

TWO OF THE MISSOURI BREED.

One of the largest bags of ducks killed in this vicinity in the past 10 or 15 years was secured on an island in the Missouri river last Friday and Saturday by Robert Hyatt, of Florissant, St. Louis county. He brought back 272 ducks and 3 geese.

J. D. Lucas, who has been shooting ducks around St. Louis many years, says Hyatt's bag breaks all records for duck shooting in this part of the country.

And here is what Hyatt says about it, in answer to my letter:

H. Greenway and I took to our boats on the Missouri river the 11th of March with a camp outfit and a large fleet of decoys. We floated to the mouth of the river, where we met a good flight of ducks and geese. We hung up 272 ducks and 5 geese in the first 3 days and came home to sell them. Mr. Greenway lost 7 in one hour that fell in the river and we could not lose time to go for them. We are still in camp, but have not done so well since. We are both farmers, but have been shooting quails and ducks since November 1st. I bagged 400 quails over a pointer dog, in Randolph, Howard, Boon and St. Louis counties last November and December.

Inclosed find one dollar, for which please mail me RECREATION.

R. L. Hyatt, Florissant, Mo.

Why didn't you quit when you got enough to eat? Have you not learned that all good sportsmen detest a market hunter? Do you not realize that the market hunters and game dealers are responsible for the scarcity of game everywhere? Then why not quit this brutal slaughter and make a living in some decent way?—EDITOR.

TEN DUCKS AT A SHOT.

Norborne, Mo., March 5.—Two of the Sparks brothers, Kansas City, and Fred Knipschild, of Norborne, had famous luck in duck hunting at Steel lake, near here this morning. When they appeared at the lake it was literally covered with ducks. They fired 10 shots into the ducks and killed 101 of them.

New York, March 13, 1901.

Mr. Fred. Knipschild,
Norborne, Mo.,

Dear Sir:

I am informed that you and 2 friends killed 101 ducks in a few minutes. Will you kindly tell me if this is true, greatly obliging.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields.

ANSWER.

Yes, Chas. Sparks and brother and myself killed 101 ducks in one day.

F. Knipschild.

You should be ashamed to confess it. You should all sneak away and hide a year or so, till your neighbors can have time to forget about your slaughter.

It must have taken you at least 20 seconds to fire those 10 shots. And you must have done some very humble crawling to get within so few yards of your ducks and pot so many of them on the water.

Don't ever call yourselves sportsmen. All readers of RECREATION will put you where you belong—in the muddiest, filthiest corner of the game hog corrall.—EDITOR.

I congratulate you on the good you are doing through RECREATION for game and bird protection. I can see some of the good effects of the Lacey law this spring in the increased number of robins and bluebirds. In this vicinity they have more than doubled from what they were a year ago.

The League posters have done great good through this section. The men who formerly violated the law are now observing it and helping to see that others do the same. Mr. A. C. Johnson, a member of the League from this place, took a trip through the South this winter and on his return he told me that at Nashville hundreds of robins are killed in the cedar swamps and sold in the markets. It seems to me there is a chance for the League to do some more good work.

Dr. F. V. Martin, Westville, Ind.

Small Profits—Quick Sales.

TROUT FLIES

for trial—send us

15c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 24 cents. Quality A Flies
30c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 60 cents. Quality B Flies
60c for an assorted sample doz. Regular price, 84 cents. Quality C Flies
60c for an assorted dozen Regular price 84 cents. Bass Flies

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS

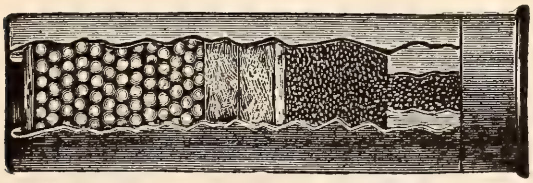
Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces **70 cents** Bait Rods 9 feet, 8 ounces

With cork grip and extra tip, in wood form

Try our new Braided Silk Enameled Waterproof

METAL CENTER LINE

Size No. 5, 4½ cents per yard. Size No. 4, 5½ cents per yard
Put up in 10-yard lengths connected.



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KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

$200 TUTTLE LAUNCHES ARE THE WINNERS

15 MILES IN TWO HOURS

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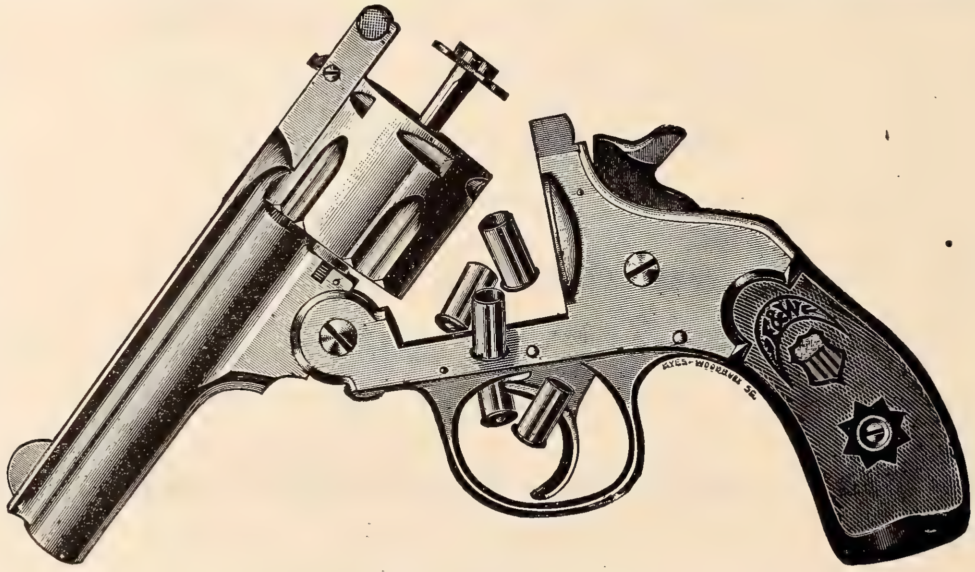

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A .32 Caliber Automatic

Forehand Revolver

With 3¼-inch barrel.

For 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each. This revolver is made by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., and is a well finished, durable, reliable weapon. You can get the 4 subscriptions in 20 minutes, in any live town.

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AMERICA'S BEST!

Best in Quality. Best Hooks. Best Snells.
Best Finished and Neatest.

Sample, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

Send for Free Catalogue.

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You learn all about Virginia lands, soil, water, climate, resources, products, fruits, berries, mode of cultivation, prices, etc., by reading the VIRGINIA FARMER Send 10c. for three months' subscription to

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I received the Yawman & Erbe Automatic combination reel. It works like a charm, and has many times repaid me for the trouble of collecting 5 subscriptions.
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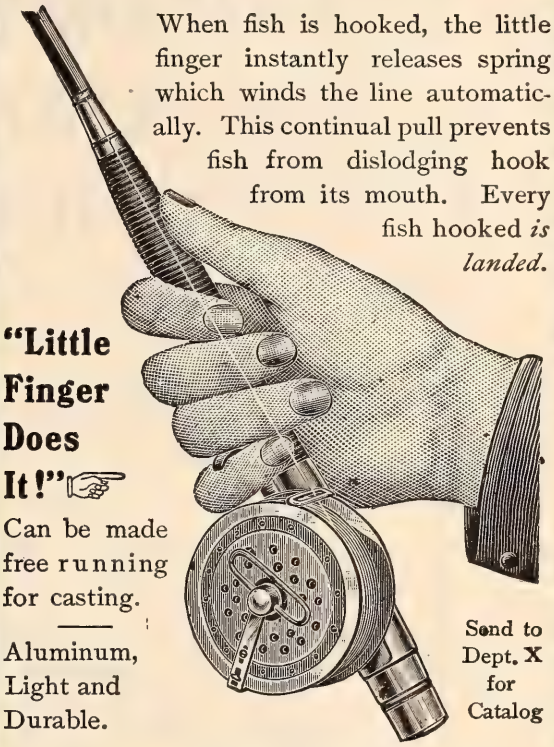
No Slack Line

When fish is hooked, the little finger instantly releases spring which winds the line automatically. This continual pull prevents fish from dislodging hook from its mouth. Every fish hooked *is landed.*



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Can be made free running for casting.

Aluminum, Light and Durable.

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OUR NEW CATALOGUE contains a full description of the different styles of our incomparable fishing rod. YOU WANT ONE. No other fishing rod on the market will "stand the racket" half so well as the "Bristol." No other fishing rod — at so low a price — is even worth the name. Read the matter on coupon attached. Our catalogue is worth your reading — our "Bristol" worth your buying.

THE HORTON MF'G. CO., BRISTOL, CONN., U.S.A.

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Write your name and address — PLAINLY — in space below; send to the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., U.S.A., and they will send you — FREE — their NEW 1901 Catalogue.

*Name*__________

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ARE YOU A CANOEIST?
A SAILOR?
AN ANGLER?
A DUCK SHOOTER?

If either, then

You probably need a Boat.

You can get

A Fine Cedar Canoe

13 feet long, finished in the best style known to modern mechanics, and listing at $26, for 25 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

You can get

A Four-Oared Hunting Boat

14 feet long, with a sail, centerboard, and 2 pairs of oars, and listing at $35, for 35 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

You can get

A Ducking Boat

10 feet long, and listing at $20, for 20 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

Do you want one of these?

If so, sail in and make your friends pay for it. You can get the subscriptions in any live town in 2 hours.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

THE SALE OF

Walsrode Powder

has increased **300 per cent.** in the last 3 years. Not a bad showing See that your shells are loaded with it. If your dealer hasn't any, send $2.00 and we will express a sample 100 shells loaded with 29 grs. 1⅛—7 or 7½ chilled shot.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
302-304 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Mention RECREATION

STILL WINNING

DuPont Smokeless

Won HIGHEST AVERAGES at Iowa State Tournament, May 15-16-17
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E. I. DuPONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
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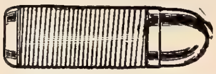
Here's a Bullet that will not injure your gun

Lubricated Wire Patched Bullets

☞ Just the thing you have been looking for for years.
☞ Prevents fouling, leading and deposit of metal in grooves of the rifling.
☞ Cleans and lubricates the barrel with every shot, making swabbing entirely unnecessary.
☞ There being less friction, the velocity is greatly increased and the trajectory is flatter than with any other bullet ever made.

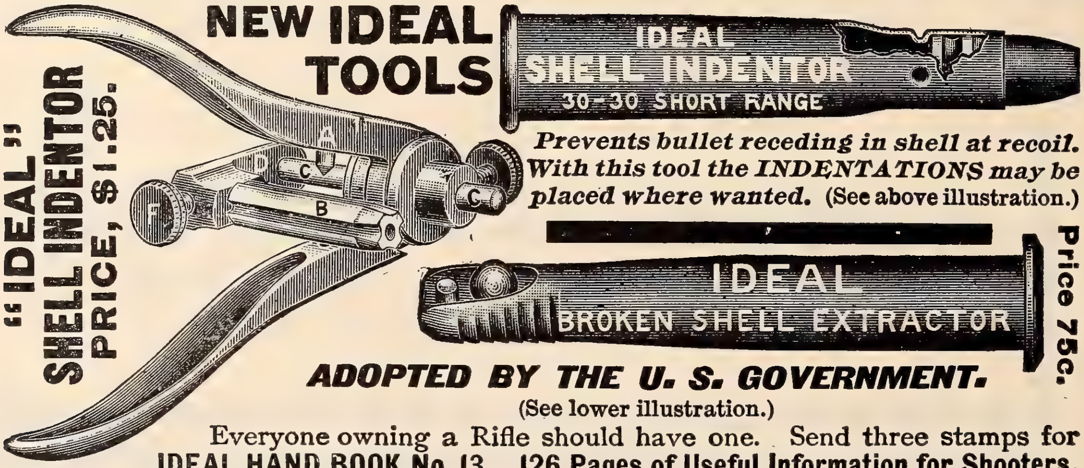


Send $1.00 for sample box of bullets or cartridges, any size listed in our catalogue
Catalogue free

Sample bullets mailed on receipt of stamps to prepay postage. **Agents wanted.** MENTION RECREATION.

National Projectile Works, Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

NEW IDEAL TOOLS



"IDEAL" SHELL INDENTOR PRICE, $1.25.

Prevents bullet receding in shell at recoil. With this tool the INDENTATIONS may be placed where wanted. (See above illustration.)

Price 75c.

ADOPTED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

(See lower illustration.)

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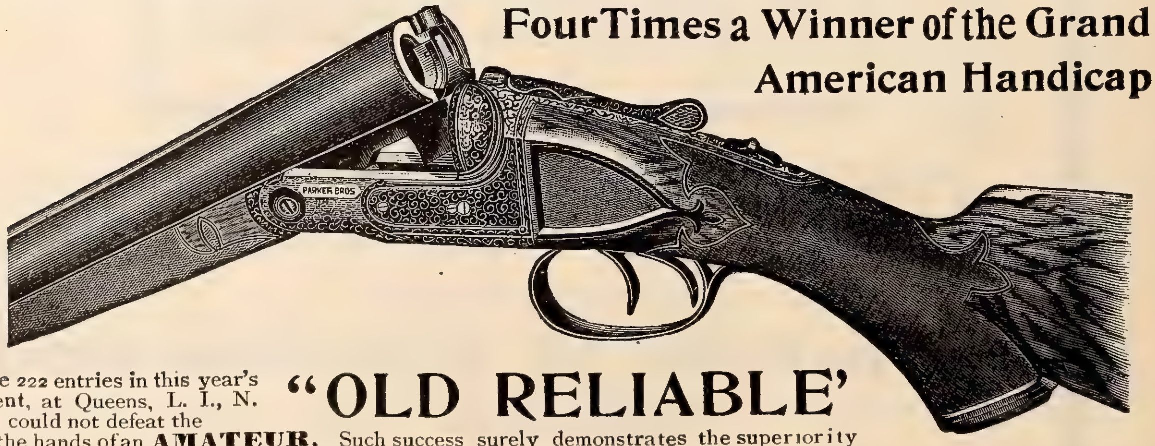

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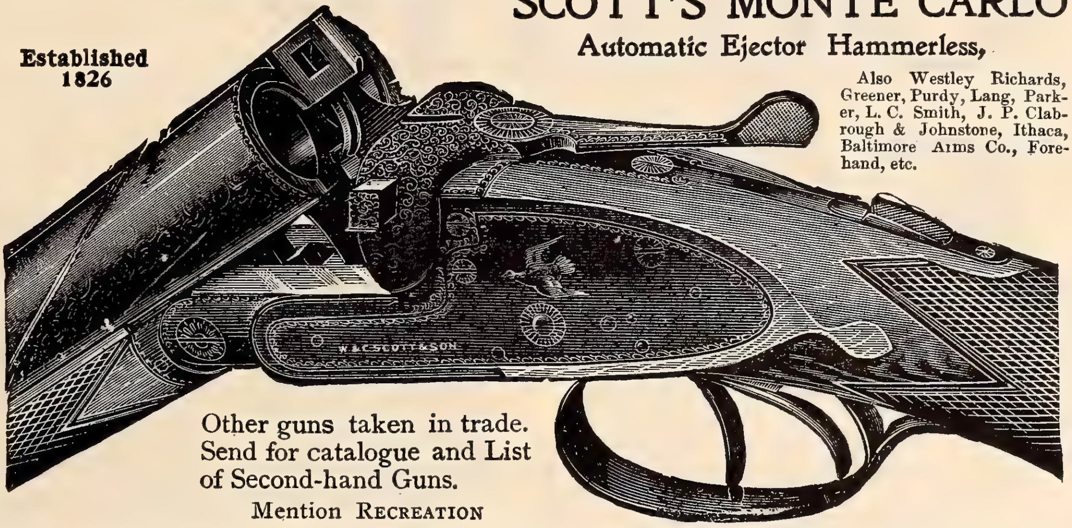

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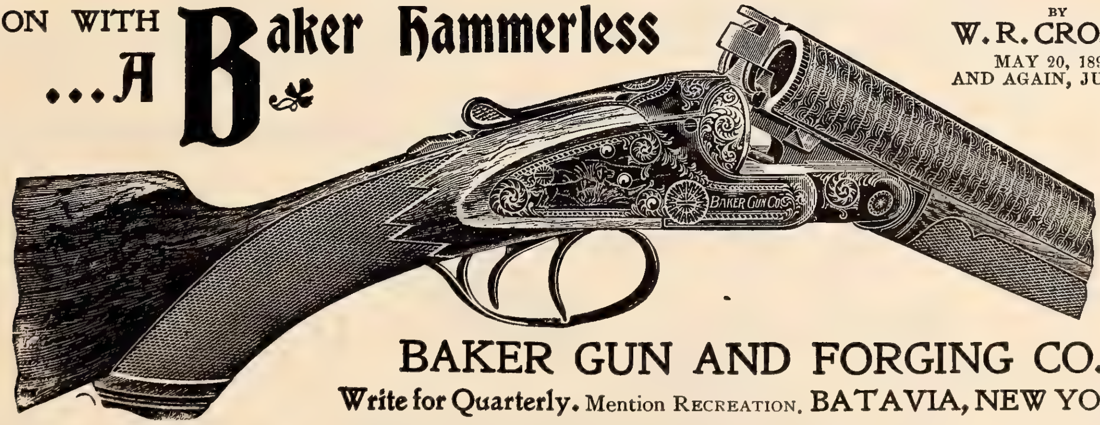
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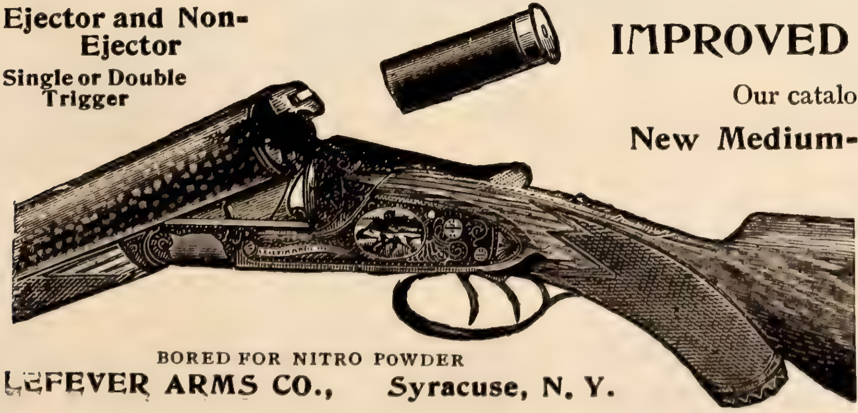

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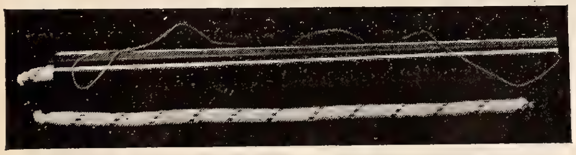

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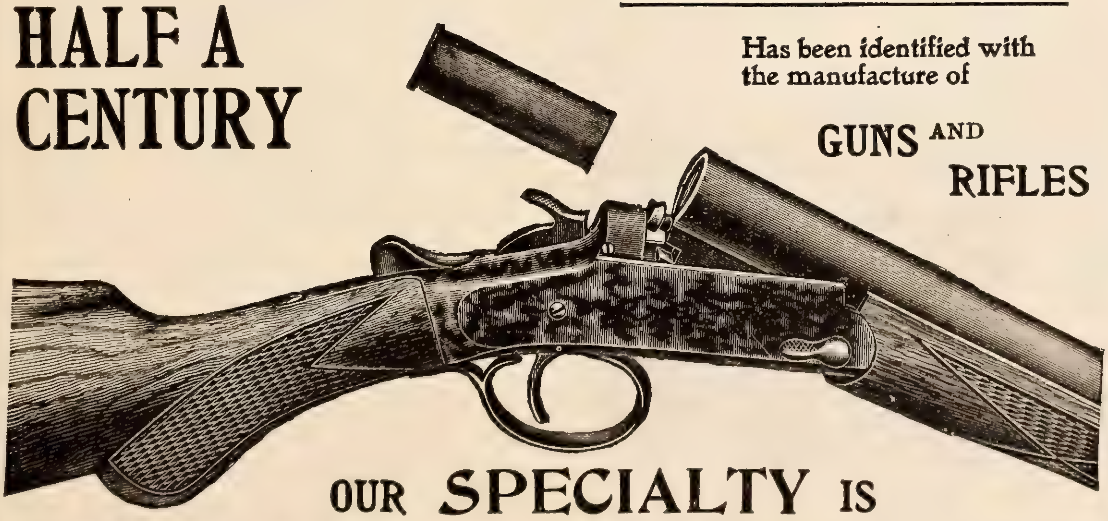

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NUMBER 3

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NEW YORK

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post-Office, Oct. 17, 1894.

1901

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Life Insurance in Force,	109,519,851.00

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IN ASSETS,	$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½% basis)	2,484,392.52
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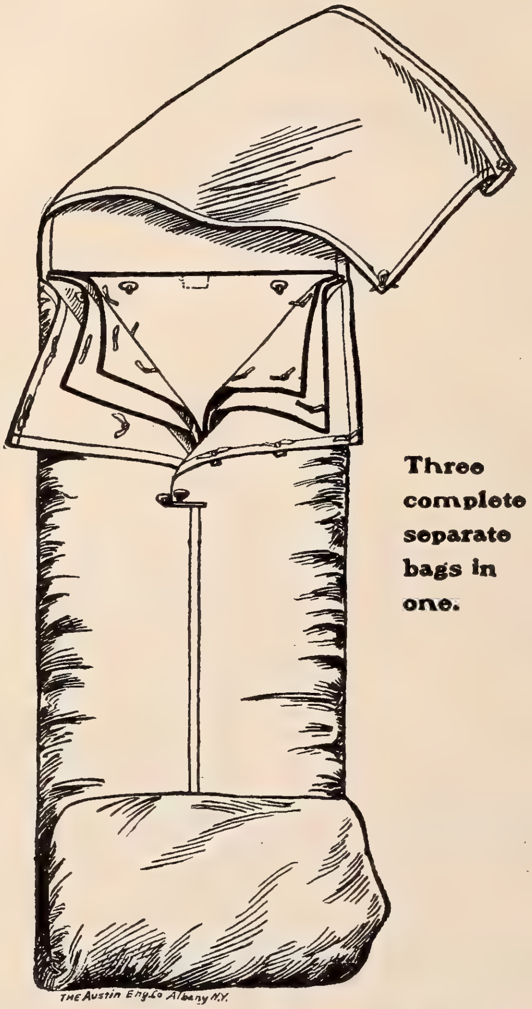
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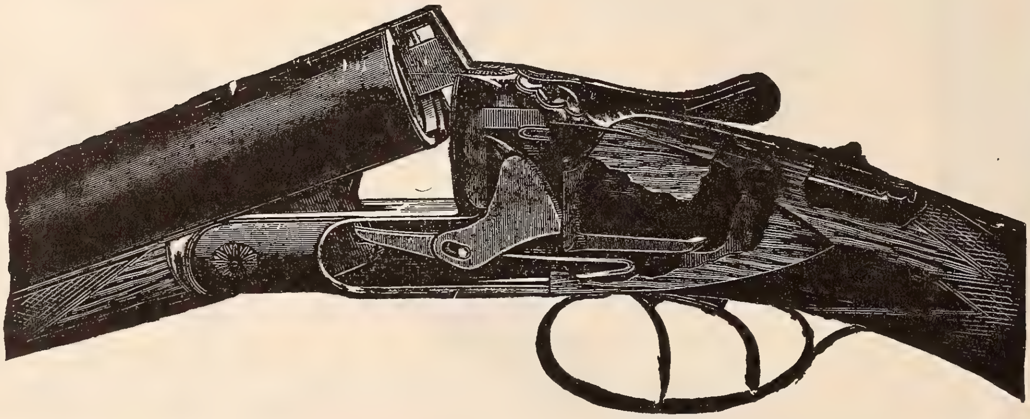

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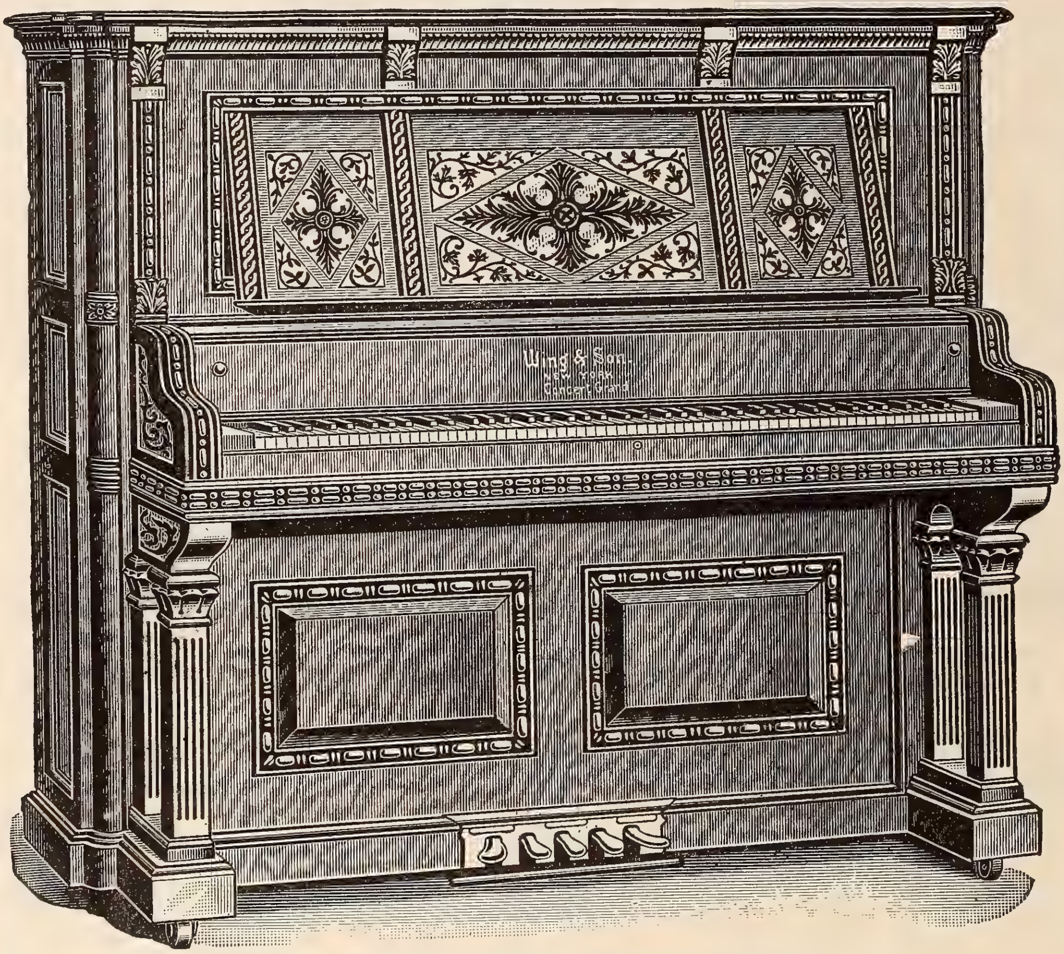

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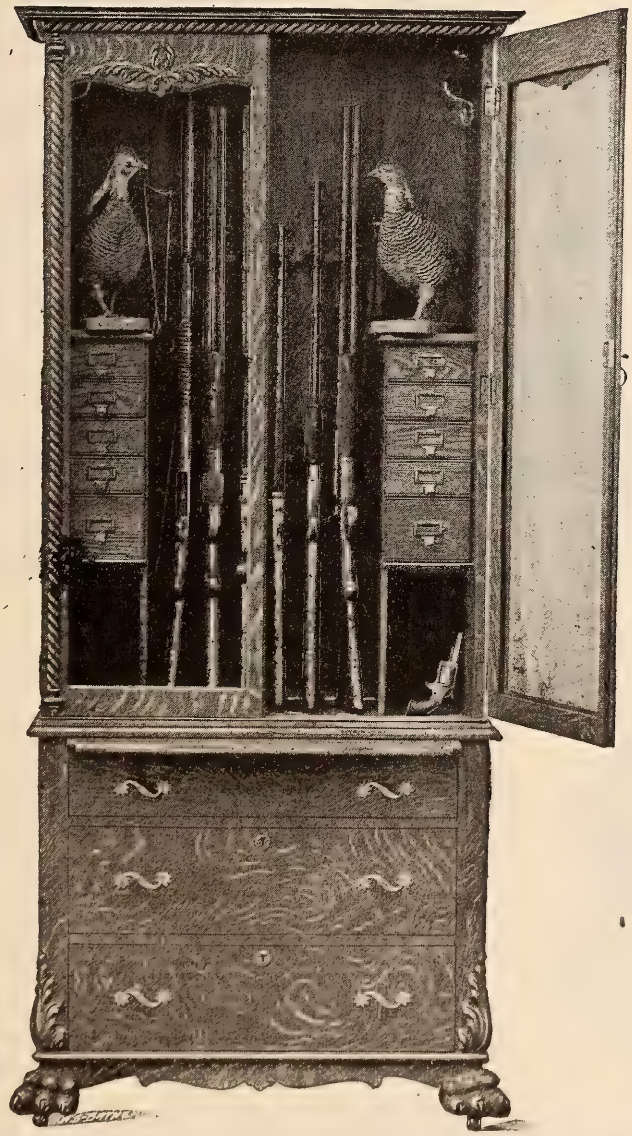

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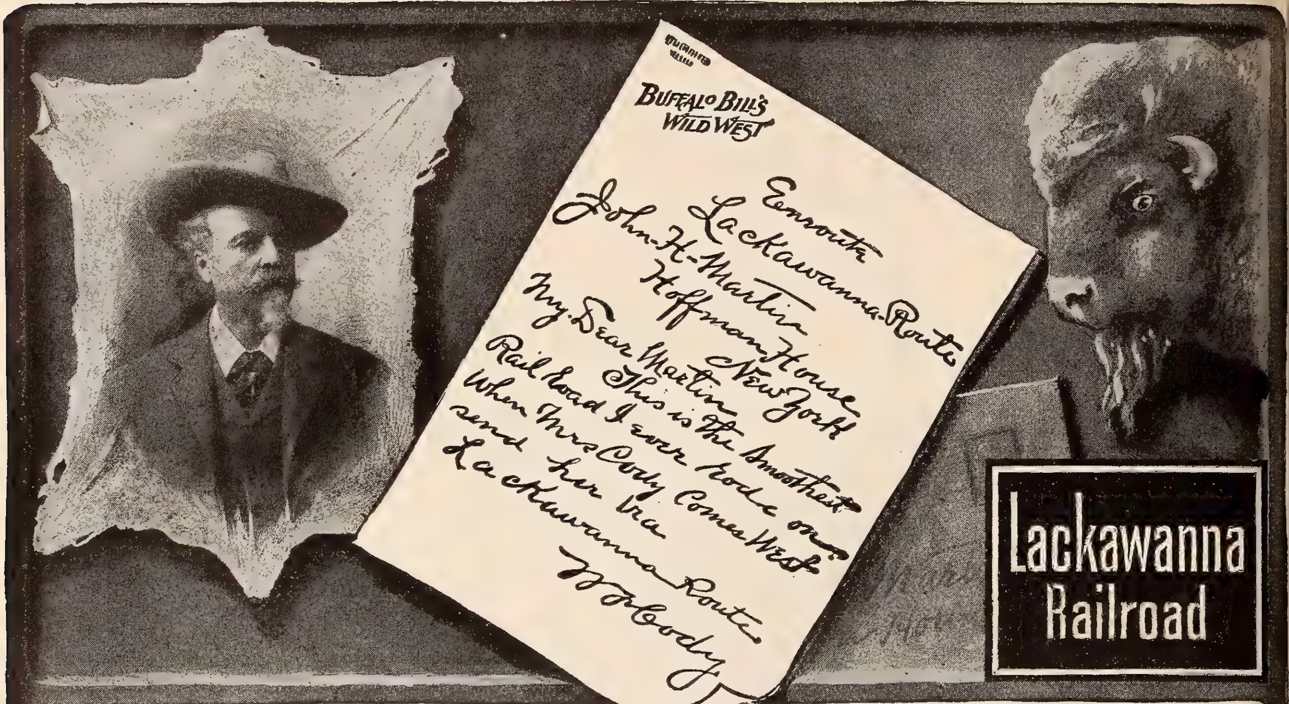

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send her via
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W F Cody

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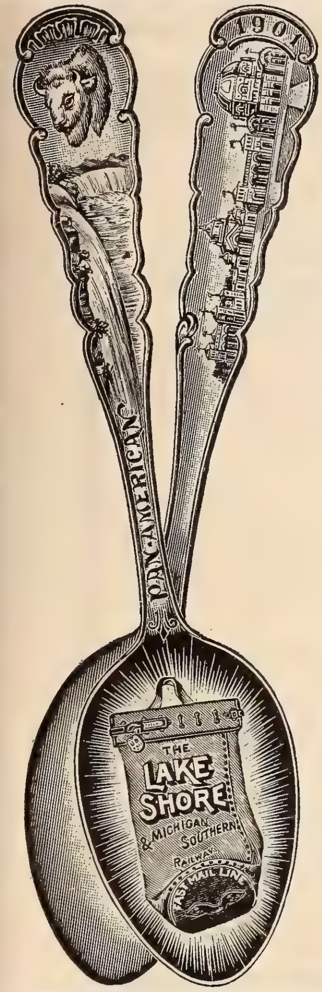
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Those who have not spent a September in the Adirondacks have no idea how beautiful they are in that month which forces most families with children back into the city at just the time when nature affords so much to those who can stay in the country and enjoy it.

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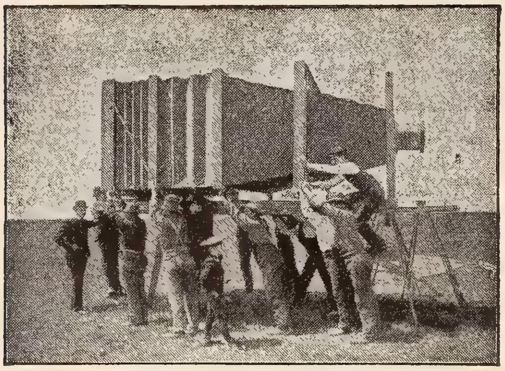

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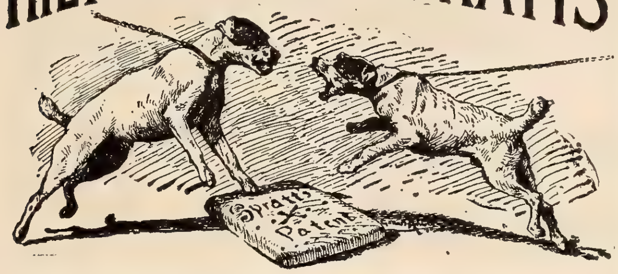

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means disordered digestion, and if not promptly attended to will develop into chronic dyspepsia.

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will improve the appetite by strengthening the stomach, and cure indigestion, general debility, nervousness, and all disorders arising from impaired digestion. The Pills are a scientific remedy and the standard alterative and tonic in the treatment of Distemper, Mange, Fevers and General Debility.
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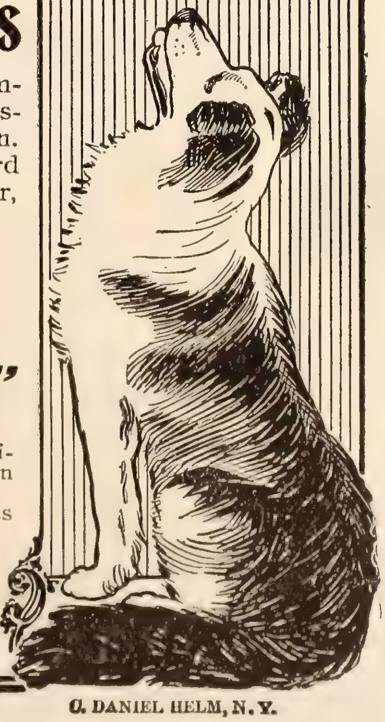

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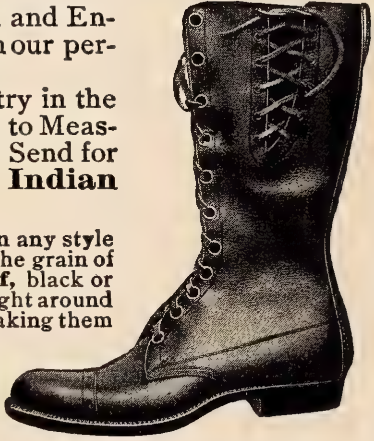

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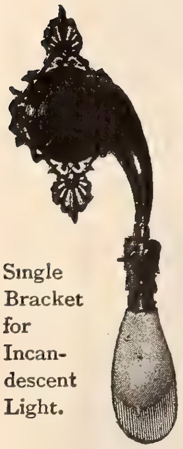

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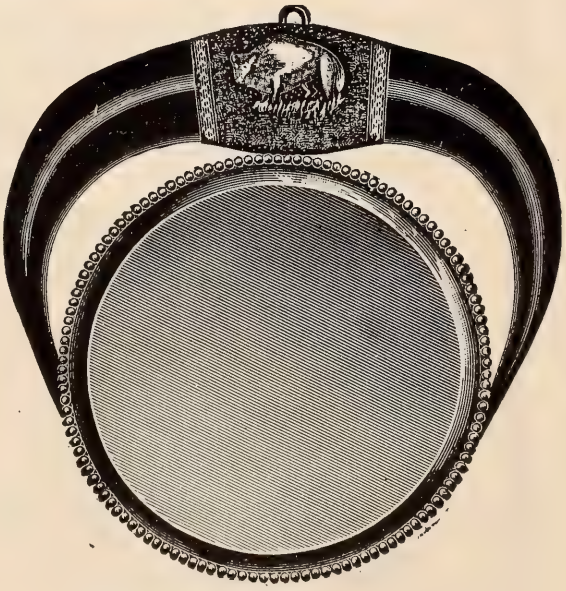
Also polished or unpolished horns in pairs or single. Polished horns tipped with incandescent electric lights; polished hunting horns; mirrors hung in polished horns, etc.

These are decided novelties, and are in great demand for sportsmen's dens, offices, club rooms, halls, etc.



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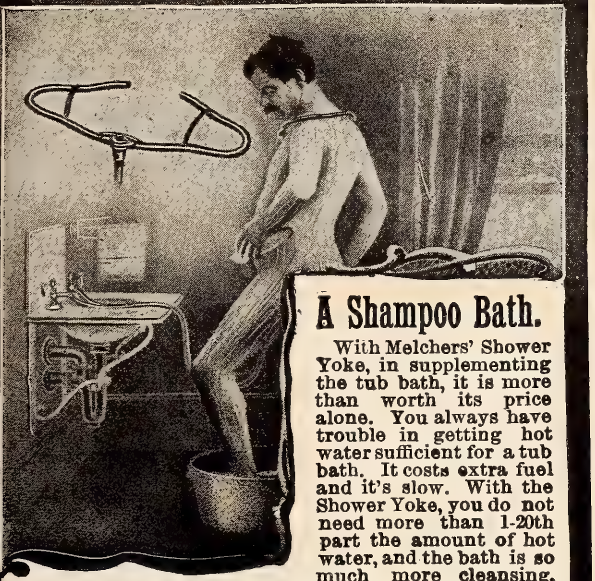

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With Melchers' Shower Yoke, in supplementing the tub bath, it is more than worth its price alone. You always have trouble in getting hot water sufficient for a tub bath. It costs extra fuel and it's slow. With the Shower Yoke, you do not need more than 1-20th part the amount of hot water, and the bath is so much more cleansing, and you will find it so much better, that we believe you will do as many of our friends say they have, discard the use of a tub bath entirely. Put it on first and wet your body, then shampoo yourself thoroughly. Treat yourself in other words exactly as you are treated in a Turkish bath room. After you have properly shampooed yourself, again put on the shower and massage every part of your body whilst the water is running over you. It cleanses better than any tub bath; does the work in one quarter of the time and has no debilitating effects as a hot bath usually has, especially with weakly constituted people. You save the price of it on fuel and water bills alone.

We have a little book that tells all about it. Mailed Free. Mention RECREATION. Price $4.00. Express paid East of the Mississippi River. 30 days' trial. Your money back if not satisfactory.

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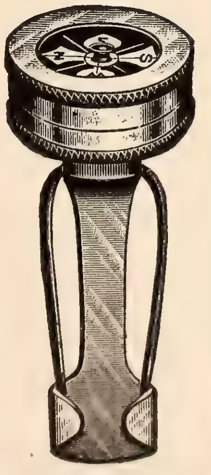

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WISE men don't go hunting, or fishing, or camping, or yachting, or prospecting, without a compass.

MARBLE'S HANDY COMPASS

attaches to outside of coat or vest. Always in sight. Cannot be lost, cannot be demagnetized. Thoroughly reliable. Price with revolving card and jeweled needle, $1.50. With plain jeweled needle, $1.25.

Send for Catalogue A.

**For Sale by Dealers, or
W.L.MARBLE, Gladstone, Mich.**

Come and See

When you visit Milwaukee, come and see us brew Schlitz beer. You will never be content with common beer after that.

We will show you a brewery as clean as your kitchen; yet comparatively few ever see it.

We will show you the barley we use — the finest that grows. And the hops—such as come only from Bohemia. And the water that analysis has proved pure.

See how our yeast is developed forever from the same mother cells; cells that are priceless because the yeast is so perfect.

See the plate glass rooms where Schlitz beer is cooled. The air comes only through air filters; you will smile at our caution.

Then we will show you where we filter the beer, though impurity seems almost impossible.

But we go even further. We actually sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

You will visit our refrigerating rooms, holding a quarter-million barrels. Here Schlitz beer is aged for months before it is marketed.

And you will note that the men in charge of the buying and the brewing are partners in the business. They are there to see that our standards are maintained.

We could brew beer for half what we pay, and get about as much for it. To insure absolute purity we double the brewing cost. Let us tell you why we do it:

Beer is a saccharine product; an ideal breeding place for germs. Let but a few germs get into it, and they will multiply to millions.

We use the utmost precaution to keep them out, then we filter and sterilize the beer to make sure of it.

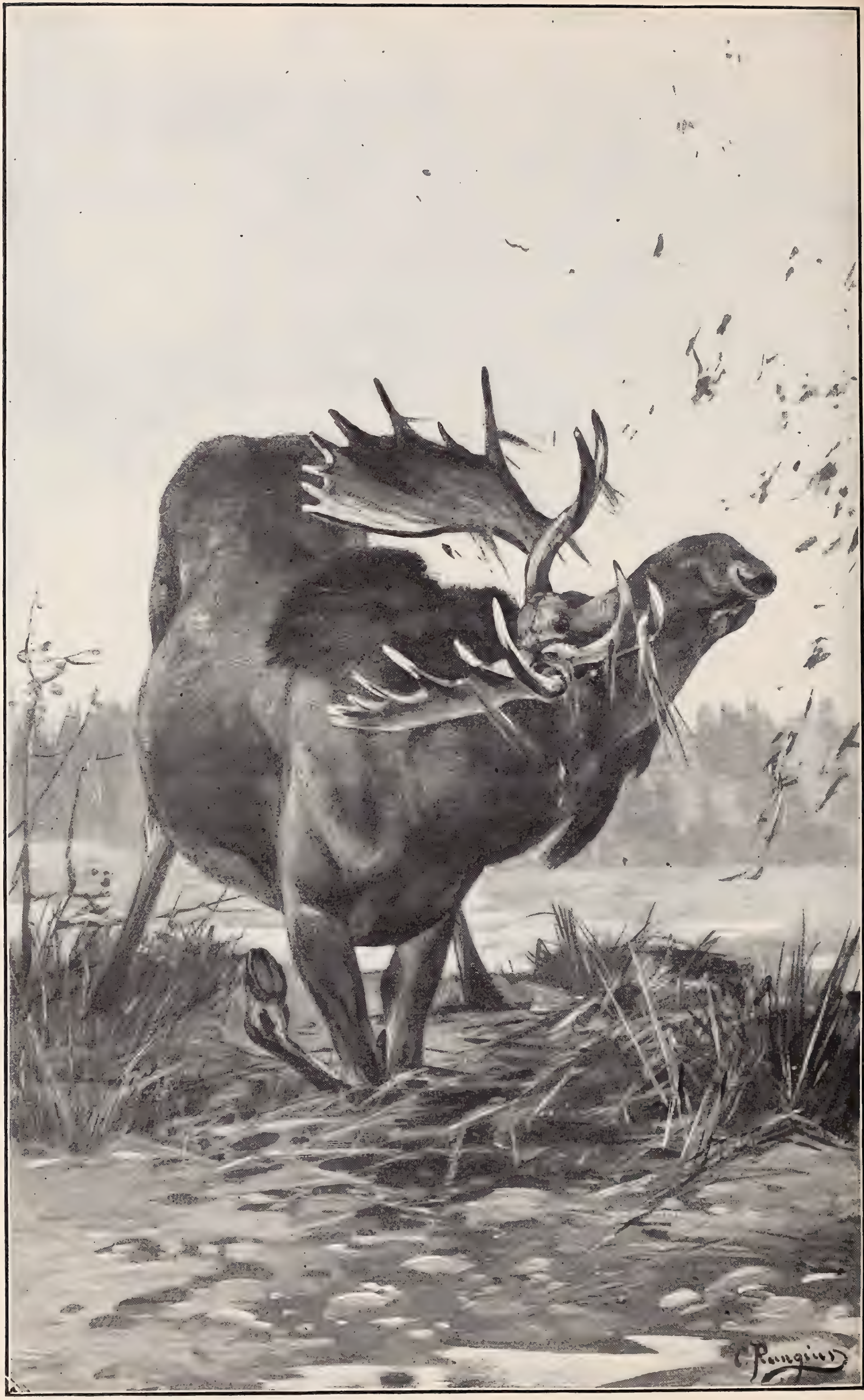
And we age beer for months to thoroughly ferment it. That's another large expense; but the result is a beer that doesn't cause biliousness as green beer does.

And remember that Schlitz beer costs you no more than beer that's unhealthful. You can just as well get it as to get common beer if you'll ask for it.

TRADE MARK SCHLITZ

Order the brewery bottling.

J. L. STACK



WITH A SNORT HE SHOOK THESE FROM HIS HEAD.

RECREATION

Volume XV. SEPTEMBER, 1901. Number 3

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

J. L. DEVANY.

The residents of Nova Scotia enjoy an abundance of game unsuspected by the majority of outside hunters. Blue nose moose hunters may fairly be termed game hogs, though they are not of the common order. They would, as a rule, scorn the wanton slaughter of game, but they nevertheless want it all themselves. To that end they demand of every foreign hunter wishing to share the sport a license of $30; and they usually prefer that their own successful trips and the size of the giant antlers captured be not reported in the press, lest they attract outside sportsmen regardless of expense. Protective laws have resulted in an abundance of moose in the Province and have at the same time confined the methods of hunting employed to decidedly clean sport, making them fair contests between the hunter's skill and knowledge of woodcraft and the watchful sagacity and fleetness of the moose.

The hunting season includes October, November and December, and the methods of hunting are practically limited to 2. Hounding is a thing of the past, and as there are no runways, or regular traveling places, for moose in the Nova Scotia woods, the successful hunter must either creep upon them in their forest cover or attract them into the clearings by means of the birch bark call. The hunter, however, who thinks he has a cinch in either of these methods will in time learn his error. Indeed, it is not uncommon for beginners to consider the talk of moose calling a fable, when after several trials, with all chances apparently favorable, the moose fails to put in an appearance. The experience of a young New Yorker will serve to exemplify both the uncertainty of moose calling and the manner in which it is prosecuted. He was hunting in the Bear river woods and accompanied by the most expert as well as the most conceited of Bear river's Micmac guides. Two nights of calling proved fruitless. The sportsman frankly told his guide he had no faith in it, and that he did not believe a moose would come to the call of a man. This considerably ruffled the guide's conceit, and he resolved if possible to make a lasting impression to the contrary on the mind of his employer. That afternoon an ideal place for calling was chosen. The tent was pitched beside a giant boulder, on one side of which a narrow, open bog stretched away between wooded banks, and on the other a sort of natural park extended to the foot of a ridge covered with hard wood. The guide exacted the promise that his companion would not shoot till he gave the word. All arrangements being complete, as the sun was nearing the Western horizon, the guide climbed to the top of the boulder and sounded the call.

Almost immediately, from the ridge, about 2 miles away, came the deep voiced answer of an old bull. A few moments sufficed to show that he was coming at a rapid rate. The guide continued to call at regular intervals, and in a few moments another answer was heard far down the bog, though that time from a smaller moose. A few seconds later brought a reply from a third, in another direction. The sport was getting exciting. The guide came down from his perch on the rock and stationed his employer and himself behind a smaller boulder beside it, over which it was possible to look while lying on the ground. The guide thought the young moose would not come up for fear of the larger ones, and of course the one he wanted was the monster that had first answered. In that, however, he was disappointed. The distance was considerable, and while the big bull was still a long way off he was interrupted and turned from his course by another party of hunters. The little fellow on the bog ceased to answer, but the large one that had started last was, when the sun went down, already quite near and coming steadily along. When the moose was about breaking cover the guide climbed partly up the big rock and noted the direction from which he was coming, satisfying himself the game would appear on the side of the boulder on which they were stationed. Another call, and the bull's hoofs were heard beating the firm ground as he trotted up the slope toward the men. In full view of the hunters and about 10 yards from them, grew a bunch of sapling birches. There the moose paused and began a furious onslaught with his antlers. Having tired of that he turned toward the hunters and going down on his knees ploughed his horns along the ground some distance, tossing them well loaded with vines, moss and earth. With a snort he shook these from his head, the dirt falling on and around the 2 men lying behind the rock. The city man was about that time enjoying his first acute attack of buck fever. His teeth fairly chattered, and the guide had to grip his rifle barrel to prevent it from rattling against the rock. Again the moose came on and stood with his broadside toward them, not more than 12 feet from the muzzle of the rifle. That was about as close quarters as the guide cared for on his own account, so he gave the word to fire. The moose went down with the shot, but immediately came to his feet again. The Winchester spoke again and again he fell, only to rise the next moment. The third shot, however, dropped him for the last time. Any of the shots would have proved fatal, but the moose was too close for the men to take any chances.

The sportsman was convinced a moose would come at a man's call, and was so excited over the fact that he slept none that night.

The call is an imitation of the whine, or bellow, of the cow moose in the mating season and will only be answered by the males during that period, which is from the middle of September to the middle of October. The sound is most peculiar and can only be acquired by long practice. The most expert callers are those who have taken lessons from nature; that is, have been close to a female moose when she was calling. After the calling season is over recourse must be had to still hunting, or stalking.

About the end of October or the first of November the moose begin to form yards; that is, they browse over one section thoroughly before moving to another. While in a yard of this sort moose are very methodical in their habits. All their methods have, however, an eye single to one object, viz., the detection of any pursuer. It is therefore only by a knowledge of their tricks that they can be approached within gunshot. It is their senses of hearing and smell that are to be guarded against by the hunter, for, as a rule, when the moose can see the man, he can also see the moose, and the capture of the game becomes simply a question of marksmanship.

Moose calling is a unique sport. The environment, scenery, season and calm, fine weather that are essential to success are all features of such a trip which the hunter retains in the memory. Though more arduous and less romantic, still hunting is usually the more successful, and the greater number of moose are secured in that way.

HIS LORDSHIP.

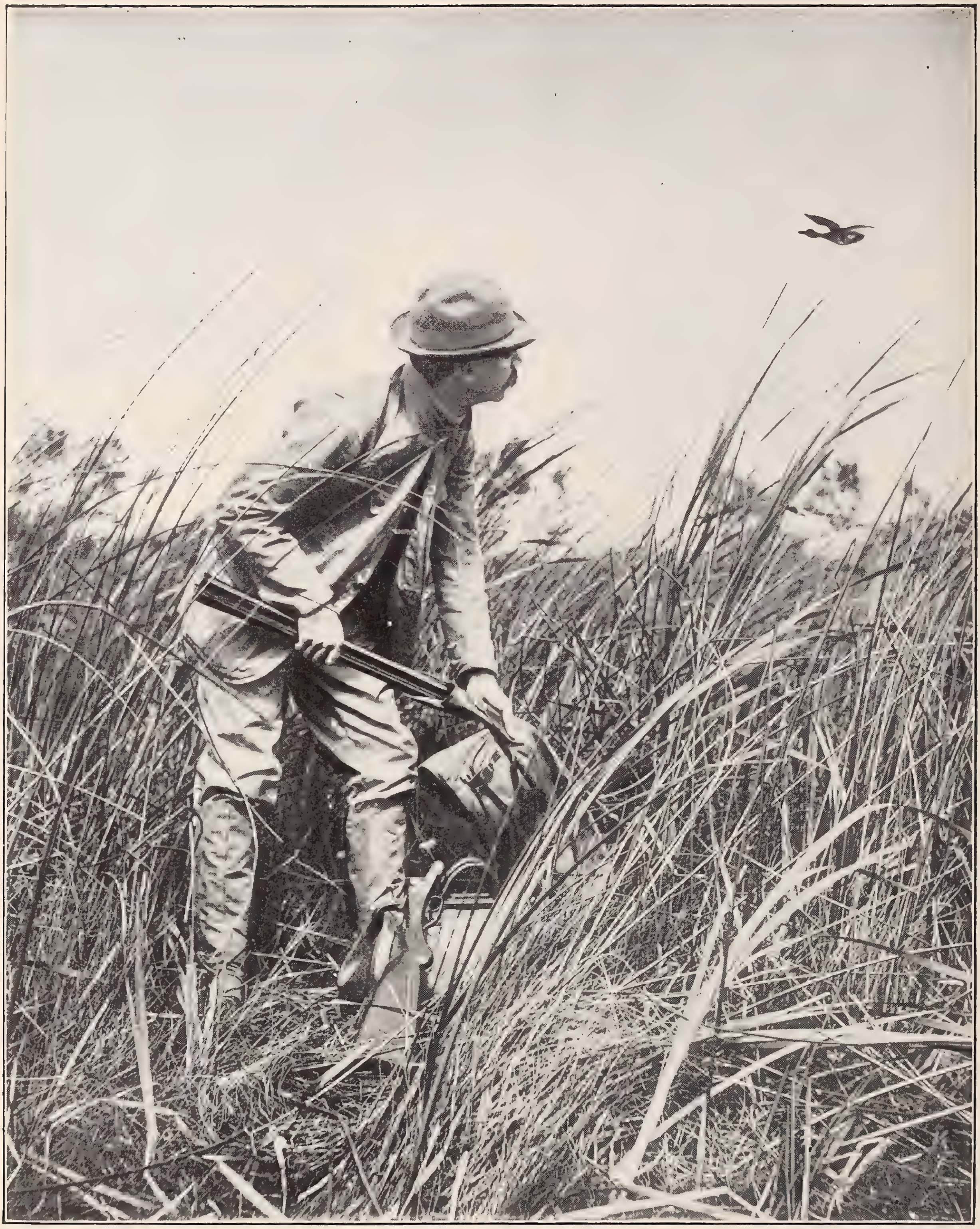
ALMA.

When wakes the morning, and her flashing eye
Sends shining messengers before her face,
With silent energy to touch the wing
Of wild bird, foot of beast and creeping thing;
With step elastic and with eager pace
And heart elate with hope of vision rare
Of Nature unadorned, of landscape fair,
Or sunlit forest aisles, or deep ravine
Still swaddled in belated gloom; or sheen
Of silver on the mountain tarn and trace
Of phantom cloud ships in the deep, wrecked sore
Amid the mirrored treetops 'neath the shore;
I love to take the footpath to the hills
Where each successive height brings deeper thrills,
And 'tis enough to be and feel and see!

Then to that trysting place I know so well,
Where giant boulders choke the rocky dell;
Prone on a granite shelf extended lie
And listen to the streamlet singing by;
An echo of the warbling ecstacy
That flits and sings and swings in leafy shade.
There I await His Lordship of the glade;
Drink strength and fragrance from the sighing pine,
Enrapt with woodland and with melodies divine,
While earth and sky conspire to ravish sight;
A festival of sensuous delight.
I hear so near his muffled reveille
And hunt with searching eye and bated breath
(No thirst for blood or revelling in death)
To catch the marbled markings on his breast;
The mottled back and elevated crest,
The drooping wing and banded, spreading tail,
Glistening ruffs erect; head up! Words fail
As brush to paint His Lordship of the dale.

Would sportsmen, ruthless, quench the vital spark,
And rob the woodland of its crested king
To hold aloft a limp and mangled thing?
Be mine and thine with patience, art and skill
To catch life's attitudes elusive; fill
Memory with living pictures; where phrase
And palette fail bid Light swift trace the maze
Of grays and browns, nor miss the slightest mark.
So catch His Lordship, still left free to roam
And wake the echoes of his mountain home.
With gentle heart, fair day and favoring sun,
For sport the lens is better than the gun.

A literary man to whom a young writer had sent a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" replied, "Because you send your verses by post."—Exchange.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. D. BREWSTER.

AN EARLY BIRD.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. D. BREWSTER

MISSED THEM, BY GOSH!

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

TROUTING IN THE BLUE RIDGE COUNTRY.

A. G. ROBINSON.

On my first visit to the mountains of North Carolina, I took my trouting tackle and an idea that fish would be so abundant my tackle would be worn out before the season was over. The next time I went to that delightful region, I took some line and some flies, and cut a little pole in the woods, just as the natives do. For the reason that the average mountaineer has found trout fishing more enjoyable than hoeing corn, it is necessary to get well away from the larger settlements to find any trout worth taking. Without the passage of some restrictive laws and their rigid enforcement, in a few years trout fishing in the Carolina mountains will be about as satisfactory as it now is in East river. But, unless one measures his enjoyment by the number and weight of his catch, he may do far worse than camp a few weeks among the Carolina hills. He will have, at least, 2 compensations for shortage in the weight of his creel. He will breathe marvelously invigorating air, and be in the heart of the most beautiful scenery in the United States.

Much of the fishing there is hard. The streams are swift and rocky, with many little pools and eddies of the most favorable sort for trout; but most of the trout water is narrow, often overhung by low branches, and not infrequently bordered by huge bushes of laurel and rhododendron, whose interlaced growth makes passage difficult and fishing almost impossible. I should not recommend the region for the angler whose sole object and interest is the catching of fish. I do recommend it, with all my heart, to him whose requirement is an outing wherein every moment brings some new beauty to appeal to the artistic sense, and who is satisfied with fish enough to eat, until the appetite for trout is appeased and its place is taken by the stomach's demand for that reliable old standby of the woodland camp—fried pork. When I am in the woods and find myself getting hungry for fried pork, I feel satisfied I am putting on health with every step and flesh with every pound of pork.

No section of the Carolina hill country has so well suited my requirements as the upper waters of the Tuckaseigee river, 60 or 70 miles Southwest of Asheville. The river forks 12 or 15 miles from its headwaters, and each prong is more beautiful, more wild and more picturesque than the other. The East prong is the better fishing ground. On the main stream of the West prong are 2 falls, 80 to 100 feet in height, and on the tributaries of the East prong there are 3, with a height of 150 to 200 feet, besides a number of lesser plunges. It is worth a long journey to see any of them.

On the right kind of a day, with the right kind of a fly, one can take some trout from the holes under the high fall of the Tuckaseigee river that will bend his rod a bit. He will, also, be nearly deafened by the roar of the falling water, and completely drenched by the driving spray. If he fish the pool at the foot of the upper fall, 2 miles above the high fall, he must be content with scenery, unless his luck be better than mine. When the stream is fairly full, this cascade is the most beautiful water plunge I know. The pool at its foot is one of the most deceptive spots I have ever fished. It gives every appearance of being full of trout, but I have dragged flies across it by the hour with no more than 2 or 3 fish to show for my work.

Both of these falls are associated in my mind with unpleasant experiences. One day when I was to fish under the high fall, my guide insisted that for that particular day and stage of water the most promising bait was live yellow jackets. I have known yellow jackets from my boyhood, but I have not learned to love them. I admire them. They are beautiful. King Solomon in his dress suit was not half so pretty as a yellow jacket; but they display a familiarity on slight acquaintance which is far from being good form. In spite of my objections, Cy said yellow jackets, and went in quest of a family or 2. On his return I saw he had found them, before he showed me the nests. One of his eyes was nearly closed. There was a lump on one cheek and 3 on the back of his neck; but he had the bait. He presented me with one of the nests, or combs, which contained, in sealed compartments, 50 or 60 active specimens of brown and yellow malice in a potential state. He assured me of their harmlessness at that age, and he was correct. The yellow jacket does not come to a clear comprehension of his possibilities in the way of deviltry until he has had a little experience in this wicked world. But throughout our 2 mile tramp to the falls I could not disabuse my mind of an idea that I had a little portable hades in my coat pocket, and I had not fished 20 minutes before I left the rascally thing on a rock and forgot just where I left it. I prefer artificial flies; they are vastly more sportsmanlike, even if they be less successful at times. I confess that Cy caught more fish that morning than I did, but peace of mind counts for something, and I made no complaint. I shall never forget the misery caused by that pocketful of yellow jackets.

Below the other fall I came nearer to committing a murder than I have at any other time in my life. It was at the time of another trip when, at my starting point, I met an old gentleman who asked to be my companion for a day or 2. As he seemed a pleasant old chap, and there was plenty of water, I consented. During the 20 mile drive to our destination, I endured the old man's tales of his youthful prowess as a trout fisherman, and accepted with true fisherman spirit his oft repeated assurance that he would show me how to catch trout. I almost hesitate to tell this story, because he was a New England man. I, too, am from that sacred soil, and I feel keenly that this man was a blot on the fair name of my native land. He should have died, not as Macbeth said his wife should have died, "hereafter." He should have died heretofore, and I felt that it would be both wise and right to drown him at that time.

An early hour, on the morning after our drive, found us at the foot of that upper fall. The old gentleman decided to begin his decimation of the fish in that stream, at that point. My guide and I pushed on down the river, a mile or so, to fish up stream. We were to join our companion again at whatever point we chanced to meet. We had good luck, and took all the fish we wanted; but we saw nothing of our patriarch, who was to instruct me in the art of taking trout. We decided he must be scooping them from the big pool, by the bucketful. As we turned a bend in the river we saw him sitting on a rock beside the pool, smoking and staring at the water. Beside him, on a forked twig, was one little trout 6 inches long. Stuck into a crevice in the rock was a pole, cut after we had left him. It was a dozen feet in length, and a half inch in diameter at the tip. Attached to the line which hung from the pole, and floating on the quiet surface of the water, was a cork! Three feet or so under the cork was a big hook, shank deep in a great, fat earthworm. The possibility of its becoming known that such a thing as he had ever had its origin in New England was almost too much for me. With great difficulty I restrained myself from pitching him headlong after his floating cork and drowning worm, and piling rocks on top of him.

I have had some good fishing on the other prong of the river. I have taken good strings from the upper waters of the main stream and from several of the creeks tributary to it, though the fish, as a rule, run too small for much sport. But there is scenery of enchanting beauty and endless interest. There are fish enough to insure against starvation, and there is the possibility of an occasional bit of play with a trout running from a ½ pound to a pound in weight.

I spent a few nights in that vicinity a year or 2 ago, with a resident whose life and environment, except for his large family, came nearer to a Robinson Crusoe existence than any other I have known. His place was about 40 miles from the railroad, and, owing to the character of the highways, a trip to the settlements was something of an undertaking. In consequence, the settler was largely dependent on his own resources. This mountain Juan Fernandez consisted of a cluster of log cabins which served a variety of purposes. The family lived in one, and cooked and ate in another. There was a log stable and a log hen house. In one building were spinning wheels and a hand loom, on which was made the cloth out of which the family garments were made. In the yard were 3 poplar logs, hollowed out to form great troughs. These were tanning vats, in which hides from their own cattle were turned into leather, to make shoes for the family, and rude harness for the stock. Another house was a smithy, with bellows and anvil, tongs and hammers. A half mile from the dwelling house, at the side of a charming waterfall, was a home-built grist mill. The place furnished practically all the requirements of life, and the appliances for making them available. It was, naturally, a somewhat lonely life, but it was a life of entire freedom, and blessed with an abundance which was limited only by the inclinations and energy of the family. The flocks and herds supplied meat, wool, and leather. The farm, garden, and orchard gave vegetables and fruit. The boys caught trout and shot squirrels, rabbits, quails and grouse. An occasional hunt gave wild turkey, bear and venison. I do not know that I should want to live under such conditions as a permanent thing, but even as a permanency such a life is not without its compensations.

Other fishing places in the region present features similar to those of the Tuckaseigee. The streams are mainly of the same general character, and the land through which they rush and tumble is beautifully wild and picturesque. High mountains with heavily wooded slopes; rich floral growth; a marvelous variety of metals and minerals; quaint cabins and bits of study in endless variety, all serve to make the region a place of rare attraction and interest, not only for the fisherman and the nature lover, but as well for the botanist, the geologist and the artist.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. D. COCHRANE.

MY POINTER.

Winner of 70th prize in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY D. R. WILKINSON.

ON THE CONNEQUESSING CREEK.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Premo Long Focus camera, Zeiss lens, Eastman Red Seal plate.

THE LOG OF THE KINGFISHER.

E. T. L.

A run down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Coteau rapid, the Cedars, Split Rock, and Cascade, in the little 20-foot sail yacht Kingfisher, in company with her genial captain, Joseph Genier, neighbor C. and friend H., of New York City, was the event of a lifetime.

Captain Joe, though he has been on the river all his life, and is prince of guides, had never run the rapids in a small boat, and so, to make safety doubly safe, we stopped at San Zotigue to get a certain famous lumber raft pilot, William Furniss by name, to take us down. Having secured him, we made our start for a trip probably not duplicated by a dozen men in the United States.

With a stiff West wind, we made a quick run down current to the railroad drawbridge at Coteau, just above the first rapid, and there held off and on while we signalled, as the big craft do, for the draw to open. The bridge keeper evidently was not used to seeing such small craft pass that way. He did not seem to realize as a possibility that we could want to go down stream, and so did not open. Little by little, as we lost headway, the swift current sucked us down toward the bridge, our pilot frantically gesticulating and parlezvousing at the man on the bridge. Finally he saw we were bound to go anyway, and sprang to his lever. Inch by inch the huge structure swung slowly open, just as we lost all control of our boat, and she swept helplessly down the swift current, stern foremost.

Those were anxious seconds. We were in imminent danger of striking the bridge aloft, before it should swing clear, and of having all our top hamper carried away. By good fortune rather than good management, hugging the pier and dodging the bridge end, open barely 20 feet, we swung safely below and caught our breath again.

Hoisting all sail we went down the current at racing speed to the head of Coteau rapid. Then it was reef all and stand by with the oars to keep her head to the rollers. A moment of troubled waters, vexed by cross currents and fretted into foam, and then we were safely out of that, the first and least of our troubles.

Again we hoisted sail and dropped quietly down a long, smooth reach to the next

> "Mad passion of waters between
> Two long levels of tranquil repose,"

the Cedars. There we reefed sail as before, and caught the current for another aqueous toboggan slide. There was quite a sea on; things got lively and we shipped a few pails of water; but before we realized it we were well out into the quiet water below.

Then we braced ourselves for something worth while. We were approaching that bugbear of all rivermen, the famous Split Rock rapid, where the ill fated troop ship from Toronto went to pieces so many years ago. As we came in sight of it we thanked our lucky stars that, whereas we were to hug the left bank, all the big spouters, 5 in a row, were throwing the water into huge columns, 20 feet high, away over on the right shore. But when we were well into the demon clutches of the rapid, beyond all human power to turn back, a curious phenomenon in the equilibrium of unstable bodies took place, best illustrated by tilting a half filled milk pail to one side and then suddenly righting it. All those huge waterspouts suddenly left the right shore and swept across the channel, like a squadron of giant cavalry, into our very path.

A right hearty welcome they gave us! Imagine sliding off a big barn roof into a deep cellar; then climbing up over the house and down the other side and treating the whole neighborhood impartially in the same fashion, at the rate of 25 miles an hour. Realize, if you can, that these houses and barns, roofs and cellars, are angry green water, churned into whitest foam at every crest; that you are in a tiny cockle shell which is alternately standing on its head, aiming straight at the bottom of the river, then sitting on its stern with its bowsprit pointing at the zenith, and you get a bare hint of the sensation.

I am not ashamed to say we held our breath every time we went down into the trough; but we found it again in a savage war whoop every time we mounted a crest, for very joy of living, and thrilled by the exhilaration of it all.

In my outings in many places, afield and afloat, I have enjoyed some exciting experiences, but never one a circumstance to this. Spite of the burly rivermen, tugging at the oars and working hard to keep us headed right, we took in a few pails of water—it seemed, once or twice, as though we were going to take in the whole St. Lawrence—and incidentally got ourselves drenched with spray.

It gives one a strange sensation to look up at the clear blue sky and then out on the seething waters. The one belied the other. It seemed impossible that we were not in the grasp of a mighty tempest.

> "Here it springs over ledges exultingly,
> Breaks into foam and goes merrily drifting
> And lifting and leaping and plunging and shifting
> From color to color, as if they were dyes
> Of all marvellous tints where it flashes and flies.
> Here it lifts the stout prow that encounters it, sways it,
> With terribly masterful will that betrays it
> Almost to disaster and death: here you feel
> A quick shiver of fear course along the boat's keel.
> Till it struggles with pain like a person and shudders
> With live apprehension, and writhes in the rudder's
> Strong hold, and leaps forward at length as if greeting
> " The moment of mastery . . . .
> . . . . for here
> You may sail with the sky bending over you clear
> As a crystal, the winds in Euroclydon's caves
> All asleep, and yet meet as wild tempest as raves
> When the demon of storm his black anger has hurled
> O'er the waters, and God has forgotten the world."

This was written by one who had made the passage in one of the big river steamers. Imagine, then, our sensations when our little 20-footer was shaken as a lion might shake a mouse.

After the Split Rock, the Cascade rapid, though wild and dangerous, seemed tame and commonplace. It was quickly and safely passed, and we swept out on the placid bosom of Lac St. Louis, having made the 13 miles of rapids in about 50 minutes.

There, after an exciting chase, we caught a tow on the fly behind a train of huge barges being towed by a big tug at fast freight speed. It was like boarding a moving railroad train, only more so, and correspondingly exciting.

Our tow took us in to the foot of the newly completed Soulanger canal, the big ship waterway that carries downstream all the craft that do not care to risk running the rapids, and that lifts all the shipping going up river on that side. As we lay lost in the immensity of the locks, the Kingfisher's flagstaff, just showing above the lock gates, or were towed slowly up the long levels, sometimes with the help of a friendly steamboat or tug captain, once, at least, by playing donkey (not the first time, perhaps) and doing our own towing, I became deeply interested in the public spirit displayed by the Dominion Government in building and beautifying this splendid waterway, at a cost of $15,000,000. It is one of the finest examples of engineering science and builders' art it has ever been my good fortune to see; and the work of the landscape gardener is not neglected. The banks are grassed as carefully as a park; fine trees are being set out at regular distances on both sides; and electric lighting apparatus, supported on ornamental iron posts, gives it the trim appearance of a city boulevard. It is robbed of the ugliness characteristic of all the other artificial waterways with which I am acquainted. In it beauty and utility are splendidly combined.

It took us 5 hours to climb back to the point from which we had slid in an hour. It was 8 o'clock when we reached Coteau Landing behind the mail steamer. There we made the mistake of casting off our tow line and attempting to go it alone; for with a light wind almost dead ahead, we had hard work beating up to windward the 10 miles to camp. Once we tried to catch a tow in mid-river; but our good luck failed us. The wind died down just in time to lose it by a minute.

For a little we helped things along with a good ash breeze; then the night wind began to blow fresh, and with a long leg and a short one we really began to eat into the miles that separated us from home.

It was ghostly business, sailing by the dim starlight, with only the lap-lapping of the waves alongside, and the occasional ominous snap of the tightening sail overhead as the wind freshened. The way was long and we were tired, hungry and sleepy. I thought of those old fishermen on Gennesaret, and how they "toiled all night, the wind being contrary." We had nearly done so; but at last, with faithful old Grenadier on guard far behind us, we made fast to the home dock at Port Lewis, tired but happy in the possession of a unique experience.

Teacher—How many zones has the earth?

Johnnie—Four; the frigerated, the horrid, the temperance, and the intemperance.
—Exchange.

WILL YOU COME?

C. L. BAILEY.

Where, in the midst of your social life,
At reception, banquet or ball,
Can you find the rest for heart and brain
That Nature offers to all
Who please to enter her great boudoir,
To visit her vales and hills,
To translate the words of her rustling leaves,
Her bird songs, her babbling rills;
The ripple of waves on her woodland lakes,
The moan of her fleeting wind,
The lightning's flash and the thunder's crash
And the wild surf's constant grind?

Then lay aside your neat dress suit,
Your linen, immaculate white;
Put on your flannels and corduroys
And come with me into the light
Not made by whirling dynamo,
Nor measured by meter's lie,
But sent as a gift from God's great lamps
Ever hung in the open sky.
Our music will come from an orchestra
That plays with angelic grace;
Our claret we'll drink from the pure spring's brink
That reflects back your happy face.

The exquisite thrill that goes over you
As that soft, gloved hand you feel,
You'll find outclassed a thousand fold
By the whirr of the clicking reel,
The pliant spring of the 6-ounce rod,
The strain on the silken line,
The hopes and fears that arouse your soul
Like draughts of ancient wine.
Ah, now you flirt with a fair coquette!
To win her will take all the arts,
All the tricks of the trades, worked on ballroom maids
With warm eyes, but Klondyke hearts.

Do you long for the light stepped Terpsichore?
If so, you can get your sate;
We will go to the haunts of the blithe red deer
At the time when he seeks his mate.
When the snow-clad ground gives no answer back
To the moccasins' stealthy tread;
You'll find you need your lightest step,
As the forest aisles you thread,
If ever you get a glimpse of her
Who leads you the merry dance;
Who's as shy and alert as the cultured flirt
Fresh out from the schools of France.

Your heart will be free, your brain be clear,
Your muscles grow hard and strong;
You'll eat with the zest of a famished wolf
And the hours will never be long.
You will find a balm for dyspeptic pains,
A cure for your every ill,
In the pure, fresh air of the forest depths
And the tramp over vale and hill.
You will sleep the sleep of your infant days,
Your warm blood will course like a child's,
Your life will be longer, your manhood stronger,
From this visit to Nature's wilds.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY FREDERICK T. SWAN.

CAUGHT IN RAQUETTE RIVER.

A HOT CORNER ON INDIANS.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

It was in late September, 1895, when I first saw Jack Fenton. His outfit and mine met at the foot of the Buffalo trail over the Big Horn mountains. We joined forces for the day, the better to overcome the difficulties which that steep and rugged trail presented to our wheeled vehicles. After a day of mountain scrambling, in which we raised our elevation some 5,000 feet, we camped for the night at the summit of the pass. There were several old frontiersmen in that mountain camp, and the spirit of *camaraderie* ran high around our blazing camp fire, while song, tale and jest went around. Finally someone who knew Jack Fenton called on him for a story. In response he said:

"Boys, I drove my first stake in Kansas and would probably have been there yet if love of adventure and the grasshoppers hadn't driven me to the cow ranges and thence to hunt buffaloes for a livelihood. In the fall of '83 I got together a first class outfit, consisting of 4 good mules, a wagon, ammunition, guns and provisions for a 6 months' hunt, and 2 saddle horses to do the hunting on. I ran across a man named Jim Wright at one of the trading posts, and, taking a liking to him, proposed to throw the outfits together, pull across the Missouri river and commence work. Jim was a 6 foot, herculean Missourian in the very prime of life, and one of the best shots I have ever seen. He agreed to my proposition, so we pulled out for Sutherland creek on the North side of the Big Muddy, got camp located in a good sheltered place and commenced hunting buffaloes in earnest. Jim and I did the hunting, while 3 men, hired for the purpose, took care of the hides and meat.

"We had been in camp about a week when the buffalo began to play out. Of course, that meant a trip over the country to look up the herd; so one morning we decided to take a spin around and try to locate them. Before pulling out we told our men to stay in camp and keep a sharp lookout on the stock, as Indians had become troublesome down the country and were raising Cain whenever opportunity presented.

"We had been out some time when Jim reined in his horse and, after sharply eying a heavy fresh trail which we had just cut, said,

"'I have a good notion to go back to camp, Jack. This smells a whole lot like Injuns to me.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'those are horse tracks and they are running a bunch of buffaloes toward the forks of Sutherland creek. Ten chances to one they will run over our camp and then h—ll will pop, for I'll bet every one of those boys is off deer hunting. Come on, Jim, let's hit the trail for camp; it isn't over 10 miles and we can make it in an hour, and perhaps get in ahead of them.'

"'An Injun runnin' buffler gits over th' ground mighty fast,' was Jim's comment, as we started on a long lope for camp. We made it in an hour and found our worst fears realized. The camp was in ashes, and not a man, horse or mule was to be found. I had dreamed some pleasant dreams that fall about a certain 160 acres of land down in Kansas, and a little blue eyed schoolmarm, and if things had turned out right on this last hunt I was to have been the happy possessor of both. But here, inside of 6 hours, things had dwindled to one Sharp's rifle, a 6-shooter, a saddle horse and a buffalo hunter in an ugly frame of mind. Just then Jim rode up and cried,

"'Them red devils hain't got the boys, fer thar they come down through the pines, every last one of 'em. We'll give Mr. Injun a run for his money yet. Come on, Jack, brace up. Let's dig up our ammunition *cache* and hit the trail after them mules.'

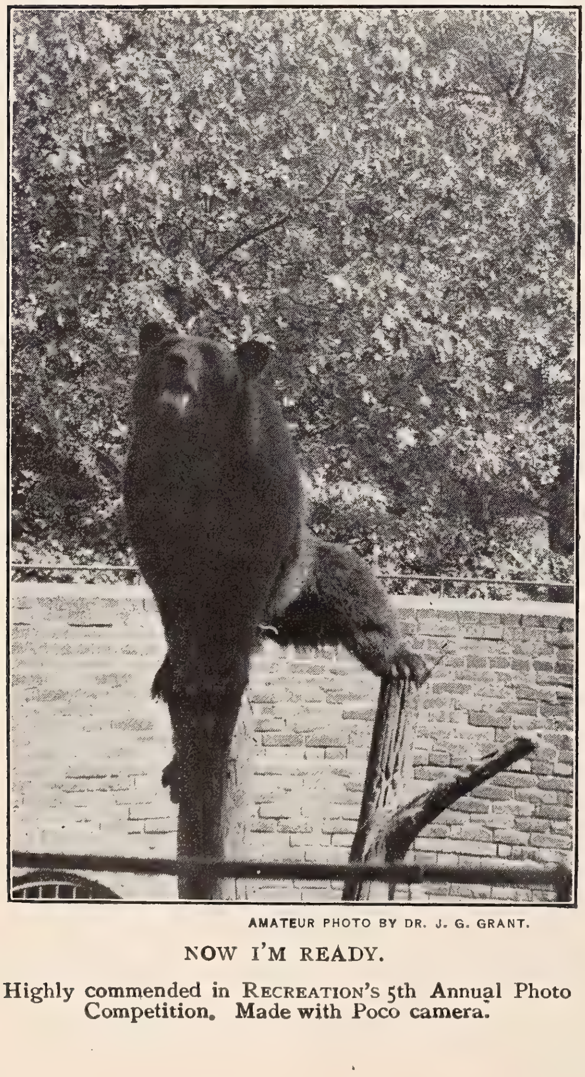
"By the time we had opened the *cache* and supplied ourselves with ammunition the boys rode into camp. We were soon ready, and hit the Indian trail, which went East on the South side of the Sutherland creek divide. It was arranged for me to follow the divide and keep a sharp lookout; Jim was to follow directly on the trail, and the other men were to follow on well below it, as it was supposed the Indians would turn that way in the course of 3 or 4 miles. From my point of vantage on the divide I was to signal the others if anything was sighted.

"About 12 miles down the divide I saw a bunch of stock moving a mile ahead of me, and, spurring my horse to an open point where I could get a clear view, I saw the mules, with 4 Indians behind them. Signaling to Jim, I dashed down the divide, thinking to head them toward the 3 boys under the hill. There was a little snow on the ground, and the badlands dirt was like ashes, so not a sound was given out by the hoofs of my running horse. I turned down a coulee and found, after I had ridden ¼ mile, that it had steep cut banks and that I was on the wrong side of it to get at the Indians.

I had also forgotten an important thing in fighting Indians, which is that they always guard their back trail. That fact was impressed on me in a short time, for as I turned the next point I ran squarely into the middle of 8 Indians sitting on their horses waiting for Jim to come up on the trail. There was no show to get back, and to turn would be sure death; so with a muttered prayer that I might shoot straight I drew my 6-shooter and sent one Indian to the happy hunting grounds. By that time the Indians were shooting in every direction and were a badly rattled lot. It was a complete surprise all round. In the *melee* one Indian shot another's horse. The animal fell, pinning his rider to the ground. I was pretty well on to the ways of a wounded Indian, and so put a ball through his body before he could bring his gun to bear on me. The other 6 were running down the coulee within 40 yards of the man they were waiting to ambush and the best shot in the West. By the time I got straightened out I heard Jim's Winchester crack, and when close enough to talk he broke out with,

"Well, pard, I've been in many an Injun scrimmage, but that was a little the slickest piece of work with a 6-shooter I've seen yet. I seed ye 'comin' down onto them Injuns, but couldn't get word to ye in time no how. Let's take a look down in the coulee. I plugged 4 of 'em out o' 6 shots. I'll bet they won't steal any more mules, and when I get their ha'r raised they can't get into the happy huntin' grounds, 'cause sculped Injuns can't go thar no how.'

"We went back to the boys and camped. They had rounded up the mules and securely picketed them and the horses for the night. We broke camp in the morning and pulled out for home. We had recovered the mules, but the wagon, harness and grub stake were burned, and, of course, the hunt was busted."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. J. G. GRANT.

NOW I'M READY.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Poco camera.

BACK TO BOYHOOD.

S. E. BAKER.

"Come on, old chum; let's both for one brief day
Place business cares and worries well away
And be just boys again. Let's find, old man,
That brook of speckled beauties if we can;
And catch a few, my friend. What do you say?

"The years fly fast; we both are getting gray;
But we will put those years aside and play
Again we're sunburned followers of Pan.
Come on, old chum.

"We'll listen to the notes of joyous jay;
We'll lounge a while on sweetly scented hay,
And with broad hats our heated faces fan,
And cultivate a dark brown coat of tan;
We'll sidetrack trouble, and we'll just be gay.
Come on, old chum."

"About what per cent. should you tip a waiter?"

"No per cent., but 90 degrees for not giving the service you pay his employer for."

BLUE FISHING IN A THUNDER STORM.

E. M. LEETE.

General Wood and his wife; Earl Brown, a young law student; Miss Hart, of New York; my wife and I, were out for an afternoon sail. We had left the dock at 11 o'clock, and had cruised to the Westward 6 or 7 miles up as far as Pine Orchard, where we had taken dinner at the hotel. Our yacht was a little sloop rigged boat, 25 feet over all, with a beam of 9 feet; a neat, tidy boat, whose otherwise comely proportions were somewhat marred by a roomy house that came well aft, leaving a small cockpit. She was built for bluefishing outside of Montauk. The fall before she came into my possession she was the only boat in the fleet that dared put to sea and come across from Montauk to New London, to carry the news of a wreck and summon help for a small schooner that went ashore on the beach in a Northeaster. Her skipper was an artist in his profession, a man who knew no fear. With 3 reefs in her mainsail, a bobbed jib and cabin doors tightly battened down, she came across that stormy stretch of water, through the foaming race, and into port, with not a ropeyarn parted. She was not so handsome as some yachts, nor did she spread so much canvas as a modern racing machine; but she was mine. Many were the good times we had enjoyed in that snug cabin, and many were the bluefish we had lifted over her white sides into the little cockpit. Her strong points came out in a breeze. I always felt as much at home at her tiller as in my back yard, and could sleep as well in the little cabin as in my own bed at home.

It was a glorious day for a sail. The sky was blue, without a cloud in sight except in the Northwest, where a low, dark bank gave promise of a thunder storm later in the day. The wind was Southwest, a good breeze with the whitecaps showing to windward. With our boom wide off and everything drawing, we were sliding along to the Eastward, climbing the green seas to slip into the billows beyond, with the white water boiling away from our keen stern, our boom now skipping the crest of a wave and then pointing high in the air with the windward roll of the yacht.

George and his wife sat to leeward, he quietly smoking his pipe and watching the sails, while she dabbled her hands in the white water, that nearly covered our rail. Earl and Miss Hart were in the cabin looking at a chart, and presumably studying navigation; while my wife sat in the stern by my side. Off on the weather bow lay Faulkner's island, with its white lighthouse. West of it was Goose island, and some distance South and East of us was the rip on North reef. As I glanced in that direction, something caught my eye. It might have been the white crest of a sea, a distant sail, or the glint of a gull's wing. I looked again and low down, where sea and sky came together, I saw the gulls playing. A look through the glass and they showed plainly. A flock of tern gulls playing over a school of bluefish.

I might forget to mail a letter, I might possibly forget to do an errand, or to get up in the morning; but bluefish jigs I never forget. All my gear was in the cabin. I spoke to George and Earl, and they were anxious to have a try for the fish, so it was down helm, flatten in the sheets, and point for North Reef. That brought the wind on the beam and made pleasanter sailing than before, although the breeze was dropping somewhat. The boys put out the outriggers for the trolling line, overhauled the jigs and sharpened up the hooks. Twenty minutes, and we had the gulls right ahead of us. It was pretty to see the birds playing over the school of fish. Birds and fish were both after the same food, a little bait fish a few inches long. With a hungry bluefish below and a keen eyed gull above, it was hard times for the little fellows. Now and then a bluefish would break, and sometimes one would jump clear out of water in its mad rush for food.

Turn about is fair play, and we were after the bluefish. George hooked one on his line; then a scream from Miss Hart, as a lusty, big one snapped her jig, and 2 came aboard. About we went, and through the bunch once more, when my wife took one. The lessening wind helped us on that tack. We hung in the school, barely stemming the strong floodtide, and took out 6. Our fine breeze was then about done, and we drifted away from the reef into deeper water, unable to longer stem the tide.

What wind there was we wanted to make the most of, so I slacked off my sheets and pointed for home, when George called my attention to the cloud in the West. The dark bank we had before noticed had grown huge, and was rapidly rising, while our wind was about gone. We were miles off shore, with the tide setting us rapidly Westward. We could not reach the mainland before the storm broke, and the water was far too deep to anchor. All we could do was to get ready and await further developments. The cloud rushed on, the thunder muttered and the increasing darkness put us in anything but a desirable situation. When the wind came, Faulkner island would be dead to leeward of us. If we could only fetch the bar, we could anchor and wait for the storm to clear. With the help of the 2 men, I lowered the mainsail, snugly furled it and put the boom in the crotch. Then we took in the jib and securely lashed it to the bowsprit, with the exception of a small corner, left so it could be hoisted to give us steerage way. By that time there was not a breath of wind. The yacht rose and fell on the swell left by the afternoon breeze, with not motion enough in the air to put out a match. There were probably scores in the city who never knew it rained that afternoon until they left their work to go home; clerks and employees in the big office buildings, who do not see the sun from the time they commence their labors in the morning until they quit at night. Others, snugly housed on the land, merely close the windows and let it rain, thankful for a shower to refresh the parched earth. The point of view makes all the difference in the world. We were practically alone on the water. No boats were in sight, except a lumber schooner, far to the South and a bony fisherman away East of the island.

The Western heavens were black as ink, the roll of thunder was almost continuous, the cloud was rent with lightning that zigzagged from zenith to horizon, while we, like a mark to be shot at, lay on the inky water and waited. The girls were in the cabin, with the cabin doors thrown back. George stood at the jib halyards, Earl at the downhaul, I had the tiller. Suddenly from the cloud came a cool puff of wind that filled the corner of the jib we had left loose and swung us off. The next puff was strong enough to start the boat ahead, when, looking over the stern, I could see the squall coming. It was so strong it blew the top off the old sea and flattened it down, looking in the distance like snow drifting over a meadow. It struck us fairly, end on, and we flew over the sea under bare poles, scudding before the blast, the wind whistling through the rigging and spray blowing over the stern. This lasted 10 minutes, when the wind ceased as suddenly as it came, and we could hear the roar of the rain, sounding in the distance like a train of cars and ruling a dark line on the surface of the water. We closed the companion slide over the girls and stood like statues, no shed to go under, no umbrellas to hold up; nothing to do but watch the rain and lightning and listen to the thunder.

For half an hour the skies poured whole water; then they lit up and in the West the cloud broke. In an hour the sun was out bright and warm, with a light wind that we were glad to improve. The soaked sails were hoisted, we wrung what water we could from our drenched clothing, sponged off the seats, and when we rounded to at the dock we were all right again, thankful to come out so well.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY R. J. BENFORD.

THE PACKTRAIN.

Winner of the 66th Prize in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

IN POTENTIAL MOOD.

BELLE G. TAYLOR.

She held the tiller, he rowed the boat,
While the whippoorwill trilled his plaintive note;
And the purple shadows, soft and dim,
Spread a royal mantle over them.

The twilight waned, and lake and sky
Met close in darksome mystery;
While whispering pines on the dusky shore
Told weird tales, never heard before.

O, haste thee, boatman, with thine oar!
Steer, gentle coxswain, for the shore!
O, summer night, sweet, subtle, wild,
Alas! the hearts thou hast beguiled.

IN THE TETON COUNTRY.

WILL BURR.

Since our return from a hunting trip in the Jackson's Hole country in '96, we had been industriously preparing for another campaign. Our outfit was thoroughly overhauled, and we added a spring and a dead-X wagon to our pack train, as well as an Acme folding canoe, an Indian tepee and some sleeping bags, which we found exceedingly useful.

We left Butte the middle of August, crossed the Rocky mountain divide, followed the valley of the Jefferson, and ascended the Stinking water to Virginia City. Then we crossed the mountains again to Madison valley, up which we traveled 2 days, arriving at Henry's lake late on the night of the 5th day out. We saw no big game, but killed plenty of grouse and fish. We stopped 2 days at the lake to rest, and with the aid of the canvas canoe secured many a fat duck and goose.

A party coming out of Yellowstone park told us a new order had been issued by the superintendent, to the effect that no arms, sealed or unsealed, should be carried across the park, under a heavy penalty. A week or so before 2 highwaymen had held up stages in the park and relieved some traveling bondholders of their wealth; and this order was the result. Notwithstanding that bear and mountain lions are allowed to multiply and threaten the peace and safety of camping outfits, and that highwaymen were about, no one was allowed to carry so much as a pistol, but must await the visit of the robbers without any means of defense.

As the wagon road to our destination ran through the park, we had to devise some means to get our hunting tools into Jackson's Hole without crossing the sacred soil of the playground of the nation. As Gay had been in the country before and knew it well, he was chosen to carry the guns around the park, on pack horses. He did so successfully, using the old Conant trail, which crosses the Teloris just South of the park line and terminates at the North end of Jackson's lake. He reported the trail passable, but broken down in places by slide rock. He also said it had been used by Indians shortly before; and we afterward found that Beaver Dick and his family and numerous unshod ponies had passed over the trail ahead of our outfit. This Beaver Dick is an old, long haired hunter and trapper, who married a Bannock woman, and who has operated in and around the Hole for 30 years. He is an excellent guide, and much in demand among Eastern nabobs.

When we arrived at Jackson's lake and camped on the Snake river, we found there the boys who had taken the guns over the Conant trail. They had a spike bull elk hung up for meat. Skunks made life unpleasant there, however, and we moved about 15 miles down the valley and camped on Pilgrim creek. We made several excursions up Pilgrim and Pacific creeks, and saw literally thousands of elk. They were mostly cows and calves, and we did considerable hunting to get bulls. We finally got all we wanted, and moved down the valley to Blacktail butte, where we got 2 buck antelope, and had some fine fishing in Snake river. Ducks and geese, as well as sage hens, were also plentiful. We found the 38-55 a good gun for antelope, but too small for bull elk. It took 7 shots through the shoulders and neck to bring one of them to grass, and another with 5 bullets through the same region ran over a mile.

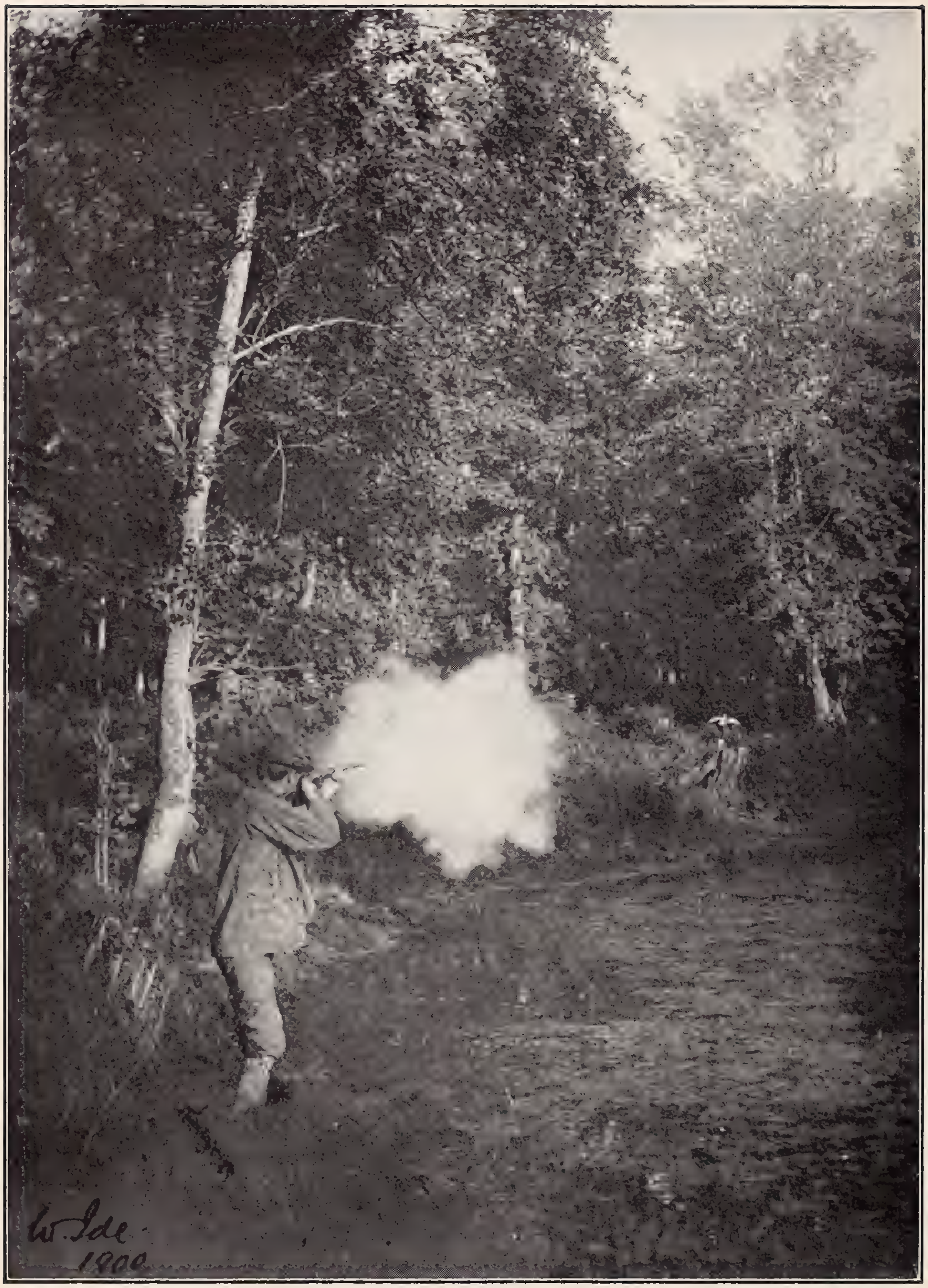
I shall stick to the 45-70-405 hereafter. I heard many good reports of the Savage, and Ira Dodge, whom we met at Antelope Springs, said it was the boss gun. He ought to know.

We left the Hole by way of the Teton pass, to the great detriment of wheels and king bolts. The trip up Teton and Snake rivers was pleasant. There were good roads and plenty of sage hens, grouse, ducks and geese. We stopped at Porter's ranch, and one of our boys got a bull moose in the swamps.

Taking it altogether, I consider the Jackson's Hole country and that around Snake river the best hunting grounds in the States. The bad men who are said to infest that region exist only in the imaginations of those who tell of them. We have hunted in there almost every year since '88, and a more genial, whole-souled and honest class of men than the residents of Jackson's Hole it would be hard to find.

L'AUTUM.

The glowing autumn's varied tints
With silent joy we always greet,
Because its gilded glory hints
Of buckwheat cakes and sausage meat.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. IDE.

A CLEAN MISS.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Premo A camera and Rochester lens.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.

A. Q. DONAVAN, M. D.

I needed a vacation. Hitherto I had contented myself with a week or so at some summer resort, only to return unsatisfied and unrefreshed. It was plain I must seek elsewhere for a nerve tonic. A friend advised the Maine woods.

"Go up somewhere back of Moosehead lake," he said. "There are plenty of places that will just suit you. Don't try to rough it too much at first. Put up at some good camp and make it the central point for your fishing and tramping. If you want to know all about Maine, write to the passenger agent of the Bangor and Aroostook railroad, at Bangor, Maine, for a copy of 'In the Maine Woods,' issued by them. You can't do better than to try Roach River ponds, however."

The next day I wrote for the guide book. I found it full of descriptions of attractive spots, with detailed information regarding all one needed to know. Following my friend's advice, I decided to take a trip to Roach ponds, on Roach river, a stream emptying into Spencer bay in the Southeast corner of Moosehead lake.

Traveling by the Fall River line to Boston and thence by rail, I reached Greenville, a busy little town in the midst of the wilderness. At the Moosehead Inn, standing on a hill at the edge of the lake and almost under the shadow of Old Squaw mountain, I obtained a good dinner and had a refreshing night's sleep. In the morning I started out to buy my equipment. As it was close season on game, I did not look for a gun, but bought a rod and fishing tackle at prices as low as, if not lower than, those prevailing in New York. At 11 a. m., I boarded the little steamer which runs on the lake. An hour's delightful sail took me to Lily bay, at the head of navigation and on the edge of the wilderness.

On a small knoll close beside the water, stands the Lily Bay house, in charming isolation, with no neighbor nearer than 7 miles. Not long ago it was a mere farm house, used as the center of lumbering operations; now it is thoroughly remodeled and refitted into a comfortable abode for sportsmen.

There I spent several days pleasantly, and obtained my first taste of life in the open. Under the care of a skillful guide, I rapidly overcame my nervous dread of the ticklish, yet, to one accustomed to its management, absolutely safe canoe, and gained a moderate amount of dexterity in the art of fly casting. For a novice I did well, taking several good strings of trout from the waters of Moosehead. Amidst the absolute quiet, I drank health and strength with every breath of the invigorating air. Animal life about the lake is abundant. It was my good fortune to see a number of deer, among them 2 stately bucks, feeding at the edge of the water in the dusk of early evening.

Leaving Lily bay about September 1, I journeyed by buckboard over hills steep enough to be mountains and through deep ravines to Roach river. Where Roach river leaves First Roach pond, stands the Roach River house, in a valley encompassed by the Spencer mountains and the Lily bay range. That, however, was not my destination, and I hastened forward to Second Roach pond, where I was hospitably welcomed at Rogers' farm, the last house in the woods. This house, on the shores of Second Roach pond, a beautiful sheet of water 3 miles long and a mile wide, was my headquarters for the next 2 weeks.

Shortly after my arrival, I secured the services of Henry L——, one of the local guides, and with him passed some delightful days canoeing and fishing. Arising between 5 and 6 in the morning, I spent the day in the open air, either on the lake or in the woods, returning at dusk. Then, after a welcome meal, I sat before the house and watched the shadows creep over distant Katahdin, and finally turned in to bed between 8 and 9.

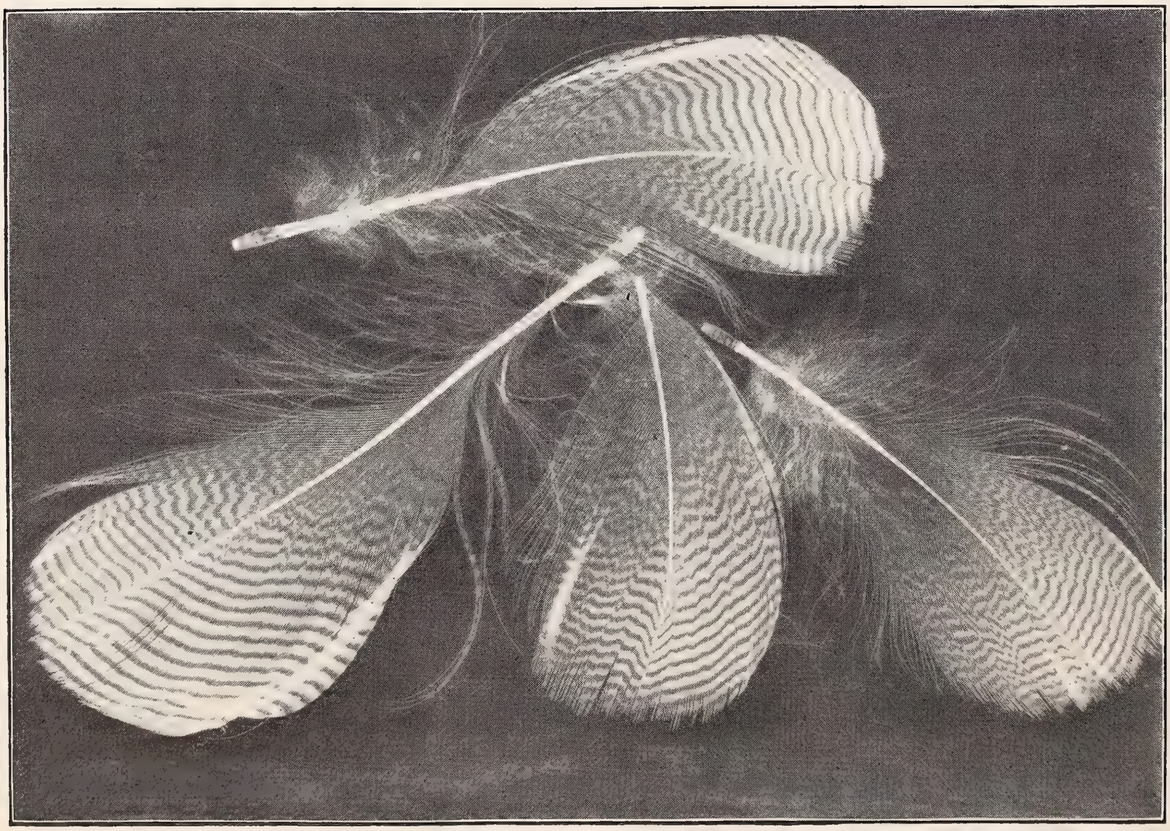
The lake abounds in square tailed trout, weighing ½ to 2, and sometimes 3, pounds, and I secured several good catches. One morning Henry paddled me across the pond to a small brook and there, casting within a radius of 30 feet on each side of the canoe, I took 20 good trout inside of 1½ hours. The morning was delightfully cool and the fish rose well, oftentimes 2 or 3 leaping for the same fly. Another day we paddled to the head of the pond, from there carried to Third Roach pond, and spent a day or 2 at Henry's log camp.

Roach ponds, 7 or 8 in number, are merely widenings of Roach river, and with a little carrying one may journey in a canoe through the whole chain. Besides these, there are several others within easy reach of Second Roach and Luford ponds, all abounding in togue and square-tailed trout.

Game is abundant about the ponds, and although deer keep closely in the woods after the first of September, I saw many. Moose, too, are not scarce. One morning, paddling quietly down the river, between First and Second ponds, we came full on 2 moose, a bull and a yearling, up to their shoulders in water and feeding on the weeds. Of course they splashed away at the sight of us and disappeared into the woods.

The open season does not begin until October, but by payment of a small fee one may obtain a license to shoot one deer in September. I had no gun with me, but as Henry offered to lend me his 30-30, I secured a license from the authorities at Greenville. Thereafter during my stay I carried the rifle on all my trips. Several times I had good chances at game, but not until I had almost given up in despair at my poor marksmanship did I bring down my deer.

A day or 2 before my departure, as we were paddling slowly down the lake toward the house, Henry suddenly whispered to me to get the gun ready, as he heard a deer splashing in the water around a point just ahead of us. I hastily pumped a cartridge into the barrel and waited, almost breathlessly, as Henry propelled us noiselessly around the point. All at once we came directly on a young buck standing on the shore with head up, sniffing the air suspiciously, not 50 feet from me. Taking a quick but careful aim, I fired. The buck leaped convulsively into the air and fell almost in his tracks, shot, by a lucky chance of course, clean through the heart. Hastily landing, Henry cut the throat of my first deer and took out the entrails. Then we loaded the buck into the canoe and made our way triumphantly home. The head, a fair one, I subsequently had mounted and it now adorns the wall of my office.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. K. BOYLES.

WATER LINE FEATHERS
Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

A FLORIDA KID ON A CAMP HUNT.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

V.

It was jest after sun up an' Pa had er skillet uv biskits er bakin', an' quicks we cleaned ar squir'ls; we rolled 'em in batter an' fried 'em, an' if I ever et anythin' any better I haint ricollect it.

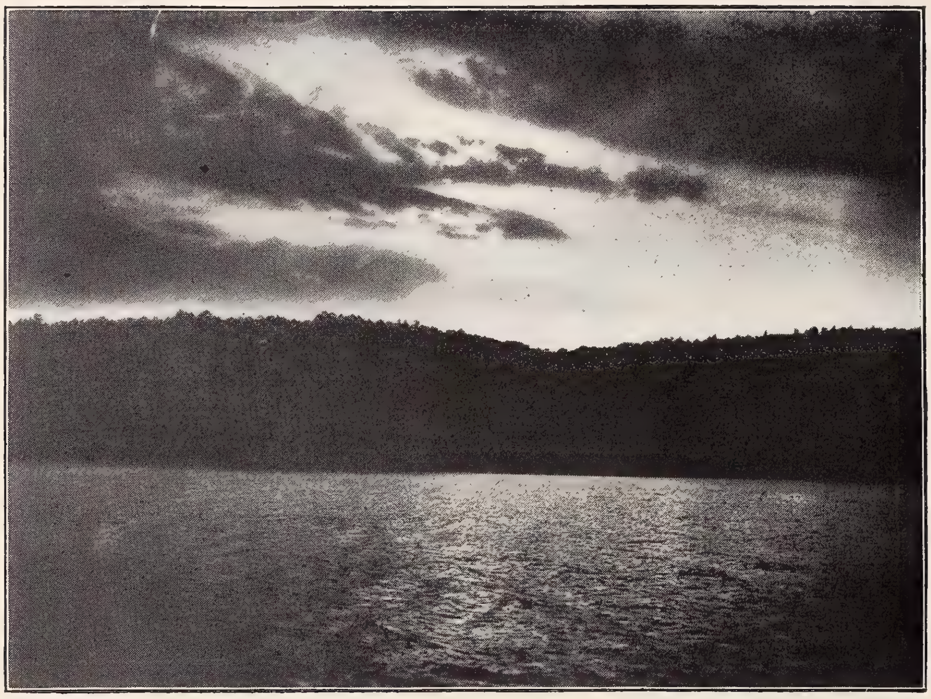
Pa sed, "Come on, son, le's go ter th' traps an see'f we've caught er varmint, an' Mr. Sam sed he'd found where er bunch uv turkeys used an' he wuz goin' ter git one fer supper, an' Uncle Dick sed he'd stay in camp. There hadn't been nothin' ter th' first trap at th' otter slide, an' Pa sed he reckoned we'd left some scent, but th' dew'd fix it in er couple uv nights. We went on down ter th' pond, an' soon's we got clost ter th' place we seen th' grass er movin, an' there wuz er big ole coon with 'is foot in th' trap er pullin' an' er clawin' like he thought he could bust th' chain. He had th' ground tore up in er circle long's th' chain 'ud let 'im reach. He give up, look like, when we got ter 'im, an sot there er watchin' us so pitiful I wuz sorter sorry we'd ketched 'im. Pa said, "Git er chunk, son, an' put 'im out uv 'is misery," an' I got er light'ud chunk and batted 'im one, an' he never knowed what hit 'im. We sot th' trap in er diffunt place an' went on; but I won't bother ter tell 'bout th' rest, 'ceptin' th' otter we ketched. Pa had er trap sot in th' mud an' water where er trail come in from another pond, an' there wuz th' biggest ole otter in it I ever seen, an' he wuz jest ketched by 2 toes on 'is fore foot. He cert'ny tore up th' pond when he seen us er comin', an' I never seen nothin' so fierce. He grab th' trap an' gnash 'is tushes savager'n er tiger, an' I'll bet he could whip eny dog what ever howled. Pa got er big, heavy piece uv light'ud an' come down with it back uv 'is ears an' unj'inted 'is neck fer 'im. We got 2 more coons, an' er dinged ole 'possum wuz in one uv Pa's traps. I wuz goin' ter knock 'im in th' head, but Pa said, "Let 'im go this time an' if he gits in it again we'll kill 'im. The ole 'possum sot there er grinnin' an' er slobberin', an' I had ter hold 'is head down with er stick till I could spring th' trap an' turn 'im loose, an' he went er sneakin' off fas'n he could put 'is feet down.

We toted th' varmints up under some little scrub oaks an' snatched th' hides off. It took Pa en hour er more ter case th' otter, an' when we'd done we pulled out fer camp an' got there 'bout 11 o'clock. Mr. Sam had got 2 turkeys, a young gobbler an' a hen; an' him 'n' Uncle Dick had jest got 'em cleaned. We cut up th' least one an' rolled it in batter like we done th' squirr'ls an' fried it, an' doggone if it didn't beat anythin' I ever et. When we wuz layin' 'round after dinner Mr. Sam sez, "Doggone if this don't beat eny place fer poterges I ever witnessed. I jumped 6 big bunches this mornin' an' I seen 4 deer an' one uv 'em I could er killed 'thout stirrin' from my tracks, but I had done killed th' turkeys." Pa sez, "That's right, Sam; le's not kill nothin' ter waste, whatever we do. I kin remember when we first settled th' place at home; there wuz jest ez much game there ez here, an' if folks hadn't made hawgs of theirselves there'd be plenty there now. There uster be er feller name Joe Yates lived over on th' 4 mile perairer, an' the deer kep' er comin' in 'is pertater patch uv er night, an' he got mad an' swore he'd kill ever one he could see, an' he shot down 9 between sunup an' dark. Th' regulators finally got after 'im fer stealin' hawgs an' run 'im outen th' country; but I always held it more agin 'im fer slaugherin' them deer 'en I did about th' hawgs."

We laid aroun' till er couple uv hours by sun, an' Pa sed he wuz goin' ter cook that turkey so good it 'ud make er man hit 'is daddy, an' I tole 'im he better keep it outen my reach then. Uncle Dick sez ter me, "Come on, Bud, an' le's ketch 'em er mess uv them big perch." We took th' little poles an' went down ter th' big hole an' Uncle Dick sez, "The one what ketches th' biggest fish th' other'ns got er clean 'em all," an' I sed "All right," an we went at it. We caught er lot uv right sized one, but I wanted ter git th' bigges' ones, so I eased my hook down back uv en ole log, an' somethin' run at it an' carried it under th' log quicker'n you could bat yer eye, an' I jest had ter swing to it ter git 'im out, an' it wuz th' bigges' perch I ever seen. Uncle Dick sez, "By jeeminy, Bud, I reckon I've got them fish ter clean," an' 'bout that time he put er little frog on 'is hook an' throwed in an' somethin' struck like er snake an' bent 'is pole nearly double, an blamed if it weren't er right big trout. We had 'nuff then, an' I pulled out my knife an' went at 'em, but Uncle Dick sed I done so well he'd help me anyhow, an' it didn't take us no time.

Pa's turkey wuz nearly done when we

got back, an' Mr. Sam wuz fryin' taters fer who laid th' rails. I got th' other fry pan an' went ter fryin' th' fish, an' by sundown we had everthin' ready, an' I wuz glad uv it, an' I wouldn't fool you. Pa had cut up th' turkey small 'nuff ter go in th' skillet an' put some water in it, an' a slash uv bacon, an' er little salt 'n' black pepper, an' put on th' kiver, an' she'd been er bakin' fer 2 hours. When he took th' kiver off th' water wuz cooked out an' it was nice 'n' brown, an' th' oldest man in th' world never popped is tushes into anythin' better. Time we got through eatin' I wouldn't er walked er mile fer that much money.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. C. FASOLDT.

SUNSET.
Made on a New York Dry Plate.

WHEN THE BOB WHITES CALL.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

Along where the sedges are rustling brown,
And the willows are tall and trim;
Where the wild grasses tangle in masses down,
A dip by the river's brim;
In the golden haze of the early fall
S-h-h-h-, listen! The Bob Whites call!

Far out on the upland's wooded knolls
Where in windrows of wine and red,
Lie the rustling heaps of the oak trees' wealth,
By the touch of the autumn shed;
A whirr of wings, and a sudden flight,
Hush! Listen to our Bob White.

Where the stubble fields glint with scattered grain,
And the pasture rills are dry,
Where the bittersweets swing in scarlet and gold,
As the autumn winds drift by;
See trim, brown gleaners; we know them all
For....listen! The Bob Whites call.

A MONTH IN OREGON.

L. R. ISAACS.

A jovial party, consisting of J. Cameron, L. R. Isaacs, A. E. Fischer and R. Reed, left San Francisco in September, '98, for a month's hunting in Oregon. At Roseburg, Ore., we were met by our guide, W. H. Boren. From there, with a team and a stock of provisions, we made our way to Camas valley, where we rested one day. We left next morning with 7 horses, and by dusk reached Ketchen and camped over night. We were up early next morning and on our way to Happy camp. We arrived about 10 o'clock and decided to stay there a few days.

By 4 p. m., we had our tents arranged, and provisions stored away. Boren thought it was time to get some meat for dinner; so off we all started. I went through several canyons without seeing a deer, though there were plenty of signs all around. The other boys had the same kind of luck, except Cameron, who killed a big buck. Reed saw a doe and 2 fawns, but would not deprive the babies of their mamma. After staying at Happy camp a few days, after which time we each succeeded in getting a deer, Borem suggested we go on to where he thought we could kill an elk. We left camp at 6 a. m. the following day, each one carrying his .30-30, and starting joyfully enough; but oh, what a difference in the evening! We tracked one big elk all day and he took us back to within ½ mile of camp. It was the roughest trip I ever made. By nightfall Cameron and Reed came to the conclusion they had not lost any elk.

After a day of rest, Fischer and I, with Boren, went again to see if we could get an elk. We struck the trail of 2 cow elk and their calves, which we followed all morning. In the afternoon we ran across the tracks of a big bull, and determined to give up the cows and follow him. Over rim rock, boulders, fallen trees, etc., we followed that elk until dark, and then made our camp near a dry log, which we set on fire. We hugged the fire until daylight and then took up the trail again until 10 a. m. Passing down a canyon, we heard a noise, and after a sharp run of about 100 yards to a part of the canyon where the poison oak, laurel and huckleberry bushes were not so thick, we saw a large elk, about 75 yards away. I fired as he was about to go behind a large tree, and caught him well back of the foreleg. Fischer shot him in the shoulder, the bullet coming out of his neck. As we hurried up to our elk, he jumped to his feet, hair on end and eyes like coals of fire; but he was too sick to charge. So to end his misery quickly, I put a bullet through his heart. The animal was in poor condition and much scarred from combats with other elk. The meat was not fit to eat, and had a peculiar musty smell.

Next day we broke camp and moved to Fogg creek, where we pitched our tents. There we were visited by Mr. A. Crouch, Boren's partner, who told us bear were plentiful within a few miles, and promised he would help me locate them. The next day Crouch and I traveled canyon after canyon, but did not see any game until, while descending a mountain, Crouch called my attention to a large black bear on a log. The wind was in the right direction, and he did not smell us. We kept behind trees and bushes until we had descended well into the canyon, and were about 150 yards from the bear, who was still unaware of our approach. While debating the best way to get nearer, I heard a crackling of bushes within 20 yards of where we were hidden, and a 2 year old cub followed by its mother came in view. As soon as the latter saw me, she showed her teeth and stood on her hind feet, facing me. I took steady aim at her heart and pulled the trigger. She sank to the ground and died without moving. The cub was going up the hill as fast as he could. I aimed at his right foreleg, but caught him a little too low; he stopped and began to bawl. I went within 10 feet and shot him in the heart. Two miles farther on, we saw 3 more bears, in easy shooting range; but I was satisfied with what I had, and did not disturb them. Fischer, that day, also secured a fine bear.

The next day Reed, Cameron and I went to a canyon where acorns were thick and ripe. When we got to the foot of the canyon, Cameron started to the right and Reed to the left; I said I would follow shortly. After waiting about 15 minutes I heard a shot and, hurrying up the canyon, saw Reed cutting a limb from a small tree. He had shot a bear, and wanted a club to finish it with, so as not to spoil the hide. As I did not wish to see the animal suffer more than was necessary, I put a bullet behind its ear and that settled it. Cameron also secured a bear, so we were all perfectly satisfied. We put our time in fishing on odd days, but fish were small and not plentiful.

On our way home we camped at Happy camp, and I thought I would see if I could get a deer to carry back to San Francisco.

After traveling a few canyons, I came across a large buck's track. I followed the trail about 500 yards, and saw the back of the buck as he was going down the hill. I aimed to hit his shoulder, but my foot slipped and the bullet struck him in the right ham and came out of his neck. He weighed about 175 pounds, dressed, and was the largest deer I saw on the trip.

I can heartily recommend W. H. Boren and Al. Crouch as guides who know their business.

NIGHT IN CAMP.

W. H. NELSON.

When the setting sun paints the mountain top
With its misty, purple haze,
You wearily climb the last hill, and stop,
And far out to the Westward gaze.
O'er the spreading trees, on a rise spruce crowned,
Shows the camp roof, flat and gray;
And as darkness falls on the woods around,
Down the hillside you wend your way.

The cabin door stands ajar a bit,
And there comes forth a stream of light
From the glowing fire where the campers sit,
And blends with the gath'ring night.
It is darkness outside, and you hurry in
Where your comrades, a jolly lot,
Have fish and game on the plates of tin,
With coffee and slapjacks hot.

The daytime's grand in the dim woods vast,
Where the pine trees nod and drone;
And the shot at deer, or a trout fly cast,
Brings joy ere the day has flown.
Then the quiet hunt with the camera true,
By the shores where the moose come down,
Gives woodland scenes 'neath the skies of blue,
Which are prized by the friends in town.

But the evening's best, when the campfire's glow
Brings yarns from the campers all;
And the guns that stand by the woodpile throw
Their shapes on the cabin wall.
Then time flies fast on its silent wings,
With the campfire gleaming bright;
While the breeze, as soft through the pine it sings,
Lends cheer to the camp at night.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. E. FISCHER.

RETRIEVING A GROUSE.

Winner of 67th prize in Recreation's 5th Annual Competition.

AN ADIRONDACK BEAR.

ANTHONY BASSLER, M. D.

A stage ride from Northville up the mountains, following the winding course of the beautiful Sacandaga river, took Dr. Hieronymous, Harry Malasky and me at dusk to Morley's. That meant a good dinner at the big, comfortable hotel, between Lakes Pleasant and Sacandaga.

The next 3 days we spent in preparation and the fourth morning we started for the guide's camp on Jessup river. A short ride in a wagon without springs took us to a sleigh with wooden runners, cached in the brush. We transferred our kit to that, hitched on the horses, and began in earnest the tramp to camp.

To protect the sights on our rifles from being broken off, we carried the rifles. I shall never forget the radical change in the weight of my Winchester as the trip continued. At first it was a pleasure to carry it. Gradually the rifle got heavier, was transferred from shoulder to hands, then carried guide fashion over the forearms, and then any way at all, until finally every inch of my body above the waist line seemed sore from pressure. The rifle seemed to weigh as much as a fair sized cannon. This, together with the strain of difficult walking, soon quenched the levity of the party. For miles not a word was spoken. At last the guide stimulated our flagging spirits and tired bones by saying the camp was only a few rods distant, but rods are miles to an exhausted frame, and when camp was reached I questioned his ability to judge distance.

Beginning to keep house in the woods is interesting. It is surprising how many important things have been forgotten and how quickly the camper makes up his mind to do without things which at home he thinks imperative.

After supper I went to the creek to wash. I soaped my hands and stooped to rinse them in the running water when something white floating down stream attracted my attention. Before I realized what it was, beyond redemption and gone for ever was our only piece of soap. Moral: When in camp use a soap that sinks.

The next morning was beautiful and warm. Our plan was to still hunt on the nettle beds on the mountain. After a climb up an almost impassable mountain side in the hot sun and within 2 suits of clothes we reached the first hunting grounds. Harry gladly deposited himself there. The rest of the party went on. Near the second nettle bed we saw evidence of bears, but little attention was given it at the time. The second bed was on the slope of the mountain. It was about 250 yards wide and 50 yards up and down, with a second timber growth sparsely scattered through it. I was told to sit on a fallen tree and not to move for 6 hours. Dr. Hieronymous and the guide went on to the next bed. There the guide was to leave the doctor on a boulder and go to the other side of the mountain to still hunt on foot, hoping to frighten some game over to one of the 3 beds on our side.

A cold wind was blowing up from the valley, and being anxious for game I sat quiet. I soon began to feel stiff and sore. Having only 3 ginger wafers for my day's food by noon my spirits had drooped low. However, I tried to bear the suffering and montony as a true sportsman should. At 3 o'clock I had lost all interest in the game. No shots had been fired by my friends above and below, and I considered the hunt fruitless. My spirits and biscuits being gone I become careless and my opinion of hunting in the Adirondack mountains was not high. Finally I stood up and looked around. My rifle was resting against the tree. I had forgotten it, when suddenly I saw something black in the woods below, slowly walking between 2 trees. I felt the strangest sensation. My spinal circulation seemed to stop. Strange cold feelings ran down my back, and for a moment I could not move a muscle. Then, forgetting my stiffness and soreness, I seized the rifle and pumped a cartridge into the barrel, making as little noise and movement as possible. The apparition lasted the time it takes a bear to walk slowly about 10 feet, but short as it is, I am, even to-day, vividly conscious of my swaying gun when aiming at the animal. Fortunately I had enough presence of mind not to pull, for I would not have hit him. Then the bear was gone! Still standing on the prone tree, I tried to pull myself together and was thinking what my friends would say if I should tell the story, when I saw the bear again. That time he was to my left and making in my direction between 2 rows of trees, the slanting sun shining on his black coat and causing him to stand out in bold relief from the green about him. I had regained my composure. Slowly I raised my rifle and taking deliberate aim at the center of this black mass, then about 120 rods away, I fired. I was using black powder and my view for an instant was obscured. Looking through the smoke the bear seemed not to have moved. Again I fired and then with a motion almost too quick to see, he left the natural gallery of trees and tore up the mountain side. I heard him distinctly, breaking the brush on the way. Imagine my surprise when he came out in full view at the farthest end of the nettle bed. Instinctively knowing his lack of protection while among the low growing plants he turned to go down the mountain where the trees were. As he turned I fired again, and he disappeared from my view. Not wishing him to get into the woods below I jumped from the tree and ran down to where I supposed I could get a close range shot. In my excitement I had not noticed a little hill some distance down, over which the first 2 shots were fired. That hill had hid the bear from me, and in my haste forward I almost jumped on the wounded animal. He was lying in his side, vigorously rubbing his nose with his right forepaw, from which the blood was dripping. I supposed he was shot in the nose. He then did what I understand a wounded bear often does. Slowly getting on his feet and burying his forehead deep into the leaves, he turned a deliberate somersault, showing the entire white belly. Fearing he would get away I took aim and sent a ball over his ear into his brain, after which he did not even quiver.

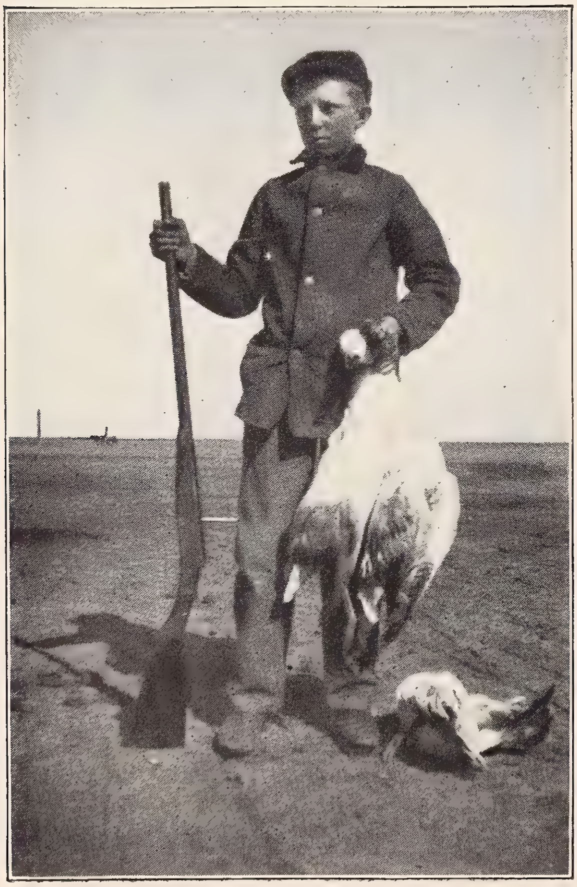
The shooting hastened the returning party from above. I was almost beside myself with joy. When my friend called to me and asked what I had been shooting at I could only say one word, "Bear."

I have spent several years hunting in the Adirondacks and am somewhat of a judge as to where game is plentiful. I have never seen so many recent deer signs as at Morley's. Woodcock and ruffed grouse are also numerous. When I was there last fall it was hard to get a deer because there had been no frost to make the leaves fall, and the underbrush was heavy. Such conditions, however, only whet the ambition of the hunter and enable him to show his skill.

A SKILLFUL YOUNGSTER.

Herewith I enclose a photo of Ray Simpson, age 13 years, and 3 white geese, which he shot with the gun you sent him as premium for getting a club of subscribers to Recreation. The geese he got out of one flock at 3 shots with a Davenport ejector single gun.

J. C. Simpson, Holdredge, Neb.



THE PASSING.

A. L. VERMILYA.

On a day when autumn winds were softly sighing,
And the sun was slowly sinking in the West,
Spake my fading love to me,
Saying, "O'er the mystic sea
I am passing to the land of joy and rest."

Then her eyelids drooped as though she lightly slumbered,
And we thought her dreaming on, with visions bright;
But she whispered, faint and low,
"Kiss me, sweetheart, ere I go;"
Then her gentle, loving spirit took its flight.

So we laid her 'neath the autumn tinted maples,
On the hillside where she loved so oft to stray,
Where the daisies nod and dream,
And the sparkling, rippling stream
Sings a requiem while passing on its way.

But at evening by her grave I sit and ponder,
Where the sunset casts its mellow, golden bars;
And 'tis sweet to feel and know
That when I am called to go,
I shall meet my love again beyond the stars.

HOW A SLY OLD FOX WAS CAUGHT

WILLIAM ALLEN BRUCE.

Fox hunting in the Old Dominion is a most enjoyable sport. We Virginians boast that "no where else on earth does fox hunting yield so much real pleasure as here, sir!" and I believe we are right, for I have read of the English methods of hunting this animal and of that followed by clubmen in the East. I have helped to hunt it in Vermont, where hunters use only one or 2 hounds to start the fox and then shoot it! All of which seems tame to one who has enjoyed the chase as it is conducted in Virginia.

There every fox hunter has a pack of 10 to 15 hounds. These hounds are given food enough to make them strong and muscular, but never fat. "A lean dog for a long chase" is our motto. Each hunter thinks he has the best pack and "can catch any fox that wears a hide, sir!" Each is also independent of the others, but they often join their packs to have a big day, and then the sport is royal. Our dogs are never led on chains into the field, but are given their liberty. Neither do we keep tame foxes and let them out for a chase. We run wild foxes in the wild woods where they know every inch of ground.

The hunter gets up before day, feeds his saddle horse and his hounds, eats a hurried breakfast and just at daybreak starts out blowing his horn. At the sound the hounds rush ahead with joyous howls and barks. Coming to likely ground, the dogs are encouraged to "go." It does not take them long to strike, and then the "Hark! hark! hark" of the hunter can be heard until all the hounds have joined in. After trailing a while, the scent growing warmer all the time and the music grander, the fox is bounced. Then it is that every hound sends forth his most joyous bay until even the farmers drop their work and follow as long as they have any hope of seeing the chase.

We have 2 varieties of fox in Virginia, the gray and the red. The former runs in a circle of 3 to 5 miles; the latter takes a straight course, running sometimes 10 to 20 miles, which makes him hard to capture. Occasionally an unusually cunning gray proves as hard to catch as a red. One of that kind fooled the hunters of Charlotte county for several months. Arrangements were then made for a big hunt, and my friend, Archer Moseley, invited me to go along.

"Who's going?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "almost everybody."

When the horns began to blow the next morning I mounted my horse and made for Faulkner's. Before I reached there horn was answering horn in every direction, and we were soon all together. I never saw so many dogs in one place before except at a bench show. As day was breaking the hounds were started, in 20 minutes the trail was struck, and just as the sun rose the fox was jumped. Then the notes of 62 hounds rang out on the crisp morning air to meet the shouts of their masters, who by that time were spurring their steeds in hot pursuit. The fox made quick time right for the place where he had hitherto escaped. The dogs followed without a break and jumped the fence not far from Mose, the old darkey, who, in obedience to orders, said nothing to the hounds. But when we rode up he could hold in no longer.

"Dat fox sho oughter be let libe, I declar'! I never seed sich a trick as dat!" he cried.

By that time the hounds had circled all around but could not make the track go farther than a few logs below the fence, and then showed signs of giving up. One of the hunters asked,

"Where is the fox, Mose?"

The old darkey fairly swelled with pride at being able to enlighten so many w'ite folks on such an important topic.

"Does yo' all see dat scrub oak up dar in de corner, ob dis fence wid dem grape vines a-growin' ober it?" he asked. "And does yo' see dat nest in de middle ob dem grape vines? Well, dars de fox right up dar. Ain't dat a trick?"

After enjoying the expressions of astonishment on our faces, Mose continued,

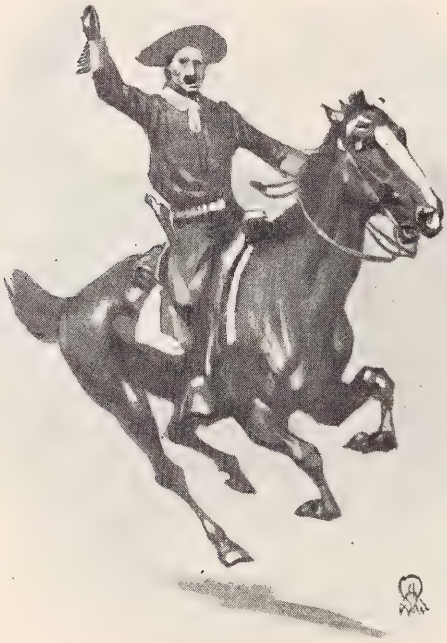
"Dat ar fox cum 'cross dat field more'n a mile afore dem dogs an' went ober dis yer fence right dar. He run down dar in de woods an' walked on dem logs an' on dat stump an' into de tops ob dat tree what's cut down dar. Den he come back in de same track an' jumped up on dis fence right whar he went ober de fust time; he walked on de top rails tell he cum to dat big nest, den jumped right up into it. He is a-layin' dar yit, jes' as scrumptious as you please!"

Reynard was routed out, given 5 minutes' start and finally caught after a 2 hours' chase near the spot where he was first jumped. Mose had the pelt to make him a pair of "glubs," and he never tires of telling how this sly old fox was caught.

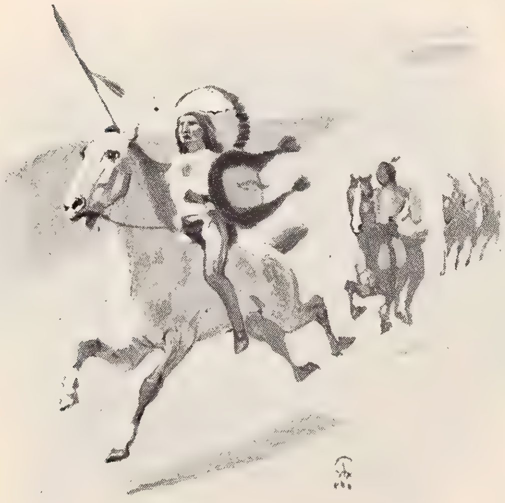
BESS.

EDWARD D. HILLMAN.

Yu want er yarn o' fightin'?
  Wall, lads, now lem'me see;
'Twus out 't ole Fort Tietan,
  En the fall o' '63.

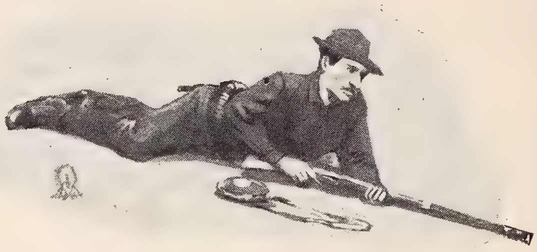


One day er chap cum tearin'
  On er broncho, 'crosst thur plain,
Er cussin' an' er swearin',
  An' jes' raisin' merry Cain.



Sed thur Injuns wus er comin',
  'Bout 4 mile arter him;
So we hustled in thur wimmin.
  An' the Kunnel, stern an' grim,
Says, "Boys, we're goin' ter lick 'em
  Es they've nare bin licked afore,
An' the guns 'll jes' nigh kick 'em
  Thro' St. Peter's pearly door."

. . . . .

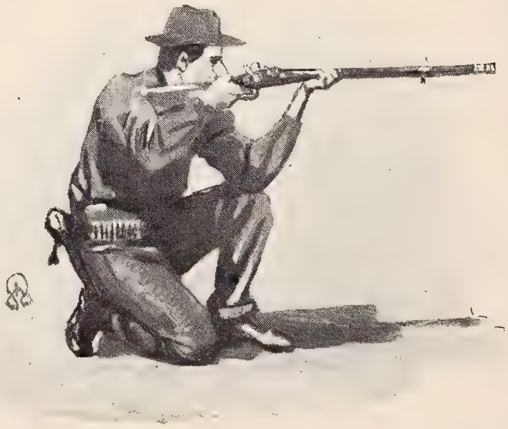


I was layin' et er gun hole,
  Er lookin' fur the reds;
Jes' tho't thet nigh the sun knoll
  Thur cusses ud show thar heads.

When sumthin' cum er creepin'
  An' nestlin' up ter me,
An' thar wus Bess er peepin'
  Ez ef *she'd* like ter see.

Sort uv chummy like an' knowin',
  An' I stroked her curly head;
Poor Bess wus left er lone,
  As how her Ma wus dead.

I told her thar wus danger
  In thar an' right ahead.
She—dumb es any stra'anger—
  Jes' shook her curly head.



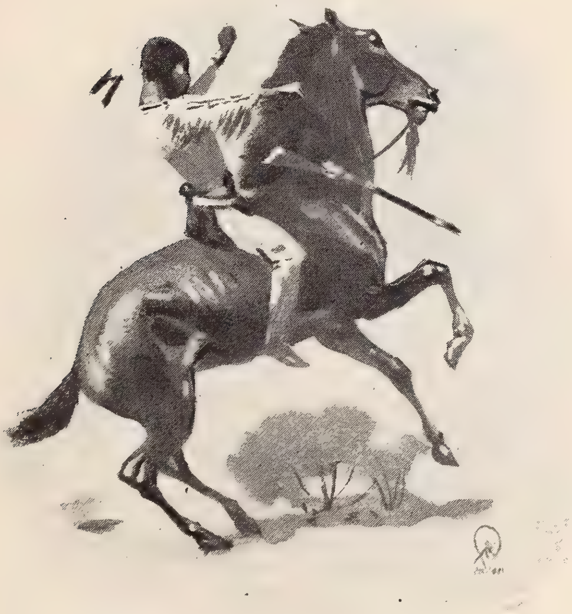
The reds wus now er fightin',
  An' bullets 'gin tu fly.
Each feller lay er sightin'
  An' wus prepared to die.

'Twus en the thick o' battle
  When I hearn a little cry,
Er kind o' dyin' rattle
En the throat o' Bess—near by.

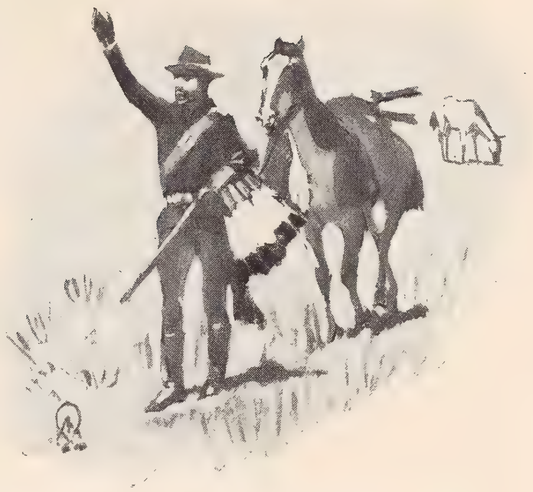
I seen the gal wus dyin',
  Er bullet dun the biz,
An' durn nigh went to cryin'
  When I seen her eyes wus riz,

En kinder awful painin',
  Er lookin' inter mine,
An' red the sand wus stainin',
  Like leaves on a frosted vine.

I rolled my coat, er flyin',
  An' lifted her curly head,
Seein' the gal was dyin'
  Frum the hole made by the lead.

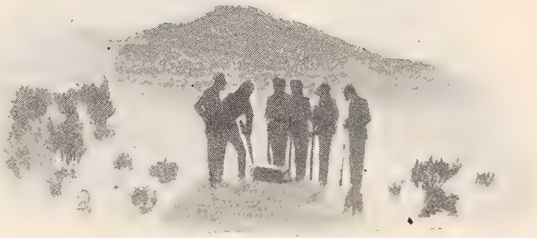


The guns was fired for hittin',
  The reds dropped here an' thar,
An' soon they was a quittin',
  Leavin' we uns 'ith our ha'r.



The boys cum back a yellin',
  Frum strippin' ev'ry red,
But joy wus soon a quellin',
  When they hearn thet Bess war dead.

. . . . .



Thet eve we all wus mourners
  Et the sinkin' uv the sun,
An' Bess wus laid 'ith honers
  Es we fired the sunset gun.

The boys, they loved sweet Bessie,
  An' raised to her a stone,
An' writ this to the lassie
  That hed left the world, alone:

TO BESS

A comrad as fell a fightin',
  A fightin' in '63.
'Twus Bess, sweet Bess o' Tietan,
  "Dog Bess o' Company C."

"Is it quiet out in the country where you live, Simpson?"

"Quiet? Why, when I get home at night our cow comes around and sits down by the porch to hear what I have to tell."—Chicago Record-Herald.

BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—LAKE ROSSEAU—MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT, HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

LET US SAVE THE BIRDS.

HON. JOHN F. LACEY, M. C.,

In The World Review.

Mankind is aroused at last to the importance of protecting what have been spared of the birds and game once so plentiful. Even in darkest Africa the great powers of Europe, which have partitioned the wilderness among them, have recently made rules and regulations to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of the remaining creatures of the forest. In America the subject has claimed consideration, but our people have been too busy in the struggle for wealth for the individual to give adequate attention to the preservation of our natural resources. Our coal, gas, oil, forests, fishes, birds and game have been wasted and destroyed with a recklessness utterly unworthy of so intelligent and progressive a people. It is high time to call a halt. With a favorable and enlightened public sentiment nothing can fail. Without it nothing can succeed.

When several years ago I attempted to attract national attention to bird and game protection, the proposition was received with mirthful raillery in Congress. A distinguished representative, since then elected governor of his State, said that "Congress could be in better business than discussing the raising of goslings." But persistent effort has won, and the work of the League of American Sportsmen and the Audubon societies, supported by the farmers and fruit growers, has created such a sentiment as to make it possible to secure the enactment of a federal law supplementing and making effective the local laws of the various States. Even a majority of the members from the State whose governor had seen only amusement in the idea, voted for the bill.

Local laws had been evaded by shipping game and birds killed in their violation, placing them on the market in other States. Under the new national law, commonly known as the Lacey Act, this can be prevented, because the interstate transportation of the birds and game killed in violation of local law is made illegal and punishable in the federal courts.

The violator of the State law meets with no profit in the secret breaking of the law of his own State, because when he ships the fruits of his lawlessness to another State for sale in the open market, he finds that while he has escaped the sheriff at home, he runs into the arms of the United States marshal.

The magnitude of this nefarious business may be understood when it is known that in a single seizure, recently made in Chicago, more than 20,000 birds were confiscated. Thousands of pairs of birds, migrating to their Northern summer breeding grounds, had been killed and sent to market in defiance of State laws in that one instance.

Before the enactment of the national law, this seizure would not have been practicable, because the dealers would have claimed that the killing had occurred in another State, and would have sheltered themselves under the cloak of commerce. The parties could not have been punished in the State where the birds were killed, because they had committed the offense secretly and concealed their identity in making the shipment. By destroying the market the temptation to break the State laws is removed. It is this feature of the federal law which makes it effective. The various State game wardens should now be able to watch the markets and prevent the unseasonable sale of all kinds of game. It is of no avail to the pot hunter to kill birds if he can not sell them. He can not market them without shipment, and when illegally shipped they become subject to seizure.

The legislatures of the various States are now awake to the necessity of preserving our remaining birds and game from extinction. The wild pigeon has been exterminated; the prairie chicken has become rare, and the waterfowl that formerly clouded the sky in the spring and fall are only a reminiscence of their former multitude.

But a change is rapidly being produced in public sentiment. No law can be enforced which is not upheld by the judgment of the people. Fortunately birds are prolific, and well directed public sentiment may do much to atone for the mistakes of the past. The farmers have learned that the birds are their best friends. The horticulturist now knows that while the birds destroy some fruit they protect it from insect pests.

American women have permitted fashion's dictates to make them parties to unnecessary bird slaughter. The mother egret has been shot on her nest by the plume hunters, until the woods of Florida, once so brilliant, know these birds no more. The embalmed song bird and the sea bird still stare with glass eyes from the hats of tender hearted women; but fortunately this barbarous custom is on the wane. The Audubon societies are making an impression.

President Jordan, of Leland Stanford

University, wrote me last year from Japan that the song birds of that archipelago had been practically exterminated. He said there was no local law for their protection, and the trees had been limed and the song birds gathered almost *en masse* for the millinery trade of the world.

The market reports show that in a single day of this abominable traffic 500,000 skins were sold in London, of which more than 100,000 were humming birds.

The forests of Japan have become silent in order that the dead bodies of her songsters might be carried for a few weeks on the head gear of fair women in Europe and America.

The sea is being desolated as well as the woods. The tern that have been protecting our harbors as scavengers, have been made the prey, too, of this cruel fashion.

It is pleasing to note that the gentle sex are at last revolting against this custom.

A true sportsman no longer prides himself on the size of his bag of game, but recognizes the duty of moderation, and becomes a preserver rather than a destroyer.

Man has always been a killer. Nothing is so destructive as a boy, except a dog. A boy begins to slay things from the time he can first hold a stone in his chubby hands. A boy with a muzzle loading, single barrel, smooth bore musket will slaughter more game in a day than any skilled sportsman with a breech loader, smokeless powder, and the finest equipment obtainable at a sporting supply house.

Our ancestors were all killers. In the caverns of prehistoric man we find that bones of the reindeer, cave bear, and human beings are mingled with the weapons of the stone age. The battle cry of the Moslems was, "In the name of Allah kill, kill, kill! "

From the days of the troglodyte to the present hour an unequal contest has been waged by man against the lower animals. The arrow and the stone weapon seem to have been sufficient for the extermination of the mammoth of ancient days. Then came the age of bronze with its powers of increased destruction. Then came iron and steel, crossbows, hawking, and finally with gunpowder, man became the terror of all living beings. Once there was a limit to man's power to destroy, now he is omnidestructive. Once there was a limit to his capacity to travel; now he goes 500 miles for a day's shooting, or travels half way round the globe for a brief outing.

In 1834 Lawrence snapped 2 flintlock pistols in vain at President Jackson. In 1881 Guiteau's revolver made no failure in his attempt on the life of President Garfield.

The immensity of man's power to destroy imposes a responsibility to preserve. We have seen God's creatures disappearing so rapidly before the tremendous power of modern invention that the whole world has paused to contemplate the extermination of all the lower forms of life. A birdless world would not be a fit place to live in, and a birdless air would not be fit to breathe. The survival of the elephant amidst the general destruction of the larger animals justifies Kipling's description of this animal as a "pachydermatous anachronism."

The Dingley tariff law contains a provision to prevent the gathering of the eggs of wild fowl in Canada and their importation for commercial uses to the United States. A like prohibition was recently inserted in the laws for the government of Alaska.

With a vigorous enforcement of State laws, supplemented and aided by national statutes, reinforced by an enlightened public sentiment, we may look for a partial restoration of our feathered friends in the woods and fields. Let us save the birds.

Drill Sergeant (to awkward squad)—The bullet of our new rifle will go right through 18 inches of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads.—Exchange.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

HOW TO LIVE IN CAMP.

Portland, Ore.

Editor RECREATION:

Responding to your request in May number of RECREATION for hints on camping, I submit the following:

The tent should be of good canvas, and may be used with or without poles. If the camp is to be in a country where roads are found, poles may be carried lashed to the sides of the wagon box. If you have to pack on horses, or on men, poles would best be dispensed with. In erecting the tent, if with poles, let it be done thus: Spread the tent out on the ground with one flap turned back. Pass the ridge pole to its place within the tent, then the uprights with the iron pins in their tops should be placed, the pins fitted into the holes in the ends of the ridge pole. Raise these uprights into position, fasten the 4 corner ropes to stakes or convenient trees, and then fasten the remaining ropes to stakes (pegs) at leisure.

If poles are not used, a rope may be passed lengthwise through the top of the tent and stretched between 2 trees. This will serve as a ridge pole. If trees are not handy drive 2 strong stakes into the ground. Drive them deep and brace them well so the rope, when raised to the proper height on props, may be taut. The rest of the pegging can then be done.

A trench should run all around just outside the walls, and away with the slope of the land, to carry off any water which may chance to fall while the tent remains there. The sod cloth should be weighted down with sods or heavy logs as a precaution against wind.

If the hunter be in a region where pine, balsam, spruce, or hemlock, are abundant, a most luxurious bed is easily provided. Boughs from the neighboring trees should be cut and a deep floor placed where the bed is to lie. Lay the larger branches first, butts to the higher ground. Cover the floor well with these, then lay finer boughs on them, turning butts all in the same direction as the others. Be generous with the quantity. If the nicely leveled pile be a foot deep it will be the better. You will have a bed beside whose elastic softness and spicy resinous odor the dainty smother of the queen of feather beds were a mockery.

On this mattress spread, first your poncho, if you have one, then the canvas in which your blankets are kept wrapped. Over all lay your blankets, and when Night draws her sable curtain you can crawl in, bid the world and its cares good bye, and sleep as you did to the push of mother's foot as it swayed the cradle in which you lay in innocent babyhood.

If your camp be in a prairie region grass may take the place of the boughs; if in the sage brush, use that. It may not smell sweet, but you will not notice that fact while you slumber.

If none of these luxuries are obtainable mother earth will be found a not unendurable substitute. Don't ever make your bed on sand, however, the seductive river bar, or the sounding beach. Sand yields to your feet and holds out the promise of an easy bed, but trust it not; it will prove a snare. The flat surface of a rock were preferable. It will seem hard. Gravel will cover you with bruised spots, but sand will make you sore all over.

For a table, if you need one, and can not satisfy yourself with a convenient log, drive 4 forks into the ground at points indicating the corners of the table. From fork to fork on the long sides lay straight, slender poles. Across these place others, close together, over these spread leaves, and over all dirt or sod to support an oil cloth. Or the tail gate of the wagon may be placed upon the first rails.

It is amazing how few things are really indispensable in the way of cooking. Two are absolutely essential. Beyond these everything descends along the scale of convenience. Fire and food can not be omitted. Everything else is an outgrowth of wealth and luxurious tastes. Our habits and our needs grow from our environment. For the camp the commonest convenience in the way of the fireplace consists of 2 forked green sticks driven into the ground far enough apart to build a good fire between, and high enough to allow the suspension of a kettle from a green pole resting in the crotches above the fire. From this all boiling and stewing can be done, while broiling may be done on the red coals and roasting from a stick which holds the fowl or meat in the face of the fire, changing sides from time to time as required.

Sometimes when the "wimmin folks" do the culinary act a sort of furnace may be constructed of stones and mud, which will allow the pots and kettles to rest above the blaze and carry the smoke off through a rude chimney.

Probably the best camp fire, especially for the frosty autumn or sharp winter, is made as follows:

Drive 2 stakes firmly into the ground in front of the tent door, parallel with the front wall of the tent and 5 or 6 feet apart. On the ground against these stakes, on the side next the tent, place a green log 8 to 12 inches in diameter. On top of it place a smaller log, and above this one still smaller. Drive a stake at either end so as to keep them in place.

In front of these logs dig a hole 2 feet x 2 feet one foot deep. Start your fire at the bottom of this pit and pile wood on generously till you have a pit full of coals. This will form the best oven in the world for your purposes. The shape of your log heap will throw the heat and light tentward, and with little trouble the fire can be kept going all night. On a few coals raked to one side may be placed the coffee pot and in the pit a hole can be raked to receive your potatoes, game, fish, or roasting ears. Anything you wish to bake or roast can be cooked in a smother of coals and ashes in such a way as to give it a juiciness and flavor imparted by no range or oven at home. Your trout, simply disemboweled and sprinkled inside, with salt and pepper, with a slender strip of bacon where the "in'ards" belonged, then wrapped in a few thicknesses of wet paper and buried in the pit while the bread is made and the coffee boiled, will lay over any fish ever served at Delmonico's.

A tin plate, tin cup, fork and spoon for each person should be included in the outfit, or, if you can afford it, aluminum ware instead of tin will be neat. It is light and pretty, and doesn't rust. A piece of birch bark, if in reach, will make as good a plate as one needs.

In roasting green corn, if the outside shucks be removed, and the half stripped ear be buried in the roasting pit, it will cook in its own steam, coming to the tooth sweeter and finer than any from the domestic dinner pot.

Chicken, rabbit, squirrel, 'possum, fish, may be rolled in clay and cooked in the same way. When done, crack the baked clay loose and tell me if the meat isn't fine. Of course, with all these one must not forget to season. A fish split down the back, spread open and fastened against a slabbed chip with strips of bacon over it, and set up before the fire will cook nicely and be a delicious morsel.

Dough may be mixed on a flour sack or a piece of clean bark, and baked on a chip or a flat stone before the fire. When done on one side turn over and bake the other; or if a Dutch oven be part of the outfit good baking powder bread, dodgers, or pone may be baked with success.

Below is a list of desirables, when my camp is to be accessible by boat, rail or wagon:

Duck tent 14x16 feet, 12 ounces, for cook tent.
Duck tent 12x14 feet, 12 ounces, for sleeping tent.
One fly for each.
Plenty of blankets and quilts.
Good sheet-iron camp stove for cook tent.
Sibley stove for sleeping tent.
One good ax.
One good hatchet.
One good hand saw.
Nails.
One coil of No. 16 annealed iron wire.
Several old rugs.
Tin plates, knives, forks, spoons.
One 12-quart tin pail.
Two 8-quart tin pails.
One large tin pan.
Several small tin pans.
Rope and cord for tying packages.
Ham, bacon, lard, butter, crackers, coffee, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, flour, matches.

With good water, good woods, a good camping place, a good crowd, good weather, good luck and good health, one can have a good time for a month of outing, especially in this far Western world, where game and fish are yet abundant, and where is to be found the grandest scenery on the planet.

Nessmuk, whose pleasant pen has given us all so much delight in years gone by, gave the plans for a tent to be made of good stout muslin, rendered fireproof by being treated with alum, which was simplicity itself and cheap. It was sewed together so as to form, when stretched, a box-like shelter 5 feet high in front, 4 feet at the back, 3 feet wide, and 7 feet deep. Building in front of it such a fire as is described above, of green logs, stacked up, and laying a pine bough mattress for his blankets, he could live comfortably for any length of time.

One wants dry, hard wood when obtainable. It burns more freely, makes better coals, more heat, and will kindle more quickly.

Nessmuk also shows how little one really needs in the woods in order to be perfectly comfortable. A hatchet and knife are almost the only indispensables. With these a cosy shelter can be easily and quickly made. A pole 12 to 15 feet long may be leaned against a sapling or caught in 2 forks V'd together at the top, 6 or 8 feet high, the other ends resting on the ground. Against this pine boughs are leaned, butts up, till a heavy wall is made, the top being of "fine stuff." Building such a fire as above described in front of this shelter, one may weather quite a rain and not get wet, or may bid defiance to the cold.

Finally, a summer or fall camp should face the North, a winter camp the South.

C. E. Oliver.

GAME AND GUIDES IN IDAHO.

Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Editor RECREATION:

We had a hard winter for game. Snow was deep in the valleys and crusted so it was hard for game to get any food. There was more snow in the mountains than has been for several years. Game was rather scarce here last fall. All the hunters in the country were hunting and but little more game was killed than was reported, more moose being killed than elk. In the fall of 1897, there was more game here than for years before. I don't understand why the game changes so. I have noticed that occasionally game will be plentiful for one season, then for 3 or 4 years we have scarcely any.

We haven't a fourth of the game here in Idaho we had 15 years ago. Then we had plenty of white tail deer, as well as black tail, and plenty of antelope. Now we hardly ever see a white tail deer or an antelope. We have a good many black tail deer, elk and moose and small black bear, and, in some parts, a good many mountain sheep and a few white goats.

There is good trout fishing in all the streams; during the fall there are a good many ducks and geese. We have several kinds of game birds. Birds of most kinds are getting more plentiful, because there is no market for them, and they are hunted very little.

I went hunting the latter part of last November for my winter's meat. I was gone about 9 days from home, and got one bull elk. It took me 2 days to go to where I hunted, and 2 to come home, and the weather was so stormy I couldn't do much hunting. It snowed about a foot and a half where I was.

I saw only 5 elk on the trip. They were all bulls. It was reported the other day that there were 5 or 6 head of buffalo about 35 or 40 miles Northeast from here. A party has gone after them. They no doubt came out of the park.

I have lived here in Idaho over 20 years; have hunted and trapped through Idaho and Wyoming. I am well acquainted with all of the country and the game ranges. Anyone contemplating a hunting trip in Idaho or Wyoming, who wants information regarding the country or the game, may write me and I'll be glad to answer all questions. I can also furnish parties hunting outfits and good guides. Camping parties wishing to go through the park I can provide with teams and wagons cheaper than they can be obtained at any railroad station near the park.

Market Lake, Idaho, is the best place for tourist and hunting parties to leave the railroad. At St. Anthony, about 35 miles Northeast of Market Lake, on the main road to the park, they can get anything they need in the provision line. There is good trout fishing and chicken shooting all the way from Market Lake to the park, and good camp grounds after leaving St. Anthony. Camping parties can either go or come through Jackson Hole. The latter part of July till the first of September is the best time to visit the park.

W. L. Winegar, Guide,

GAME AND WARDENS.

Hickory, Wis.

Editor RECREATION:

In this part of Wisconsin we have the genuine game hog in abundance. In a few years the deer and smaller game will be exterminated, at the present rate of slaughter. We have had deer fairly plentiful this fall, but they were hunted with hounds weeks before the season opened, and for weeks after it closed. There seems to be no game wardens in the country. Scores of deer were shot out of season and shipped on the railroads.

I know a local dealer who has been shipping ruffed grouse since the season closed, as dressed poultry, and sometimes as ginseng. He has even encouraged young farmer boys to go out and shoot them, that he might make a few dirty pennies by thus violating the law.

If I had come within reach of those hounds I heard running deer last fall so often, I should have been tempted to give them a load of buskshot.

One of the market hunters told me a week before the season closed that he had shot and sold 6 deer; and he was lamenting that he had not done so well as in former years! He usually killed a dozen or more!

What can we do to stop this? The game wardens will not do their duty, and most people do not care to interfere, as it makes more or less enmity. In the meantime the game is being slaughtered.

This part of Oconto county abounds in small lakes full of pickerel, pike, black and Oswego bass, perch and other varieties of fish. There are enough deer to perpetuate themselves indefinitely if they were not so ruthlessly slaughtered. Ruffed grouse were plentiful last fall, and wintered well, but there are numbers of foxes, and some birds fall victims to their cunning.

T. H. Downs.

If you have followed the L. A. S. department in RECREATION, you know what we have accomplished by that move in New York. We have absolutely checkmated the cold storage warehouses, the hotels and restaurants, and everyone who buys game from the pot hunters. Such prominent men as Delmonico, the managers of the Savoy, the Holland House and the Logerot have written us, when called down for selling game out of season, that they shall do so no more and are perfectly willing to observe the law.

We will force the Western pot hunters out of the field by closing the market to them in the East and then their own markets must also be closed in the same way. It is extremely interesting to note what the League has already done and to realize what we can do hereafter. It is necessary, however, that this work should be pushed as rapidly as possible, before all the game is exterminated. To that end every sportsman in the country should join the L. A. S. and work with us to the full extent of his ability. I am spending every hour and every dollar I can spare in this work, and other sportsmen throughout the country are rapidly joining.—EDITOR.

SYNOPSIS OF MICHIGAN'S NEW GAME LAWS.

Deer.—Open season November 8 to 30, inclusive, in each year, except on the Island of Bois Blanc, and in the counties of Lapeer, Huron, Monroe, Sanilac, Tuscola, Macomb, Allegan, Ottawa, and St. Clair, where deer can not be hunted until 1906. No person shall kill more than 3 deer in any one year. No person shall hunt deer without first procuring a hunter's license. Resident license 75 cents, non-resident license $25. Use of dogs in hunting, pursuing or killing deer, and the killing of any fawn in the spotted coat, or any deer in the red coat, is prohibited. The use of any artificial light in hunting, pursuing or killing deer is unlawful. No deer or portion of a deer can be lawfully shipped unless a license tag accompanies same.

Moose, Elk and Caribou are protected until 1911.

Fox, Black and Gray Squirrels.—Open season October 15 to November 30, both inclusive. It is unlawful to pursue, injure, capture or kill any such squirrels at any time in any public or private park.

Ruffed Grouse, Quail, Spruce Hen and Woodcock.—Open season October 1 to November 30, both inclusive.

Prairie Chickens, Mongolian and English Pheasants, Wild Turkey and Wild Pigeon.—Not to be killed until 1910.

Ducks and Geese and all Wild Water Fowl.—Open season October 1 to November 30, both inclusive, from one-half hour before sunrise to one hour after sunset in each day. Jack Snipe, blue gill, canvasback, widgeon, pintail, whistler, spoonbill, butterball and sawbill ducks may be killed from March 2 to April 10 in each year. The use of any floating device or contrivance propelled by, or using as motive power, steam, gas, naptha, oil, gasoline, or electricity, or the use of any swivel or punt gun, battery, sink boat, or similar device, save only a gun of not greater size than 10 caliber, such gun to be held in the hands at the time of firing, in hunting for or killing any wild water fowl is unlawful.

Antwerp, or Homing Pigeon and Mourning Doves.—it is unlawful to capture or destroy by any means whatever any Antwerp or homing pigeon or mourning dove at any time.

Song and Insectivorous Birds.—No song or insectivorous bird, excepting blackbirds, English sparrows, or crows, shall be killed or captured at any time.

Game Animals and Game Birds.—All game animals or game birds transported under cover must be plainly marked on the outside of the package, with the name of the consignor and consignee, the initial point of billing and the destination, together with an itemized statement of the contents of such package.

Protected Game and Fish.—Must not be transported beyond the boundaries of this State at any time.

The sale of any game animal or game bird protected by the laws of this State is unlawful at any time.

MR. BARNES EXPLAINS.

I notice in a recent RECREATION you roast me just a trifle. I don't blame you for roasting anyone if he needs it; but I think that had you understood the situation in this case you would not have done so. It is true I have killed between 30 and 40 deer with my 25-35, as I stated. It has taken me nearly 6 years to do this, and I have been out several times with friends, numbering 3 to 6 men, none of whom could kill a deer in a week. You would not allow those friends to go back home without a little meat provided you could kill it legally, would you?

You ask what I did with the meat. We used every pound of it and could have used more. My own family could eat that much meat in 6 years and not half try; and I haven't a large family either.

I also noticed your remarks on the lion hunt held here each year. You call it a veritable slaughtering match, in which 3,000 men surround all the game within a radius of 30 miles or so, drive it into a canyon and slaughter the whole bunch. Now you would probably smile if you knew the difference between this account and the real truth about the event. Moreover, you would have nothing but words of praise instead of condemnation for the sportsmen engaged in the slaughter of the worst enemy of game in this country, the mountain lion.

I will tell just how it was. Then let us know what you think. There were perhaps 50 men engaged in this hunt. They did not surround any country and only killed one lion and several wildcats. I am sure not more than 2 or 3 deer were killed on the last hunt, and none on the first one. These men are sportsmen and are as much interested in the preservation of game as you are. I think you should find out some of the facts in such cases before you condemn too strongly, for you thereby injure the cause for which you are working so hard.

O. M. Barnes, DeBeque, Col.

ANSWER

You said nothing in your article printed in Recreation as to how long you had owned or used the 25-35, and as that is a new model rifle I naturally assumed, as probably all my readers did, that you had not used it more than 2 or 3 years at most. If you had taken the precaution to say you had used it 6 years that would have been different.

You will notice that in commenting on the so-called lion hunt I wrote "It is said that nearly 3,000 men participated," etc.

Reports of this roundup were printed in several Colorado papers and readers of Recreation in that State clipped and sent me dozens of these statements, from which I quoted. I wrote several people who live at or near DeBeque, asking if the reports were substantially correct.

One man whom I know personally, and whom I believe to be truthful says they were; that large numbers of deer were slaughtered, and that he believes some elk were killed.—Editor.

GAME AND FISH HOGS IN MONTANA.

Montana is one of the finest States in the Union, naturally, for game and fish. With its many fine trout streams, large ranges of timber, and mountains in almost every portion, it was meant to be the paradise for game and fish; but hogs have done much to ruin this beautiful State in this respect. It is not only the so-called Dago element so numerous out here, but gun clubs, with money back of them, and, as one would suppose, education and good sense. These men, as well as others, will fish all day on the banks of some beautiful stream, throwing the fish caught out on the bank to die, the only gratification being in the number pulled out.

Many dynamite fish, killing them by wholesale, little and big, depleting our beautiful lakes all over this region; others, of higher fiber, kill merely for the sake of killing. They have been known to come to town with game in their bags killed out of season, get partly drunk, show their game and brag about getting ahead of Uncle Sam. One reason for this has been the difficulty of getting a game warden appointed who is conscientious.

A well known gun club, it is claimed, has a resort in the Red Rock country. It has had erected there places of abode for its members while hunting and fishing. The aim is to be able to brag of having killed as large a number as possible, and thus obtain the distinction of being the greatest game and fish hog in the lot. One month not long ago, quite a number of these fellows were out there shooting ducks. They killed several thousand. Little ducklings not old enough to keep up with their mothers were mowed down in the most reckless and inhuman fashion, simply to be left on the beach to decay, while the game hog was enabled to add them to the number of ducks killed in one day.

I am glad the L. A. S. has taken up this matter, and that Recreation is bringing about a more healthy state of public opinion. I cannot believe there is any real malice in the matter, but thoughtless men do these things without any idea of their enormity. God made game and fish in plenty for the wants of all. To slaughter wantonly is not only sinful, but an outrage on good sense, humanity, and decency. Professor Elrod, of Missoula, Chief Warden of the Montana Division of the L. A. S., is doing good work, and many of the counties are having game wardens appointed who, it is hoped, will do their duty and arrest members of gun clubs when shooting out of season or when making hogs of themselves.

W. T. Euster, Anaconda, Mont.

BAD BREAK OF AN IMAGE BREAKER.

In looking over a copy of "Brann's Iconoclast," I came on the following production, which may interest those who believe in game and bird protection:

> There has been a good deal of discussion lately over the slaughter of birds used to adorn women's hats. Prevention societies and underfed cranks, with tallowy skins and mutton chop whiskers, have been busy with tongue and pen. A lot of other nuisances, banded under the generic title of "Audubon societies," have been even more protuberant and tiresome. The fact is that no song birds are mounted for women's hats. They went out of style 10 years ago. The birds used for that purpose are almost exclusively wild and domestic ducks, snipe, pigeons, quails and other so-called game birds, which are killed for market and skinned by taxidermists before they reach the table. The crow, which is a notable enemy of the farmer, is used to some extent. The only harmless birds, outside of game birds, whose feathers find their way to women's hats are sea gulls, which do not sing and are of no use to anybody for anything.

The writer of the above evidently possesses the heart of a jackal and the brains of a summer squash. His jaundiced vision allows him to see nothing good and beautiful, the world appearing to him a big blotch of sickly green with a border of dirty yellow. An iconoclast is all right as long as he confines his image breaking to things which ought to be broken; but when he attacks everything and everybody, all nobility of purpose deserts him, and he becomes merely a chronic kicker. It takes a genial, whole souled person to look on the bright side of things and to try to help all good movements along; but any unwashed fool can sit on a beer keg and howl at the existing order of things in general, and at intelligent persons and their works. This particular fool says that song birds are not now used on women's hats, and that they have not been so used for the past 10 years. This is a lamentable display of ignorance, but what more could be expected of a man of his type? He says, moreover, that sea gulls are of no use to anybody for anything. Well, this is news. It has been generally believed that Nature makes but few mistakes. However, it would seem she is not infallible. She certainly slipped a cog when she turned this pessimistic human blunderer on the world; for it does not appear that he was intended to fill any useful place in the plan of creation. But Nature is kind, and when this embittered kicker has sloughed off from the healthy portion of humanity, the grass will grow and the birds will sing over his grave just the same as if a real human creature slumbered beneath them.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

DESERTED BABIES.

A party of 3, consisting of father and 2 sons, were in the habit of making extended trips into the heart of the Adirondack mountains in search of gum, which is found in large quantities on the spruce trees in this section of the State.

One day, a little more than a week ago, these 3 men left their home not far from the base of Mt. Haystack, for a long tramp over the mountain on a gumming tour. It was a slow and tedious climb up the mountain and down over the other side. They had secured a considerable quantity of gum, and were on the point of retracing their tracks for home. The younger of the sons being in advance, had reached a thick clump of trees and underbrush and stepped over 2 or 3 dead logs lying across the trail, when, on turning his head to the right, he met the gaze of a full grown she bear, almost hid from view behind a thick log lying over a deep cut in the rocks. He was within less than 10 feet of her. He had no weapon but a small jack knife.

By that time his father and brother had come up with him. The latter had a 32 caliber revolver. This would be worse than useless, for it would only effect a slight wound, which would add to the bear's fury. The bear uttered a short, low growl and showed her teeth. It was soon seen why she made no threatening move toward them. Just behind her were her 2 cubs.

At a signal from the father the party crept quickly but quietly out of sight of the bear, and the sons were hurriedly sent home for the rifles. That the bear would leave her cubs did not occur to them. Hence it was with the greatest surprise they saw on returning to the stump that the mother was nowhere to be seen. The cubs were left alone. Such a thing had never occurred to the woodsmen before. With the greatest caution they stole up to where the cubs lay and hurriedly snatched them up, expecting every moment the old bear to charge them. But after waiting fully an hour and seeing no trace of her, they turned toward home.

The cubs are believed to have been about a month old. The indiscretion of the mother leads the captors to believe she could not have been more than a year old and those were her first cubs. Being contrary to all previous experiences it is difficult to give any reason for her abandonment of the cubs to undesirable and hostile visitors.

L. F. Kuntsch, Malone, N. Y.

ILLNESS BLAMED TO THE LACEY LAW.

Some recent cases of illness in Pittsburg have been charged to the Lacey law. This act of Congress has diminished the supply of game on the market here. Under it no game can be shipped into a State for sale which could not be killed for market in the State. In Pennsylvania this includes nearly everything in the line of wild fowl or beast. Large supplies were placed by local dealers in cold storage before the federal law became effective. Now several peculiar cases of illness developing among hotel guests and those who have elaborate menus at their homes are being attributed by the sufferers to game which has been in cold storage. Nausea is the particular form which the illness takes. A number of the physicians and others interested in the chemistry and purity of foods have commenced an investigation, and developments are expected which will either cause less to be used, or make the dealers more careful.

Professor Jeremiah Tingley, formerly professor of medical chemistry in the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the head of the science department of the Allegheny schools, said:

"If they have not treated the meat with chemicals, the trouble comes from the simple fact that decomposed food is unhealthy. The lack of care on the part of the men who sell the game is the seat of all this trouble."

Everyone is familiar with the bad effects of decomposed food. An infinite number of changes take place in the process. The chemical process of decomposition begins with a rearrangement of the atoms and ends with a complete oxidation, forming carbon dioxide and other compounds. Taken into the stomach, this unwholesome food could not fail to have ill effects.

Fermentation requires 3 essential conditions, and high temperature being one of them, advantage of it is taken by the use of cold storage to preserve organic matter. Without some attention, after about three days, the process of decomposition sets in, so as to make meats unfit for use as food. While the cold storage process of preservation will intercept this natural action for a comparatively long time, it is thought by the best authorities that there is a limit to its safety and utility. This fact may account for the present trouble with meats of this kind.

This is a new kind of kick against the Lacey law. It reminds me of the old story of the boy who was begging and told the passerby his father was dead, his mother sick, and that they had no bread in the house. The good natured stranger said, "Well, why not eat pie?"

If the refrigerated game does not agree with the Pittsburg epicures, why do they not eat tenderloin steaks or mutton chops or poultry, fresh from the farm? As scientific men have frequently said through Recreation, there is always danger of poison when eating birds that are frozen and laid away with their entrails in them. I wish every man and every woman who eats a frozen bird in the next 5 years might be made as sick as a dog. Then possibly the cold storage men would be compelled to abandon their illicit traffic in game.—Editor.

PUBLIC SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

You ought to get after the game wardens and bring them to time for not enforcing the game laws in this section. Not long ago, an engine on the Bangor and Aroostook road ran down and killed a large bull moose, near Millinocket. The open season had not begun, and the ruthless slaughter of big game by irresponsible engines, in closed season, ought to be discouraged. I understand the game wardens here have offered to co-operate with the railroad, each to furnish 2 officers, equipped with track vehicles, to patrol the track and keep the moose and deer within bounds and away from the railroad stations where they have been making nuisances of themselves. This suggestion appears reasonable, and I trust you will give the scheme your hearty indorsement. Railroad stations are intended for the convenience of the patrons of the road, who help pay the taxes to keep them up, and the big game, with nearly all the Northern part of the State to roam in, should not be allowed to infringe on these privileges. The traveling public have some rights which these creatures should be compelled to respect.

Only a few days since, A. W. Anson, of Boston, who came down here for a few days' rest and recreation, was chased by a big bull moose. He was compelled to take refuge on a trestle bridge, which, fortunately, was near at hand, but which was only reached by severe and painstaking effort, a few yards in advance of his assailant. After some vigorous language by Mr. Anson, the moose was persuaded to withdraw. This is a plain case of conscientious abiding by the law on the part of Mr. Anson, and should meet with your approval. "He restrained himself, and did not try a shot at the rapidly approaching animal." You ought to have a special department for these extraordinary cases of self abnegation, as a set-off against the unfortunately larger class whom you serve up so appetizingly, smoking hot and garnished with fine herbs.

It would be only fair to the defendant in this case, and might offer some explanation of his erratic conduct, to state that Mr. Anson's occupation for years past has been connected with the briny deep; and it may be his mooseship found the salty flavor to his taste, thought he had a good thing, and so pushed it along.

Wm. H. Burr, Grindstone, Me.

THEY WILL BE WATCHED.

The following correspondence shows growing public interest in bird protection:

Mr. G. O. Shields, New York,
Dear Sir:

Will you kindly aid to stop the killing of song birds on Jerome avenue, between Woodlawn and the Empire City race track? A number of people are engaged in this outrage every morning, and kill a great many song birds. The shooting is done just about daybreak.

F. Widder, New York City.

Mr. H. R. Mitchell, Chief Clerk, New York Zoological Park,
Dear Sir:

I hand you herewith a letter from Mr. Widder, which explains itself. Can you not have one of your officers stop this killing if the report is true?

G. O. Shields.

Capt. James McLaughlin, Chief of Police, Yonkers,
Dear Sir:

Complaint has reached me, through Mr. G. O. Shields, President of the League of American Sportsman, that certain parties are engaged in the killing of song birds along Jerome avenue, between Woodlawn and the Empire City race tracks, presumably within the city limits of the city of Yonkers. Such slaughter is, of course, in violation of National and State laws, and I should be glad to know if anything of the kind occurs. It would not seem possible in view of the police service of that district.

H. R. Mitchell,
Chief Clerk
New York Zoological Park.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Mr. H. R. Mitchell, Chief Clerk New York Zoological Park,
Dear Sir:

In reply to yours of the 23d inst., on investigation I learn from residents in the neighborhood mentioned that some parties are shooting birds on Sunday mornings only. I will detail an officer there on Sunday mornings specially instructed to arrest all parties found shooting birds. I will also instruct the officers who cover that neighborhood during the week to be on the lookout.

James McLaughlin, Captain.

A DEER HUNT.

On the first of October, opening day for deer in this State, 3 of us started out for a hunt. Just as it was getting gray in the East, after we had driven a few miles, Bill, who had buck fever, thought he saw a deer by the side of the road; so he got out, stalked his game carefully and shot by the stripe on its back. A little later, Bill had another attack of buck fever which cost the life of another skunk.

On entering a strip of woods we flushed a flock of grouse. Fred went on ahead of the team and shot one of the birds.

Just before we reached our stopping place, and just as we got out of another piece of woods, Bill saw a hawk sailing far over our heads, and he sent after it one of the prettiest shots I ever saw. The hawk came to ground without being damaged much, and he now adorns Bill's den.

Putting the team up at our friend's, we made our way to a pond about a mile distant, where deer had been known to come down to drink. Circling the pond and surrounding woods, we failed to start a deer, so we struck off to the Northwest, over a hill which Fred declared higher than any of the great mountains we read of. However, we got over it after awhile and Fred brought down another grouse.

All being hungry and concluding it was not likely we should see a deer, we returned to our friend's house for dinner. After that, Bill, who was not feeling well, drove the team toward home about 2 miles and put it up at a farmer's, while Fred and I hunted our way down to the same place. From there we all went out to a sugar place for gray squirrels. Fred got one, after a long wait. The boys then cut across lots for home and supper, while I hunted back up the hill and went for the team. On the way up I flushed and shot a grouse. Later, on entering another wood, I brought down another grouse and a gray. Getting my team, I drove toward home. I stopped at Fred's house and found the boys had brought down 2 more grays, making a total of 4 gray squirrels, 4 grouse, 2 skunks and one hawk.

G. F. Locke, Irasburg, Vt.

AND THE LEAGUE DID IT.

Our Legislature has adjourned, after giving us about what we wanted in relation to the fish and game laws. Through the efforts of the sportsmen of the State and the co-operation of one of the best fish and game committees the State ever had, we now have one of the best fish and game laws in the Union.

The sale of quails, woodcock and ruffed grouse is prohibited at all times for the next 2 years. These birds can not be transported within the limits of the State unless accompanied by the owner, and transportation out of the State is prohibited at all times.

No person may kill or have in his possession more than 36 ruffed grouse in one year. The open season for these birds is 60 days—the months of October and November.

The use of ferrets is prohibited absolutely for 4 years. No net, trap, or snare for taking partridges or ruffed grouse or quails shall be set, placed, or used where such birds can be taken.

The shooting of web-footed birds, snipe, rail, and all shore birds, is prohibited between the first day of April and the first day of September. The number of snipe, plover, shore birds, and rail to be killed in one day is limited to 50.

All wild birds other than game birds are protected at all times by a comprehensive law. The State Game Commission is empowered to establish State game preserves wherever they see fit.

Our fish laws are practically unchanged, and the new law which prohibits the placing of sawdust or shavings in any stream inhabited by trout is an excellent one.

This I believe, covers the most important features of the new law, and now if the sportsmen of the State will see that they are enforced, the supply of game and fish should be maintained indefinitely.

F. P. Sherwood, Southport, Conn.

A POOR OUTLOOK IN MISSOURI.

My wife and I spent last October in Dawn, Livingston county, Missouri.

The shooting there, for a legitimate hunter, seems to get poorer each year. Quails were fairly plentiful; but the season being closed, I had to pass them. However, the season makes no difference to the natives in that vicinity. They slaughter any kind of game on sight, and at any time of year. They never heard of a game warden, and but few know there is a game or fish law.

There are a few squirrels left in the timber, but they will soon be gone, as the forest is being rapidly cleared away. I noticed that many fine trees had been cut down and allowed to rot.

Even song birds are becoming scarce in that locality. The natives shoot them at all seasons of the year; for practice, they say. What few are not wantonly killed in that way, have the small boy with his B. B.'s, and the English sparrow to contend with. Rabbits, too, once so abundant, are now hard to find. They are shot, trapped, and even poisoned.

Fishing is likewise on the decline. The natives use spears, drag seines, gill nets, hoop nets, fish traps, and dynamite.

I never before saw so much game on sale as was exhibited in Kansas City last year. There were hundreds of turkeys, quails, prairie chickens, ducks, geese, brant, plover, woodcock, snipe, bear, deer, antelope, raccoons, opossums, squirrels, jack rabbits and cotton tails. I should like to see the sale of game entirely prohibited; also spring shooting. I am in thorough sympathy with your movement on the game hog with which our country is infested.

Geo. H. Sheffer, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.

AN OPINION FROM THE BENCH.

Chambers of Warren W. Foster,
Judge of the Court of General Sessions,
32 Franklin Street., N. Y.
May 22, 1901.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
23 West 24th Street, City.

My dear Sir:—

I thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending me a copy of the Evansville Courier of May 3, containing your lecture, "A Plea for the Song Birds," which I have read with pleasure and profit.

You are doing a great good, and I am entirely in sympathy with you. Until I began to read Recreation the importance of preserving our game and song birds had never occurred to me. I was under the impression our game laws were enacted for the benefit of the few and that no moral wrong was involved in breaking them. You have entirely changed my views. With kind regards,

Yours truly,
Warren W. Foster.

And Judge Foster is the man who issued the second search warrant against the Arctic Freezing Company after Magistrate Brann had called in his warrant and had branded the State Game Protector as a "country yap."

Judge Foster says he arrived at his present views on the subject of game protection by reading Recreation.

So, the Arctic Freezing Company may blame this magazine for a large part of its troubles.—Editor.

LEGISLATIVE HOGS.

I am told that the Wyoming Legislature has recently enacted a law imposing a license fee of $40 on every hunter coming into that State from elsewhere. Guides living outside the State are not permitted to lead hunting parties into it at all. Evidently the intention is to compel hunting parties to employ Wyoming guides. In the face of this statute, competency cuts no figure; residence is everything.

This law will only serve to divert hunters to other grounds, for they will not submit to being fleeced for the benefit of Wyoming guides. Idaho will gather the harvest which Wyoming so greedily grasps for, because her hunting grounds are close by, and, furthermore, are better stocked with game. For 19 years I have hunted over this region, and I am familiar with it.

Jackson's Hole, the famous hunting ground, has been so thronged with hunting parties for several years that the game has been killed off, or driven away. The fugitive deer and elk have either sought the shelter of the National park or have crossed the range into Idaho.

Idaho has been liberal in her treatment of hunters. She imposes no license, and as long as her game laws are respected does not molest sportsmen. The trophies of the chase may all be carried away by the successful sportsmen, the only exaction being that the limit shall not be exceeded nor the close season disregarded.

Let the fraternity, then, come to Idaho. We will treat them white.

E. H. Trafton, Hayden, Idaho.

SOME PENNSYLVANIA CASES.

Thanksgiving Day, William Brindle, John Moist, John Kauffman, William Kauffman, Samuel Stroup, Ira Martin and John H. Ricker were returning from hunting. When they had reached a point along the railroad, above the Allison farm, they saw a dog chasing a deer toward them, and when the animal arrived within reach it was killed. This was reported to the authorities. Joseph Berrier, State Game Warden, made information, and the offenders were given a hearing before Justice Patton, Saturday. It appearing that Brindle, William Kauffman, Martin and Ricker shot at the deer at a time when it was not being chased by a dog, they were discharged. Moist, John Kauffman and Stroup having killed it when it was being chased were fined a total of $100 and costs of prosecution.

James and William Heck were also heard at the same time on a charge of hunting on Sunday, November 25, it being alleged that they had spent that day hunting about Granville. They were each fined $25 and costs.

William Heck was also charged with hunting turkeys with a blind, but was released, as the justice felt a good case had not been made out. —Lewistown, Pa., Gazette.

Several subscribers in Mifflin and Juniata counties, Pennsylvania, sent me copies of the above clipping. They say that while small game is yet abundant in that section, there is a deplorable lack of public sentiment favoring its protection. Members of the Lewistown Gun Club, and other sportsmen as well, have done their utmost to stop illegal hunting, but with little success until recently. In the cases reported, sympathy is expressed for the convicted men, on the ground that they were ignorant of the law. They deserve no consideration on that account. No man should take a gun afield until he has read the game law of his State. I congratulate all concerned in bringing these prosecutions, and trust they may be able to obtain other salutary convictions.—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

Yellow perch and bass on spawning beds. Crows catch fish like a king fisher, with their beak. Fish hawk on other side of lake uses his grappling irons with which nature has supplied him.

Dogs running deer all around here. Curs, not hounds, ran a doe into the lake day before yesterday in front of my log house.

Rattlesnakes scarce. Been hunting them, but have seen none so far. However, secured some rare and beautiful plants which were growing over old snake den.

Dan Beard, Rowlands, Pa.

During my trip I wore my L. A. S. button constantly, and was surprised and delighted to find how many friends the cause and the League has in the West. Met Mr. C. M. Hicklin, General Western Agent Mallory Line, of Denver. He says, "Tell Shields he has converted me to decent methods in regard to the killing of game, and that this is the result of reading Recreation."

The spirit of game preservation seems to be growing in the West. Many loopholes in the laws, however.

Dr. E. B. Guile, Utica, N. Y.

The Lacey bill has already gone into effect in Helena. A man was recently fined $25 for selling prairie chickens, even though they were shipped from Minnesota. We hope our Legislature will pass laws for better protection of game. I recently sent in names of 7 men for membership in the L. A. S. and expect to send more.

B. F. Harris, Park City, Mont.

Will some of your many readers write what the value would be of sowing wild rice in swamps for duck feeding. If not a success, what would be the best substitute? Ducks are numerous here and food scarce; and the desire is to make an ideal duck feeding ground.

G. C. Edwards, Buffalo, Illinois.

Our game wardens are doing good work. It cost a man $40 to shoot a quail in close season. Several others paid less amounts for various offenses. I wish Recreation all the success in the world and shall certainly continue to take it as long as I live.

F. Wagaman, Carrollton, Mo.

I thoroughly appreciate your public condemnation of Gen. Nelson A. Miles. I trust he feels ashamed of himself, as I do for him. The influence of such men goes a long way for or against game protection, and I hope he will join the ranks of the L. A. S.

L. A. S., No. 3619.

We have lots of game hogs here, both white and red. The red are the worst on the moose. They shoot cows and fawns indiscriminately. Chief Joe Ogamahgezic killed 10 caribou and moose last winter.

John S. Moore,
Eagle River, Ont., Can.

I hunt and fish more in season than any man in Southwest Missouri. When I have caught or killed enough game for my own use I quit. I learned to do this from reading Recreation. Thank you for the education.

J. W. S., Carthage, Mo.

This is a popular summer resort. Many people from Dakota come here. We have a fine lake, plenty of boats, etc. In season big game is plentiful. Some fine catches of fish are made.

John Sullivan, Bemidji, Minn.

I have been a reader of your magazine 2 years and it is the best I have ever read. It has undoubtedly accomplished more good than all other magazines combined.

J. C. Kunkle, Apollo, Pa.

Keep up your raid on the game hogs. You will win the battle.

J. C. Kunkle, Apollo, Pa.

To quit when you get enough, with good shots still coming, is the test of true sportsmanship.

A yearly subscription to Recreation is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black, June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs sand worms clams. Tide and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and time: Daytime; not affected by tides.

AQUATIC RESOURCES OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

In compliance with a resolution of Congress, Hon. George M. Bowers, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has sent an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands to make a comprehensive study of the fishes and other aquatic resources of those islands. The investigations will be under the immediate direction of Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, and Dr. Barton W. Evermann, the Ichthyologist of the Commission, who will have the assistance of a number of experts.

It is the intention to make the investigations sufficiently comprehensive to enable the Commission to publish an exhaustive report on the subject. The investigations during the present summer will be by shore parties and will pertain chiefly to the following lines:

1. A thorough qualitative and quantitative study of the commercial and shore fishes, mollusks, crustaceans and other aquatic animals and plants. Attention will be given to the actual and relative food values and commercial importance of the different species, their migrations, spawning time and place, food, feeding habits, enemies, maximum and average size, and other important facts in their life histories.

2. The methods, extent and history of the fisheries, the kinds of apparatus used, the manner of using each and the species taken in each; the manner of caring for and disposing of the catch; the statistics of the fisheries, value of each kind of apparatus; number and nationality of people engaged in fishing; quantity and value of each species caught, and prices paid the fishermen, also the wholesale and retail prices; and changes in the methods of the fisheries since the coming of Americans, Europeans and Asiatics to the islands will be investigated.

3. The development of proper and just fishery laws will receive special consideration; the history of fishery legislation, including the system of tabu, and the present laws and methods with reference to each species covered by any law, special or general, and the possibility of trade in fishery products with the United States. Improvement in the methods of the fisheries, and the methods of handling and marketing the fish will receive careful consideration. Attention will also be given to the possibility of fish cultural operations with reference to such species as may be in danger of extinction or serious diminution.

Doctors Jordan and Evermann sailed for Honolulu May 29 and will remain until September, when they will return to America and submit a preliminary report to Commissioner Bowers. Subsequently they will return to Honolulu with the Albatross and make a study of the deep water fauna of the islands.

The other members of the present expedition will be Dr. O. P. Jenkins, of Stanford University, Messrs. E. L. Goldsborough and John N. Cobb, of the United States Fish Commission, Mr. A. H. Baldwin and Capt. C. B. Hudson, who will paint in life colors the more important food fishes of the islands, and Mr. W. H. Ashmead, of the U. S. National Museum, who goes to study the insects of the islands. Capt. Hudson and Mr. Baldwin are the artists who made the accurate and beautiful colored drawings reproduced in Dr. Evermann's recent book on the Fishes and Fisheries of Porto Rico, of which Congress ordered the printing of an extra edition of 7,500 copies. It is expected that the Hawaiian report will be even more handsomely illustrated than is the report on Porto Rican fishes.

A BLACK BASS POND.

Hickman, Ky.

Editor Recreation:

I have recently constructed a fish pond by building a dam near the head of a ravine. The deepest water is 24 feet; length of pond, 430 feet; average width, 150 feet; capacity, 4,000,000 gallons. The only source of water supply at present is rain. The pond has a watershed to feed it of about 6 acres, all covered with bluegrass sod. I am preparing to put in a deep well, say 400 feet, from which I am sure of pumping, say, 24,000 gallons of water a day. If possible, will make it an artesian well. In order to obtain breeding pools, I dug out at the upper end a space 25 x 75 feet, where the water is only 2 feet deep. I purpose to wall up the banks 5 to 8 feet above water, with rock, and arrange for the pumped water to run in at upper end over this rock wall. I am dividing this upper pool into 2 equal parts by a stone wall across midway. It will be arranged so I can drive the fish from one pool to the other, and from the pools into main body of pond, or keep separate lots of fish in each pool. I have put a lot of big mouth black bass, croppies and goggle eyes into the main pond. There are already a large number of sun perch and minnows in the pools.

The pond has a clay bottom. Can I successfully breed mountain and rainbow trout in such a pond? It is well protected from wash and is clear. I am near Reelfoot lake which is a black bass resort. I find in it a great deal of moss, which the fish seem fond of. I have transferred some of this moss to the main body of the pond. I shall also plant a number of water lilies. Should I plant any water lilies and moss in the breeding pools? I also want to plant in the upper pool a lot of *nelumbiums,* American and Egyptian lotus. I have put in a stone wall across the pool to keep these latter from spreading beyond the limit of that upper pool. I will be thankful for any suggestions you may make, especially as to any good variety of game fish you might advise for such a pond. The pond is wholly for the pleasure of myself and friends; not for profit.

H. A. Tyler.

ANSWER.

It will be useless to attempt to raise any species of trout in the waters of Western Kentucky. The trout are all lovers of cold water, and would not do well in any of the streams of Kentucky, except possibly in some of the small mountain streams in the Eastern part of the State. It is not worth while to put any trout in a stream or lake whose maximum temperature exceeds 55 or 60 degrees. The water in your pond will probably run up to 80 degrees, or more in dogdays, and that would kill the toughest of trout. Moreover, you should not put trout in the same stream or pond with black bass, for the trout would not last long. Your pond is best suited to large mouth black bass, crappies and sun fishes, and it will be best to give attention to those species. You should not place many, if any, plants in the breeding pools. Have the pools 3 or 4 feet deep, with clean sand and gravel bottom, and not too openly exposed to the sun.—Editor.

WHAT ARE GAME FISHES?

In a case where parties were arrested for violating the laws in regard to the taking of game fishes under the old law which prohibited the seizing of game fishes, and presumably allowed others to be taken, the defendants put up the defense that channel catfish were not game fish, and did not come under provisions of the law.

Referring to me for a decision, I declared that channel cat are among the gamiest of our fishes, taking live bait and putting up as good a fight as a bass or any other game fish. The parties are now asking for authorities, and if your attorney can quote some State, supreme or national court decisions in this matter, it will help us win the case.

A. J. Applegate, Wichita, Kan.
Sec'y Kans. Div. L. A. S.

I referred Mr. Applegate's letter to the Hon. John S. Wise, who writes:

I can find no rulings of State courts defining what are game fishes, and even if I could find the rulings of one State on what are game fishes in that State, they would not be conclusive or even persuasive as to what are game fishes in another State. It often happens that a fish which is regarded as a game fish in one locality is differently regarded in another.

For example: The sea bass here in New York is a fine fish and doubtless regarded as a game fish. In the waters of the Chesapeake it is the veriest trash and is called a Black Will. Again, here in New York the Lafayette is a trash fish. It is only caught by little boys and is seldom more than a finger in length. In the waters of the Chesapeake it grows as large as 8 or 10 inches in length, is known as the spot, and is unquestionably one of our best fishes. There is no fixed definition by which a fish can be known as a game or a trash fish. It is a loose term in the statute; but of one thing I am confident, to wit, that a channel cat in the fresh waters of Kansas is perhaps the gamiest in those waters. It is not only a good fighter, but a delicious food fish. If any rulings have been made as to what constitute game fishes the place to look for such rulings is in the decisions of some of the Mississippi river States.

Jno. S. Wise,
20 Broad St., New York.

PRESERVING THE FISHES OF THE GREAT LAKES.

I am much surprised that some of the sportsmen who are so fond of rod fishing have not had something to say in RECREATION in regard to the protection of fish in the great lakes. It surely becomes us all to look after the fish food supply. It is of more importance than the game, as the poorest person can afford to buy a good meal of fish but can not afford quails or grouse. I have been warden for Lake Erie 10 years, and every year the supply is decreasing. Fishermen are not making a dollar, but, on the contrary, are losing money. Something must be done to protect the small fishes in the lakes. Pike, perch, herring and white bass are not protected. They should be, as tons are caught and thrown away every year. This is decidedly wrong. The day is coming when we shall be glad to have them. We should have at least 3 hatcheries on Lake Erie. The United States hatchery at Put-in-Bay has done wonderful good. If they had not restocked the lake with whitefish we should not to-day have the supply we have. Herring should be propagated, as they are the most staple fish that are caught in the great lakes. Hundreds of tons of small pike are being destroyed in Lake Erie every year. To me it looks like a sin that such a thing should be tolerated by the people. The laws of Ohio are bad this year as regards the protection of the small fishes of Lake Erie.

Do not think I am not interested in the protection of birds and game. No man likes a dog and a gun better than I do. No one is more anxious to prosecute any violation of the laws for the protection of birds, fish and game than I am; but my reason for taking the stand I do in this matter is that something must be done or the supply of fish will not be half enough for the people. Cut off the fish food supply and what would be the price of meat? The poor could not pay the price. The workingman's wife is the one who buys fish in the markets. Let every one of us see if we can not do something for the protection of birds, fish and game. Let us all aid in having some good laws passed that will be a credit to all true Americans.

A. W. Hitch, Cleveland, Ohio.

SPEARING FISH IN FLORIDA.

A small party of us were spending the winter on the West coast of Florida. We bought a trim, swift sailing sharpie, equipped her with bedding, cooking paraphernalia, etc., and made short trips aboard her, cruising for days at a time along the coast and up the rivers in the vicinity, stopping at will to hunt or fish.

On one of these short excursions we sailed up the Myakka river and anchored for the night near a deserted landing. As darkness came on one of the party proposed going out to spear fish. A lantern was securely fastened to the bow of a small row boat, or dinghy, and in a few moments 3 of us were gliding over the water toward a low island, along the shore of which the luxuriant growth of grasses and reeds, intermingled with low, spreading mangrove trees, formed a dense thicket. One of my companions stood near the prow of the boat, spear in hand, watching the water, and the other, standing slightly to the rear, rowed noiselessly.

As the boat neared the shore of the island a number of fish, frightened by the unexpected light, began a wild rush for deep water, jumping 3 feet or more out of the water in their frantic efforts to escape us. Some jumped entirely over the boat, and some fell in and floundered around our feet in a vain endeavor to return to their natural element. Fore and aft we could hear them splashing about in the water. Occasionally the spearman vigorously thrust his weapon into the water. Only once, however, did he succeed in landing a fish. It was a garpike and quite useless.

Returning to the sharpie we found 9 fair sized jumping mullets, or ladyfish, in the bottom of the boat. They had fallen in and had been unable to jump out, probably being stunned by their fall.

M. A. Bond, Kinsley, Kan.

GAMIER THAN TROUT.

The relative game qualities of the brook trout and the black bass are still subjects of interesting, warm, and possibly hot, arguments between many good anglers.

For years, with tongue and pen, I maintained that the trout was champion among fresh-water finny fighters.

I desire to withdraw my affidavit, chew the cud, take water and confess my error.

It has been my good fortune to lift

whole heaps of trout in various quarters and from many waters of this beautiful world, but my experience with black bass in swift waters during the last 4 years fills me full of the belief that he is the greatest game fish that swims.

Given a 5-ounce rod, a good fly and a riff on the upper Delaware, a 2 pound bass will outfight, outskirmish, outgeneral any fish of his inches that ploughs any old kind of water.

When it comes to original devices and ingenious tricks to mystify and fool the angler, the black bass can give cards and spades to the most expert conjurer, and beat him out, hands down.

As a strategist, he is *E pluribus unum* first, last and all the time.

From an eye point of view, the brook trout is alone in its class, and to me, next to my wife, is the most beautiful living thing.

And you will please make note that a one pound bass, newly rescued, broiled, then frosted in melted sweet butter, flavored lightly with a sprig of tarragon, adds another joy to life, and a mighty hard one to equal.

Kit Clarke.

A LIVELY BOARDER.

A dozen of us were camping recently along the Perkiomer river. One evening we went down the river in our flat bottomed boat after frogs. We had a lantern and clubs to knock the frogs out. After getting about a dozen good sized ones we turned our boat and were within 50 yards of camp when we heard an old fellow with his "r-u-u-m-p, r-u-u-m-p, r-u-u-m-p," in a deep bass. We made our way cautiously over a lot of spatterdocks in a corner where the water had backed in, when splash went something beside the boat, giving us a shower bath, and through the air for a second we had a glimpse of a shining fish. Then it fell with a heavy thump in the bottom of our boat. Eight hands made a dive for it. In the confusion our lantern went out and there were 4 most excited fellows groping in the dark. We scrambled over one another and that fish wiggled and flopped fully 2 minutes, working loose every time we thought we had him. Finally one of us got his finger through the fish's gills, another planted 2 feet on him and 2 pairs of hands hugged his body. We all wanted to be in at the finish. No more frog hunting that night. We put our anchor rope through the fish's gills, thinking nothing too strong to hold him after our tussle with him, and towed him in to camp. Next morning we weighed him and he pulled just 5½ pounds.

W. F. Hartenstine, Morristown, N. J.

NIBBLES.

Harrisville, Mich.—H. M. Long, a local editor, says of a day's trout fishing trip:

Tom Clarke, Ed. Pierce and I went to Sucker creek, some 20 miles back of Harrisville, for trout. We caught 162 in all.—Detroit Tribune.

I wrote Mr. Clarke, asking if the report was true and he replied as follows:

That article in the Tribune, of Detroit, was from the pen of a space writer, and while true in the main was not the whole truth. On our trip 5 men did catch 162 trout in a few hours' fishing. When we reached camp the smallest fish measured a little over 8 inches. All smaller ones, 84 in number, had been returned alive when caught. One man told me last summer I was the first man he had ever seen return a trout on account of size.

Thos. P. Clarke, Flint, Mich.

In that case you are all right. I wish all men who go fishing would practice as much self-restraint as you and you friends did.—Editor.

At the annual meeting of the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, at Stowe, Vt., the old board of officers was re-elected. The meeting was attended by about 50 members from Stowe, St. Johnsbury, Waterbury, Burlington and Montpelier, Vt. It was voted to call in amount due on the stock. These shares have a par value of $50, of which one-half is paid in. The club is to erect a clubhouse, to be ready by the time the next meeting will be held. This clubhouse will have about 20 rooms. One of the best trout dinners ever eaten by the members was served, and all the members are loud in their praise of the meeting. Previous to the dinner the members rowed about in their boats and enjoyed the beauty of the lakes.

Robt. Bourne, Burlington, Vt.

It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours, in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches, these fish lose their distinctive day colors, and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge which gradually melts into blue. These changes have become so habitual that specimens of prawns kept in perpetual light or perpetual darkness nevertheless undergo the periodic alteration of color.—Exchange.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can keep on shooting all day, but it takes a gentleman to quit when he gets enough.

MORE MARLIN HISTORY.

Manchester, N. H.

Editor RECREATION:

In the fall of 1899 I ordered through J. B. Varick Company, of this city, a 40-82 Marlin rifle to be built with special drop and several other special features, each of which carried with it an extra price. You can imagine my surprise when the rifle came to hand only a few days before I was to start for Nova Scotia on a hunting trip, and I found that on firing a few sighting shots the cartridges would not feed from the magazine into the chamber without clogging. I watched the action and found it would let a second cartridge into the receiver before the first was loaded. The next trouble I found was that the lever could not be operated to its full extent, and on dismounting the rifle I found an exploded primer in the pocket under the carrier. I then looked over my empty shells to see if it had come from any of them, and found several primers out of their pockets in the shells and others that were nearly out. As my recollection serves me now, there were 2 shells with the primers tight and flattened tightly into the pocket. I put the rifle together again and finished adjusting my sights for hunting distances, watching each extracted shell to see if I must hunt the primer also.

On returning to my office, I measured the depths of the chamber and throw of breech bolt. I concluded the latter did not back up the cartridge and hold it in the chamber during time of discharge. In a letter to the Marlin Fire Arms Company, I mentioned the several troubles I found on trying the rifle, and they said that if such troubles were anything they were to blame for they would put the rifle in perfect order on its return to their factory. As I wished to take the rifle to Nova Scotia with me at some future time, I sent it to the factory after I returned from my trip, with full explanation of my experience with it.

After some weeks the rifle was returned to me, express charges collect, but without any remark as to the troubles I had complained of.

When getting ready for my hunting trip last fall, I went out to see if my sights were all right and on shooting found the primers would drop out of the shells just the same. I again wrote the Marlin Company, stating this fact. They wrote me a long letter, saying I was probably using smokeless powder which gave high pressure and that if I would get some cartridges of an entirely different make, loaded with black powder, I would have no more trouble.

Surely, this was good advice from a firm advertising that they use smokeless steel barrels!

They also said, "In the very best makes shells vary in thickness of the head quite a good deal. We have also found in our experience that many times the best makers will put out a batch of cartridges in which the heads are considerably thicker than the maximum thickness, and then you will be stuck, as you will be unable to close your rifle at all.

"Our experience teaches us that in closing the breech bolt it is desirable to leave that point as wide as possible, but if you will state just how tightly you want the rifle to breech up we will do it for you."

I measured the space between the breech bolt and the head of the shell and found I could put a piece of copper which measured over .032 of an inch on the head of the shell and close the bolt all right, but I did not know at that time just how much the cartridge heads varied. I wrote the Marlin Company to breech the rifle in at least 1-50 of an inch, which would be .020 of an inch, and sent the rifle to them again. When it came back I could not discover that the breech bolt would close up any tighter than before, although a letter from them stated that it had been breeched up as close as possible and that it handled the shells properly.

I hunted in Maine last October and November with this rifle, and was obliged to watch the extracted shells to be sure the primers were not in the receiver before loading again, in order to be satisfied that it would not get jammed at the next loading. At one time, after hunting moose nearly all day, in walking to the home camp we flushed some grouse, and I shot one. I picked it up without reloading. Returning to the trail I saw another bird, drew up my rifle and snapped the hammer. Then I remembered I had not reloaded, and was surprised at the results. I could not extract the shell with the lever, but was obliged to get out a metal wiping rod and drive the shell back to the breech bolt while forcing the lever down. This cartridge had evidently set back to the breech bolt when it discharged and expanded to the enlarged position in the chamber. When the firing pin struck it the second time it drove the cartridge up into the chamber away from the bolt, and the expansion was enough to wedge it fast to the chamber, showing up a new danger in a rifle not properly breeched up to the cartridge.

I then wrote one of the prominent cartridge companies, stating the trouble I found in shooting this rifle, and asked if the trouble could be with the cartridges. They answered that they were testing the same cartridges through the Winchester rifles and never had seen a case of the primers setting back or dropping out, and would be glad to make a test of cartridges in my Marlin rifle if I would loan it to them for the purpose.

I shipped the rifle to them to test. They reported that several cartridges of different makes had been fired from my rifle and that the primers set back as I described, while cartridges of the same makes fired from a Winchester rifle did not set the primers back; that the minimum thickness of 40/82 shell is .065 of an inch and the maximum thickness .070 of an inch, being .005 of an inch difference.

To measure the breeching up of my Marlin rifle they "Soldered .024 of an inch thickness of metal on a maximum thickness shell head before the action of the rifle closed on the cartridge giving proper support."

Since these tests were made it has been ascertained that the Winchester Repeating Arms Company makes no allowance, but breeches up close to the maximum thickness of the cartridge head in their rifles, while it will be noted from above that the Marlin Company wrote: "The rifle was breeched up as tight as possible," while leaving over .024 of an inch space over a maximum shell head; in fact, a thickness of metal over .030 of an inch could be placed over a standard maximum shell head and close the breech with ease.

I therefore had the rifle sent to the Marlin Company a third time to see if they could make this rifle handle the cartridges it was made for in a suitable manner and without risk of their jamming so it would be impossible for a man to protect his life with it in case of danger.

My experience with this Marlin rifle and its manufacturers has entirely broken my faith in its reliability. I do not as yet know the outcome of my third attempt to have the makers properly adjust this rifle.

A. B. Dodge.

CONDEMN PETERS.

Binghamton, N. Y., May 2, 1901.
Mr. J. H. McKibben, Sec'y,
Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—As a user of Peters 22 caliber cartridge and King's semi-smokeless powder, I wish to add my mite to the flood of criticism which your action in withdrawing ad from RECREATION will call forth. The unsatisfactory experience of one person with any article of merit counts little against the many favorable ones, such as your goods have had recorded in RECREATION. I think the editor's reply to you is to the point. It was RECREATION that first caused me to use your goods.

To cite another instance: I had never seen a Savage rifle, nor will our local dealers carry a sample in stock. All my knowledge of same had been derived from RECREATION. I was undecided whether to buy 2 Stevens rifles, viz., models 40 and 45, or a Savage; but the disappearance from RECREATION of Stevens' ad settled the matter and I bought a Savage, which I shall take pains to show prospective buyers, as I think it as near perfection as has yet been attained. I had to order direct from factory. Hoping you may reconsider the matter, and that we may again see Peters cartridges advertised in our favorite magazine, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
Chas. O'Byrne, City Hospital.

Eureka Springs, Ark., April 29, 1901.
Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I was sorry to see in May RECREATION a copy of your letter cancelling your advertisement on account of Radcliff's letter. I read his letter in the April number and was so struck with its injustice that I made up my mind to write RECREATION about it unless someone else did so. Do you not think you are making a mistake? I do not blame you for getting warm under the collar, for who would not? RECREATION has a great many friends. They read it largely for information and they like its independence. Do you think they would value its advice if they thought it was controlled by its advertisers? I should think you would have much to gain from free discussion. I have used a great deal of your ammunition with excellent results, but until I hear you have reconsidered your action toward RECREATION I do not intend to use any more of it, for I think your position is an injury to every sportsman reading RECREATION. I hope you will look at the other side of this question and give your friends a chance.

Yours very truly,
John T. Bailey.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 4, 1901.
Mr. G. O. Shields,

My dear Sir:—In looking over the May number of RECREATION I find that the Peters Cartridge Co. has attempted to take a fall out of you. In my opinion that firm is on a par with their shot gun ammunition, which is inferior to the Winchester and U. M. C.

Last fall several of us used a case of Peters black powder cartridges at the trap because we could get no others. We had 20 to 25 per cent. misfires; whereas out of 4 cases of Winchester shells, with the same guns, we did not have one per cent of misfires. To my mind this experience alone condemns Peters shells, though there are many other things to be said against them. Small dealers, as a rule, recommend this shell for the reason that their profits are greater than from standard makes. A Winchester gun and Winchester factory loaded shells are, I believe, the best combination a man can strike.

I hope the readers of RECREATION will in turn take a fall out of the Peters Cartridge Co. for their conduct toward you.

John J. Bower, L. A. S. No. 4639.

REMINGTON SPORTING RIFLES.

I note Mr. Nelson's praise of the Remington rifles, and I fully agree with him. The Remington is a splendid weapon, and I am sorry it does not receive more attention in RECREATION. But Mr. Nelson must remember that the Remington Arms Co. has always made a specialty of military rather than sporting rifles. How well it has succeeded in its line is shown by the fact that its Flying Lock Single Shot Military Rifle has been more extensively used by the armies of the world than any other breech loader, about 2,000,000 having been sold. It was adopted by the governments of South America, Central America, Mexico, Spain and by almost all the semi-savage tribes of Asia and Africa.

The large caliber Remington-Lee magazine rifle was the pioneer of box magazine and multiple loading arms, and was adopted by the navies of the United States and Great Britain, and by the army and navy of China and other countries. With a few changes in detail, the Remington-Lee, adapted to modern small bore cartridges, is now the service arm of England under the names Lee-Metford and Lee-Speed. Its system has been copied, but not equalled, in all the best military arms of to-day—the Mannlicher, Mauser, Daltean and others. The bolt action Remington tube magazine rifle was the best and simplest of the Lebel, Murat and Kropatschek type in use respectively by the armies of France, Japan and Portugal. All Remington sporting rifles except the No. 3 (Hepburn) are fitted with the same actions as their various army rifles.

For any purpose to which modern small bore arms are adapted, the Remington-Lee is, in my opinion, the best of all. It can be had for No. 6 m. m., 7 m. m., 30 U. S. A. and 7.65 m. m. cartridges in the military model with 29 inch barrel, weighing 8½ pounds; and in the sporting model for all the above mentioned and in addition the 30-30 cartridge, with 24-26 (standard) or 28 inch barrel, weighing about 6¾ pounds. The lightest 30 rifle of any other make with 26 inch barrel is the Blake, which weighs 7½ to 8 pounds. The 6 m. m. Lee-Winchester weighs 7½ and the 30-30 extra sight model '94 Winchester with 26 inch barrel weighs 7 pounds; so the Remington-Lee is lighter than any other 30 or 6 m. m rifle; quite an advantage on a long tramp. Its military record is all the recommendation as to strength, simplicity, rapidity of fire and accuracy that any arm needs.

The No. 5 single shot high power rifle has the same action as the flying lock military and is inferior to no gun of its class, though I prefer Winchester S. S. Nos. 1½, 2 and 4. All have the same action as the No. 5, but are made only for small or medium sized rim and central fire cartridges. I do not see why they should not be as popular as the Stevens; they are without doubt as good as that arm. The No. 3, or Hepburn, has been a leader for long range target shooting until recently, when the modern small bore took the supremacy away from such cartridges as the 40-90, 44-77, 44-90, 45-100 and 45-120-550 for that purpose.

Mr. Nelson says the Remington Arms Co. neglects the æsthetic in the appearance of their product. There I differ from him, for I know of no more beautifully shaped and better finished weapon than the No. 5 Remington rifle.

Jack Pattern, Jersey City, N. J.

WHICH IS BEST?

Will you kindly inform me how the 38-72 Winchester Smokeless, model '95, compares as a game gun, in killing power, with the 30-40 or the Savage 303?

Vindex, Pittsburg, Pa.

I referred this question to the Winchester Arms Company and append its reply:

We are in receipt of your letter of the 14th concerning the relative killing powers of the 30-40 and the 38-72 cartridges, used in our model '95 rifle. We consider the 30-40 cartridge far superior to the 38-72. At short range the shocking power of the 38-72 compares favorably with that of the 30 Government, owing to its having a heavier bullet, but as the distance increases its effectiveness diminishes, and while it is an effective cartridge at the ordinary ranges at which large game is killed, we consider the 30-40 much superior, say from 25 yards up.

One of our good friends who has recently been experimenting tells us that while the larger cartridge seems to have tremendous shocking power at close range, the 30-40 gives better penetration and makes a larger wound, and we believe for all round use the 30-40 is far superior. The velocity of the 30-40 cartridge is 1,960 feet a second, against 1,443 feet for the 38-72 cartridge, and the penetration of the 30-40 cartridges at 15 feet from muzzle, in pine boards, is twice as great as that of the 38-72.

I also submitted this question to Mr. A. L. A. Hummelwright, one of the best authorities in this country on rifles, and here is his answer:

On account of the great difference in the velocity of the bullets, it is almost impossible to compare the killing power of the 38-72 Winchester with that of the 30-40 U. S. army cartridge.

In the 30-40 charge the high velocity of the bullet, compared with the soft nose principle, makes this a very effective charge. When it strikes the right kind of resistance the bullet has almost an explosive effect. This is not obtained in the charges having a lower velocity, and for this reason the 38-72 can not be compared in an intelligent way with the 30-40.

It is doubtful if anyone has had an opportunity to compare the 2 charges in an actual trial on game. In the absence of such data the only way to compare the 38-72 charge with any other is to consider its ballistic properties. The velocity and the trajectory of the 38-72 are almost identical with that of the 45-90, a cartridge with which most hunters are familiar. The 38-72 has a little more penetration, and the 45-90 has, on account of the larger bore, a larger striking surface. In my opinion the 38-72 has not quite the same killing power and general efficiency, as a game gun, as the 45-90, and is perhaps a little more effective than the 40-82. The muzzle energy of the 45-90 is greater than that of the 38-72, the 2 energies being 1,585 and 1,270 foot pounds, respectively. This would indicate that the striking power or the effect of the charge on game would be slightly in favor of the 45-90, the velocities being the same.

PHILLIPINO GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Thinking readers of the "guns and ammunition department" will be interested to learn that their brown brothers over the water are rapidly qualifying as gun cracks. I will describe a few examples of reloaded ammunition I saw in the the Philippines.

A captured reloading outfit for Mauser cartridges consisted of the following: A machine for grinding the outside of the shell before reloading, which, of course, produced the same result as our method of resizing; an assortment of common plug de-cappers; an ordinary lever wire cutter; and a large supply of apparently pure copper wire of practically 7 inch diameter. The old shell was ground, de and recapped and charged with powder. A bullet cut from copper wire was inserted and the end filed to a rough point. I have seen Mauser cartridges reloaded with soft lead bullets evidently hammered into shape.

The natives utilize our 30-40 ammunition in this way. The shell is cut in 2 about an inch from the base, filed a little where it tapers up to the head, reprimed if necessary and reloaded with a short 44 caliber bullet set flush with the outside of the shell. The cartridge so made is used in a German revolver, of which the natives have a supply. Factory cartridges for that weapon were marked 44 Eley.

I have seen belts filled with 43 caliber cartridges for Spanish Remingtons. Among them were numbers of 45-70 cartridges of U. M. C., Winchester and Government make that were sized to 43 caliber by splitting the shell down from the mouth about 1½ inches, lopping it a little, and hammering down and reinserting the old bullet.

It is surprising to note the assortment of guns in use among the natives. Among captured arms I have seen the following: German and French Mausers, Remingtons, Krag-Jorgensens, Springfields, Muratas, Peabody-Martinis, Sharps and many others I could not identify. Among one lot were 3 44-40, '73 model Winchesters. I once saw taken from a native a pearl handled American revolver, 32 caliber, which had a ring in the bottom of the handle and an inscription in Spanish engraved on one side.

Since using the Krag-Jorgensen I am a convert to the small bore rifle. Since hiking day after day in the hot sun with that same 9½-pound gun on my shoulder. I am a convert to the light weight rifle for a hunting arm. I use a 30-31, '94 model Winchester, 26-inch barrel that weighs 6¼ pounds. I have shot it alternately with a 30-30 weighing 7¾ pounds. With the regular smokeless cartridge the difference in recoil in the 2 guns is hardly perceptible.

I have read RECREATION regularly nearly 4 years. While in the Philippines the boys always got it in Manila, when any of them chanced to be sent there on special duty from the line. After reading it we used to wonder why the War Department did not organize a few regiments of game hogs and discharge the volunteer army. C. W. L., Springfield, Vt.

THE SAVAGE IN CEYLON.

I recently made a hunting trip with a friend, and one evening between 4 and 6 o'clock, camping in a jungle, with some open country near, we killed a spotted buck, a doe and 2 buffaloes.

How any one in his senses would advocate any 303 as a weapon for use on an animal of such strength and vitality as the Indian and Ceylon buffalo I can not understand; but we came on them suddenly and could not resist the temptation to shoot. At 60 yards my friend plugged his buffalo in the point of the shoulder, broadside on, with a soft nosed bullet, and dropped it in its tracks. Both shoulders were broken.

At the shot, out rushed 5 or 6 cows. One huge beast, with an enormous spread of horns stopped, snorting and grunting over the fallen animal. This was too much for me so I let drive, at about 90 yards, and broke its left shoulder. It ran off about 20 yards, turned and bellowed; so I gave it 2 more. Then it ran off to the jungle. I followed and found it down, but it got up again. I gave it another and dropped it. It was not dead, so I went in front and sent a ball through its brain. A marvelous proof of the power of the weapon, but a risky performance, not to be recommended.

In 2 short trips, aggregating about 10 days' shooting, I have killed with the Savage, 6 spotted deer, including 4 good stags; one buffalo, one small red buck, and 2 wild boars.

I have been long in search of an ideal rifle and believe I have now found it. The lightness, balance, accuracy and perfect trigger pull of the Savage render it, to my mind, a perfect sporting weapon. Fitted with back foresight, middle leaf sight, for checking purposes, and combination rear aperture sight, it is the weapon for a jungle country like Ceylon. All the men I know here who are using the Savage have lengthened the stocks about 1½ inches by a butt piece.

A. V. Storey, Island of Ceylon.

THE MAUSER RIFLE.

In April Recreation I notice a warning by Harry D. Fogg, Providence, R. I., not to try Mauser rifles. Having been employed in Germany making those guns I know what a Mauser rifle is. It is a splendid weapon, but must not be judged by wrecks of guns that are sold here as trophies from the Spanish-American war. I can tell Mr. Fogg, if he cares to know, where to get a genuine Mauser. He will have to pay a good price, $30 at least, but the gun will be worth the money. Those $10 Mausers are not worth $2, except for the materials they are made of. For sporting purposes I should prefer the Savage every time, yet I know that so far as safety, accuracy, balance and high power are concerned, the Mauser is second to none. The Mauser people have adapted their latest rifle to the Mannlicher .315 cartridge, the best high velocity cartridge ever made on the other side. It certainly equals our 30-40 and excels the English .303 by far. For military purposes the Mauser is generally classed among the best, to say the least. It has been greatly improved since the late war.

Fred'k J. Grube, Wilmington, Del.

30-40 AND .303 AHEAD

Will you kindly inform me how the 38-72 Winchester Smokeless, model '95, compares as a game gun, in killing power, with the 30-40 or the Savage 303.

Vindex, Pittsburg, Pa.

ANSWER.

In accuracy, at medium ranges, the 30-40, 303 Savage and the 38-72 Winchester are not far apart. The 2 former, however, have somewhat the best of the argument. At extreme ranges the 30-40 is markedly superior. The 38-72 Winchester smokeless is loaded with a low pressure nitro powder, and consequently is superior to the ordinary black load in cleanliness, lack of recoil and noise, and a slight increase in velocity, with consequent flatter trajectory. The 30-40 and .303 Savage have much greater velocity than the 38-72 Winchester, about 25 per cent, approximately; much flatter trajectory, and by far the greater shocking power. Either of the high pressure loads will, with soft point bullets, kill cleaner and quicker than the 38-72.—Editor.

SMALL SHOT.

Most sportsmen make a mistake in cleaning their guns as they do. Factories recommend water, but water if not wiped dry will rust; good oil will not. Oil answers all purposes. Those using high power 25 and 30 caliber rifles should make frequent use of a field cleaner with a well oiled cloth. It helps the metal jacket to follow the rifling. If plenty of oil is used in the chamber you will have no trouble with sticking shells. In reloading size your shells and then examine them closely for cracks; you can feel those you cannot see. Another good plan is to wipe all loaded shells with an oily cloth. A bottle of vaseline to one-fourth that quantity of the best oil is a good lubricant and is heavy enough not to run. My Savage, after hard use with both full and miniature loads over a year, is as bright as new, and my shot gun, with 5 years' hard use and the above treatment, has not a spot on it.

W. R. Duerr, Clinton, Mo.

Will some readers tell me how the U. M. C. 32-40-150 smokeless cartridge, with a 150 grain, metal patched, hollow, soft point bullet, compares with the 25-35 and the 25-36-117 smokeless cartridges with soft point bullets, in killing power, say on deer and similar game? Is the first mentioned cartridge more accurate than the other two?

Why don't some of the manufacturers make box magazine rifles for these cartridges? When soft nosed cartridges are passed through a tubular magazine they come out unfit for accurate shooting, the soft lead being jammed back all out of shape. A box magazine rifle for these cartridges should not weigh over 7¼ pounds. Let us hear from others on this subject.

Canadian, Dunkirk, Ont.

I would say to Nimrod, Indian Head, N. W. T., that my experience with different length barrels has been large. Have used 36, 32, 30 and am now using 28 inch barrels. I never had a closer shooting gun than my little 28 inch, Baker hammerless, weight 7 pounds. I would say to A. R. Brown, Boston, Mass., that the shooting qualities of the Batavia gun are all right, as are the others he mentions; but the safeties on them all are a delusion. The Batavia is made by the Baker Gun and Forging Co., at Batavia, N. Y. It is cheaper than the Baker and has a safety which, like those on many other guns, may be jarred off. The Baker costs a few dollars more, but is worth it because it is both safe and smart.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

In March Recreation T. F. Toby asks for a good oil for his gun. In my hunting days my favorite gun oil was made from chicken fat. To make the oil, cut the fat into small pieces after stripping off the skin. Put fat with a little water in a porcelain vessel and place on back of stove where the water will simmer, but not boil. When the water has evaporated and the fat turned to oil, pour into a clean bottle to cool. When cool decant the clear oil, leaving the sediment in the bottom of bottle. To the clear oil add a little kerosene to prevent gumming.

Seth Dickey, Mercersburg, Pa.

The Savage Rifle Club has recently been organized in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, the name indicating the make of rifle used. There were 10 charter members, with a membership limit of 20. The following officers have been elected: President, Dr. F. S. Morrison; vice-president, Dr. J. G. Parr; secretary, Dr. A. W. Diven; treasurer, George Hipkins; captain, James Ralston. A good range has been secured, with targets and proper equipments. It is the purpose of this club to have a weekly shoot each Saturday; and an annual or semi-annual tournament will be arranged.

I will give A. R. Brown, Boston, Mass., my experience with a Batavia Leader hammerless. I have used one for some time, and find it O. K. Mine has 30 inch barrels and is choke bored. It has been shot thousands of times with all kinds of smokeless powder, and is as tight as the day I got it. For duck shooting one must have a gun that will shoot close and hard, and the Batavia gets there every time. It shoots too close for quails.

M. A. Kiger, Cates, Ind.

Does the 25-20 cartridge outclass the 32 W. C. F. or the 22 long rifle in accuracy? Will someone using a '92 model, Winchester 25-20 tell me of its killing powers? Would the 25-20 be a good cartridge for quail, squirrel and rabbit hunting? What is the best black powder for reloading the 25-20?

H. F. L., Washington, D. C.

I am reloading 32 caliber S. & W. revolver cartridges and have a great deal of trouble with the No. 0 U. M. C. primers. They do not go off unless hit by the firing pin 5 or 6 times. What is the matter!

E. L. Warren,
St. Paul, Minn.

Will some reader of Recreation kindly advise me as to accuracy, steadiness and good and bad features possessed by modern small bore, high power rifles like the U. S. Navy and the 25-35 size?

F. D. Clark, Prattsburgh, N. Y.

Is the Savage 303 better than the Winchester 30-30? Have heard that the Savage will not always work when you want it to?

L. G. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

I have added Lovell plates to my premium list. If you use plates, read my premium offer and supply yourself by sending me a club.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that's the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

NO BIRDS, NO CROPS.

HERBERT SHEARER.

The influence of the native birds on agriculture and horticulture is being carefully studied by both practical, matter-of-fact farmers and their scientific assistants in our colleges and experiment stations. The value of birds to the farmer and the horticulturist has only of recent years been appreciated. Before the days of scientific investigation birds were considered enemies, and many acts of legislation were aimed at their destruction, with more or less effect. In 1820 Massachusetts instituted a raid on the birds of the commonwealth, destroying the greater part of them within a short time. Failure of nearly all crops was noticeable almost immediately. This resulted in a change of the short sighted policy. In some of the Southern States, especially Virginia and the Carolinas, wars were waged against the birds until it was found that horticulture suffered severely in consequence. Even the forest trees were attacked by insects which the small feathered tribes had kept under subjection.

In those days the influence of printers' ink was not felt to the extent that it is at present, or those States would have benefited by the knowledge gained of like experience in older countries. At the time of the French Revolution the scarcity of food was a serious problem, and to provide for necessities the population killed off the birds in great numbers. The effect on the orchards and farm crops, as well as on vineyards, was so painfully noticeable that laws were immediately enacted for the protection of birds.

Prussia at one time, with a view of benfiting agriculture, instructed that a tax of 12 birds' heads should be paid annually by each farmer; but it only required about 2 years to satisfy the Prussians that this was a grievous mistake. Such a disastrous experiment in these days would be noised about through the press of every civilized country as a warning to deter other nations from falling into such a senseless error.

Looking still farther in this direction we come to the experience of the British Government in its effort to annihilate a plague of field mice that destroyed the crops in several counties; the reason being finally traced to the scarcity of owls, hawks and similar birds of prey. An investigating committee appointed by the House of Commons recommended the protection of this class of birds; a rare recognition of an ancient enemy as a modern friend.

Evey living thing is useful in some way, and all things belong to a grand economical system pertaining to the whole universe. Each bird has its specific use. Some protect the trees of the forest by hunting through the rough bark for insects that destroy the foliage, while other birds dig into the trees and extract cut worms that they hear or feel at work in the tree. Other birds live among the cultivated plants of the field where they destroy innumerable insect enemies of the agriculturist; and still others live among our fruit trees, shrubs and garden bushes with the same object in view. The value of our feathered inhabitants has been more generally recognized during the past decade. The enormous value of birds to man in preventing the increase of insects, and in destroying small rodents, as well as the seeds of harmful plants, is shown by the fact that insects cause an annual loss of at least $200,000,000 to the agricultural interests of the United States, exclusive of the damage done to ornamental shrubbery, shade and forest trees.

The protection of song birds in European countries has occupied the attention of statesmen in the various governments for many years, resulting in the adoption of many laws of more or less value. Indiscriminate slaughter of birds for the purpose of obtaining their plumage has led to such diminution in their number as to cause widespread uneasiness because of increased insect pests and the consequent destruction of food productions. In Switzerland a law was passed in 1875 making the trapping or killing of song birds, or robbing or molesting their nests, a criminal offense. Throughout the Alpine Republic school children were taught the value, beauty and utility not only of song birds, but of all ornithological species. This educational custom, backed by the authority of the government has had a salutary effect and has probably proved a necessary protection of the few feathered songsters remaining after the slaughter that had been carried on for generations.

The German speaking people of Switzerland at the present time are universal in their appreciation, lavish with fostering care, and vie with each other in their efforts to protect and encourage bird life throughout the country. One annoying difficulty has been met which apparently is beyond the jurisdiction of the Swiss people. In the neighboring section of Northern Italy the inhabitants possess an insatiable mania for the destruction of birds. There the willow wren, hedge sparrow, black cap, swallow, nightingale, in fact all birds of small variety, fall victims to the trap. the net and the gun. As seasons come and go, Swiss birds make their pilgrimage South during the cold weather, returning across the land of Northern Italy and the Swiss canton of Tessin, where they are pursued by the young and the aged of all classes. At Lake Maggiore it is estimated that at least 960,000 feathered songsters are trapped or killed every year; and in the region about Bergamo, Verona, Chiavena and Brescia many millions are indiscriminately slaughtered to satisfy the table and for millinery purposes. One plan that is more destructive than any other is the use of bird lime, which is a certain kind of paste possessing such adhesive qualities that wherever a bird may stop in its flight for rest or food, it is held in helpless captivity. This paste is smeared over the limbs of trees, rocks and even telegraph wires along the line and throughout the districts of bird migration. In one year recently the board of police of Tessin captured and destroyed 13,000 bird traps that had been set to imprison these delicate little fliers. The criminal courts of Tessin have many more bird law violation cases than formerly, a condition of affairs that has resulted in greater severity in meting out suitable or necessary punishments for these offences. Leniency has gradually been replaced by considerable severity in this matter, as the exigencies of the case had assumed serious phases, and more stringent methods were found absolutely necessary.

One of the disastrous effects of interfering with nature's arrangements for the control of animal life is noted in the history of the mongoose in Jamaica. For generations the natives killed off the natural birds of prey until the cane fields became infested with rodents and snakes to such a degree as to threaten the entire destruction of the sugar cane. To offset this state of affairs the mongoose was imported from Africa and domiciled on the island. For some time he was considered a friend of the planter and agriculturist because of his energetic manner of making war on the rats and snakes that had become such an intolerable nuisance. There is such a thing, however, as being too energetic, which proved to be a fault of the mongoose. When it had destroyed all the rats and snakes it could find, it turned its attention to more toothsome articles of diet. It destroyed young pigs, kids, lambs, puppies, kittens, poultry, game birds that nested on or near the ground, eggs, ground lizards, frogs, turtles' eggs and land crabs. It was also known to eat ripe bananas, pineapples, young corn, pears, sweet potatoes and other fruits. In the meantime the rats of the country learned a new trick by which they outwitted the mongoose. By taking to the palm trees they could live comfortably on cocoanuts, thereby making the life of the owners miserable in that direction. When the ground nesting birds were destroyed, ticks, that ever present source of annoyance to live stock in warm countries, began to multiply enormously, as their natural enemies, the birds, were no longer present in numbers sufficient to effectually hold them in check.

Experiments are now being tried to rid the trees of rats by importing hawks and owls; while the ticks are in a fair way of evening up matters by attacking the mongoose.

Throughout the United States the fight between plumage hunters, wholesale millinery and fashion mongers on the one side, and the League of American Sportsmen, the Audubon Societies, scientists and agriculturists on the other side, has been fierce. State laws for the protection of all kinds of birds have been enacted, and in turn have been evaded by technicalities, interstate laws, State constitutions, indifference of government officials and in a hundred other ways, until the whole country became aroused. The Honorable John F. Lacey consolidated these different measures in a bill which he introduced in Congress. Through the influence and by the aid of the League of American Sportsmen this bill became a federal statute. It apparently covers the ground, and for the first time in the history of the United States our song birds are adequately protected.

The study of birds and their natural place in the economy of the universe, leads one to continually appreciate their value. Without the protection of birds, insects would destroy every valuable product of the soil to such an extent as to render any country uninhabitable.

BREEDING QUAILS.

A California correspondent recently sent me the following item from a paper:

> One of the interesting sights of Soquel is the collection of birds owned by Walter Welch, the game warden. He has a large array in his yard. The most attractive and beautiful birds are the pheasants, of which he has 7, received from Almany, Oregon. Adjoining the aviary is a breeding pen, and in it is a nest containing several pheasants' eggs. Mr. Welch has 82 quails; also a good collection of Mexican ring doves.

I thereupon wrote Mr. Welch as follows:

I understand you are breeding quails in confinement. If so, I wish you would kindly write me a brief account of your experiences in this matter. The question of the propagation of game birds is an important one, in view of the rapid disappearance of wild birds and animals, and I am anxious to get all the practical information I can on this subject.

Mr. Welch replied as follows:

The main eclosure in which I keep my quails is 8 x 8 x 35 feet and is covered with wire. In this pen the birds run and feed and water. Next to this pen and separated from it by a board fence is another pen it dark, but it should not be too dark. I 8 x 4 x 35. I have a hole cut through the board fence and in this pen the birds breed and nest. I arrange every thing in this pen as naturally as I can. Only the top is wire. The sides are board. I also cover the top partly with old sack, etc., to make arrange brush, leaves, moss, straw, etc., for the quails to nest in, and do not allow them to be disturbed. The young should be fed fine grass seed, ground canary bird seed, etc., for about 10 days, when they will come along all right. The pen should face the sun and be free from draft. The run should have plenty of dust for the birds to rub in and some wild weeds with the seeds in. A paste made of hard boiled eggs and ground canary bird seed is also good for the young. The old birds require plenty of green feed, such as cabbage or clover, and plenty of pure water and grit. The birds should also be fed grass or weed seeds, as they will not do well on grain alone.

I do not believe in the propagation of quails in confinement. Twelve pairs of quails properly protected in the hills will produce more quails than 50 pairs will in confinement. The old birds have to be kept a year or more before they will breed successfully, and it is exceedingly hard to care for the young. I am not trying to propagate quails for stocking, but only as an experiment, to study their habits, to get people interested in them and in protecting them; for they can not be successfully bred in confinement for stocking purposes. However, to take the birds from hard ground and put them down in good ground, when they will receive proper protection, is a good idea and will meet with good results.

As you say, the question of the propagation of game birds is important, but I think increase can be more successfully obtained by limiting bags, stopping sale, shortening seasons, making stringent laws and enforcing them than in any other way. The propagation of game birds, aside from the pheasant, is not, in my opinion, practicable. To give the birds proper protection in the field is the only way I know of ever again restocking our game fields. The sooner he who is fond of shooting wakes up to that fact the better. No man is a greater lover of the sport and recreation to be found afield with gun and rod than I am, but I believe every State should have a resident license law, low, and a non-resident license law, high, or least some kind of a gun license law, either county or State. Then we would have some idea who is doing all this slaughter. Our new State law will be of great help to us in California, as it prohibits the sale of quails and limits the bag. Our Governor deserves great praise for affixing his signature to the bill in the face of the army of hogs that opposed it.

Walter R. Welch, Soquel, Cal.

EXPERIENCES WITH MUSKRATS.

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Editor Recreation:

The question, "Do muskrats eat flesh?" which has been so thoroughly discussed in Recreation, is interesting to me. I have studied the habits of these little, fur bearing animals closely, as, having trapped large numbers of them when a boy, I had every opportunity to do so. Water rats occasionally eat meat, but subsist chiefly on vegetables, roots, etc. They can by no means be called carnivorous, but come plainly under the head of herbivorous animals. As Mr. S. B. Brown states in his article in November Recreation, the muskrat's teeth are not formed like those of a flesh eating animal. It has a small mouth, and could not possibly catch and kill a duck. It might, however, be able to kill a tender, young duckling. The jaws of carnivorous animals are long, allowing a wide spread of the mouth, and are furnished with thick, strong teeth for tearing and grinding flesh, while the teeth of the muskrat are long and slender. I do not think it possible for this animal to tear the flesh from the bones of a duck, as a meat eating animal would, but it may be able to eat out small pieces of flesh. It would also be easy for it to eat small shell fish, as they require little or no mastication.

Many times I have sat along the banks of a stream or pond and watched the muskrats for hours. Have seen them drag heads of cabbage, beets, turnips, corn, etc., from adjoining fields and take them into their holes; but only once saw a muskrat eat flesh. On that occasion I was fishing for bass in the Juniata river, and had placed a stringer of fish in the water along the shore, a short distance from where my rod was set. The fishing was not good at that point, and, deciding to move farther down the river, I went to get my bass. Imagine my surprise when I discovered 2 sleek muskrats feasting on them Only 2 of the fish had been touched, and it would evidently have taken the rats a long time to finish them. They could not make much progress with their slender teeth and small mouths, and had only eaten small holes in the fish. Farmers often attribute the loss of ducks to muskrats, when in reality they are killed by minks, weasels or other animals of that class.

One beautiful fall evening when out on a prospecting tour for rats, I stretched myself out on the grass along the bank of a large pond, in which a number of ducks and ducklings were disporting themselves. I had not been there many minutes when 3 rats came out. One of them swam among the ducks, on its way across the pond, where it gathered a mouthful of grass and disappeared in a hole, without paying the least attention to the ducks. They did not seem alarmed, and merely swam out of the rat's course.

Mr. Loring, in the November number of this magazine, says he always baits his traps with meat. I can not see the use of so doing, as it is really not necessary to bait the traps at all, but merely to place them on the runways and at the mouths of the holes. By that method I have always had the greatest success. I never had occasion to bait except for minks. Mr. L. would doubtless have caught as many rats without bait. I once tried baiting my traps, but soon discontinued the practice, for I discovered as many rats were caught with unbaited traps. In the fall muskrats build houses of brush, grass and mud for winter quarters. In these hotels, as they are termed by trappers, traps are placed by cutting holes in the walls; and often a number of rats can be caught in a single house. If muskrats were carnivorous they would probably take into their holes small birds, fish and animals, the same as they do vegetables, herbs, grasses, etc. Never have I found, nor heard of anyone else finding, the remains of any living thing in a muskrat house; which goes to prove, if they do sometimes eat meat, they never carry it to their homes.

Muskrats seem to be docile creatures. I have never seen them fighting among themselves or with other animals. They are cleanly and wash their food before eating it.

Harry P. Hays.

While duck hunting last fall on a large marsh West of here, I had an excellent opportunity to study the habits of the muskrat. Often when the flight of the ducks was over and everything was still, I would watch the little muskrats swim about, sometimes so near I could almost touch them with my paddle. One evening, to my sorrow, I left 3 black ducks in the weeds, my intention being to find them next morning. I found them, but with their breasts so badly eaten that the birds were almost useless. Another duck left out over night we found on top of a rat house, badly eaten also. The work was done by muskrats, without doubt.

Yelraf asks if anyone else has witnessed hawks chasing birds in cities. I have seen 2 cases, one in which a sharp shinned hawk actually caught a sparrow from off the middle of the street.

R. C. W. Lett, Ottawa, Ont.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SKUNK FARMERS.

Is there any sure way to tell male skunks from female when running loose in a pen or should they be divided when young? What is the best and cheapest feed to give skunks if one can not get swill? Will they eat dry corn meal or should it be mixed with water or skimmed milk? Do you know of any good way to catch them to stock up with? When fencing a piece of ground would it be advisable to put about one foot of the wire screen in the ground to keep skunks from digging out? Do they ever climb up the wire? Should they be watched at night in the winter to keep people from stealing them? Would 100 females be too many for a one acre lot or pen? I want to keep about 20 females and put in about 10 males at a time. Would that be too many? Would the first of March be too early to put the first lot of males in for breeding, and the first of May for the second lot of males? Is it best to take the first lot of males out when I put the second lot in? Is there any way to mark them? Do you know of any parties in this locality who would sell me enough skunks to stock up with if I should not be able to catch enough of them? Can you recommend to me any book that will tell me the nature of the polecat? I see an advertisement in Recreation of odorless skunks for sale. Would they be any good for fur bearing?

F. S. Hoopes, West Chester, Pa.

I referred this letter to Mr. Ramsay Macnaughtan, of Pittsfield, Mass., who replies as follows:

Male skunks should run with females, for breeding purposes only, and at the proper season of the year. The sexes must be handled to be distinguished. Unmarketable vegetables and refuse from the garden are the best and cheapest feed. Corn meal will be eaten either dry or wet, but vegetables, roots and swill are preferred. Homemade traps catch skunks easily. Yes, put about a foot of the wire fence in the ground, slanting inward slightly. Skunks can not climb. They can be fed or driven into a small locked enclosure at night, the same as poultry. You can keep 500 females on an acre if you have old buildings for them to hide under. One male to 15 females is about the right proportion. Change the males about. Aim to have litters come so as to be full grown by January first. You then get January fur, which is best. To distinguish these animals, mark them on the ears with a poultry marker, shave spots on their legs, or put on collars. There were at one time at least 3 men raising skunks in Pennsylvania, but I can not recall addresses. Skunks are easy to trap and stock up with. All books of natural history contain something worth looking up. Odorless skunks are good fur bearers, the scent sac and testicles being entirely separate.

SPARROW DEPREDATIONS.

Elmwood, Mass.

Editor Recreation:

I read with some amusement in December Recreation Mr. John A. Dyer's attempt to defend the English sparrow. Mr. Dyer is a tender hearted man, and I appreciate that quality; but when he speaks of the sparrows helping to beautify our streets, in winter or any other season, I think his ideas of beauty are too easily satisfied. The sparrows' work does not stand so much against him in the country, in the beauty line, but if he happens to be a city sparrow his work is anything but ornamental.

I am 27 years old, and can remember when English sparrows were quite scarce in these parts. When I was about 12 years old I put up a tenement house for birds. In a few days I had a charming colony of blue birds occupying the house. Then one little ragged sparrow took possession of the house, and as fast as Mr. Blue alighted he was promptly driven off. The blues would put up no fight at all, and in a short time the sparrow owned the whole house. After getting everything his own way, he went off and got him a wife, and then entered into the contract of supplying the immediate vicinity with sparrows. Just then a bad boy robbed his nest.

When I was very small we had in the heart of our little town a colony of martins living in a large bird house. They staid only a short time, however, after the sparrows came. I know of 2 men who had colonies of martins staying with them, who were able to protect them only by continually shooting the sparrows.

In the town one mile from here, some men put up a large house for martins. I did not think a martin would be able to stay there, but am glad to say they do remain, and breed along with the sparrows. I never saw this anywhere before, and think it is because the house is extra large.

Years ago I had blue birds and swallows living in the apple trees around my house, but last summer every hole contained a pair of noisy, scolding sparrows. Early this winter I noticed the sparrows were making my back yard a feeding ground. A box about 3 by 4 feet lies 70 feet from my kitchen window. I baited the sparrows with cracked corn for a few days, on the top of this box, and then I took a few shots at them from the window with my shot gun. At one shot I killed 12, at another 9, another 6. I have several other times killed one to 3, and now I seldom see a sparrow around my house. I have shot a few with my 38-55 Winchester. I did not use steel jackets or smokeless powder or any tin to make my bullets hard, but I think my rifle sufficiently big and powerful for that kind of game. I don't think the 30-30 or the 45-70 would have killed them any quicker.

Austin R. Knapp.

COON CHATTER.

In June Recreation I note what Carey C. Waleman says about coons making a noise. I have heard several disputes on this subject and am interested. I have hunted coons for several years, but as yet have never heard a noise from a coon except when the dogs had him. I have often gone in the direction from which came the supposed coon noise, but never started a coon. I have often seen screech owls fly from same locality. I certainly believe the alleged coon noise comes from the owl. Woodchucks make a noise very much like that made by a coon. I have often heard coons in captivity laugh, but never when at large. Other hunters here are of the same opinion.

Last Sunday as a party were out for a ride on the bluffs South of this city they were surprised to see a large wildcat and a woodchuck in desperate combat. The party watched the affray until the chuck succumbed. Then they started for the cat, but as he was in his fighting clothes they decided to leave him alone.

Last summer a large wildcat followed a schoolgirl nearly 2 miles. Allie Smith, living a few miles North of here, went to Mirror lake last winter, rabbit hunting, and on his way home was surprised to see a large timber wolf chasing his beagle. Allie got out his gun, got a close range,

shot and killed the wolf with No. 6 shot.
F. A. Moore, Baraboo, Wis.

In answer to Carey C. Waleman, in June RECREATION, I have observed the raccoon, both in a wild state and in captivity. They often make noises when angered or in distress. A few years ago a pair of tame coons were kept at one of the fire stations in Tampa, Fla. Every night the boys unchained them and let them have a romp in the dormitory. Their antics were most amusing. Occasionally one would lose his temper and give a rasping screech. These coons were tame and appeared perfectly contented. When I was young another boy and I had some box traps set along the edge of a swamp, and, finding a coon in one, we decided to take him alive. We got a loop of fish line over his head and pulled him out. He immediately took charge of things and made it lively for a few moments. While he was scrapping with us he gave utterance to growls and snarls, and I could cite many other instances of coons making noises. Charley Apopka,
Columbia Barracks, Cuba.

WOLF AND FOX TRAPPING.

I note the question of Mr. Cary, of St. Charles, Minn., in regard to the best method of trapping foxes and wolves. As there are no wolves in this vicinity am unable to give him any information in that line, but can tell him how to get a few foxes. At the entrance of the hole place 3 steel traps triangularly. Partially cover them with leaves in such a manner that they may easily be sprung. Place the traps about 2 feet apart and between them place a small heap of leaves about one foot high. The fox on seeing the heaps will readily think there is something concealed under them and may accidentally walk in one of the traps. This method has been tried by veteran fox-catchers and has never failed.

Another question is asked by L. O. Ingalls, West Durham, N. Y., in regard to the proper load for foxes. I have always used 3½ drams of Dupont smokeless, with 2 felt and one cardboard wad and 1⅛ ounces of No. 2 shot. This load has done excellent work. I shoot the Winchester Take Down, model 1897, and would not do without it.

Am well pleased with RECREATION and the way you roast the game hog. Hope you will continue to do so.
X. Y. Z., West Bethlehem, Pa.

Answering Mr. Cary's question in regard to the best way to trap foxes and wolves. For foxes, bait a week or 10 days with crackling, or the refuse of lard. This should be scattered on the ground and covered with litter. When the foxes have become accustomed to digging for the bait, set the traps. You can bait them at several places on their runway and set 2 traps in each place. We bait wolves near an ant hill, gopher mound or other small elevation. Then we set a trap on the mound, covering well and with only a short length of chain. A wolf will almost invariably get on the mound to howl before going to the bait, which should be about 20 feet from the mound. Horse or mule meat is the best bait.
Chas. Latham, Dailey, Colo.

NIBBLES.

I shall never drop RECREATION as long as I can scrape up a dollar. Every man should protect game, song and insectivorous birds. Farmers and fruit growers especially should be active in this work. If we had more birds we would not have so many wormy apples. We have plenty of English sparrows here. They are of no benefit. In some cases I have known them to be a positive injury. They are a dirty nuisance wherever they are. Have known them to peck all the buds off cherry and plum trees, and off currants and all other small fruits. Last fall they dug a hole in every red apple in my orchard.
Mr. L. W. Ellis, Perry, Ia.

I notice in the March number of RECREATION Yelraf, Albany, N. Y., wrote about a hawk trying to catch a sparrow. One winter in San Francisco a hawk came nearly every day and sat on the arrow of the weather vane on Scutter street railroad power house. He would be about 6 stories from the ground and would wait until a flock of sparrows came to feed on the street under him. Then he would drop on the bunch of sparrows, get one, fly back to his perch on the arrow and eat the sparrow.
L. E. Harriman, Campbell, Cal.

If you hunt with a gun, every bird you get is lost to the world. If you hunt with a camera, the world may enjoy the fruits of your skill, and the bird is left to enjoy life.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

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	W. J. Martin,	McColloms.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie.
Oneida,	J. M. Scoville,	Clinton.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond.
St. Lawrence,	Dr. B. W. Severance,	Gouverneur.
"	A. N. Clark,	Sevey.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Central Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill.
"	A. S. Temple,	Whitehall,
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville.
"	Chas. Seacor,	57 Pelham Road, New Rochelle.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners,
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis.
Onondaga,	James Lush	Memphis.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan.
"	Seymour Poineer,	Branch Port.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling.
"	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
"	W. S. Mygrant,	46 Elton Street, Brooklyn.
"	P. A. Geepel,	473 Grand Ave., Astoria, L. I.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
"	Wm. S. Mead,	Woodstock.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.
Herkimer,	J. A. Bloom,	Center.
"	D. F. Sperry,	Old Forge.
Rensselaer,	Benj. McNary,	Bath.
Oswego,	J. E. Manning,	154 West Utica St.
Putnam,	H. L. Brady,	Mahopac Falls.
Schuyler,	G. C. Fordham,	Watkins.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
"	Samuel Waklee,	Box 373, Stratford.
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.
"	D. J. Ryan,	188 Elizabeth St., Derby.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk,	Orlando McKenzie,	Norfolk.
"	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.
Suffolk,	Capt. W. J. Stone.	4 Tremont Row, Boston.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
Mercer.	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
"	Roland Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
"	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
"	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
"	Calone Orr,	Hibernia.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.
Monmouth.	Dory-Hunt,	Wanague.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Perry,	Samuel Sundy,	Lebo.
Warren.	F. P. Sweet,	Goodwill Hill.
Juniata,	Clifford Singer,	Oakland Mills.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Potter	Ira Murphy,	Coudersport
"	Wiley Barrows,	Austin.
Crawford,		
"	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
"	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
"	J. B. Lamb,	Buel.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Allegheny,	F. J. Forquer,	Murrinsville.
Butler,	S. H. Allen,	Natrona.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
"	W. R. Keefer,	"
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	Granere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.
Carbon,	Asa D. Hontz,	East Mauch Chunk
Cumberland,	J. C. Gill,	Mechanicsburg.
Wyoming,	Cyrus Walter,	Tunkhannock.
Tioga,	E. B. Beaumont, Jr.,	Lawrenceville
Lycoming,	Jas. J. Brennan,	Oval.
"	B. D. Kurtz,	Cammal.
Delaware,	Walter Lusson,	Ardmore
Bradford,	Geo. B. Loop,	Sayre.
Montgomery,	Walton Lusson,	Ardmore.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Berrien,	W. A. Palmer,	Buchanan.
Cass.	Thomas Dewey.	Dowagiac.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill.
King William	N. H. Montague,	Palls.
Smythe.	J. M. Hughes,	Chatham Hill.
King & Queen,	R. D. Bates,	Newtown.
Louisa,	J. P. Harris,	Applegrove.
Henrico,	W. J. Lynham,	412 W. Marshall Richmond.
East Rockingham,	E. J. Carickhoff,	Harrisonburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.
Big Horn,	E. E. Van Dyke,	Clark.

LOCAL WARDENS IN TENNESSEE.

Sumner,	W. G. Harris,	Gallatin
Stewart,	John H. Lory,	Bear Spring.
Robertson,	C. C. Bell,	Springfield.
Montgomery,	P. W. Humphrey,	Clarksville.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEBRASKA.

Hall,	E. C. Statler,	Grand Island

LOCAL WARDENS IN VERMONT.

Rutland,	Wm. J. Liddle,	Box 281, Fair Haven

LOCAL WARDENS IN OKLAHOMA.

Kiowa and Comanche Nation,
A. C. Cooper. Ft. Sill.

LOCAL WARDEN IN IOWA.

Clinton, D. L. Parcoe, Grand Mound.

LOCAL CHAPTERS.

Albert Lea, Minn.,	H. A. Morgan,	Rear Warden
Angelica, N. Y.,	C. A. Lathrop,	"
Austin, Pa.,	W. S. Warner,	"
Boston, Mass.,	Capt. W. I. Stone,	"
Buffalo, N. Y.,	H. C. Gardiner,	"
Cammal, Pa.,	B. A. Ovenshire.	"
Carbon Co., Pa.,	E. F. Frey,	"
Coudersport, Pa.,	I. L. Murphy,	"
Cresco, Iowa.,	J, L. Platt,	"
Davis, W. Va.,	J. Heltzen,	"
Dowagiac, Mich.,	W. F. Hoyt,	"
Evansville, Ind.,	F. M. Gilbert,	"
Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	W. L. Waltemarth	"
Indianapolis, Ind.,	Joseph E. Bell,	"
Jerome, Ariz.,	Dr. L. A. Hawkins,	"
Kalispell, Mont.,	John Eakright,	"
Lake Co., Ind.,	Dr. R. C. Mackey,	"
Loganpsort, Ind.,	E. B. McConnell,	"
Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	Dr. J H. Swartz.	"
New Albany, Ind.,	Dr. J. F. Weathers,	"
New Bethlehem, Pa.,	Isaac Keener,	"
Penn Yan, N. Y.,	Dr. H. R. Phillips,	"
Rochester, N. Y.,	C. H. McChesney	"
Schenectady, N. Y.,	J. W. Furnside,	"
Syracuse, N. Y.,	C. C. Truesdell,	"
The Dalles, Ore.,	C. B. Cushing,	"

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario Sporting goods.

HOW A SONG BECAME A SERMON.

Granville, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION:

Wilson Flagg knew a shoemaker who, in a pious mood, interpreted the song of the brown thrasher thus, "Look up, look up! Glory to God, glory to God! Hallelujah, Amen, Videlicet!"

I did not stop to translate into words the song which the merry brown thrush sang on the occasion of which I write. It may have been an anthem such as the shoemaker heard, or it may have been a bit of colloquial cheer, as Thoreau describes it; but the song turned out a sermon.

There was no text, no summary. The very abruptness of the performance constituted its success. The class was absorbed in work, struggling with the intricacies of the Latin subjunctive. It was a fit time for work, for the final examinations were at hand. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a cascade of melody that poured through the open windows of my room. What other bird is so dashing, so exuberant, so generous with his music? And what music is so full of zest, and cheer, and friendliness?

He seemed especially exultant that June morning. Innocent little bard! The world was literally running over with joy for him, in spite of the enemies that fill his life with fear and his history with tragedy.

I have always been a lover of the birds. Here was an opportunity to speak a word in their behalf. I called the attention of the class to the brave serenade. Someone asked the name of the songster. I described his appearance, habits and range, and was surprised to learn that none of the young men were acquainted with the brown thrush, for it is quite common in Ohio. I urged the class to study the birds, to love them and grow into fellowship with "these our brothers." This led to questions from several as to the best means of protection. Here was an unexpected opportunity to contribute my mite to the advancement of the League of American Sportsmen. I explained its aims and achievements as well as I could, and ended by urging every young man to join who could spare a dollar. I was astonished at the result. The response was immediate. In 3 minutes 9 signified a desire to take membership. We were obliged to stop there, for the college bell had already rung. The 9, however, determined to carry on the work, and in a few days had raised the number of members to 21.

These results were small, but significant. Friends and patrons of the League endorse its aims, applaud its achievements and, in most cases, sit idly by and wait with complacent expectancy for the officers and a faithful few to work miracles. If the idlers make any effort at all to promote the progress of the League it is feeble and too often a failure from the start. Hence the common excuse, "It is difficult, almost impossible, to interest people, to say nothing of gaining their sympathy."

Is it? I think not. The people are already interested in the protection of birds and game animals. This is evident from the number of organizations and publications dealing with this subject, many of them started during the last decade and most of them prosperous. Our college men may be taken as fairly representative of our people. Such being the case, there is encouragement for the laymen of the L. A. S. in the results described above. Consider the disadvantages under which the work was done. It was the busiest time of all the year for both myself and my classes, but one week of the term being left. Few of the students were acqainted with the League and its aims. There was no advertising literature at hand, without which little success was to be expected. Of the 21 who subscribed as members, nearly all, excepting the several professors, were from the class to which I addressed the brief talk. The movement was not even pushed in the class in ornithology, from which a number of members could have been secured. Had a thorough canvass been made a large chapter for the League would have been formed from the school.

In view of this, what shall we say of the statement that it is difficult to awaken interest in the work of the L. A. S.? Why should not the League have a chapter among the school children in every town of 1,000 population and among the students of every college in the United States? With attractive advertising, strong support from individual members and aggressive agents, it is quite feasible. A new cigarette company would laugh at difficulties such as the League would encounter in such a project. If they, why not we? Only a small proportion of our people are cigarette lovers. The majority of them are interested in birds and game. Where such interest is not found it must be aroused. Bird protection appeals to our sentiments and purses. Many men have both. Few have neither. That is the reason why the work must be universal. That, too, is the reason it can be universal. President Shields made a just and pointed protest against the indifference of members when he said, "Too many men want to climb into the band wagon when the parade begins. Too few are willing to help start it." C. B. White.

ILLEGAL KILLING IN NEW YORK.

Rochester, N. Y.

G. O. Shields, President.

I am in receipt of your letter notifying me of my election to the position of rear warden of the Rochester chapter, League of American Sportsmen. This is a surprise to me. I thank you and those who have made me the choice for the office. I regret I have not been more active in this work. Now that a responsibility has been placed on me, I shall try to accomplish satisfactory results.

I am sorry to learn, as your letter states, that Denver is the worst place in the United States for the production of game hogs; not because it is Denver, but to think there are any worse places than in our own State. We have enough in New York State to clean out all the game that is left, in a short time, if some more rigid steps are not soon taken to prevent. In my travels through this State I frequently learn of violations that have taken place, especially in the matter of deer slaughter in the Adirondacks. We have some good laws in our State to prevent hunters from killing more than their reasonable share of deer, but these laws have little or no effect on the game hogs who slaughter over 80 per cent. of all the deer killed here. Hounding has been carried on extensively ever since the anti-hounding law was passed. Jacking the same; and, worse than that, if possible, the lumbermen kill deer in great numbers when the snow is deep and the deer have no chance of escape.

The fishing law is being violated in many parts of the State, as can plainly be seen by anyone who is at all observing, and it would seem that some steps must soon be taken or our deer, fish, birds and all other game will become so nearly extinct that a day's sport with the rod or gun, which gives pleasure and health to thousands of our people, will all be forfeited to the game hogs, who will make the beautiful streams and picturesque mountains a blank for all but themselves.

C. H. McChesney.

GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN JOINS.

Here is another example of the good that may be done by keeping everlastingly at it. I have been writing the Governors of various States for 3 years past, urging them to join this League and co-operate with it.

A number of these Governors have joined the League—some of them in its early days—but others have answered my letters courteously, giving various reasons why they could not consistently join. Most of them give as a special reason that they are too busy. I long ago learned that it does not pay to take no for an answer; so I am keeping at it, and in the course of time we shall have nearly all the Governors, as well as hundreds of thousands of other good men in the League.

Here is a letter just received from the Governor of Michigan, through his private secretary:

June 28, 1901.

Mr. G. O. Shields, New York, N. Y.

My dear Sir: At the direction of Governor Bliss, I enclose you his application for membership in the League of American Sportsmen. Also money order for $1. The Governor says he can not stand the fire of letters reaching him from members of the organization, and will have to surrender. At the same time, he stands to his position that he has so many matters on hand it will not be possible for him to further co-operate than by giving the use of his name.

Yours very truly,
Herbert E. Johnson,
Secretary to the Governor.

LAWS WILL BE ENFORCED.

A representative number of members of the League of American Sportsmen of Hobart township held a meeting last Tuesday evening and discussed matters pertaining to the enforcement of the new game and fish laws. Deputy Game Warden Westergreen and G. F. Peterson were present from Millers. Hobart now has enrolled about 30 members of the League, Hobart township has about 50, and nearly every week new members are taken in.

A member of the League is in duty bound to respect the laws governing game and fish, and he is therefore interested in knowing that all others also respect the same laws It has come to the attention of the League members that some Hobart sportsmen have openly violated the law against Sunday shooting, and the League members propose to see that from this on violators are promptly prosecuted. Anyone violating the Sunday law may be fined not less than $10 nor more than $50, to which fine and costs must be added $20 that goes to the State. Who can afford to violate the Sunday hunting law when a conviction will cost $40 to $90?

To show that the League is in earnest about enforcing the laws, we here append a resolution that was unanimously adopted at the meeting Tuesday evening:

Inasmuch as it is the sense of members of the League of American Sportsmen and all law-abiding citizens that the game and fish laws be rigidly enforced; therefore be it

Resolved, That we as members of said League pledge our support to all game wardens in seeing that the laws are enforced; and a warning is hereby given all those presuming to violate the Sunday shooting law that they do so at their own peril.—Hobart (Ind.) Gazette.

ANTELOPE PROTECTED.

At the solicitation of the League the South Dakota Legislature has also passed a law prohibiting the killing of antelope until June 1, 1911. This now puts 8 of the antelope States on the right side of this important question. These are Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Montana and North Dakota.

And the League did it.

The only States that have any antelope and that still allow the killing of them are Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho. The sooner these States pass 10 year prohibitory laws, the better. Idaho did pass a 5 year law last winter, but for some strange reason her governor vetoed it.

The sportsmen of Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho should agitate this question every day from now until their Legislatures convene again, and should make such strong demands on their representatives that the latter can not possibly ignore them. Men who are shortsighted enough and greedy enough to want to kill an antelope in these modern days will flock into the 3 States last named and wipe out the few remaining antelope in a hurry, unless prohibitory laws are enacted in the near future.

SEVEN GOVERNORS IN THE LEAGUE.

Governors Bliss of Michigan, Van Sant of Minnesota, and Brady of Alaska, have recently joined the League of American Sportsmen. We now have the Governors of 7 States on our membership roll, and hope to get all the others in time. The game found in any State belongs to the people thereof in their sovereign capacity, and the Governor is its legal guardian. In many States the game is one of the valuable assets, and is a means of producing large revenue, as well as providing an important food supply for the people. It is eminently proper, therefore, that the Governors of all such States should feel deeply interested in protecting their game, and that they should be willing to aid this League in its work. Some of the Governors are slow to understand this, because they are busy and have not taken time to investigate. If we can get one of them to take an hour off and learn what the League is really doing, we can get his application for membership. Every member of the League, no matter where he may live, should make it his business to write to the Governor of his State and ask him to join this League.

NEW WARDEN A HUSTLER.

Mr. Clarence M. Brooks has just been appointed Chief Warden of the recently organized New Hampshire Division, League of American Sportsmen, vice Mr. E. W. Wild, resigned. Mr. Brooks will begin at once to push the work of the division. He is an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to bird, fish, game and forest protection, and the Division thus secures one for its Chief Warden well qualified in every way for the promotion of L. A. S. interests. The New Hampshire Division has more than doubled its membership in the 9 months of its existence, and has already begun to make itself felt in the State in stimulating to high ideals of sportsmanship, in placing new stumbling blocks in the way of law breakers, and in promoting progressive legislation. It may not be generally known that Hon. Stephen S. Jewett, of Laconia, the author of the new fish and game code law, is a member. Other names of prominence are included in the membership list. Mr. Wild's resignation was due to a lack of time to devote to the cause.—Keene Evening Sentinel.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE L. A. S.

W. D. Ellis, 136 W. 72d street, New York.
Geo. L. Carnegie, Fernandina, Fla.
G. O. Shields, 23 W. 24th street, New York.
A. F. Rice, 155 Pennington avenue, Passaic, N. J.
Dr. W. A. Valentine, 5 W. 35th street, New York.
A. A. Anderson, 6 E. 38th street, New York.
A. V. Fraser, 478 Greenwich street, New York.
E. S. Towne, care National Blank Book Co., Holyoke, Mass.
F. G. Miller, 108 Clinton street, Defiance, Ohio.
J. F. Pierson, 20 W. 52d street, New York.
E. S. Thompson, 2 W. 36th street, New York.

J. H. Seymour, 35 Wall street, New York.
A. G. Nesbitt, Maple street, Kingston, Pa.
D. C. Beard, Flushing, L. I.
C. H. Ferry, 1720 Old Colony Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Hon. Levi P. Morton, 681 5th avenue, New York.
H. Williams, P. B. 136, Butte, Mont.
D. B. Fearing, Newport, R. I.
E. H. Dickinson, Moosehead Lake, Me.
Lorenzo Blackstone, Norwich, Conn.
A. L. Prescott, 90 Broadway, New York.
C. Edgell, 192 Broadway, New York.
W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, Mich.
Hon. H. W. Carey, East Lake, Mich.
W. L. Underwood, 52 Fulton street, Boston, Mass.

Why not have your name added to this list? It is a roll of honor and should be much longer than it is.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Ignus Lidsky, against whom I made a complaint for shooting a pair of mallards, we had up before a justice of the peace today, and Lidsky got $10 and costs, amounting to about $20. Sorry he did not get more, but he pleaded guilty and got off easier on that account.

I have been appointed deputy game warden for this county, and think I shall have a number of such cases to report during the fall. I serve without pay, but shall give as much time as I can to it under the circumstances. The game warden who appointed me and I worked together in this case. I learned of the killing. We went out together and looked the matter up, and he served the warrant, which I swore out.

F. S. Merrill, Chief Warden L. A. S.,
Spokane, Wash.

I regret to report to you that one of our members, Mr. C. R. Bement, Terre Haute, recently met a horrible death. He had written you, sending his application, and you forwarded his letter to me. Saturday, the 8th inst., I was in Terre Haute and called on him and had a talk about L. A. S. work. He was going to take up the work in his city. He was riding from his country home to Terre Haute last Monday on horseback. His horse became frightened at an interurban electric car coming up behind him. Mr. Bement was thrown on the track in front of the car, and it ran over him, killing him instantly. He was about 25 years of age, and one of the most popular men in Terre Haute.

Frank L. Littleton,
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Chief Warden of the Indiana Division of the League recently delivered an address at Fortville, Ind., to a large gathering of farmers and sportsmen. He outlined to them the work of the League and the necessity of general co-operation with it in order to protect the game and the song and insectivorous birds. It is expected that a large local chapter will be organized in the near future as a result of Mr. Littleton's visit.

By all means let us have a gun license, the higher the better. We have a dog license, and it works well. I used to keep 2 to 6 dogs. I made them earn their mush and pay their own taxes. My fox hounds caught minks, skunks and 'coons, together with stray cats, and this made good wages. Who could reasonably kick at paying 50 cents, or even $1.50, on a gun? The dog tax cleaned out the yaller dogs; perhaps a gun tax would clean out the yaller gunners.

D. A., Ellsworth, Ill.

If you have not yet ordered a set of the Hudson pictures, illustrating the poem "To My Gun," you should do so at once. Only a few sets were printed and nearly all of them have been sold. No more will be printed, as the plates were too much worn in running the November edition of RECREATION to make any more good impressions. Only $1 for the 5 full page artist's proofs Nothing finer could be found at the price, for decorating an office, a dining-room, a parlor or a den.

If you wish to earn a choice premium by sending me a club of subscriptions to RECREATION now is your time. People are looking over their magazine list and providing themselves with their winter's supply of reading matter. Take advantage of the situation. For only 5 yearly subscriptions I will send you a beautiful gun rack, made of polished buffalo horns. It will last a lifetime and will always be useful and attractive.

Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

If you want a hunting boat, a canoe or a family rowboat, send me a club and I will send you a boat made by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co. Read the new offers on these goods in my premium list this month.

Do you want a new Forehand revolver? I will give you one for only 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. This offer may not remain open long. Send me the club at once. You can get it in 10 minutes.

Enclosed please find $1 for subscription to RECREATION. I can not get along without it, and anyone who can, after having once seen it, must either be broke or growing bristles.

Milton Richards, New York City.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford of the same institution.

FORESTRY AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The Jury of Awards on Forestry and Forest Products, headed by Dr. Fernow as chairman, in its report to the Directors of the Pan-American Exposition, expressed its regret at the scarcity of exhibits which show the application of the art of forestry in this country. Only 3 such exhibits were to be found. Of these, of most interest because coming from a private lumber concern, the exhibit of the Berlin Mills Co.,of Berlin, N. H., attracted most attention. This firm has for some time employed a forester to direct the systematic utilization of their extensive spruce forests, some 300,000 acres. The most conspicuous feature was a set of relief models of the townships to be lumbered, the firm finding that such maps showing the elevations, valleys, runs, etc., are a most desirable basis for intelligent forest management. The second exhibit of this kind is that of the New York State College of Forestry. A relief model on a large scale exhibits the Demonstration Forest of 30,000 acres which the college manages in the Adirondacks. The various characters of the land and timber, the logged and planted areas, now 165 acres, are denoted by various coloring. Photographs show the operations of logging, planting, nursery work, etc. The plan of instruction, the publications of the college and photographs of the first 2 classes and of the first graduate of the college denote the activity of the first professional forestry school of this country. The third exhibit, falling more or less into this class, is that of the U. S. Bureau of Forestry, which consists mainly of transparencies, illustrating the effects of fire and of lumbering on forest reproduction, the relation of forests to water supplies, besides typical trees and forest scenes. The most interesting feature are 2 maps and charts showing the history and condition of the federal forest reserves and the location of areas, for which working plans were asked for. If half the area were really under skillful management with a view to proper practice of silviculture the outlook would be most hopeful.

The Forestry building, though a neat structure, was evidently too small even for the few exhibits that were placed in it, so that a satisfactory display could be made by none. The State of Oregon was the most amply and satisfactorily represented, with monster sections, planks, etc., and a complete exhibit of its forest resources with ample information, received a gold medal. Wisconsin and Louisiana also made creditable exhibits of their woods, and the State of New York was represented with a relief model of the Adirondacks, showing the outlines of the proposed forest reserve. From Canada only the Province of Ontario was represented, the Glasgow Exposition having diverted the interest of other Provinces.

The various State buildings of the South and Central American States, as well as the Agricultural building, harbored the wood exhibits of those States, which in some instances were more fully represented than ever before. Notably Chili and Honduras were for the first time present, and with creditable displays of the great variety of beautiful hard woods which characterize the tropic forest. Two most interesting displays of the extension in the use of forest products were awarded gold medals, namely one to the Pacific Pine Needle Fiber Co., which utilizes pine needles for any number of articles, from mattress material and knit goods to toilet articles, medicinal derivatives and candies; and the other to the Manhattan Spirit Co., for the production on a commercial scale of wood alcohol free from acetone, which widens its field of application. As the use of the cordwood is one of the problems which is of greatest importance to the development of silviculture, this discovery of a new field for its more extended use is of greatest importance. On the whole, the forestry exhibits did not show much progress in method over those of the World's Fair.

LECTURES ON FORESTRY.

Prof. B. E. Fernow, Director of the New York State College of Forestry, Cornell University, and formerly chief of the U. S. Division of Forestry, gave a course of 12 semi-popular lectures in June and July before classes of the University of Chicago on Forestry in its botanical, practical and political aspects, designed especially for students of botany and of political economy. The lectures were fully illustrated by lantern slides and otherwise and treated of the following topics:

What is Forestry? (Economic significance of forest resources and need for their management; definition of terms and historic development of the art of forestry.)

The Forest as a Resource. (Commercial value of forest products, extent of their use, relation to other industries, significance in the United States.)

The Forest as a Condition. (Forest influences claimed and observed on climate, water-flow, health.)

How Trees Grow. (A chapter of biological dendrology; the development and life history of the individual forest tree.)

The Mathematics of Forest Growth. (Accretion and its measurement; quantitative and qualitative wood production.)

The Evolution of Forest Growth. (Development of forest growths as organisms, ecologic relations.

Timber Physics. (Characteristics, properties, reproducing, and improving forest growths.)

Forest Exploitation and Forest Protection. (Tending and harvesting the forest crop.)

Business Aspects of Forest Management. (Forest survey, forest regulation, and forest finance.)

Forest Policies of Foreign Nations. (The relation of the State to forest resources, and how it has evolved itself in Europe.)

Forests and Forestry in the United States. (A brief sketch of forest conditions in the United States, and history of the movement to establish forest management.)

RELIABLE TRAILS IMPORTANT.

Many good trails are needed in our North woods. They are of use in many ways. They are of the greatest use, however, in times of fire when it is imperative to reach the spot quickly, in order that the fire may be stifled in its incipiency. There should, however, be some system in the formation, arrangement and marking of these trails, as in the Black Forest. Blazes and scorings on trees are already so common in the Adirondacks that they are misleading rather than a help. The blazing of trees should be prohibited whenever possible. In the Black Forest the making of trails is under the direction of an association which has been formed for the purpose. Each trail is marked by a certain color of paint. The trail is marked the same color on a map. In going to a certain place one need but follow a certain color and he is sure never to go astray. These paths are well cared for and add much to the attractiveness and ease of travel in the Black Forest.

In one part of the Adirondacks there is a trail association. This should be extended throughout the whole region, so that a complete system of well formed trails may in time result.

The junior students of the New York State College of Forestry have this year instituted the practice of opening a trail to some desirable view or pond as a memento of their life on the College tract.

RELATIVE VALUE OF STREET TREES.

Paris in 1895 had invested about $3,000,000 for nearly 90,000 street trees, of which nearly one-third were sycamores, one-fifth horse chestnuts, nearly as many elms, nearly 10,000 were Japanese lacquer trees and over 5,000 sycamore figs, over 6,000 maples, 4,000 black locust, 2,000 basswoods, 1,000 Paulawnias, besides other species. Placing the horse chestnuts and the sycamore fig ahead of the sycamore the death rate as well as the age of the trees increases in the order of the species as cited. From this it would appear that the horse chestnut, the average age of which is 115 years, and the death rate only 0.87 per cent, is best adapted to street use. Unfortunately they are apt to have their foliage burned and browned early in the fall, and in some situations suffer from sunscald. The sycamore fig (*Ficus sycamorus*) behaves about as well. Sycamore and lacquer trees (*Rhus vernicifera*) are still commendable with less than 2 per cent death rate, while the rest are being abandoned; they can not withstand the untoward condition of asphalted streets, where they are choked to death by the carbonic acid developing from the roots without chance to escape.

FORESTRY MEETING.

A special summer meeting of the American Forestry Association was held at Denver, Col., August 27 to 29, in affiliation with the American Association for the Advancement of Science. At this meeting the forestry problems of the Western States, and especially of the 40 Federal Forest Reserves, found naturally most prominent consideration, Senator Patterson opening the session with an address of welcome. The following titles of papers presented to the meeting will give an idea of the scope of the discussions: "The Hydrography of Colorado," "Forests and Their Relation to Agriculture and Manufacturing Industries," "The Boundary Line between Forest and Desert," "The Open Range and the Irrigation Farmer," "The Reclamation of the Arid Region," "Progress in Tree-planting," "The Eucalypts as American Forest Trees," "The Reforestation of Watersheds," "Some Phases of the Growth of Cultivated Trees in Iowa," "Irrigation and the Forest," "The Santa Lucia Fir, the Utility of its Protection from Fire;" "Forests and Reservoirs," "Grazing in the Forest Reserves," "The Black Hills Forest Reserve," etc.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

CANNING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

"The art of preserving foodstuffs in air-tight glass and tin vessels was invented by a Frenchman, M. Appert, in 1810," says Professor McCarthy in a recent bulletin of the North Carolina Board of Agriculture. "Appert was a cook in a wealthy family. His culinary experience taught him the great value of such a process. The canning process is based on the scientific principle that fermentation is due to living germs or bacteria. When the foodstuff is enclosed in an air-tight vessel and heated enough to kill these germs there can be no fermentation until the can is opened.

"The canning industry of the United States has increased year by year. The census of 1890 showed the annual output to be 600,000,000 cans, worth about $48,000,000. About 1,000,000 persons were employed in handling the goods and 1,500,000 acres of land in growing the raw material. Since 1890, the canning industry has increased at least 50 per cent. There is among the general public a belief that there is something mysterious in the commercial canning process. Canners themselves try to conceal their methods under fanciful or ambiguous names. But the principles of canning are simple and are known and practiced by every housewife who puts up a few jars of fruit from her own garden.

"Some germs are difficult to kill in the spore stage. Those should be heated to not less than 240 deg. Fahr. one time, or to 212 deg. Fahr. 3 successive times. All the common berry fruits, peaches, apples and tomatoes are successfully sterilized in tin cans by one heating, or process, at 212 deg. Fahr. But green peas, corn and all animal products require 240 deg. Fahr. to insure safe keeping. The use of temperature above 212 deg. Fahr. requires a strong closed kettle or boiler. Of late years chemical manufacturers have been urging canners to use salicylic acid, borax and other poisonous chemicals, sold under fancy and misleading names, for preventing fermentation in canned foods. Their use in canned food is wholly unnecessary, and in many States such use is illegal. The uncontrolled use of antiseptics in food is always dangerous to health. Cleanliness, proper attention to sealing the cans and exposure to sufficient heat will preserve canned foods without the addition of any chemicals whatsoever. Not even sugar is essential to preservation of properly canned food.

"In practical canning it is found that the open-kettle process, which can not give a temperature over 212 deg. Fahr., is the easiest to manage and turns out the best quality of goods. But the closed-kettle process, which will give any desired temperature, is more rapid and certain in its results. When quantity is of more importance than quality, the closed kettle is preferred. In practically all large commercial canneries the heat is applied by means of steam. The usual plan is to have a coil of perforated steam pipe in the bottom of the kettle or tank. Still many old fashioned canning houses and small farm canneries use heavy iron kettles set in brick and heated directly by coal or wood fire. The furnace process and outfit is much cheaper than the steam heat outfit. We recommend steam heat and open-kettle process for berries, fruits and tomatoes. All other vegetables, as well as meats and fish, require the closed-kettle process."

DRIED BANANAS.

Bananas cut in slices and dried or evaporated are now offered for sale in considerable quantities. They are used for making cakes, puddings, etc. A recent number of the Journal of the Jamaica Agricultural Society makes the following statements regarding dried bananas which are exported in considerable quantity to the London markets:

"Of all these new products being pushed successfully on the market, none deserves to meet with a readier demand than the banana. It compares favorably with the fig, date, and raisin, to which as an article of food it is most closely allied. It can be eaten as bought, just as the dried date or fig can, or cooked in a great variety of ways; this proving a welcome change, especially during the winter months. The price is within the reach of all, the best quality being sold at 6d. a box of 15 to 20 bananas, while cheaper sorts are about 4d., and are packed in large wooden boxes like dates. Enterprising hawkers are often met selling them from their handcarts. Those sold in the cardboard packages are well worth the extra money, as they are always fresh and clean. The dried banana offers one advantage over the fig: it contains no seeds to irritate the teeth. In fact, the whole of it is food, there being no skin, stalk, stone, or seed to waste.

"Some years ago I stayed with a friend at his home in the Transvaal, South Africa. He had a beautiful avenue of banana plants in his garden, which bore prolific crops. The ripe fruit was eaten at all hours of the day, and I never once heard of any ill result from their being so largely partaken of by old and young, as is nearly always the case when other fruits are eaten to excess in hot countries. Often we had them served at meals, either baked in an open pie or stewed. Prepared in that way, they are agreeable and healthful. My friend also utilized them by making a fine flour, out of the dried fruit, which was fully equal to corn flour and especially beneficial to children and invalids.

At present the banana is grown with every success in Central, and many parts of South Africa. In the West Indies it thrives amazingly, and it is from Jamaica that the best quality of dried banana comes to the London market. Madeira and the Canary Isles send an enormous quantity of ripe green fruit to England, and owing to their being within easy distance they possess great advantages over other competitors for the British trade. In many parts of South Africa the banana does well. It is largely cultivated in the colony of Natal, and to some extent in the Transvaal, where frost does not prevail.

THE MANUFACTURE OF COCOANUT BUTTER.

The manufacture of cocoanut butter is an industry of some importance in Mannheim, Germany. The factory is said to be the only one of any considerable size in the empire. It has an output of about 10 tons of butter a day. The business was started in 1886, and, the proprietors say, shows a considerable increase. The product is sold under the name of "Palmin," a registered trade name or cocoanut butter (*Kokosnussbutter*). H. W. Harris, the American Consul at Mannheim, says, "It is manufactured from the kernels of cocoanuts, and is used as a substitute for butter and lard in cooking. As sold, it is generally white in color, almost tasteless, melts at about 80 deg. Fahr., and is about of the consistency of mutton or beef tallow. When desired by consumers, as bakers, confectioners, etc., the product is colored to resemble ordinary butter. When furnished to dealers, it is unlawful to color it. The proprietors claim an analysis of their product shows it to contain more than 99 per cent. vegetable fat, with but a slight trace of water, while ordinary butter contains about 85 per cent. of fat and nearly 15 per cent. of water. It is stated that the substance does not become rancid easily, that it will keep 3 or 4 months in a cool room, and that it is much more wholesome and easily digested than the ordinary fats used for baking and cooking. For this reason the product has met with considerable favor in German hospitals and other institutions, and for use in army camps.

"Cocoanut butter is generally put up in square packages wrapped in parchment paper, a small percentage being sold in tin cans. The latter are hermetically sealed for shipment during hot weather. The product is sold at one price throughout Germany, namely, about 16 cents a pound, or about half the price of ordinary butter.

"The processes are for the most part secret, and, it is claimed, are protected by patents. The kernel of the cocoanut is imported in thoroughly dried strips, forming the copra of commerce. It is subjected to various refining processes by which all the free acids and other substances are separated, leaving only the vegetable fat. In the latter stages of the manufacture, the product resembles ordinary butter recently churned. It is placed in machines similar to the separators used in creameries, in which the water and other foreign substances are separated by centrifugal force. In the manufacture of cocoanut butter a by-product, consisting of free acids and other substances, is obtained and sold to soap manufacturers."

COFFEE CULTIVATION IN SPAIN.

A number of interesting statements were recently made concerning coffee growing in Spain. "The cultivation of coffee for commercial purposes is about to be undertaken for the first time in the province of Malaga at the little village of Campanillas, some 5 miles from the capital.

"As long as Cuba and Porto Rico were Spanish possessions, the cultivation of coffee in the peninsula of Spain was forbidden, but under present conditions, the government interposes no objections. Some experiments have been made which indicate that coffee can be advantageously grown in Malaga and elsewhere in Andalusia. Some who have examined the question claim there is not sufficient humidity in the Andalusian climate. Practical experiments on a large scale will be made, and the result is awaited with great interest. Cuba and Porto Rico formerly supplied Spain with nearly all her coffee, paying the government a consumption tax of 60 pesetas per 100 kilograms ($9.60 for 220.46 pounds) on all coffee entering the peninsula. At present the import duty on coffee is 140 pesetas ($22.40) for 100 kilograms, from all countries except from the Spanish island of Fernando Po; and Spain's supply last year came largely from Valparaiso and other South American ports. Coffee from Fernando Po pays a duty of 105 pesetas ($16.80) for each 100 kilograms.

"If coffee can be successfully cultivated in the province of Malaga, it is believed it will be generally grown throughout Andalusia."

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	**1901.**
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	**$3,903**
February ..	256	693	2,151	**3,267**
March	300	1,049	1,919	**3.710**
April	342	645	1,570	**2,760**
May	292	902	1,377	**2,303**
June	307	770	971	**2,016**
July	345	563	854	**2,005**
August	306	601	1,262	
September .	498	951	1,464	
October ...	438	969	1,842	
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

July of this year shows a gain of $1,150 over July, 1900. Not so bad for one of the dullest months in the summer, is it?

What does it mean?

It means that the great reform work instituted by this magazine 7 years ago, on behalf of the birds and wild animals, is bearing fruit. It means that the persistent and vigilant warfare which this magazine has waged against game hogs and fish hogs has met the approval of good people, and they are showing their appreciation by subscribing for RECREATION.

Hundreds of good people, as well as hundreds of the other kind, have told me I was too fierce; that I could catch more flies with molasses than vinegar. That may be true, but I am not hunting flies. I am hunting game hogs and fish hogs, and their skins are an inch thick on the level. It takes a sharp pointed spear, driven by a strong arm, to reach the inner sensitiveness of these pachyderms. My spear is in the fire, red hot, and I shall keep it there for years to come, except when I have occasion to take it out and drive it into the vitals of some new or old offender. Lest you forget, I say it again: These 2-legged brutes may expect no mercy at the hands of RECREATION as long as I have anything to do with it.

GREATEST SEIZURE EVER MADE.

As nearly all friends of game protection know, Mr. John E. Overton, State game and fish warden, made the most important seizure of game in this city, in June last, that has even been made in this country. He secured from Justice Brann a search warrant authorizing him to examine the contents of certain boxes and barrels stored in the Arctic Freezing Company's building at 120 West street, New York. He went to work under that writ, and within a few hours had unearthed several thousand game and song birds which had been killed and placed in cold storage in open violation of the State law. Then the Storage Company's attorney went to Justice Brann, protested against the seizure and the justice recalled the writ. Mr. Overton did not, however, abandon the work. He went to Judge Warren W. Foster, of the Court of General Sessions, who issued another writ, under which Mr. Overton continued his work. He kept on breaking open boxes and barrels, one after another, and at the expiration of about 3 days, had seized 48,367 pieces of game, many grouse, quails and ducks. The seizure also included large numbers of shore birds and 12 carcasses of vension.

The Storage Company claims it was not responsible for the illegal possession of these birds because it was merely acting as the agent of certain game dealers who had placed them in storage. A number of the dealers who owned portions of the game, held a meeting, at which Chief Protector J. W. Pond, of Albany, was present, and agreed to deposit $10,000 which they were to pay the State as a fine if convicted, and if the finding of the lower court which might assess a fine of that amount should be sustained by the Supreme Court of the State.

Governor Odell subsequently objected to and overruled that arrangement, claiming that the Storage Company itself was responsible as well as the dealers, and instructing District Attorney Philbin to proceed against the Company as well as against against the dealers. These cases will come up in the early fall term of the higher courts, and it is earnestly hoped the Arctic Freezing Company may be punished as it deserves. The law on the subject is perfectly plain. It says that certain birds shall not be killed or had in possession except during certain months in the fall of the year. The Arctic Freezing Company had this game in possession just as clearly and absolutely as any man ever had anything in possession, and the Company should not be allowed to escape on any such flimsy pretext as that which it has put up. The Company has tried to excite public sympathy by stating that it would be bankrupt if the full penalty of the law should be visited on it. So much the better. I should be glad if the courts should assess against this Company every dollar of fines provided by the State law; and if the members of this Company should be reduced to the necessity of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow for the remainder of their lives, so much the better. Those people went into this wholesale law breaking with their eyes wide open. They, in common with all the other cold storage companies in this city, have been warned by personal letters from this office time and again, and nearly every cold storage company in the city has written me more than once, stating that they knew the law; that they had no intention of violating it; that they had no illegal game in possession and that they would not receive any for storage under any circumstances.

The Arctic Freezing Company claims that certain boxes and barrels were placed in their charge by certain game dealers, and that the Company did not know what the packages contained. It was their business to know what they contained, and I have not the remotest doubt they did know, in a general way, that every one of those packages contained contraband goods. Within the past 2 years I have had occasion to place fresh meat in one of these cold storage houses. In both instances I was carefully questioned as to the contents of the packages. The man in charge of the office stated that he had explicit instructions not to take any package for storage without knowing what was in it and that the company would not be incriminated by having in possession game in close season. The Arctic Freezing Company no doubt hoped, as did the game dealers, to be able to carry on this illicit traffic in game without being caught at it. Their sin has overtaken them. They have been detected in their wrong doing, and now it is the plain duty of the State to make them pay the penalty as far as their property may be worth it. If they have not money and property enough in the world to pay the fines assessed, then the guilty parties—the officers of the Freezing Company as well as the dealers who own the game—should be compelled to go to jail and serve out that portion of the penalty which they can not pay in cash.

Many a poor devil has been convicted under the laws of this State for violating the game laws. Some of these men have been unable to pay their fines, and have been compelled to go to jail and serve out their sentence. The fact that these storage people and game dealers are wealthy should not operate in their favor for one minute. The law is no respecter of persons, and the officers of the law should not be.

Governor Odell merits the admiration and respect of every true sportsman for the stand he has taken in this matter, and all such men will stand by him to the end.

A REMARKABLE GIFT.

Cortez, Colo.

Editor RECREATION:

I have been here in the great Montezuma valley a little more than a month. Have visited 3 of the largest cliff houses extant. The largest of these has 168 rooms, and is extremely difficult of approach. I had 5 days in which to look through these houses. My guide was a friend of my early days, Mr. Sterling P. Thomas, of Cortez. He often takes tourists to the old Aztec ruins. He is thoroughly equipped for packing and outfitting in every way.

The ruins are wonderful. You perhaps have seen them, but much as I have been in these mountains I have never before seen anything half so wonderful. I dug and hunted much and send you, my faraway friend, the result of my labors. I found many human bones, but only one jaw bone (inferior maxillary) was good. Most of them crumbled, as did the skulls, and all the teeth fell out. I send the only Aztec relic I found, a small water bottle for which I was offered an enormous price, but I wanted it for you. I hope you will accept it in the same spirit in which it is offered you, a humble tribute to a stranger friend. May it long have a place among your curios.

R. B. Cabell, M. D.

The specimens arrived in good condition. The water bottle is indeed a rare and interesting relic, and is supposed to be 2,000 years old from the fact that as nearly as can be determined the cliff dwellers disappeared from that region 2,000 years ago. The bottle is 4 inches in diameter and 5½ inches high. It is made of thin, narrow strips of bark, apparently from cedar roots. These are closely braided and the bottle is covered with a thick coating of pine or spruce gum. It holds water perfectly. There are 2 small handles made of the bark and placed on one side of the bottle 3½ inches apart. A thong passed through these and over the shoulder caused the bottle to hang upright and it may be easily carried as a canteen.

I am deeply grateful to Dr. Cabell for this interesting and valuable specimen of the skill of an extinct race.—EDITOR.

MASHIPACONG CLUB ORGANIZED.

Some months ago I printed in RECREATION a description of the Mashipacong tract of land located in Montague township, Sussex County, N. J., and stated that we were endeavoring to organize a club to buy the land. We have been eminently successful in this effort. The club now numbers

20 members and the membership has been limited to 25. The club was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, June 18 last, and the following officers have been elected: President, G. O. Shields; first vice president, A. P. Bell; second vice president, H. J. S. Hall; secretary, F. D. Warren; treasurer, A. D. Beeken.

Messrs. W. E. Coffin, S. A. Luther, W. A. Wakeley, W. L. Gardiner, G. O. Shields, A. P. Bell, H. J. S. Hall and A. D. Beeken have been chosen as directors of the company.

Several decorative log houses are now being built on the shores of Lake Mashipacong, by members of the club, and a number of others will be built next spring. We have in the tract nearly 1,000 acres of good timber, and this will be preserved and cultivated on scientific forestry principles. Later we shall fence a portion of the tract and put in some deer, elk and other wild animals; not to kill but simply for company for the members of the club, all of whom are ardent lovers and students of nature. A lot of English pheasants, quails and Belgian hares will also be placed on the property and carefully protected.

TRAGIC ENDING OF DISPUTE.

A most unfortunate tragedy grew out of a dispute as to certain fishing rights last July, near Delta, Colo. William Radcliffe, an Englishman, leased from the State of Colorado some years ago the exclusive fishing privileges in 13 lakes in that vicinity. He then built a hotel and several cabins for the accommodation of sportsmen who might desire to fish in those waters, and placed a warden in charge. This man's name is F. McHaney. He was deputized by the State and was empowered to forbid any one from fishing in those lakes without a written permit from Mr. Radcliffe. July 14, W. A. Womack, a well known cattleman, who claimed an interest in the lakes in question by reason of a certain contract for the use of irrigating water, went to the lakes, accompanied by several friends, and was about to begin fishing. McHaney appeared on the scene and ordered them away. An altercation ensued, in the course of which McHaney shot and killed Womack and wounded one of his companions. A bitter feud grew out of the killing. About 150 of Womack's friends and neighbors went to the lake and burned the hotel and cottages. Then they went on a hunt for McHaney and Radcliffe, but both escaped. If they had been found by these mountain men they would have decorated the nearest trees in a hurry. McHaney has been arrested and it remains to be seen what the State authorities will do about it.

FULLERTON ACTIVE.

Sam Fullerton, executive agent for the Minnesota State Fish and Game Commission, is still at it. In a recent letter he says:

"Since I wrote to you warden Jones, of Fergus Falls, has made 6 convictions, and McCormick, of Grand Rapids, has bound a butcher of Deer River over to the grand jury. Warden Blagic, of Winona, fined A. Miller $50 and costs and confiscated a 500 foot seine. Stephens, of Detroit, has been making a great catch up at Thief River Falls, where he got the big taxidermist outfit which you spoke of. He has good evidence against 7 men who have been implicated in killing moose cows in order to secure the calves. Sunday night Stephens had 5 of the calves locked in a barn, and some of the gang he was after broke in and killed 3 of the calves. They were too cowardly to attack our wardens, but vented their spite on the poor dumb brutes. We do not know whether we can make any conviction or not, as the locality is a bad one and the sympathy of the community is with the law breakers, but we will exert every power at our command to make it hot for those who were implicated."

If all State game wardens would attend to their business as well as Fullerton does, ther would not be one-tenth the amount of illegal killing and shipping of game that is going on today.—Editor.

A BIRD SANG THEM INTO THE LEAGUE.

Professor C. B. White, of the Denison University, located at Granville, Ohio, has written a most beautiful story of how a brown thrush sang 21 college students into the L. A. S. The story is printed in the League Department in this issue of Recreation, and every bird lover in the world should read it.

Professor White has shown how easy and natural it is for people who are really interested in bird protection to bring their friends into this League, if they will only make the effort. He has also shown how strongly bird music appeals to human emotion, and it is a pity all teachers in public schools and colleges do not realize the wonderful influence they might wield in this cause if they would avail themselves of their opportunities.

Are you saving your photo prints? If not, begin at once. Send me 2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation, at $1 each, and I will send you a Buechner album that will hold 100 4 x 5 prints. It will be of great value to you in showing the progress you make in your photography, from the first page to the last, and your prints will always recall interesting memories.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Messrs. Spratts Patent, Limited, 450 Market street, Newark, N. J.

Dear Sirs:—Referring to the selection of your Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes by Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin, I beg to advise you that my understanding is these Dog Cakes will be used in making his trip over the ice, to keep his dogs in good condition for their final effort to land him at the North Pole. I take pleasure in advising you that while samples were submitted to Mr. Baldwin by every manufacturer in this and other countries, including all known kinds of dog foods, yours were selected on account of their superiority and on account of the success Mr. Baldwin and other polar explorers experienced in the former use of your goods. Mr Baldwin is now about to leave Tromsoe, Norway. I can only add that it would be impossible for me to put Mr. Baldwin's appreciation of your foods in too emphatic a manner.

Harry Balfe, with Austin, Nichols & Co.
N. Y. City.

Charles S. Fee, G. P. A. of the Northern Pacific Railway, has issued a little book giving a history of the origin and development of the Northern Pacific trademark, which is well worth the time it may take any student of history and science to read it. This story is an excerpt from the Northern Pacific Wonderland book for 1901, which was written and compiled by Mr. O. D. Wheeler, advertising agent of the Northern Pacific road. The pamphlet is exquisitely and beautifully illustrated with many designs which aid the reader in the study of this strange Chinese story.

This book also contains some other valuable information as to excursion rates which the Northern Pacific road makes to various points of interest in the Northwest.

A postal card request to Mr. Fee, mentioning Recreation, will bring you a copy of this book.

The Polk Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va., is advertising in Recreation the well known Sergeant remedies for diseases of dogs. Polk Miller is so well known to dog lovers that it is scarcely necessary to say anything about him. He has been for many years president of the Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, and this indicates the esteem in which his friends hold him. He has also conducted one of the largest drug stores in Richmond for about 15 years, and every one in that city and vicinity knows that he deals only in pure and reliable goods. Readers of Recreation who may have occasion to order goods of Mr. Miller may feel perfectly certain of getting what they pay for. In addition to the goods which he may order, each customer will get a pedigree blank, which in many cases will be useful for making up the pedigree of a valuable dog.

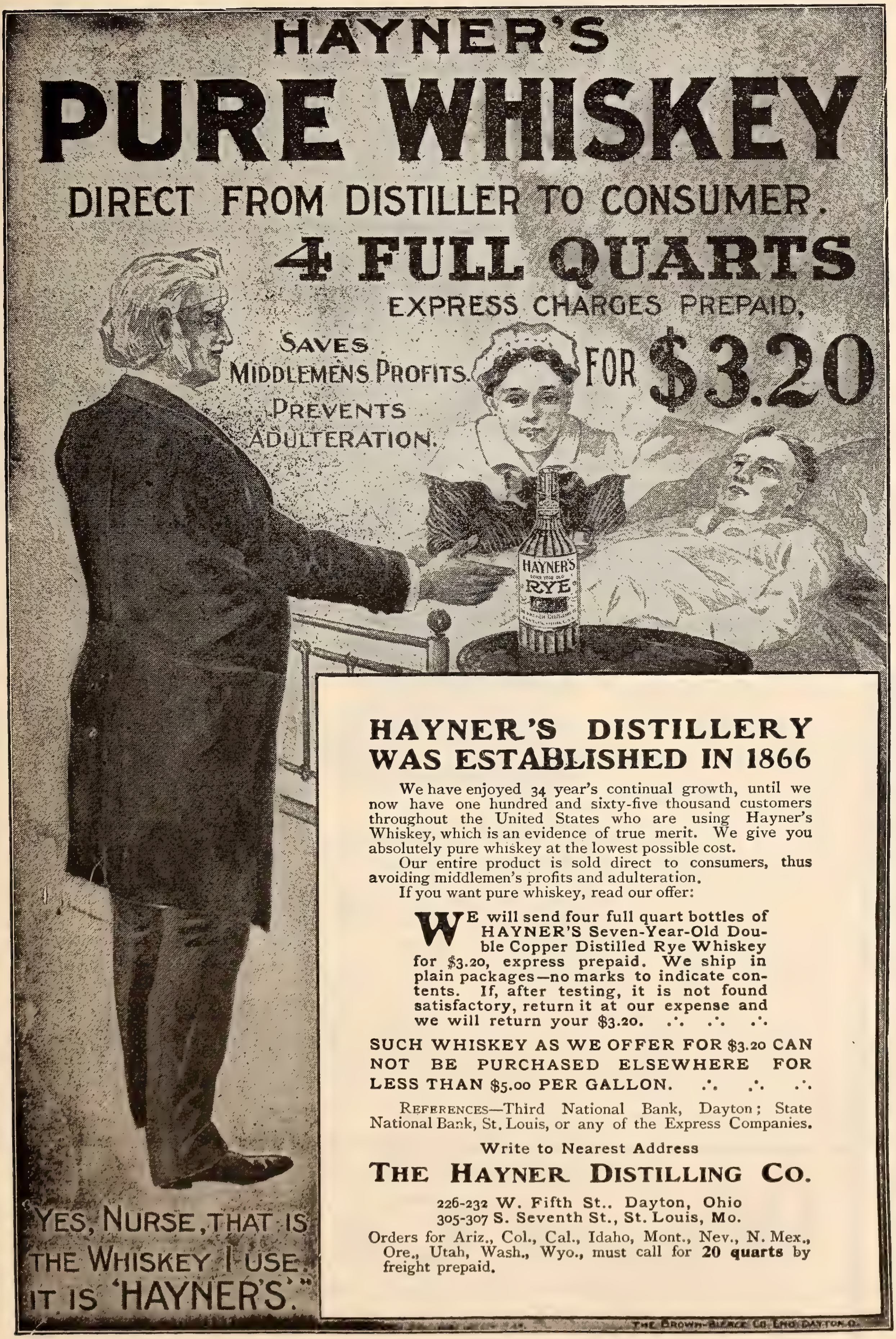
"Football Tactics" is a new treatise on the game of football, published for free distribution as an advertisement of its athletic goods by the firm of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. The theory and practice of the game are fully considered and counsel is given on nearly every condition that a team could find confronting it. The latest and most effective combination plays are explained and illustrated by diagrams and the best means of meeting these plays when used by opponents are studied.

"Football Tactics" will be sent free on request by mail by Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., No. 67 Cortlandt St., New York, whose advertisement appears on another page.

Mr. W. H. Talbot, of Nevada, Mo., has issued a beautiful little book entitled, "The Story of a Reel." It describes and illustrates in detail the making of the well known Talbot reel, and contains a large number of letters from prominent sportsmen who have used these valuable implements. It would be well for every angler in the country who has an idea he may want a new reel at any time in the future to write for a copy of this book, and to say he saw it mentioned in Recreation.

The Multiscope and Film Co. has issued an interesting booklet entitled "The Story of Tom Rainesborough." Tom was an amateur photographer, but he became so disheartened by the limitations of cameras that he lost all interest in photography. The story of how and why his enthusiasm was rekindled is full of important facts for other amateur photographers, each of whom should write for a copy of this book to the Multiscope & Film Co., Burlington, Wis.

The manager of the Penn Yan Rabbitry writes me that he has bought all the stock of Belgian hares previously owned and advertised by W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill. This puts the Penn Yan people in good shape to promptly fill orders for breeding hares. People who have dealt with the Penn Yan Rabbitry endorse it in unqualifying terms as to honesty and promptness in filling orders.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PURE WHISKEY
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THE BROWN-BLAKE CO. ENG. DAYTON O.

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We have enjoyed 34 year's continual growth, until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure whiskey at the lowest possible cost.

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WE will send four full quart bottles of HAYNER'S Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. If, after testing, it is not found satisfactory, return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. ∴ ∴ ∴

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References—Third National Bank, Dayton; State National Bank, St. Louis, or any of the Express Companies.

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Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for **20 quarts** by freight prepaid.

I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—Editor

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Have you ever attempted INTERIORS and ARCHITECTURE, *i.e.* WIDE-ANGLE WORK? Have your results been unsatisfactory?

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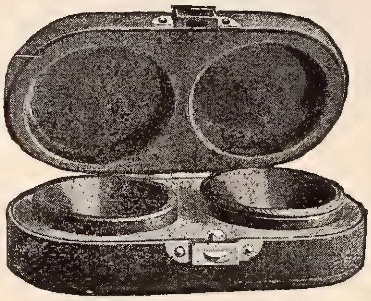

At a merely nominal cost you can buy this objective, mounted in cells, in leather covered case. It is interchangeable with your Rectilinear in the shutter on your camera, and forms a necessary adjunct to your outfit. For the Professional and the Advanced Amateur, our

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is the best that can be had. We like to send our Lenses out for COMPETITIVE TRIAL, and are glad to have you return them if you can buy better elsewhere.

Our 1901 Catalogue also tells about

Wizard Cameras

IT IS FREE

MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO. OF N. Y.,
CRESSKILL, N. J.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

AND NOW COMES THE 6TH COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 5 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 6th opened April 1st, 1901, and will close November 30th, 1901.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and New Automatic T. I. B. Shutter, and listed at $61.50.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $20.

Seventh prize: A Tourists Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8 x 10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5 x 7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4 x 5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

TONING P. O. P.

EDWARD W. NEWCOMB.

Not least in the number of photographic queries I receive are the requests for reliable methods of toning. From the appearance of hundreds of prints I see monthly I believe that toning must be a greater task to Mr. Amateur than even developing. Because it need not, or should not be so, I give a simple formula and working directions for toning that will be productive of satisfactory and permanent results. I do not countenance the combined bath for toning and fixing. It is good when properly understood and handled with judgment, but few seem to know when the gold and hypo in it are exhausted. A sort of tone can be had in a bath which contains no gold and too little hypo to fix the prints, and while the print may be good to look on when made, it is not in a month or less. The work of a professional is seldom found lacking in permanency, because he could not keep his reputation or business if the prints he put out faded. Even if he remained in the business and replaced faulty prints it would take him and his helpers all their time to reprint bad work. The professional uses the same paper as the amateur and perhaps the same chemicals, but the professional has a way of using them that produces good results. Since it costs no more money, probably less, than the wonderful concoction some of our beginners use, it could do no harm to try his way.

In the first place, obtain a tube of chloride of gold, 15 grains, costing about 50 cents. Dissolve this gold in 7½ ounces of distilled water and bottle. In the solution we have one grain of gold to each ½ ounce of water.

After printing 2 dozen 4x5 prints trim them as desired, throw them into a large tray or basin of water, and change the water frequently during the 20 minutes they are washing. Be also careful to turn them now and then so the water will wash all equally. This washing is necessary and must be as carefully done as the rest of the work.

Just before toning pour ½ ounce of gold solution in an 8 ounce graduated glass and add 5 grains of carbonate of soda, pure. When dissolved fill the glass with water and your toning bath is ready.

If desired, bicarbonate of soda, tungstate of soda or borax may be substituted for carbonate and a trifling difference in tone will result. The tone, however, is mainly dependent on the negative itself; different depths of printing producing different tones, and different depths of density in the negative reducing more or less silver.

Transfer the prints from the wash water into a good sized, deep tray, that has been made scrupulously clean, containing the toning bath. An old developer tray will not do. Have a tray for toning alone and keep it clean. As soon as all the prints are in the bath begin to turn them from bottom to top, keeping them face down at all times save when it is desired to examine the tone. Never stop turning the prints until all are done. As fast as one tones throw it into a tray of clear water and proceed till all are toned. Then, after rinsing, place the prints in a solution of hypo-soda, one ounce to 8 of water, and turn them in that bath too for 10 or 12 minutes. Then they should be washed one hour in running water, and unless the motion of the water turns them about they should be turned now and then. Turning is exceedingly important. It makes the prints tone evenly, fix and wash evenly, and is a prime factor in their future permanency. If the weather be warm the toning bath may be slightly iced and one of 2 drops of formaldehyde added to prevent melting.

After a thorough washing the prints are either placed in a pile on a sheet of glass and pressed to remove the water or else squeezed on ferrotype plates and left to dry. The professional lays them in a heap on glass, face down, and applies paste to the back of the top one, picks it up carefully and rolls it on to its mount, burnishing it when dry; but most amateurs prefer to squeegee them, as they rarely own a burnisher. If desired a coat of shellac may be applied to the backs when squeezed and dry, and the prints can then be mounted on anything from tissue paper to a board by simply ironing them with a hot iron, holding the print in place the while with one finger and thumb. The shellac must be of the consistency of thin syrup and be the best white shellac in alcohol.

I have had in mind gelatine emulsion paper such as Solio, Albuma and the like in giving these directions. Collodion papers, such as American Aristo Co.'s products, require some few extra notes, but anyone who buys a package of the Aristo Company's goods will not be at a loss for the most accurate directions for use. The company is almost as particular in that respect as in the manufacture of their unrivaled papers.

If one wants absolute black tones there are 2 ways to secure them on the P. O. P. One is to tone in the gold-borax bath till the slightest bit of toning is observable in the skies or highlight, then use a platinum bath to finish with. The Aristo Co.'s platinum single toner or plain platinum should be used, as it is pure, guaranteed quantity and made right. The other method is to print a faint image and finish with one of the stainless developers such as amidol, metol or hydro-metol. After this the prints are, of course, fixed as usual.

REGARDING FOCAL LENGTH.

In March RECREATION I saw stated by Gene S. Porter that the focal length of a lens should be 1½ times the length of the plate. This I have also read in other magazines. Kindly tell me where such a camera can be had or what firm makes it. I have particular reference to 3¼x4¼ cameras, personally preferring that size. I have written several standard camera companies about this point and their unanimous reply is that they know of no company making such cameras, and that the focal lengths of lenses used in their respective cameras are what they consider correct.

I also asked whether a 3¼x4¼ lens of 6¼ inch focus (standard length for this size is 5 to 5½ inches) on a 3¼x4¼ plate takes in the same angle of view, i. e., same extent of subject, as a 4x5 lens of 6¼ inch focus on a 4x5 plate. They all seemed to miss the point; one firm making the following answer, to which I think all will agree: "A 3¼x4¼ plate with a 6¼ inch focus lens will not take in as much as a 4x5 plate with same lens." Another tells me that a 3¼x4¼ plate used with a 3¼x4¼ lens of 6¼ inch focus has practically the same angle of view as a 3¼x4¼ plate use in a 4x5 camera of same focal length.

Now if this be true, and also if what Mrs. Porter says be likewise true, I am prepared to prove a remarkable truth; namely, a picture taken on a 4x5 plate with a 6¼ focus lens (which has not proper perspective as Mrs. Porter states) can be made to have the proper perspective by simply trimming it down to 3¼x4¼ inches! I am free to admit I am not well up in this subject and perhaps the last result is not so wonderful as it seems to me.

T. A. Wilson.
Waverley, Nova Scotia.

ANSWER.

The above was referred to the American representative of C. P. Goerz. He replies as follows:

The statement that the focus of the lens should be 1½ times the length of the plate is correct in a number of instances, particularly when the lens is used exclusively for landscape purposes; but for average photographic work, as portraits, snapshots of street scenes and indoor work a lens equal in focus to the diagonal of the plate is more desirable. We generally use 6 inch lenses for 4x5 plates, and 4½ or 5 inch lenses for 3¼x4¼ plates. The statement made by Mr. Wilson's correspondent about the 6¼ inch lens giving the same angle on different sizes of plates is entirely erroneous. The angle which the 6¼ inch lens would include on a 3¼x4¼ plate must of course be smaller than that which the same lens would include on a 4x5 plate. So far as the perspective is concerned, it is true that, while the perspective of a 6 inch lens on a 4x5 plate would be considerably exaggerated, such exaggeration would disappear when trimming the 4x5 image down to 3¼x4¼, for the simple reason that the exaggeration of the perspective makes itself noticeable toward the margin of the plate. The theory that a lens should have a focus equal to 1½ times the length of the plate had its origin in the old conudition of affairs, before the modern lenses were constructed. It was then necessary that the lens should be of the before mentioned length of focus in order to make it cut the plate in a satisfactory manner. That is why photographers selected 5x7 lenses for 4x5 plates or an 8x10 lens for 6½x8½ plates; but owing to the greater perfection of modern objectives this is no longer necessary. It is even preferable that a lens not longer than required to give the proper definition over the plate should be used, as with the increased focus the depth of focus reduces when the relative openings remain alike. Thus it is not possible in a general way to state which focal length is best for a given size of plate, as the nature of the work which the lens will be used for covers this point exclusively. If it were desired to make an interior photograph, say, of a room or hall on a 6½x8½ plate, I should use a lens not longer than 6 inches in order to include the adequate angle; if on that same plate I wanted to make a snapshot of a team of baseball players I should use a 9 inch lens; if I intended to photograph a landscape which obtained its beauty from a range of far off mountains I might use a lens of 18 or even 24 inch focus; and for a portrait on the same size of plate I would preferably use a lens of 11 or 12 inch focus. Many of these, of course, can be compromised and, at the expense of the possible maximum perfection, an average may be found which will give fairly satisfactory results for a number of combinations; but when absolutely the best result in either of these different classes of work is wanted only lenses of widely different focal lengths will produce it.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

Photographers who wish to excel or to sell their photos should do only honest work. You may succeed once with a publisher on some trick work, but it is a success you will be sorry for later, when the people who live and work in the woods find you out, for they are the sharpest of critics. They know the laws of nature and the habits and cunning of wild things. They know where the fox hides and the rabbit burrows; how the mink fishes; how the vireo builds her pensile purse of lint and lichen; and why the king crow stands sentinel over his feeding flock. They also know that not one of these or their kindred will change their habits to accommodate any photographer. Some fake workers have been successful in getting their exceeding curious interpretations of nature before the public only to gain ridicule.

A year ago editors with no knowledge of the woods or of pictorial photography felt themselves capable of passing on and accepting work that the veriest amateur in wood lore and field photography could have told at a glance to be a fake. As burnt children dread fire, so now these same editors, smarting under the disgrace of exposure in frauds to which in all probability most of them were innocent parties, refuse to look at a picture unless accompanied by affidavits. Six months ago the magazines were filled with illustrations from fake photos. Zoological park animals were photographed and wonderful stories were written about them. Mounted specimens were set up and subjected to the same treatment. We shall not soon forget the wonderful antlered Zoological Park doe that RECREATION lampooned, causing thousands of hunters all over the country to hold their sides with laughter. Equally flagrant was a bird article I exposed in Camera Notes.

The result of these and similar exposures is more accurate, truthful and woodlike pictures, and still there are lapses. A photo of a scarlet tanager on a limb of a full fruited mulberry tree, against a black, draped background, with his head thrown back and his beak spread wide in the act of swallowing a berry is too good to be true. When a live wild tanager finds himself in the neighborhood of a camera on the one hand and a deep sea of black draped background on the other, he doesn't stop to eat berries.

If you want a picture of that description you must stuff your subject with excelsior, wire him to the limb on which you have a focus, and behind which you have placed your background, and insert your berry.

Stick to the straight and narrow path in natural history work. If you get a chance at a bird, snap! Never mind the muslin; clouds and leaves will do quite as well in natural history work. If you get a chance at a coiled snake, snap! and don't wait for a wild rose or a Virginia creeper to blossom above it. The snake may move while you arrange the flower. Honest work is the only valuable kind.

To renovate the leather on a camera, make a mixture of:

Shellac	3 grains.
Alcohol	8 drams.
Nigrosin	4 grains.

Rub well into the leather.

FIXING AND WASHING.

How long are plates to be left in hypo after the white has disappeared from the back? On some plates about a year old I found a yellowish white frosty substance. In attempting to wash this off with cold water some of the films were loosened from the glass and ruined. Kindly tell me the cause and remedy.

C. B. H., New York City.

ANSWER.

So many conditions enter into the proposition that there can be no hard and fast law laid down as to how long to leave plates in the fixing bath. You need not fear leaving them too long. Leave them until you are sure they are thoroughly cleared and then leave them 10 minutes longer.

Your second question reveals 2 conditions; i. e., the presence of developer, also of hypo, on your negatives, left through insufficient washing. The emulsion of a dry plate is composed of so many parts gelatine, bromide of potassium and nitrate of silver. If you use a pyro developer you subject this film to a longer or shorter soaking in a chemical compound containing pyrogallic acid, sulphite of soda, bromide of potassium and other chemicals ranging through oxalic acid, carbonate of soda, nitric acid, ammonia or other agents used to serve the same purpose. Some of the new developers produce the same results. The yellowish tinge indicates the presence of developer and the white of hypo; in connection with which you may have used citric acid, alum crystals or other chemicals.

With traces of a part or all of these antagonistic chemicals warring for a year on the emulsion surface of your negative, is it any wonder your film had become so rotten and eaten that it washed off when you tried to wash off the frosty substance.

Provide yourself with a roll of absorbent cotton such as surgeons use. Develop your plate. Place it in a clean tray of clear, running water under a tap and with a tuft of cotton carefully and repeatedly wash the emulsion surface, back and edges. Hold it under the tap and flood it. Swab and sop it softly with the cotton until you feel sure there is no possibility of developer remaining on it. Then place it in a bath of alum water, near if not quite a saturate solution, in a tray used especially for that purpose and let it remain there only 30 or 40 seconds. This will serve the double purpose of hardening and setting the emulsion so you may safely leave the plate in the hypo as long as you desire without danger of frilling, and the alum will pick up stray particles of pyro or of alkali that may have escaped you in washing off the developer. Rinse the plate in clean water where the drippings from it will not contaminate any of your other trays and never use the same tuft of cotton twice. Place the plate in the hypo until you are sure it is fully cleared and fixed. Then wash off the hypo thoroughly, using a new tuft of cotton, and place in a second fresh alum bath for ½ hour. You are then ready for your final washing. The best authorities differ as to the proper length of time to wash a plate, the time given ranging from one to 5 hours. By placing your plates on trays under a tap, frequently tipping all the water off them and swabbing their surface with cotton, you will find one hour in running water sufficient washing to produce a negative that will last. It is further a good idea to varnish negatives and give them all possible protection from climatic extremes, especially dampness.—Editor.

RETOUCHING VARNISHES.

Please give me a formula for making retouching varnish.

Guy F. Meres, New York City.

ANSWER.

Venice turpentine, ¼ ounce.

Spirits turpentine, to thin to 1½ to 2 ounces.

Another:

A. Best picked sandarac, 60 grams.

Alcohol, 95 per cent., 300 grams.

B. Castor oil, 20 grams.

Alcohol, 95 per cent., 40 grams.

After both are well dissolved, mix A and B and bottle.

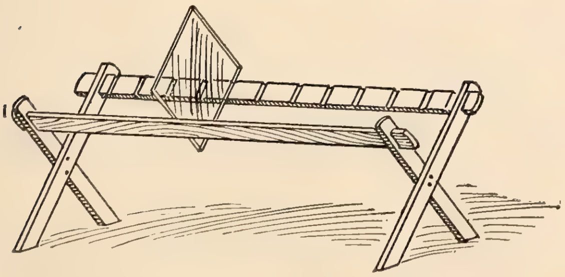
Sometimes the negative requires a great deal of lead and it may be impossible to retouch on the gelatine side. In that case flow the following mat varnish on the back and work on that when dry. This varnish is also excellent for all thin negatives, as it gives a ground glass effect on the back and shows the printing:

Sandarac	90 grains.
Best mastic (tears)	20 grains.
Ether	2 ounces.
Benzole	1 ounce.

Less benzole gives less matt effect; more increases it. The addition of yellow dye for retarding printing is often resorted to when negatives are extremely thin.—Editor.

FOLDING NEGATIVE RACK.

To make a cheap and practical folding negative rack I took 2 thin strips, say, 3-16 inch thick, an inch wide and about 12 inches in length, and notched them about ¾ inch apart, making the notches wide enough to admit the edges of 2 negatives, which can be placed with their backs together. Then of the same material I made my standards, taking for a 4x5 camera one piece 6 inches in length and one piece 8 inches. I tacked them together, allowing 2 inches for the legs and the remaining portion to support the crosspieces. In the top of the standards I cut mortises large enough to admit an end of the crosspiece. The crosspieces may be easily slipped in and out of these mortises, allowing the rack to be packed in a small space.



G. V. McAllister, Hamilton, N. Y.

SNAP SHOTS.

Are there envelopes like enclosed on the market already sensitized for blue print pictures. If not, please tell me how to prepare them.

W. F. Bowker, Wakefield, Mass.

ANSWER.

The envelope you sent was sensitized by brushing on blue print solution. They do not come ready sensitized, but you can easily prepare them yourself. Mix the following:

NO. 1.

Citrate iron and ammonia	64 grains.
Water	1 ounce.

NO. 2.

Water	1 ounce.
Red prussiate of potash	48 grains.

Bottle in 1 ounce bottles and wrap in black paper. To use, mix equal portions of each. Brush on the envelope, postal card or other paper with a tuft of cotton. Brush first up and down and then across to insure an even coat. Dry and print until the shadows are bronzed, then simply wash in water. Sensitize in a dimly lighted room.—Editor.

Kindly give directions for the manufacture of an apparatus with which one can enlarge from a 4x5 negative to any size up to that of 20x25 or thereabout? Where can one get lenses, etc., for such an apparatus?

George W., Rumford Falls, Me.

ANSWER.

Better than any description of such an apparatus as you desire for enlarging would be a careful study of the picture of one. I advise you to get a circular of the Brighton, a simply constructed apparatus that Anthony & Co., 120 Fifth avenue, New York, sell at $12. You can, if you are something of a cabinet maker, build one like it by buying a lens, some kits for the front and one plate holder. An imitation Dallmeyer Stereo lens is fine for the purpose. I think Ralph J. Golsen, 80 Wabash avenue, Chicago, may have one on his bargain list, and if second hand you might get it for $3 or $4.—Editor.

I received the set of Nehring's ampliscopes which you sent me as a premium. The wide angle attachment reduces the focus of my rectilinear lens about one half and gives a good wide angle effect.

The stop U. S. 64 cuts quite sharp at the edges and produces results which are almost beyond criticism. I find it fast enough for interiors which contain human figures, except on the darkest days. Have not tried it for flashlights. Regarding the portrait lens, would say that our best professional photographer pronounces its work exceedingly good. This is certainly more weighty testimony than any words of mine could be. Rainy weather has prevented me from testing the other attachments, but have full confidence they will be all Mr. Nehring claims for them.

A. C. Ives, Watertown, N. Y.

Will a solution of pyro that has been standing some months in an amber colored bottle, tightly corked, be fit to use? And is a sal soda solution, kept for the same length of time in a fruit jar, still good? Where can I obtain Beuchner albums?

H. P. Gosney, Savanna, Ill.

ANSWER.

Probably the pyro is good. If not muddy it is, but if brown throw it away. It should not be darker than a straw tinge, but can be used if a little darker. A tightly corked amber bottle keeps the pyro well enough if the bottle is full; otherwise it does not. The soda solution is still O. K.

The Beuchner Mfg. Co. is at Battle Creek, Mich. I offer one of their 4x5 albums, holding 100 prints, for 2 yearly subscriptions.—Editor.

How many amateurs have tried Velox and made a failure of it? The main thing in working Velox is to have a good developer. I have never had any trouble since using amidol. Is it possible to organize the readers of Recreation who love the camera into one great club. The Recreation Photographic Club would be a good name. It should be formed for the purpose of aiding members in matters pertaining to photography. Do you think this a good suggestion? Should like to hear from others on the subject.

L. Goodrich, San Antonio, Tex.

Flour paste made by the following formula will prove a cheap and good mountant, keep a long time, and be as good as, if not better than many of the store articles: Flour, 3 ounces; alum, 1/4 ounce; camphor, 40 grains; water to 20 ounces. Mix well and boil. When cold it is ready for use. Keep covered.—Camera and Dark Room.

An absurd error crept into the answer to F. A. Elliott in the photo department of June Recreation. The line reads, "For portrait groups use 32, the largest stop." But, as everyone knows 32 is *not* the largest stop, probably no harm was done.

I should like to ask L. G. L., Jr., Victor, N. Y., if he meant to say, in his note in June Recreation, that it will not hurt plates or films to fix them in broad light?

R. W. J., Unionville, Mo.

Will those who have had experience with the $20 4x5 Cycle Poco camera please tell me through Recreation what they think of it and if it takes a good picture?

H. S. Freat, Kennebunk, Me.

"A bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag."

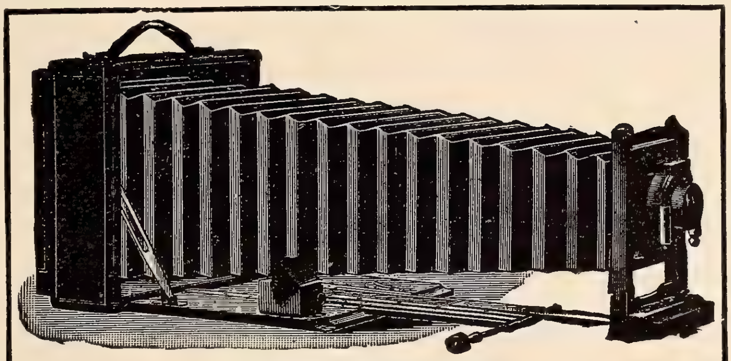
The season for hunting with a camera is always open, but it is at its height in the fall. Do you expect to get some photos this fall of wild animals or birds? If so, do you wish to keep the prints? They will be more credit to you than mounted specimens would be. A Buechner Snap Shot album is what you need for keeping your prints always ready to refer to and to show your friends. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation I will send you one of these albums which will hold all the choice prints you will probably make this fall. Send me these subscriptions at once and earn yourself a Buechner album.

Do you wish to make one camera do the work of 6? Then provide yourself, free of charge, with a set of Nehring ampliscopes. These supplementary lenses fit all cameras and by their use even cheap lenses can be made to do copying and enlarging, portraits, wide angle work, telephoto work, etc. For only 5 yearly subscriptions to Recreation I will give you as a premium a set of ampliscopes that will make you feel as rich as if you owned half a dozen expensive cameras. Send me subscriptions now and try the ampliscopes at once.

How many photo plates do you use every month? Would you not like to get some of them free? I give both Lovell and Carbutt plates as premiums for clubs of subscriptions to Recreation. A few subscriptions will earn you several dozen of these plates. This is the best time of year to secure subscriptions.. Read my premium offers of photo plates on page xxxiv of this issue.

"IT'S ALL IN THE LENS."

Brilliant Finders



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Every amateur knows the difficulty experienced trying to see the image in a finder, such as those usually furnished with a hand camera especially when photographing in bright sunshine.

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are now supplied with brilliant finders that show the image clear, sharp, and bright, as the human eye—in any light. This is just one of our improvements for 1901.

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PERFECTION and SIMPLICITY Combined.

BETTY'S BUTTER.

Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.
—Montreal Star.

Lan's sakes! what a chatter
Betty made about her batter!
Betty'd better bo't her butter,
Ere the bitter weed had put her
To such straights to save her batter—
'Long in the fall, or such a matter.
—New York Sun.

It were better far for Betty
Had she bought her better butter
'Ere she mixed her bitter batter.
It were better had the Sun man
Kept his idle chitter chatter,
All about the bitter batter,
For a subject he knows better
Than he does about the butter.

I received the Marble pocket axe you sent me as premium. It is a beauty. No camp outfit is complete without it.

F. G. Stanley, Bangor, Me.

Leaving Nome April 6th, 1901, I was curious to know what variety of game birds I should meet first and where. The wild goose was the first, and he was a goose, I thought, to be sitting around on the snow and ice. It was on the Kuskokwim river and not far from the Bering sea coast that I recognized his first musical call. I just lay down and rolled and shouted, "A welcome to you, Old Man! I do like to meet a brother!"

We were not the only geese in the land, however. I heard the calls of others for several days. It was near the banks of the river and the 24th day of April. The next day sand hill cranes, swans, ducks and several varieties of snipe were seen, the advance guard of the vast army of wild fowl that come to this far away country to breed. About the 1st of May I had met common gulls in great numbers. The 5th of May I saw what appeared to be the ordinary house fly. Alaska squirrels were also out. Ptarmigan, or willow grouse, were mating at that time. On the headwaters of the South fork of the Kuskokwim, near the Kongallion mines, moose were plentiful. The natives sold them to the miners for $4 a moose. Mountain sheep, white, and caribou were also plentiful near Unalakleet, 60 miles North of St. Michael's. The natives killed 80 caribou in one week.

L. L. Bales, Seattle, Wash.

Panorama of the Links

during actual play, is easily possible if one uses an : : : : : :

"Al-Vista Camera"

No gayer scene afield can be imagined. *No other camera can do full justice* to the vari-colored costumes, and the healthy, vigorous postures of the players, stretched as they are, over so wide an expanse. Yet the "AL-VISTA" does it without fuss and without elaborate preparation. : : : : : : : :

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Bausch & Lomb Plastigmat f=6.8

lens. Order your camera with it, or if you have an outfit, ask your dealer to exchange.

No day is too dark for Plastigmat *f-6.8*, no shutter too fast, no subject too difficult.

Plastigmat Booklet 569 tells why.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

INCORPORATED 1866.

New York ROCHESTER, N. Y. Chicago

I think Cody, Cherry County, Nebraska, the best place in the West for duck and grouse shooting, but there are no antelope there now. A party of 4 of us was there last fall, and although the weather was warm and the hunting said to be the poorest for years, we bagged over 1,200 ducks.

C. F. Mogle, Grinnell, Ia.

Printed in a certain sportsmen's journal without comment. I thought it possible the figures might be wrong and asked Mogle about it. Here is his answer:

It is true we killed 1,200 ducks, but considering the time we were doing it, we did not break the laws. We were there nearly 5 weeks.

C. F. Mogle, Grinwell, Ia.

You broke the laws of decency, if not of Nebraska. No matter if you had stayed there 5 months you had no right to kill so many birds. There were 4 of you, so you averaged 300 birds to each man. How long would the ducks last if every man who goes after them should stay and keep on slaughtering till he got 300? You and your friends may consider yourselves initiated into the Ancient Order of Game Hogs, and you are entitled to all the rights and privileges of same.—EDITOR.

Hamfat—Can I put up here?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, if you put up.—Chicago American.

HUNTED DEER IN A PASTURE.

To your inquiry as to whether my friends and I killed 45 deer on one hunting trip last fall, I have to answer in the affirmative. We would have been just as well pleased if we had killed only half the number, or even less than that. For 17 years I have hunted at the same place, a pasture of 10,000 acres, the owner keeping out all hunters except myself and those I invite. This because I have leased the right of hunting from him for a number of years. I never hunt more than once a year, generally from November 10 to December 1. During the 17 years' hunting have been careful to kill only bucks and barren does, and sometimes yearling deer. Of the 45 deer, 34 or 35 were bucks. There were 3 of us who stayed out the month, and one other man who stayed one week and killed 5 deer. We did not move camp once, and no deer was killed over 1½ miles from camp; so we did not really disturb more than about ¼ of the preserve. The deer were in good condition, and we saved all the meat.

Ernest E. Palmer, M.D., Kerrville, Tex.

ANSWER.

You have certainly made a frank confession, and inasmuch as you evidently do not realize the enormity of your offense against good morals, I will not deal with you so severely as I should otherwise have done. I infer from what you say that the land on which you hunted is under fence, and that the deer can not get away. You therefore probably have the same legal right to go in that pasture and kill deer as you would have to kill steers if you owned them; but you certainly would not consider it sport to go in there and kill 45 head of domestic cattle. Neither could any sane man or party of men consider it sport to go into a field and shoot down 45 deer that are fenced in and have no chance of escape.

You and your friends have therefore placed yourselves on the level of a village butcher who would buy from a ranchman a bunch of cattle, and who would then go into his corral and slaughter them.

Several sportsmen in your State have written me condemning in the most severe terms this wanton killing, and all have requested me to denounce you to the world. Within 2 weeks after this issue of RECREATION comes out, I shall doubtless receive several hundred letters from various States, commenting on your course in the same terms your neighbors use. I trust this may teach you that the time has passed when cold blooded slaughter can be considered sport among gentlemen.—EDITOR.

I have long been a reader of RECREATION. I believe it the best magazine in print. The way you roast game hogs is all right. I used to be a fair sized shoat myself, but have quit.

Charles Kammerer, Oxford, Neb.

Have you ever compared the results obtained with BACKED Plates against those obtained with ordinary Plates?

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have all the speed of the most rapid plates on the market but give incomparably better results in

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AN ABBREVIATION.

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics, so can I."

So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.?'"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can get G. T. H. (get the house)."

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INCORPORATED 1866
New York ROCHESTER, N. Y. Chicago

A BOY SAYS THINGS.

Ruffed grouse and prairie chickens were more plentiful last season than for the past 2 or 3 years.

We have a game hog in this city. He considers himself a true sportsman, and a game protector. He is a member of the L. A. S. and a reader of RECREATION, Mr. Post. He keeps 2 or 3 dogs, and roasts the farmers' boys; says they are the ones that are slaughtering the birds. When he goes hunting he has a pack of dogs. This I do not believe in. The city dudes do the slaughtering. Leave the poor farmers' boys alone. I like outdoor sports as well as any.

Last season I got 200 to 300 birds, and was well satisfied. I never hunted with a dog. Shipping birds should be prohibited, or in a few years we shall have no use for our guns. Birds should never be hunted with dogs. Give the birds a chance. I am too fond of shooting to divide the sport with a dog.

Sam Thompson, Barron, Wis.

If you and other boys and men keep on hogging birds at the rate of 200 to 300 a year they will soon be extinct, dogs or no dogs. A man or a boy may wear bristles whether he owns a dog or not.—EDITOR.

THE FOLLY OF SPRING SHOOTING.

Watertown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

I am one of the many sportsmen who believe that the spring shooting of wild fowl is wrong, and for 15 years I have done no spring shooting. I like to hunt as well as any man can, and my favorite sport is wildfowling; but it is no pleasure for me to kill any game bird during the mating or breeding season. The present law regarding wildfowl in this State is a disgrace to the sportsmen who, by their selfishness or indifference, permit such a law to exist.

A careful inquiry recently made by the New York Zoological Society reveals this startling fact: The decrease in wild waterfowl and shore birds has been over 50 per cent. in the past 15 years. During my lifetime I have seen the wild pigeon become practically extinct. And now the wildfowl are rapidly approaching the same end. Why not stop this merciless slaughter of mated birds in the spring before it is too late?

Many sportsmen in this State believe that if the wildfowl were unmolested in the spring, large numbers of them would stay with us and breed, giving us good shooting in the early fall, when it is a pleasure to hunt. Years ago wildfowl bred in this State in countless thousands. Why do they not now? Because at every island, every point, every feeding place, lake and creek, the spring shooter is waiting to kill or drive them from our waters.

Our law permits the killing of wildfowl until May 1. Before that date many birds should have begun their nesting. Our sportsmen are exceedingly short sighted in this matter. The lovers of duck shooting have not given this question proper consideration. We drive the birds into Canad to breed; there they are protected from the spring shooter until they are forced to leave by the freezing of the water. As the waters close here at nearly the same time, and as the distance to the coast is so short, I do not believe one bird in a thousand stops here on the fall flight. We are, in fact, driving the birds from this State into Canada in the spring to breed young for the coast and Southern shooters. The spring shooter says they would not breed in this State: a great many others think they would. Why not pass a law next winter prohibiting spring shooting of wildfowl in New York for 5 years, and prove which side is right? The time has come when the sale of game, and the spring shooting of water birds, should be prohibited, if we would save our diminished supply of game from early extermination.

Minnesota has stopped spring shooting; why should not great New York join hands with her in true sportsmanship?

W. H. Tallett,
Prest. Jefferson Co. Sportsmen's Ass'n.

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If so, my **NON-HALATION PLATE BACKING** deserves your attention since it absolutely perfects your work, and is **Insurance Against Failure.** It is a quick-drying, easily-removed substance to rub on the backs of plates before exposing, for the prevention of halation and for increasing detail, defining planes truthfully, giving natural perspective and atmosphere and working in strong light or even against it, as in sunsets, interiors with windows, trees against the sky, etc. It enables the photographer to take Nature as he finds her, not being limited by ancient arbitrary rules such as "always have the light *behind* the camera." My discovery is used by thousands of noted amateur and professional photographers, who give it high praise. **PRICE 50 Cents,** post paid, with full directions. Send for **Illustrated Booklet** describing my Backing, Spotting Medium, Developer, Intensifier, Reducers, all in powder form. My preparations have helped many to take PRIZES; they will help YOU if you but test them.

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George E. Moulthrope, Photographer, Bristol, Conn., will send every person remitting him $1.00 by P. O. order for a year's subscription to RECREATION, and 10c. for postage, **6 Elegant 5 x 7 Photos on 8 x 10 Mounts.** The photos are from the choicest of several hundred negatives: "Strings of Game Hanging," three of each kind; 'In the Field Series," from life; "Mounted Specimens," artistically posed true to life. Reference as to quality of photos, **Mr. G. O. Shields.**

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

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H. N. BEECHER, Canon City, Colo.
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To any one who will send me two yearly subscriptions to RECREATION I will ship a pair of flying squirrels, safe delivery guaranteed. Prettiest pets you ever saw and are alone worth the $2. This offer is good only for a short time and will not be repeated.

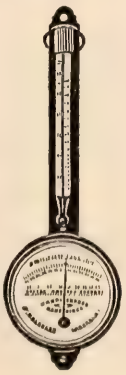
E. F. POPE, COLMESNEIL, TEX.

I will send by registered mail, post paid, 50 5x7 views printed on either Vinco, Solio or Velox paper, and mounted in a Buechner album, for $8. These views are of live and dead game, mountain scenery, lakes, waterfalls, fishing scenes and park views. A sample print will be sent for 15 cents in stamps.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

I have copies of these pictures and they are worth to any sportsman 5 times the price Mr. Leek charges.—EDITOR.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET ON HUMIDITY.



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Good quality drab moleskin pants, well padded, **1.25**

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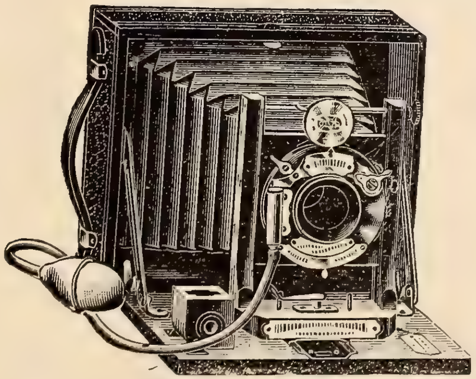

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Very special offers on baseball uniforms for balance of the season. Prices, $5.50, $3.75, $2.75 and $2.50. Extra inducements and special reductions to teams ordering now. Send for samples and measurement blanks.

To All Sportsmen and Athletes: We aim to furnish *everything* you *ever* want for recreation. Write us for catalogue and information on your requirements in this line. We will then register your name on our "Sportsmen's Guide," and mail our subsequent literature, as published, without charge.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., **Department 77,**
67 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Shattuck hammerless shot gun received as premium. It is entirely satisfactory, being a close, hard shooter. I put 65 No. 4 shot inside of a 10-inch circle with left barrel, and 23 with right, at 8 rods, which is good enough for anyone. I recommend this gun to any one wishing a first class gun at a low figure. I congratulate you on your success with RECREATION, and on the stand you are taking for the protection of our game. C. D. Morris,
East Windsor, N. Y.

I have just tried the 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand smokeless powder you sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION. Am much pleased with this powder. It is very strong, requiring but half as much in measure as other smokeless powders to make a strong load. It is perfectly dense, gives slight recoil, great penetration, and leaves little residue in barrels. Please accept my thanks. RECREATION is the best sportsmen's periodical I have ever read.
W. D. Simonton, Columbus, O.

The Wizard B camera you sent me for 15 subscriptions to RECREATION is beautiful and I have done some exceptionally fine work with it; as good as could be done with a $25 lens. I do not see how you can give so good an article for the amount of work done. It is easy to get subscriptions to RECREATION.
Herbert G. Bissell, Hartford, Conn.

I have had several chances to test the Marble waterproof match box you sent me as premium and am pleased to say I have seen nothing of its kind to equal it. It is not affected by rain or dampness. I use it in hunting and fishing and often get wet through, but my matches are always dry.
E. E. Bon, Riverside, Cal.

Please pardon my delay in acknowledging receipt of the Forehand revolver sent me as a premium. The weapon is all that it is claimed. On a trip in the mountains last summer I used a 30-30. My partner used a 38-55. No one would choose the latter gun after seeing the 2 tested side by side.
H. D. Mapes, Ogden, Utah.

I received the revolution bait from William Shakespeare, Jr., also the Stevens Ideal rifle, and like both. The bait is the best I ever saw for trolling, as it seems to catch when other baits fail. The rifle shoots just where I hold it and holds up remarkably well for a 22 caliber.
A. Boothby, Hamburg, Ark.

I received the tent you sent me for 9 subscriptions to RECREATION, and I thank you for it. I have just returned from a week's outing with it. The tent was out in 2 Nebraska rain storms, and it stood all that Abercrombie claims it will. I am much pleased with it.
E. J. Brewer, Omaha, Neb.

The West End gun cabinet you sent me as premium came all right and in perfect condition. It certainly is beautiful, and the material and workmanship are both of the finest quality. The cabinet far surpasses my expectation, and is as ornamental as it is useful.
Arthur B. Gleason, Rockville, Md.

I take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the Syracuse shot gun you kindly sent me as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION. I have tried it and found it perfect in every respect. I am more than pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks.
M. W. McCoy, Pittsburg, Pa.

The rifle received as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION is a perfect arm, and like all Stevens rifles, a perfect shooting gun. I am more than pleased with it and can not see how you can give so much for so little.
C. C. Hart, Williamsport, Pa.

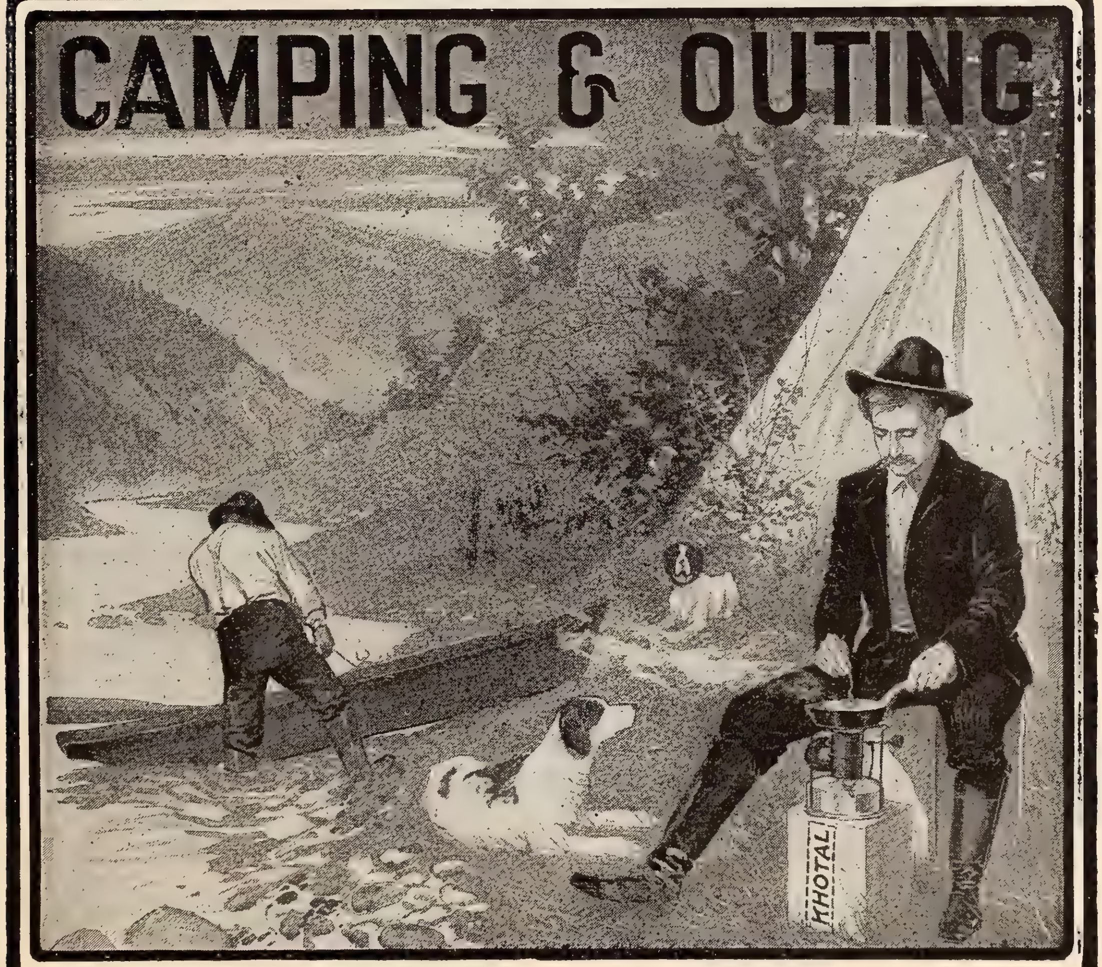
The cut glass salad bowl from Higgins & Seiter arrived safe. It is an elegant piece of glassware, and is certainly good pay for the short time it took to get 10 subscribers to RECREATION. Please accept thanks.
J. H. Tascher, Prophetstown, Ill.

My sister received her premium gold watch O. K. and was more than pleased with it. It is much better than I had expected to get for so small a club of subscribers, and was about the kind she wanted.
G. B. Lamm, Williamsport, Pa.

The Savage rifle you sent me as a premium is the most powerful and accurate arm I ever used. I consider it far ahead of other repeaters for safety and beauty.
J. C. Hulett, St. Peter, Minn.

Have received the automatic reel in good condition. Am much pleased with it and thank you for your prompt attention.
C. H. Gaskin, Shamokin, Pa.

Kindly accept my thanks for the Shakespeare reel sent me as premium. It is just the thing for which it is intended.
C. D. Grimes, Dayton, Ohio.



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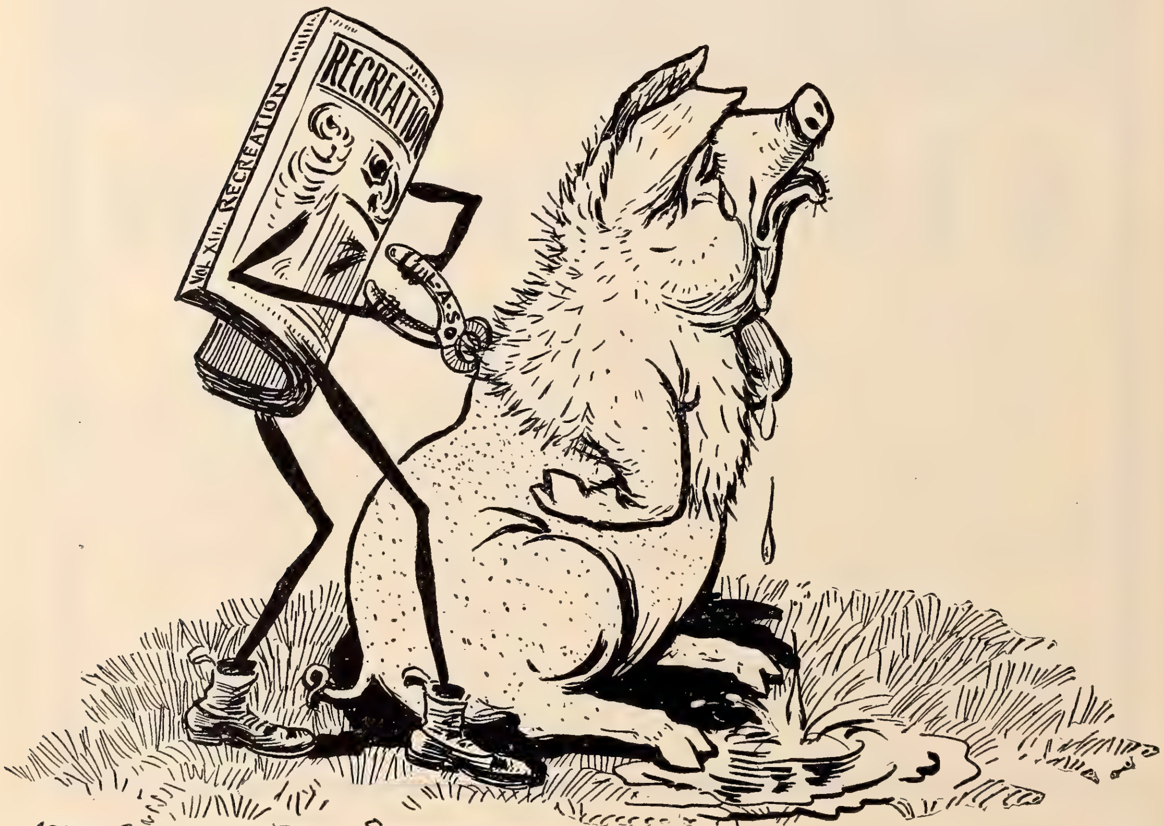
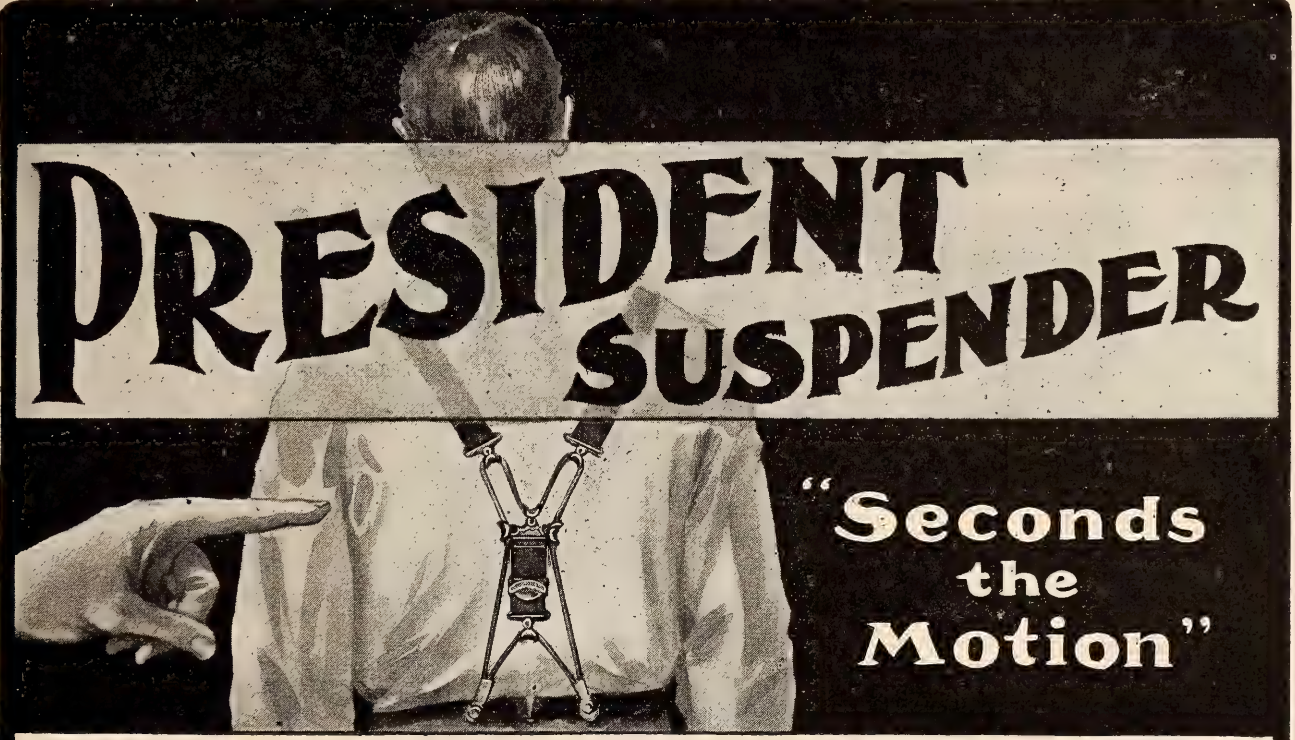


AFTER SKETCH BY FRANK STECK

PULLING OUT HIS BRISTLES.



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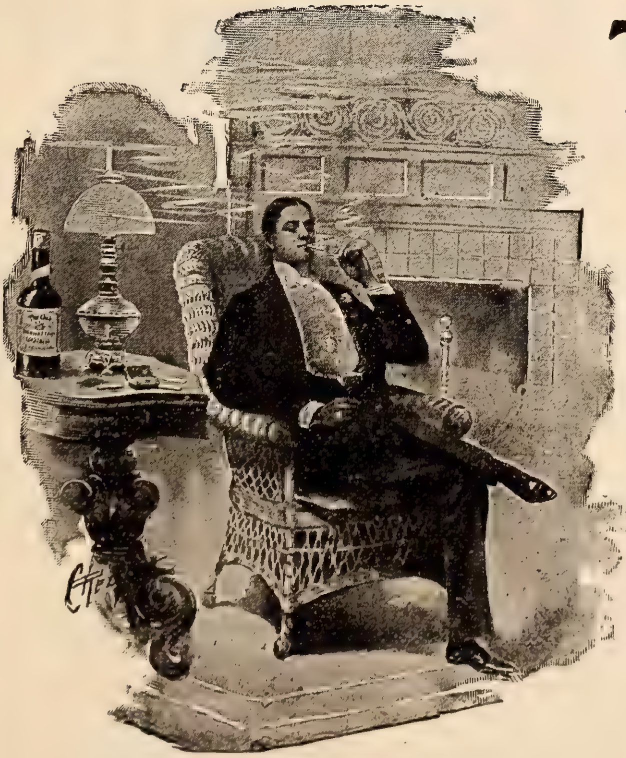

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The General Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., is in receipt of reports from some of their Western Agents, giving the prospect for fall hunting and fishing. Given below is a gist of these reports. Any persons wishing to visit the points mentioned and desiring further information in regard thereto, should write Mr. Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul.

Northern Pacific Stations	Kind of Game to be had.	Kind of Fishing to be had.
Anaconda, Mont	Grouse, sage hen, ducks, quail, deer and bears	Reported fine: mountain trout and salmon trout.
Avon, Mont	Grouse, pheasants and ducks in abundance; deer, elk and bear	Good; trout reported in abundance.
Bush City, Minn	Pheasants, ducks and geese; foxes, wolves, bears	Good ; pike, pickerel and perch.
Barnum, Minn	Grouse plentiful; bears, deer and wolves; few moose	Good; pike, bass, pickerel and perch.
Buffalo, N. D	Plenty of prairie chicken	
Bozeman, Mont	Grouse and chicken in abundance; bears, deer, elk and moose	Good trout fishing.
Big Timber, Mont	Ducks and prairie chicken; deer and bears	Good; trout and white fish.
Billings, Mont	Grouse, prairie chicken, sage hen; elk and deer	Mountain trout ; good fishing
Carrington, N.D.	Chickens, ducks, geese, plover, snipe, curlew; very plentiful	
Dickenson, N.D	Grouse, curlew and plover; grouse plentiful; deer, bears, antelope, Rocky Mountain sheep; deer plentiful; antelope and sheep protected by law.	
Fond Du Lac, Minn	Partridge, woodcock and snipe, partridge plentiful ; deer; good hunting grounds	Good; trout, pike and bass
Frazee, Minn	Chickens, partridge, ducks and rabbits; ducks and rabbits plentiful; deer and bears	Good; bass, pike and pickerel.
Fergus Falls, Minn.	Prairie chickens and ducks are plentiful	Good: pike, pickerel and bass.
Fort Ripley, Minn	Partridge and prairie chicken ; latter plentiful; deer and bears; plenty of deer.	Good; muskalonge, bass and pickerel
Grantsburg, Wis	Partridge, prairie chicken and ducks; shooting reported good; deer, bear and wolves: deer always plentiful.	Good; bass, pike, pickerel, croppies
Gladstone, N. D	Prairie chicken in great abundance; deer	
Hinckley, Minn	Prairie chicken, ducks, rabbits; very plentiful; plenty of bears and deer	Good; pike, bass, pickerel and trout.
Hugo, Minn	Prairie chickens, pheasants, quail and ducks	Good; pike, bass, croppies, pickerel.
Henning, Minn	Prairie chickens, rabbits and partridge in abundance	Pike, pickerel and bass.
Iron River, Wis	Partridge, grouse, ducks ; good shooting ; deer and bear.	Good; trout, pike, pickerel, bass.
Kalama, Wash	Elk, deer and bears	Good; trout.
Lincoln, Minn	Chickens, grouse, fair; pheasants, rabbits, plentiful	Good ; pike, pickerel, croppie, and black bass.
Little Falls, Minn	Prairie chickens and duck, plentiful ; partridge and grouse	Very good; pike,pickerel,bass, perch
Lisbon, N.D	Prairie chicken, grouse, geese and ducks are reported plentiful	Pickerel and pike.
Mahtowa, Minn	Chickens, ducks, pheasants; deer; good shooting	
Moose Lake, Minn	Partridges, chicken and rabbits in abundance; ducks, snipe, grouse ; deer and wolves plentiful; bears, foxes, etc	Good; bass, pike, pickerel
Minnewauken, N.D.	Ducks, chickens and grouse in great abundance, also geese	Bass, pike and pickerel.
Motley, Minn	Prairie chicken and ducks are quite plentiful	
Mandan, N,D	Prairie chicken and grouse; geese and ducks are plentiful ; deer quite numerous	
Miles City, Mont	Chickens, deer and antelope	
Missoula, Mont	Grouse, and ducks ; deer, bears and mountain goats.	
Marysville, Mont	Grouse, prairie chicken, pheasants, curlew, sage hens, rabbits, ducks; deer, elk, mountain goats, sheep and bears	
McMurray, Wash	Plenty of grouse and pheasants; deer, bears and cougars are numerous	Very good; lake trout.
North Branch, Minn	Partridges, prairie chicken and ducks; partridges and prairie chicken numerous	Good; bass, croppies, pickerel, pike.
Pine City, Minn	Ducks, partridges, chickens and rabbits are plentiful; also quite a number of deer	Good; bass, pike, pickerel, perch and sturgeon.
Pembina, N.D	Ducks; prairie chicken are plentiful	Mountain trout and white fish.
Philipsburg, Mont	Grouse; elk and mountain lions ; deer quite plentiful.	
Rutledge, Minn	Ducks, chickens, pheasants and rabbits are plentiful; deer	Bass, pike and pickerel.
Royalton, Minn	Prairie chicken, quail and partridges ; ducks and geese quite plentiful, also deer and bears	
Red Lodge Mont	Prairie chickens, grouse and sage hens in plenty ; deer, bears and elk	Good; trout
Stacy, Minn	Prairie chickens, pheasants, ducks, rabbits, coons and wolves; ducks very plentiful	Croppies, pike and pickerel.
Sturgeon Lake, Minn	Ducks, partridges; deer and bears	Bass, pike, pickerel.
Sauk Centre, Minn	Prairie chicken and partridges ; quail and ducks plentiful	Very good; bass and pike.
Sanborn, N.D	Prairie chickens, grouse and ducks are very numerous, geese, snipe and plover	
Sand Point, Ida	Chickens, grouse, ducks, geese, and swans ; deer quite plentiful; bears	Very good; principally trout.
Seattle, Wash	Quail, grouse, pheasants, snipe, good shooting; deer bears and elk	Good; trout and perch.
Taylors Falls, Minn	Pheasants and rabbits	Excellent; bass, pickerel, pike, perch, croppies.
Willow River, Minn	Partridges plentiful; deer and bears	
Wibaux, Mont	Prairie chicken very plentiful; antelope, deer and bear	

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But I'll say this for William—
That he is most polite.
Bill Johnson saw a lady
Slip on an orange peel,
And felt the same compassion
That every gent should feel.

Bill Johnson ran to catch her
And save her from the fall.
She had eggs in a basket;
They scattered—that was all.
Bill Johnson helped the lady
Once more upon her feet.
"Oh, thank you!" said the lady
In tones serene and sweet.

Bill Johnson saw his clothing;
He saw the lady's, too.
"Excuse me," murmured William,
"But I must cuss a few."
Bill Johnson swore most fearful,
The lady did not stir;
But when he paused she gurgled,
"OH, THANK YOU—THANK YOU, SIR!"

—John Wink, in the Baltimore American.

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THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3; or a dozen Chatfield Bass Flies assorted, listed at $2; or 4 dozen Carbutt plates, 4x5 or 5x7.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camp Outfits*, cloth; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4; or a Yankee Folding Cot, made by Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.; or an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50. or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

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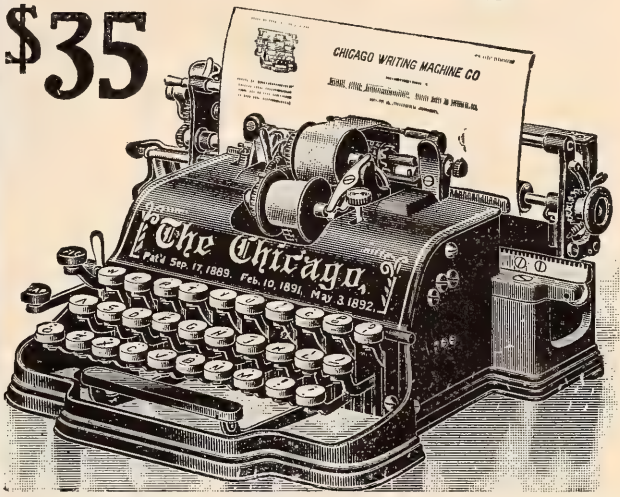
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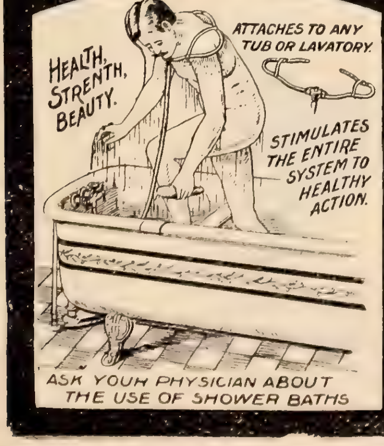
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1900 to 1935 inclusive, will tell you all about it. It covers all retirements within that period. Names are arranged alphabetically, so that you can instantly find the **name and date of retirement** of any officer in either arm of the service. Compiled by Capt. Wm. R. Hamilton, 7th Artillery. Price of book, 25c. Address RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y.

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AUTUMN.

E. G. ALLANSON.

The melon cholera days have gone—
The saddest of the year;
The wild goose picks the golden corn
Quite off the drooping ear.

The hound pup sits before the door,
With sadness in his eye,
Because there's buttermilk no more;
The cows have all gone dry!

Or 'neath the pines here all day long
He runs the rabbit race
And bays all night because the moon's
Half hidden her red face.

The Harrington & Richardson single shot gun arrived in good order, and I am well pleased with it.

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DEAR SIR: Enclosed $1 for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

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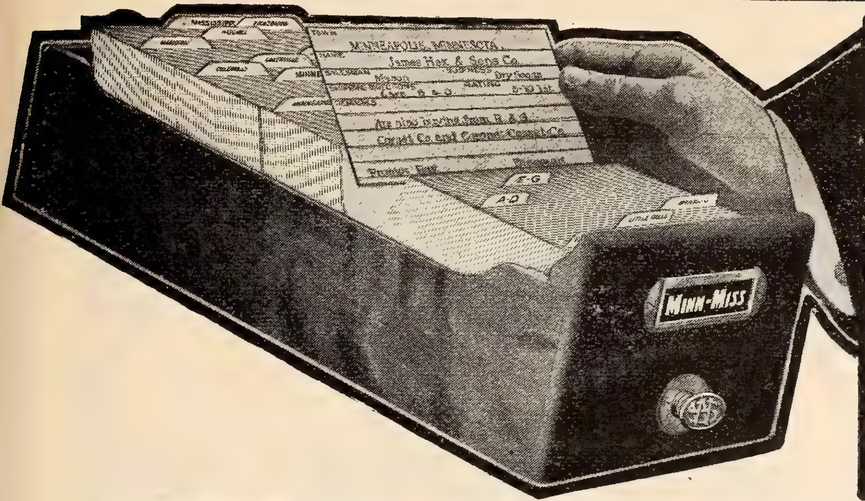

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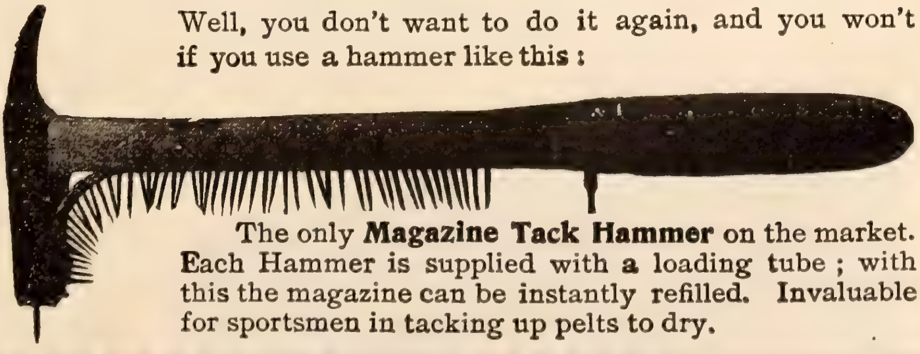

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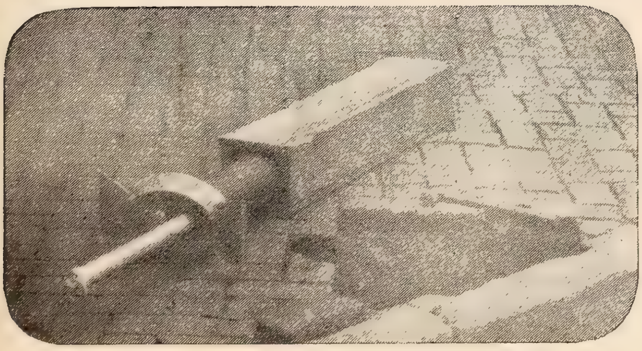

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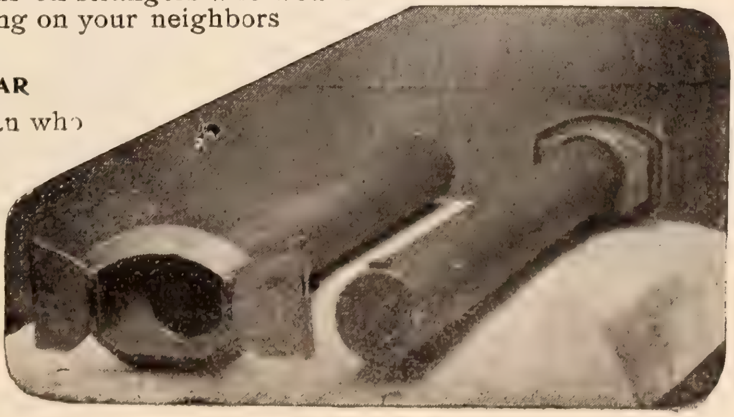

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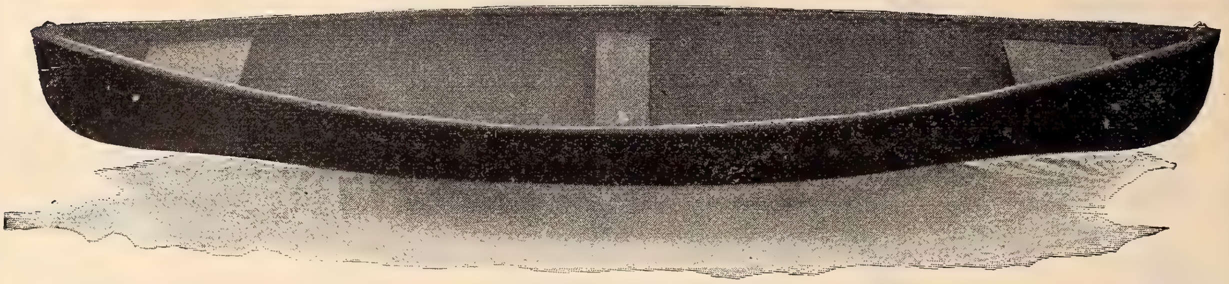

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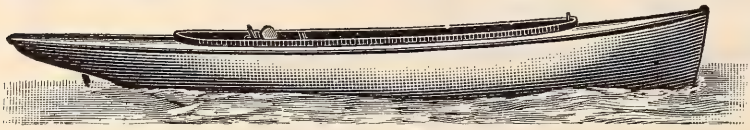

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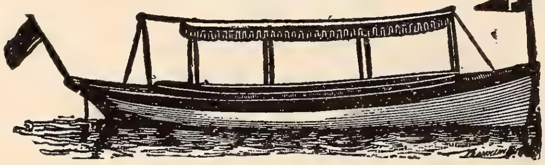

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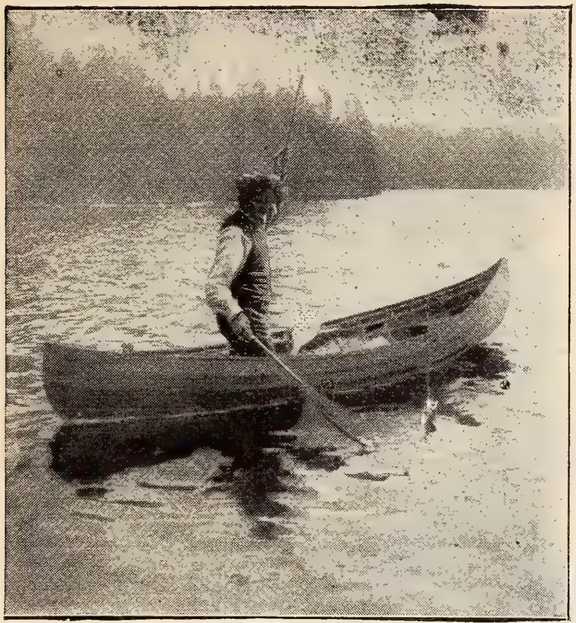

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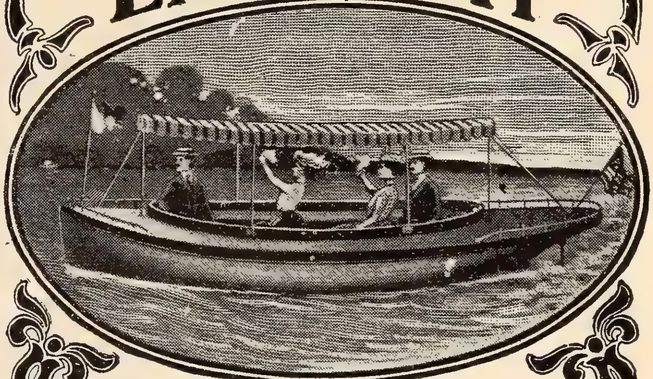

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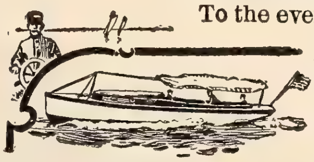

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It's not too warm for fleas as yet,
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But frost has come mankind to fret,
  So, Mister, shut the door.

Don't leave it swinging while we sneeze,
  And christen you a bore;
Unless you want to see us freeze,
  Why, hang it, shut the door.

Don't make us shiver till we're blue,
  And hanker for your gore;
Look here, we've said all we're going to on this subject and the next thing you know we'll be over there wiping the floor with you
  Unless you shut the door.

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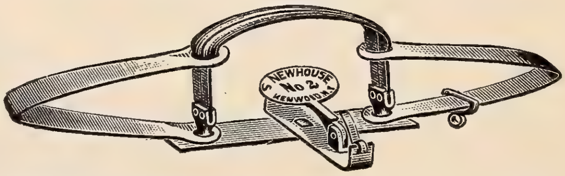

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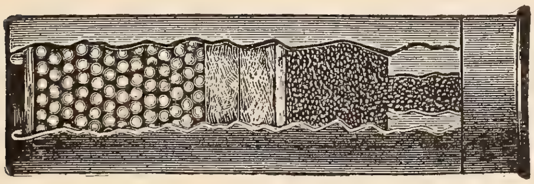

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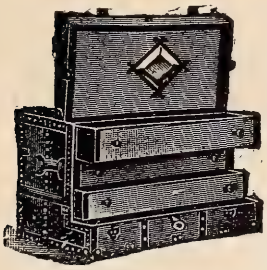

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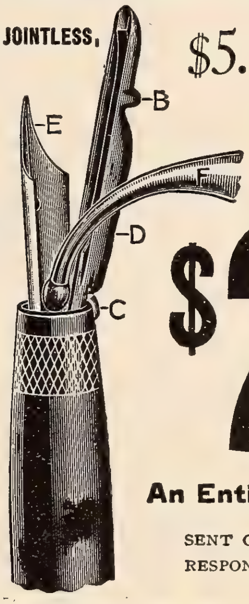

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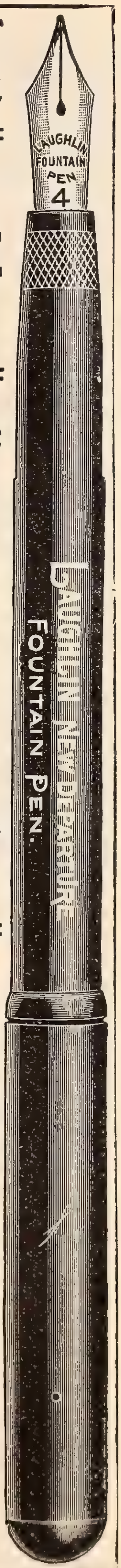
LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
160 Griswold St., ::: Detroit, Mich.


LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN 4
LAUGHLIN NEW DEPARTURE FOUNTAIN PEN.

EXCESSIVE GROWTH OF HAIR STOPPED.

Removed instantaneously by new, safe remedy. Guaranteed not to injure the skin. Sent on receipt of $1.00.
MRS. G. WILSON, P. O. Box 444, N. Y.
Mention RECREATION.

A Good Night's Sleep

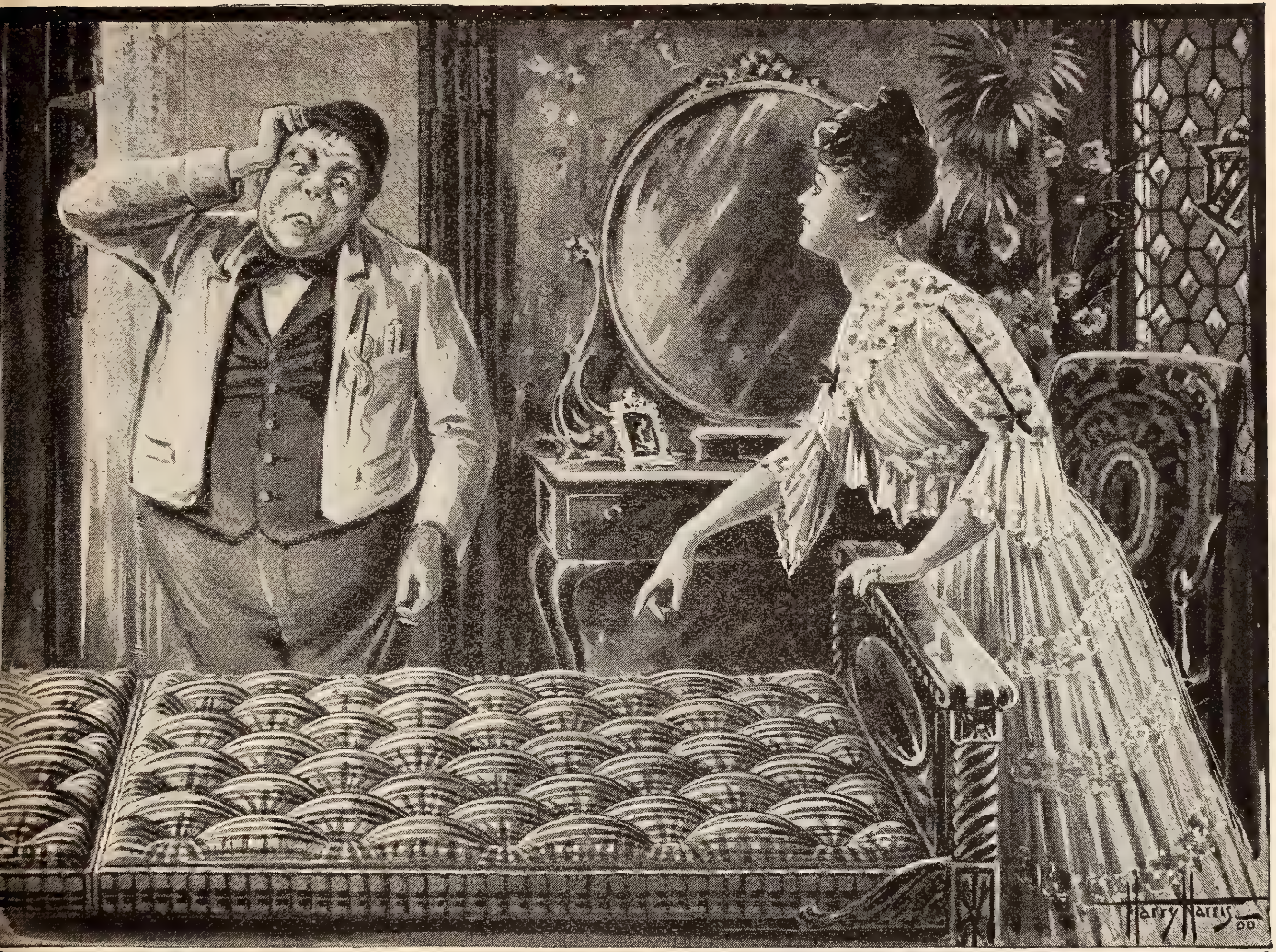
Means everything to a tired
HUNTER, ANGLER
OR CANOEIST
In order to make sure of this
you should have

A Yankee Folding Cot-Bed!

I will give you one for FOUR
yearly subscriptions to
RECREATION

This is a great opportunity and will hold good only SIXTY days.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.



His Occupation Gone.

"No," said Mrs. Progress, "I shall never need you again, Mr. Renovator. You see I am using the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, and it requires no re-making because it is vermin-proof and never packs or gets lumpy, as hair mattresses do. Good day."

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

Positively not for sale by stores. We pay express charges to your door.

We sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it at our expense and get your money back (without dispute) if not satisfactory in every possible way at the end of THIRTY NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL, and positively guarantee that the best $50.00 Hair Mattress made is not its equal in cleanliness, durability or comfort. ☘ ☘ ☘

MAY WE SEND YOU OUR FREE BOOK?

This is all we ask. We want you to know about our mattress **even if you have made up your mind not to buy one.** Simply send your name on a postal for our 72 page handsome book, "The Test of Time."

2 ft. 6 ins. wide, 25 lbs.,	**$ 8.35**	All 6 ft. 3 ins. Long.
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.,	**10.00**	
3 ft. 6 ins. wide, 35 lbs.,	**11.70**	
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.,	**13 35**	
4 ft. 6 ins. wide, 45 lbs.,	**15.00**	

If made in two parts 50c. extra.
(Special sizes proportionate rate).

Express Charges Prepaid Everywhere

Take Care! Don't be Deceived!

There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattresses; almost every store now has an imitation so called "felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee is on every genuine mattress. Must be purchased of us direct, and we deliver, charges prepaid, at your home.*

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
135 Elizabeth St., New York

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."

GOING into CAMP?

If so, you will need

A TENT

You can get one big enough for 4 men and their camp outfit, by sending me

5 Yearly Subscriptions to RECREATION

at $1.00 each. You can get another tent big enough for 6 men by sending me

8 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

at $1.00 each.

Why pay out money for a tent when you can make your friends pay for it?

Sail in and fit yourself for your summer vacation.

This is a great opportunity, and will hold good only 60 days.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

Going Fishing or Hunting?

If so, order

Tents,
Sleeping Bags,
Cooking Utensils,
Eating Tools,

and all sorts of camp outfits from us. We are caterers to campers, and we furnish everything you can think of to make you happy in the woods, in the mountains, or on the water. Write for Catalogue R.

Mention RECREATION.

David T. Abercrombie & Co.
No. 2 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

SPECIAL
WILD GOOSE NUMBER
OCTOBER . . .
RECREATION

Will be devoted largely to telling the life history of this grand and mysterious bird, and will contain several excellent articles treating of

GOOSE SHOOTING

IN

MANITOBA
CALIFORNIA
NORTH CAROLINA
MINNESOTA, Etc.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

...BY...

Ernest Seton Thompson, Dan Beard, J. O. Nugent

AND OTHERS

Tell all your friends about it.

Tell them to buy

OCTOBER RECREATION

It will be a rare treat for every lover of Nature and of the Gun.

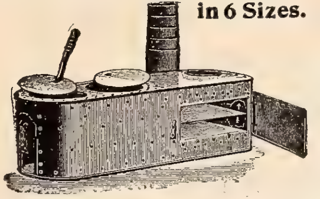
TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS

To suit all manner of rifle cranks and pocketbooks of all dimensions, from the $10 complete outfit to $50 and upward. Our "SNAP SHOT" telescopes are far ahead of any known rifle sight for off-hand and hunting purposes, while the principal rest-shooters find their ideal in our high-grade target telescopes. The highest known scores have been made with their aid. SEND FOR LIST.

JNO. W. SIDLE
628 Race St. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

A Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes.

CAMP STOVE



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns larger wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

For catalogue giving full particulars, mention RECREATION and address,

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

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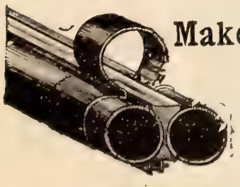
Barger Gun Sight

(PAT. MARCH 19, 1901.)



Makes Wing Shooting Easy

Price 50 cents

Circular free. Give gauge and state whether gun is single or double barrelled.

RUSHWORTH & BARGER
150 FIFTH AVE., New York

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Telescopic Sights

FOR HARD USE AND FINE WORK

ADDRESS FOR CIRCULAR,

L. N. MOGG, Marcellus, N. Y.

Mention RECREATION

Quality and Price Guaranteed!

Dozen
Henley Golf Balls, $4.00

Made in A and B markings. Thoroughly seasoned and perfectly painted. Sole Agents for United States

Dozen
New B. G. I. Golf Balls, $3.50

(Quality Guaranteed Equal to Any.)

Champion Flier Golf Balls, 3.25

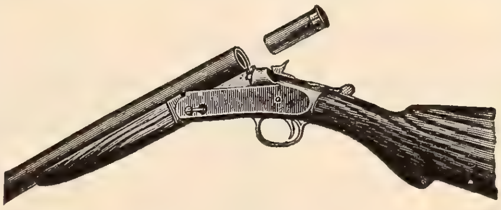
A high grade medium-priced ball, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Made in Ocobo and Bramble markings.

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY, - 313-317 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention RECREATION.

JESPERSEN'S

10 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.



ANOTHER GREAT OFFER.

A Genuine Lovell single barrel gun; blued steel barrels, case hardened mountings, top snap action, rebounding locks, pistol grip, choked bored for nitro or black powder, 12 and 16 gauge, 30 inch barrels. Price, - - - - - $5.00

The same gun with automatic ejector, $5.35

I also have the H. & D. F. Arms Co., new American make gun and every one of them guaranteed and can not be duplicated for the money.

Double barrel breech loading top lever, twist barrels, rebounding locks, extension rib, fore end snap, pistol grip, 12 gauge. These guns are bored especially for nitro and black powder. Send your order while they last. Price, $10.

Remember if you need anything in the Sportsman's line I have everything that is needful and can furnish you without delay.

Send for my Illustrated Catalogue and mention RECREATION.

HENRY L. JESPERSEN,
10 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES OF

Live Game Photographs

Some of these were Prize-Winners in Recreation's Fourth Annual Competition

No. 1. Size, 21 x 25. **"The Interrupted Feast."** Winner of first prize. This was published on page 417 of December RECREATION, and represents a live golden eagle, on the wing, carrying a full-grown rabbit. **Price, $5**

No. 2. Size, 18 x 21. **A Pair of Live Rocky Mountain Sheep,** photographed on their native range in Colorado. Winner of second prize. Published on page 421 of December RECREATION. - - - - - - - **Price, $4**

No. 3. Size, 25 x 29. **A Live Spotted Fawn,** in the edge of a body of timber. A striking example of protective coloring. - - - - - - - - - - - **Price, $4**

No. 4. Size, 15x17. **A Pair of Live Rocky Mountain Goats.** Photographed near the Stickeen River, Alaska. **Price, $4**

No. 5. Size, 18 x 21. **Live Kingfisher.** A familiar friend of all anglers. - - - - - - - - - **Price, $3**

No. 6. Size, 18x21. **"ME AND YOU." Live Coon Looking Out of Hollow Tree.** Winner of 28th prize. Published on page 95 of February RECREATION. **Price, $3**

No. 7. Size, 22 x 26. **Two Live Virginia Deer.** Winner of 37th prize. - - - - - - - - - . **Price, $4**

No. 8. Size, 25 x 30. **Sixteen Live Elk,** on their native range in the foothills of the Teton Mountains, Wyo. **Price, $4**

Remittances should be made by New York Draft or by Post Office or Express Money Order. :: Address

Recreation, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street
New York City.

Howarth's Trout Flies

for 1901 are still the best, but will be better for 1902.

Sample, 10c.; Three for 25c.; Catalogue free

Awards: Silver Medal, Paris, 1900
Certificate of Merit, London, 1883

S. HOWARTH, FLORISSANT, COLO.

Virginia Homes

You learn all about Virginia lands, soil, water, climate, resources, products, fruits, berries, mode of cultivation, prices, etc., by reading the VIRGINIA FARMER Send 10c. for three months' subscription to

FARMER CO., Emporia, Va.

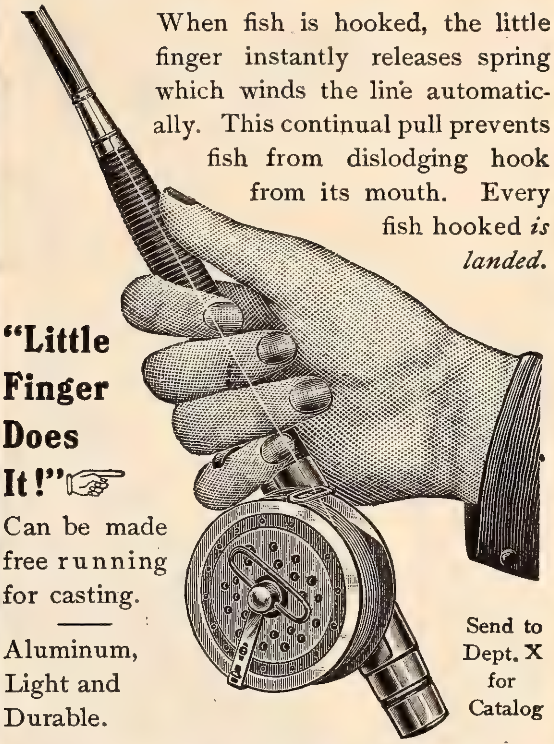
DUCK HUNTERS WANTED

to try the PREMIER DUCK CALL. On this call you can produce that peculiar mellow, cracking tone of the Mallard. Indispensable to the hunter. Tone guaranteed identically that of the Mallard or money refunded. Price, $1.50.

W. H. MATTHEWS,
Albion, Ind.

No Slack Line

When fish is hooked, the little finger instantly releases spring which winds the line automatically. This continual pull prevents fish from dislodging hook from its mouth. Every fish hooked *is landed.*



"Little Finger Does It!" ☞

Can be made free running for casting.

Aluminum, Light and Durable.

Send to Dept. X for Catalog

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

THE "BRISTOL" STEEL FISHING ROD "DOES THE BUSINESS"

So many people — fishermen — are using our "Bristol" rods it almost seems superfluous for us to "blow our horn"; but we know folks like to be continually congratulated at the wisdom of their choice; and, when they are reminded of their wise discretion, are likely to do the horn-blowing for us. Tell all your friends, gentlemen, that a "Bristol" fishing rod really is the *best rod* economy suggests to a practical fisherman. See coupon.

THE HORTON MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN., U.S.A.

COUPON

RECREATION.

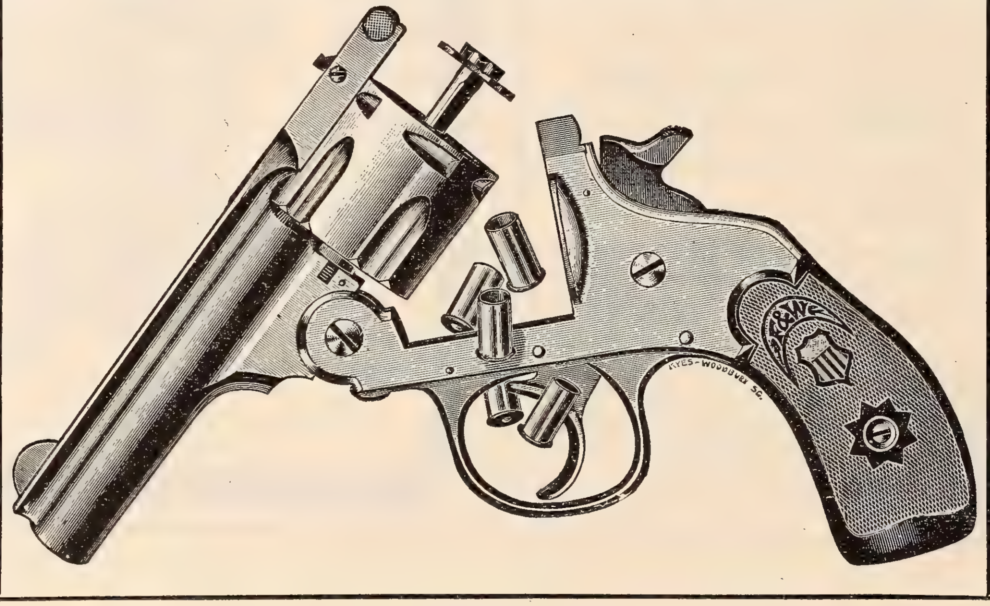
Write your name and address—PLAINLY—in space below; send to the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., U.S.A., and they will send you—FREE—their NEW 1901 Catalogue.

*Name*________

*Address*________

Still Another Great Offer For a Few Months Only!

A GREAT


KYES-WOODBURY SC.

OFFER!

A .32 Caliber Automatic

Forehand Revolver

With 3¼-inch barrel.

For 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each. This revolver is made by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., and is a well finished, durable, reliable weapon. You can get the 4 subscriptions in 20 minutes, in any live town.

SAMPLE COPIES FOR USE IN SOLICITING, FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address
RECREATION, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

Are you aware that a firearm can be purchased at a medium price that has all the advantages claimed by makers of high-priced goods?

The many years' experience that we have had manufacturing shotguns, rifles and revolvers, that are known, favorably known, too, for their meritorious qualities, enable us to offer a line particularly suited to the wants of the sportsman who needs a firearm at a reasonable figure and one that can be depended upon to give a satisfactory account of itself.

We have recently built the most modern gun plant in the country, covering an entire square and block, is five stories high and employs 1,200 men. We have equipped our new factory with every known improvement in machinery that could be obtained to correct faults that have heretofore occurred in manufacturing firearms.

We will continue to manufacture the line of Forehand Arms Co.'s guns and revolvers formerly made by the company of that name. Our new facilities and machinery enable us to improve many minor details that will add to the popularity of these well-known shotguns and revolvers.

We expect to have catalogue matter of interest to all sportsmen and persons who have use for firearms, and if you will send your name to us we will send you, from time to time, some Hopkins & Allen Arms Co. printed matter that will interest you.

We have ready for distribution now our H. I. advance list, containing new prices that you will find worth noting before you make purchases this fall. Write us for it.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
Norwich, Conn.

Manufacturers of H. & A. and Forehand Shotguns, Rifles and Revolvers.

ARE YOU A CANOEIST?
A SAILOR?
AN ANGLER?
A DUCK SHOOTER?

If either, then

You probably need a Boat.

You can get

A Fine Cedar Canoe

13 feet long, finished in the best style known to modern mechanics, and listing at $26, for 25 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

You can get

A Four-Oared Hunting Boat

14 feet long, with a sail, centerboard, and 2 pairs of oars, and listing at $35, for 35 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

You can get

A Ducking Boat

10 feet long, and listing at $20, for 20 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

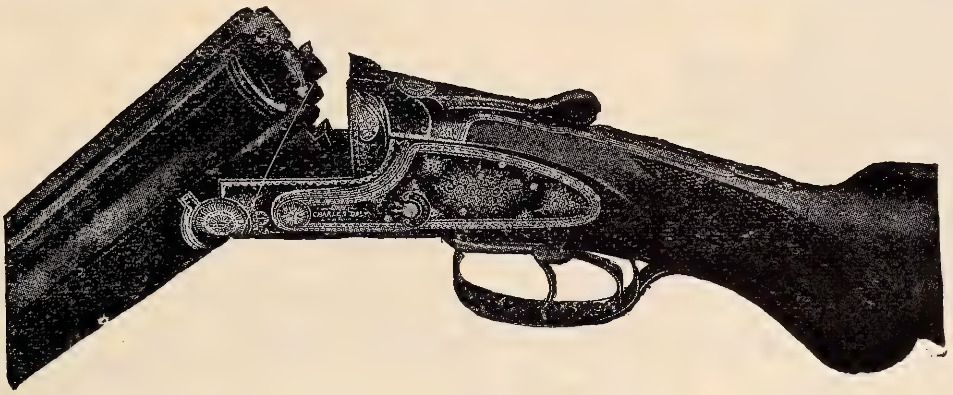
Do you want one of these?

If so, sail in and make your friends pay for it. You can get the subscriptions in any live town in 2 hours.

Sample copies of RECREATION for use in canvassing furnished on application.

CHARLES DALY

3 BARREL HAMMERLESS



12 and 16 Bore—30-30 Rifle—Krupp Steel Barrels

$150 and $200 net

These Guns are increasing in popularity every day. Now is the time to buy one. If your dealer cannot show you one, write to

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, 302-304 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Agents Walsrode Powder. Mention Recreation

SIGNS OF SUCCESS

WITH

DuPont Smokeless

HIGHEST AVERAGE AT

Michigan State Shoot.
Missouri State Shoot.
Illinois State Shoot.
Iowa State Shoot.
Ohio State Shoot.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

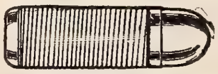
Mention RECREATION.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Here's a Bullet that will not injure your gun

Lubricated Wire Patched Bullets

☞ Just the thing you have been looking for for years.
☞ Prevents fouling, leading and deposit of metal in grooves of the rifling.
☞ Cleans and lubricates the barrel with every shot, making swabbing entirely unnecessary.
☞ There being less friction, the velocity is greatly increased and the trajectory is flatter than with any other bullet ever made.



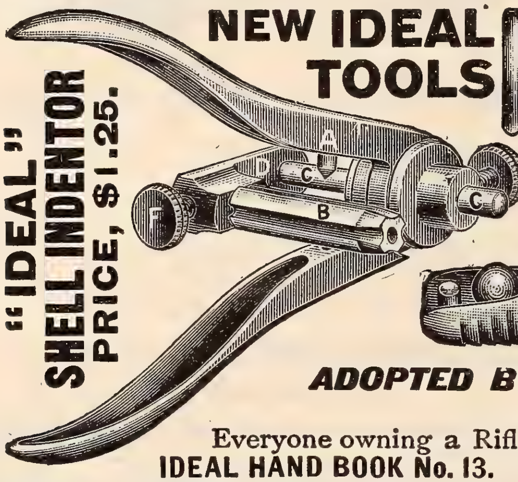
Send $1.00 for sample box of bullets or cartridges, any size listed in our catalogue
Catalogue free

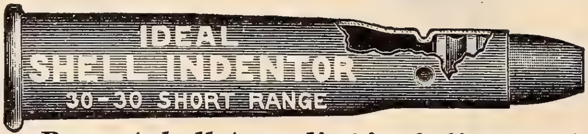
Sample bullets mailed on receipt of stamps to prepay postage. **Agents wanted.** MENTION RECREATION.

National Projectile Works, Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

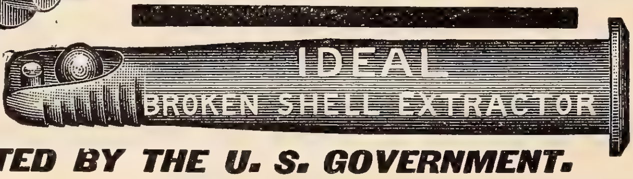
NEW IDEAL TOOLS

“IDEAL” SHELL INDENTOR PRICE, $1.25.





Prevents bullet receding in shell at recoil. With this tool the INDENTATIONS may be placed where wanted. (See above illustration.)



Price 75c.

ADOPTED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

(See lower illustration.)

Everyone owning a Rifle should have one. Send three stamps for **IDEAL HAND BOOK No. 13. 126 Pages of Useful Information for Shooters.**

Address, **IDEAL MAN'F'G CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

When you write please mention RECREATION

For Exchange: Wizard B. Camera, 4x5, cost $14, for Winchester rifle 25-35 or 38-55. Camera is almost new and in perfect condition.
W. A. Mason,
Willborg, Beltrami Co., Minn.

For Sale: Chesapeake Bay puppies. Best blood in this county. Mothers are noted retrievers. Address Currituck Kennels, Waterlily, Currituck Co., N. C.

For Sale: Thoroughbred fox hound pups, full extended pedigree and eligible to recognition in A. K. C. Book. Farm raised.
C. P. Miller, South Haven, Mich.

For Sale: Gordon Setter Dog, 10 months old, yard broke, finely bred, no faults.
J. E. Eckert, L. Box 616,
Waterloo, Wis.

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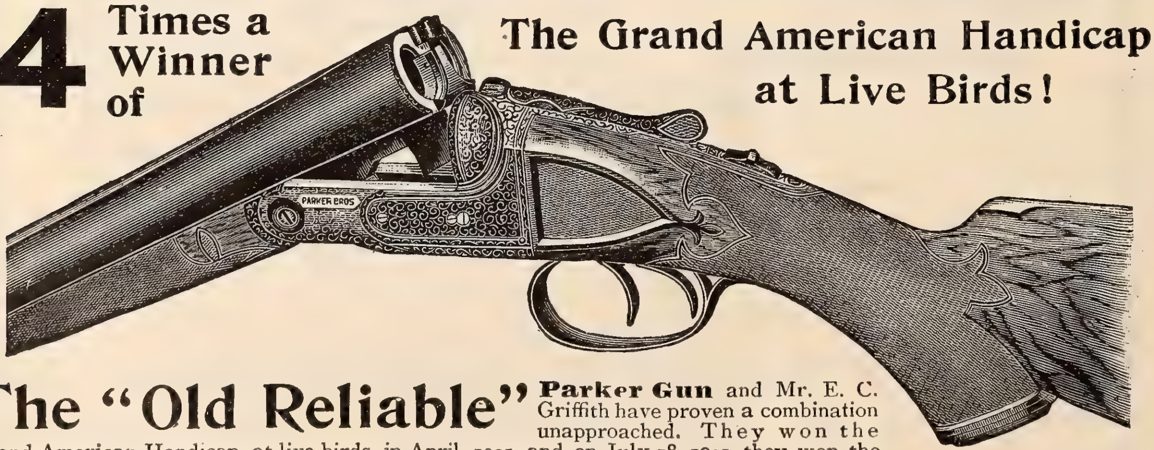
4 Times a Winner of The Grand American Handicap at Live Birds!



The “Old Reliable” **Parker Gun** and Mr. E. C. Griffith have proven a combination unapproached. They won the Grand American Handicap, at live birds, in April, 1901, and on July 18, 1901, they won the Grand American Handicap, at targets, breaking 95 out of 100, at 19 yards rise. Send for Catalog. Mention RECREATION.

N. Y. Salesrooms:
32 Warren St.

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

FINE GUNS

All the Prominent English and American Makes.

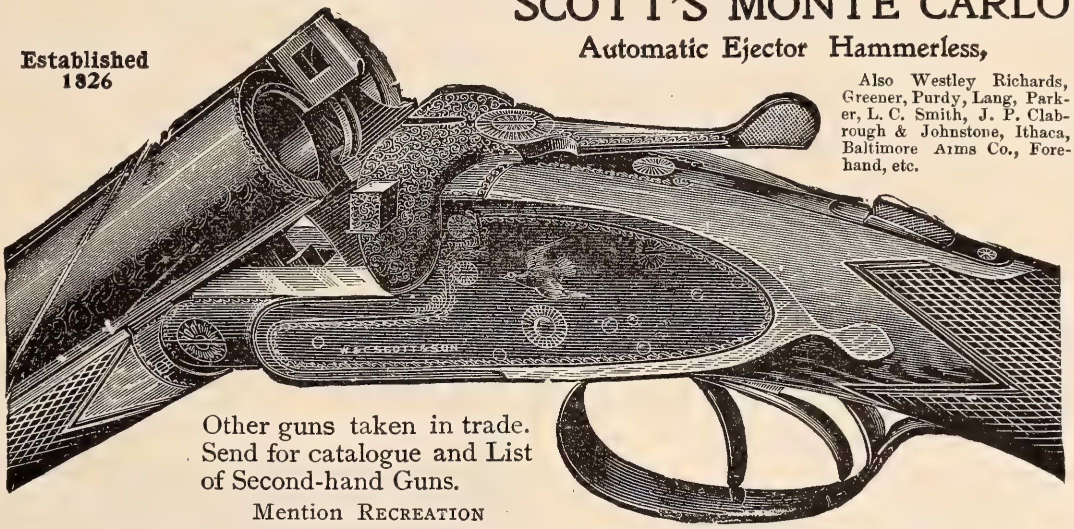
OUR SPECIALTY

Established 1826

SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO

Automatic Ejector Hammerless,

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, Ithaca, Baltimore Arms Co., Forehand, etc.



Other guns taken in trade.
Send for catalogue and List of Second-hand Guns.
Mention RECREATION

Some superb Guns, very light weights, just received. Camp Outfits, Blankets, Stoves, Tents, etc. Also send for our new and beautifully illustrated Catalogue of fine

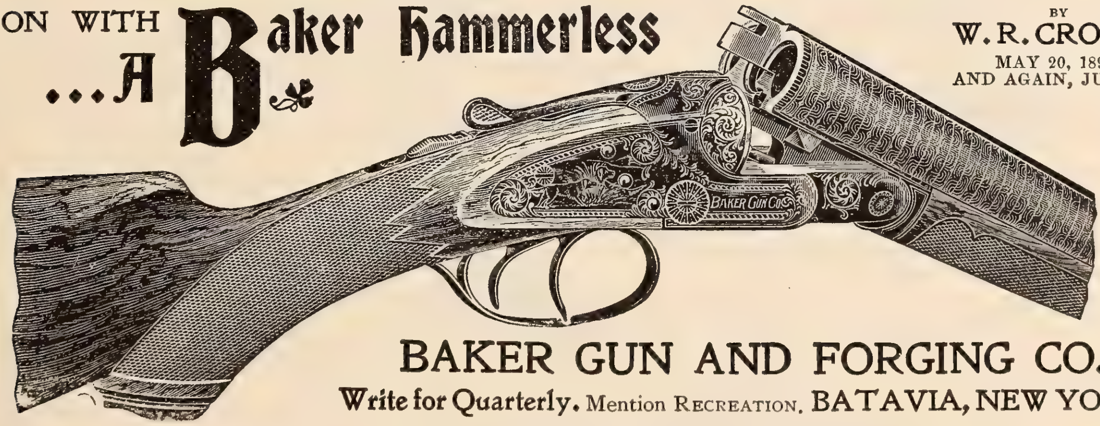
FISHING TACKLE, also GOLF GOODS. Also FINE SWEDISH LEATHER JACKETS for Camp and Yachting.

Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

WON WITH ...A **Baker Hammerless**

BY W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899, AND AGAIN, JUNE 23

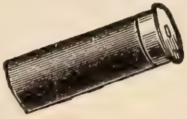

BAKER GUN CO.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.

Write for Quarterly. Mention RECREATION. BATAVIA, NEW YORK.

You are not up to date un'ess you have seen the

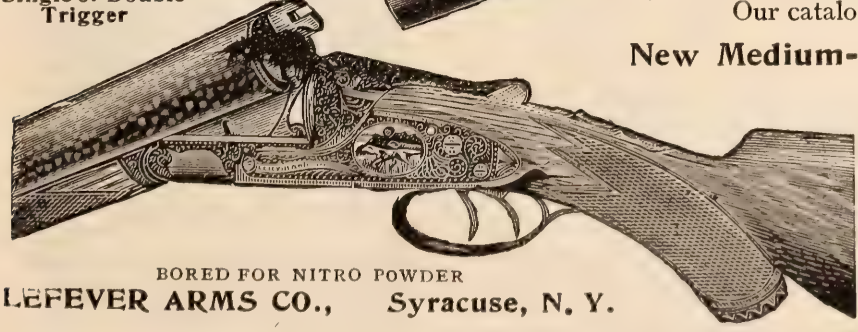
Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger



IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER
LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

In ordering please mention RECREATION

RECREATION AN EDUCATOR.

I am more than surprised that anyone should be so weak as to imagine you bribe your subscribers to write nice things about your magazine. It shows conclusively that they know little about the number of letters received by publishers of journals. Don't the sun-dried idiots know that should you print one-half the favorable comments you receive on Recreation there would be no room for anything else? It is my belief that your uniform courtesy is what has built up your publication. To be sure you don't extend much courtesy to the game hogs, but if you did I should not care much for Recreation. Your magazine is and has been for some time, at the top of the entire output of sportsmen's publications, and long may it remain there.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

I got more answers to my ad. in Recreation than I could shake a stick at. I am pleased to see you give 'ell to the game hogs and the gun firms who don't have principles as large as a huckleberry. I am a constant reader of Recreation. I hope you will keep after the New York cold storage dealers.

W. H. Bell, N. Y. City.

I inclosed $1 for subscription to Recreation. You are truly reforming many men and boys who were once game butchers. Your untiring crusade against the game hogs is highly commendable. Stay with it.

Frank Irving, Irving, Neb.

The people of the United States ought to build a monument 100 feet high, out of silver bricks, in honor of you, your work, and your humane principles. This should be not after you are dead, but while you are living.

A. B. Clyde, San Bernandina, Cal.

Recreation is the best magazine I have ever had the pleasure of reading and is the next thing to a day's hunting or fishing. Some numbers I have almost committed to memory by repeated readings.

G. J. Shrader, Canton, Ill.

We all like Recreation and heartily appreciate the great work you are doing. Not only sportsmen, but all lovers of nature should aid you in your noble undertaking.

E. N. Krause, Bonney, Tex.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's magazine published. I hope everyone appreciates your efforts to preserve game as much as I do.

J. D. Footer, Bath, Me.

Recreation hits the right spot. It gives me lots of fishing and shooting I could not get otherwise.

W. H. Latham, Hope, R. I.

THREE MEN KILL 800 DUCKS.

G. W. Vallery, A. B. Daniels and A. E. McKenzie returned yesterday from their 2-weeks' duck hunting on Bear flats, 35 miles West of Ogden, Utah. They killed 800 ducks.

"The flats are formed by an overflow of the Bear river, forming 28 square miles of marsh," said Mr. Vallery. "It seems to be the home of the duck. In our bags we had mallards, canvas back, sprigs, gadwalls, ruddys and teal. The green wing teal predominates. The shooting is all done from blinds, and we had mud decoys set. It is the ideal duck country of the United States."—Denver Republican.

A Denver reader sends me this and writes: This is where the game hog flourishes. Vallery is the Denver agent of the Burlington Railroad.

I asked Mr. McKenzie for his version of the affair and here it is:

Your card of inquiry as to the number of ducks killed at Bear lake, Utah, received a few days ago.

The position you take, in the face of your well known established record in this city, in roasting any one and every one who do not come up to your standard of what should constitute a sportsman, in the columns of your magazine, does not justify courteous consideration of your inquiry. However, I will waive the technicality and satisfy an old time game hog by confirming the inquiry. It is so. At the same time I realize that it fills your soul with remorse to think you can not enjoy the pleasures of your old customs. Yours truly,

A. E. McKenzie.

You see the pot tries to divert attention from its blackness by calling the kettle black; but that does not prove that the pot is white. Does it, Mc? I am not alone in branding you and your kind as game hogs. It is your neighbors as well. It is the decent, manly sportsmen everywhere. See letters on page xxxviii of January Recreation, about your fellow butcher W. C. Daniels. Also letters from many sportsmen in every issue of Recreation.

I long ago offered a reward of $100 for proof, such as would be accepted in any court of record, that I had ever slaughtered game, even as Mc admits he and his chums did. And the offer still stands. Sail in, Mc, and earn it. I will deposit a $100 certified check in a Denver bank if you decide to enter the race.—Editor.

It may interest you to know you have a number of warm friends in our town. Two years ago one of our local newsdealers ordered 3 copies of Recreation on my solicitation. He now has many regular customers for it and says it is one of his best selling magazines.

S. R. Cates, M. D., Abilene, Texas.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

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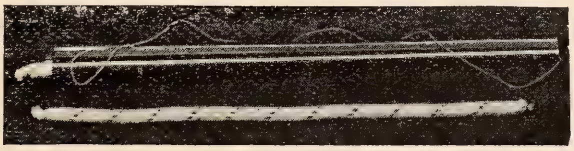

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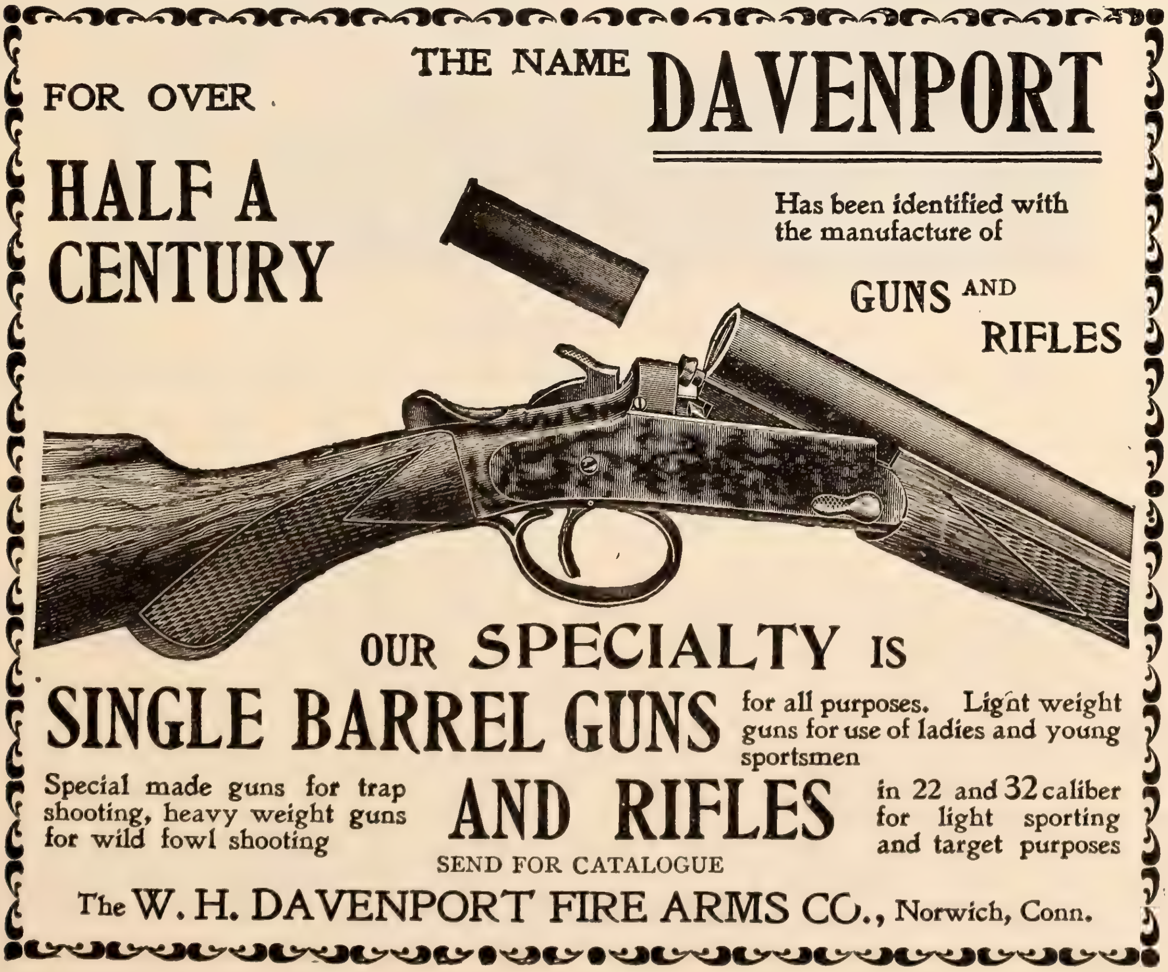

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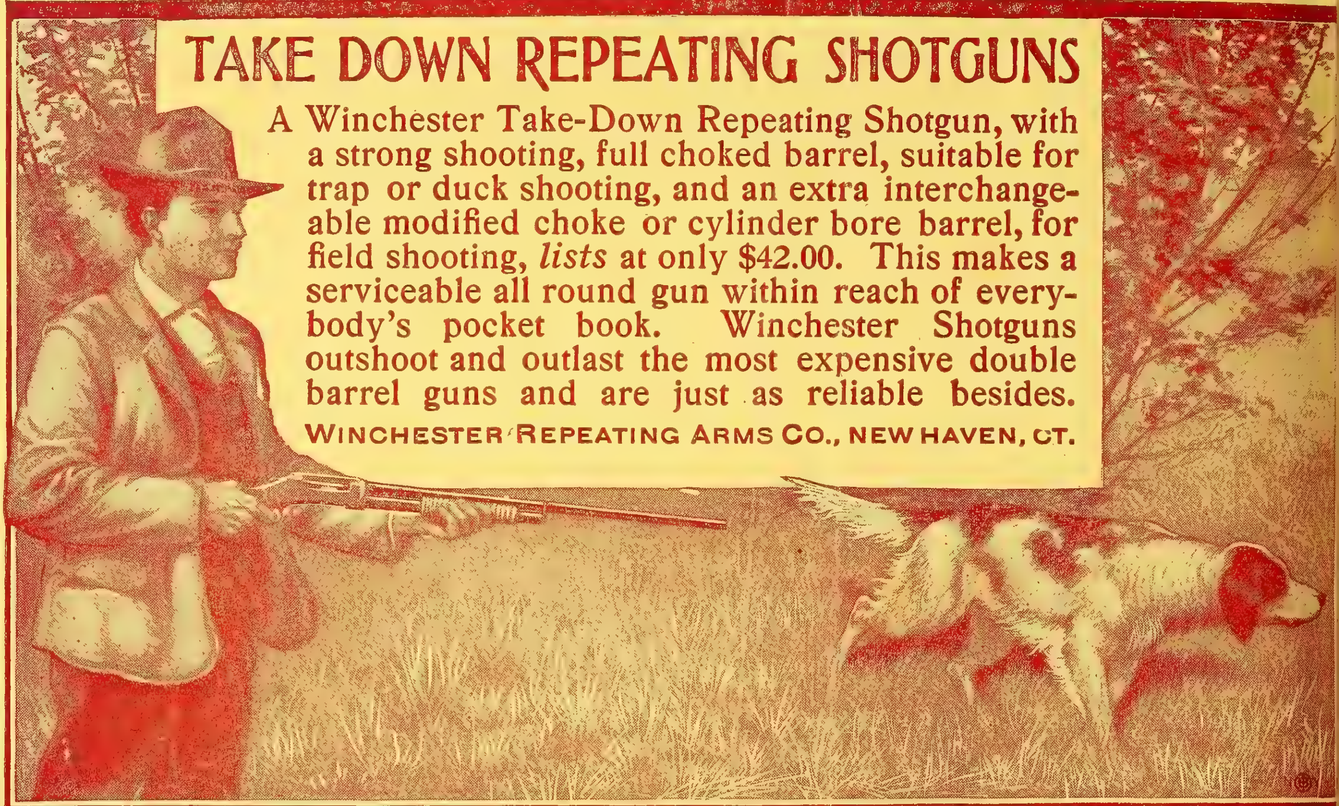

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OCTOBER 1901

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RECREATION

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

23 WEST 24TH STREET,
NEW YORK

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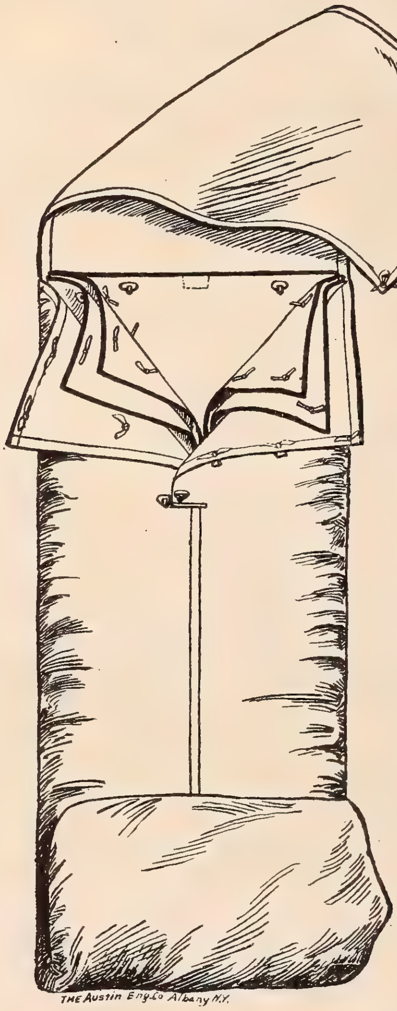
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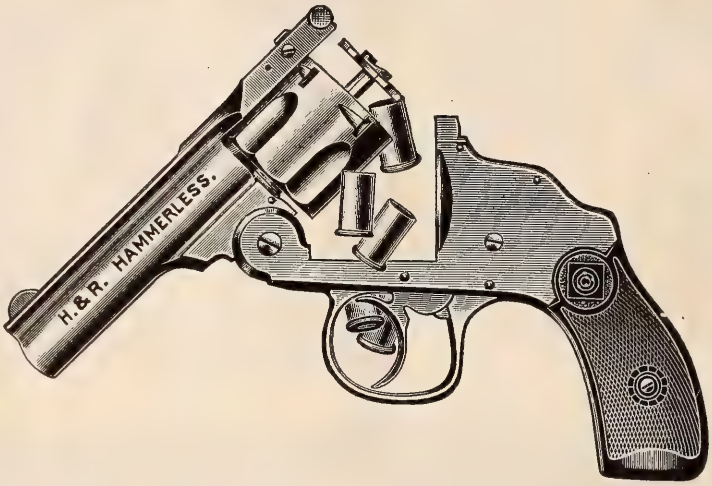
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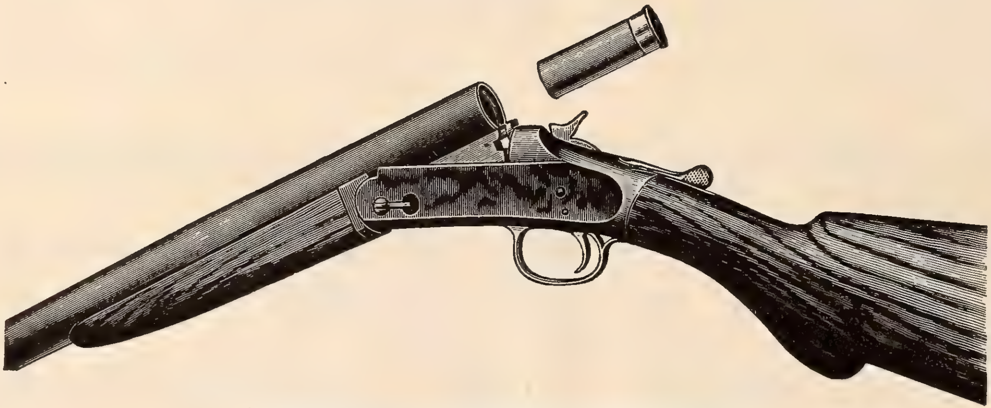

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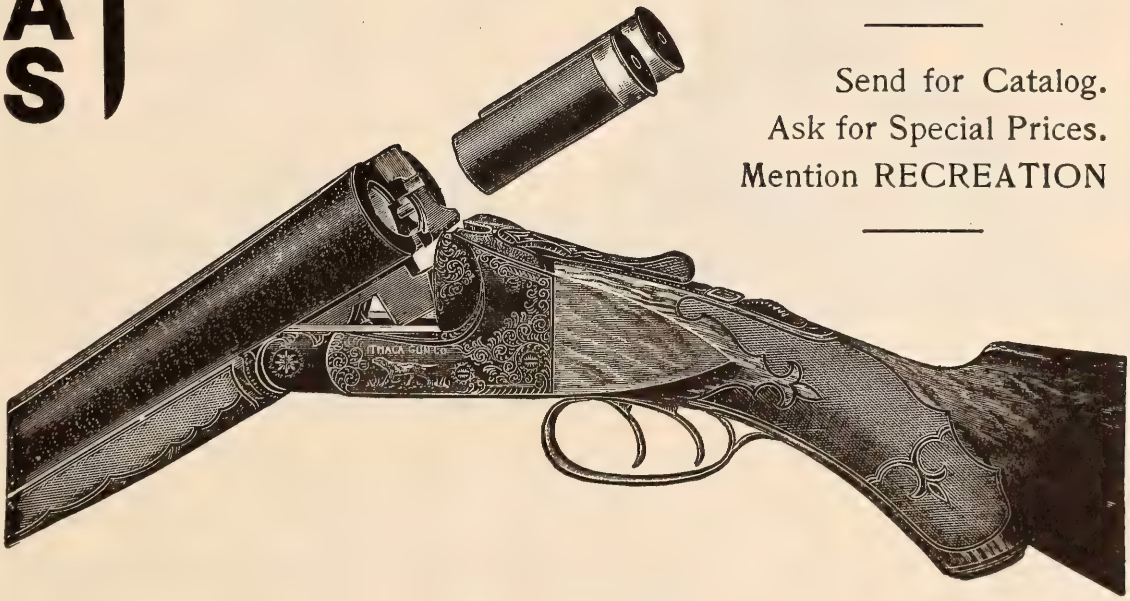

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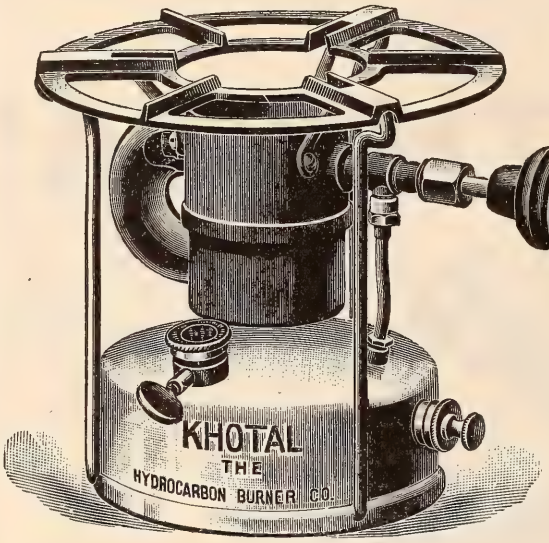

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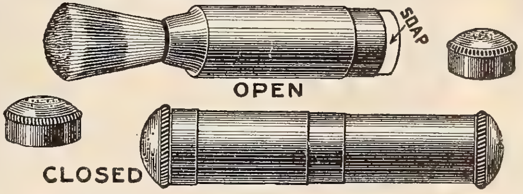

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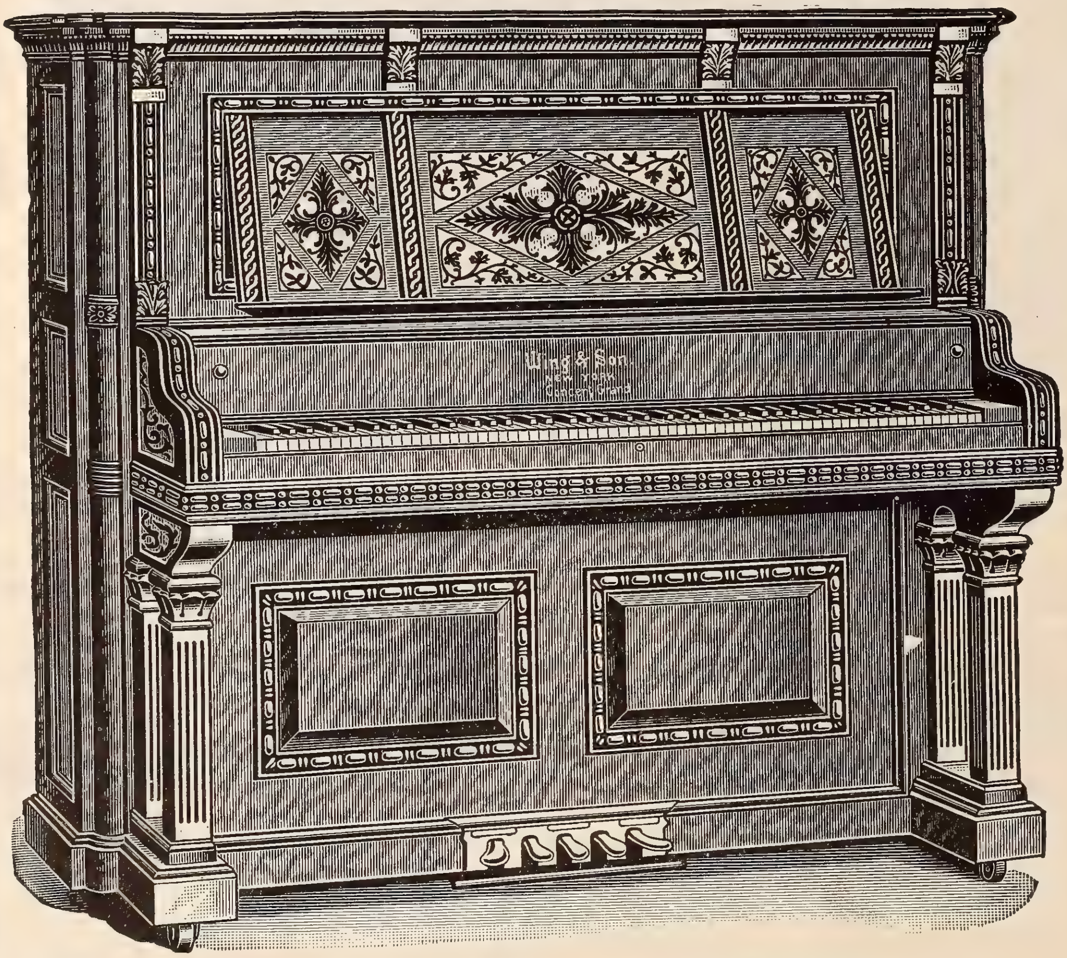

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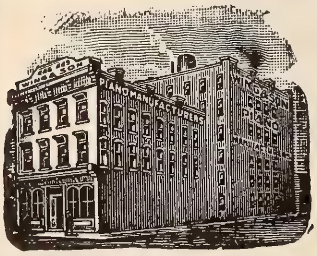

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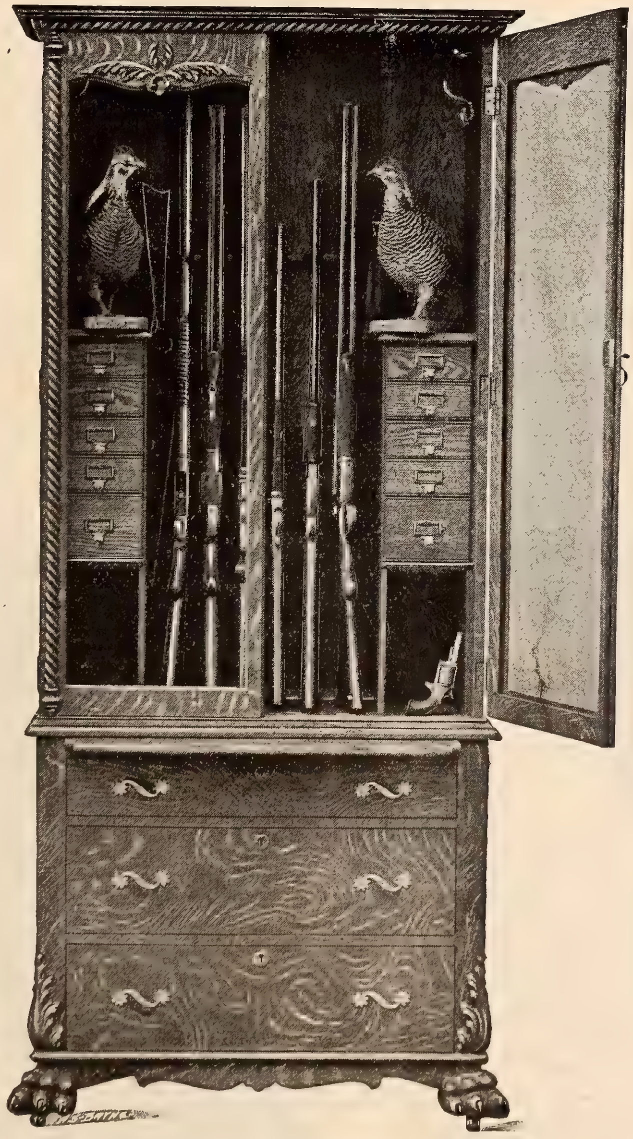

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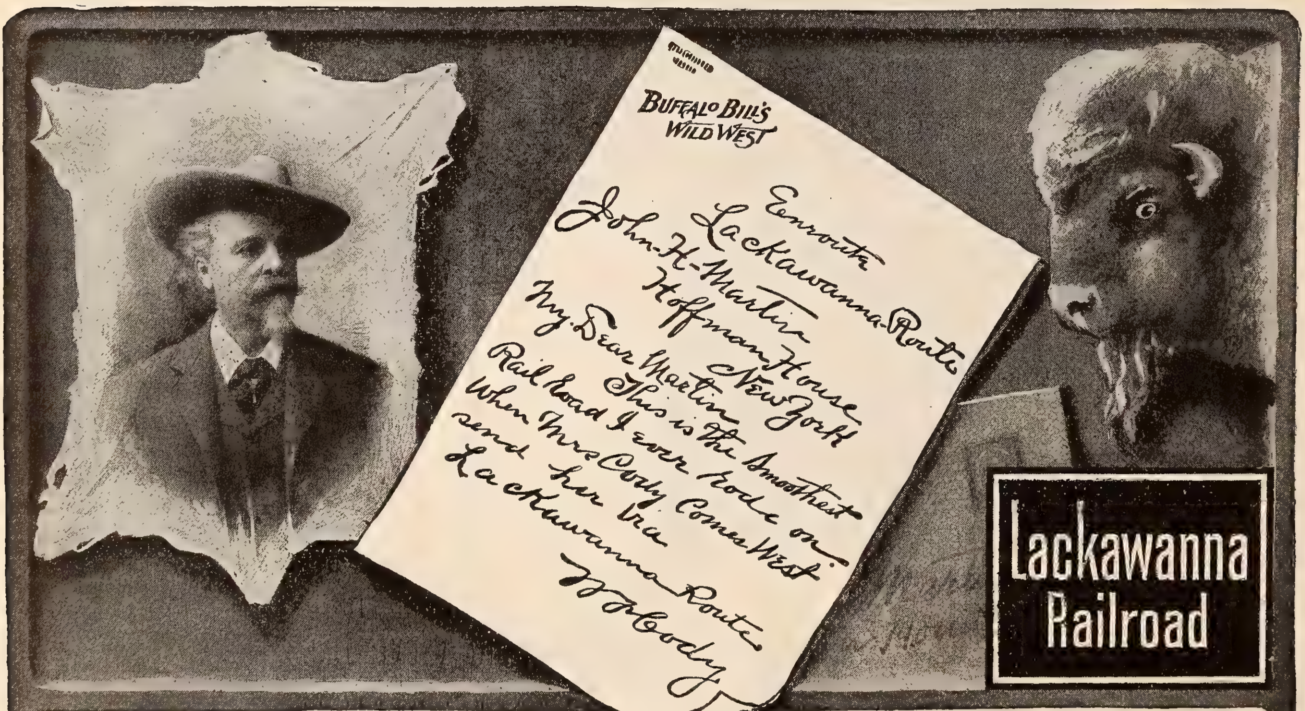

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Rail Road I ever rode on.
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Lackawanna Route
W F Cody

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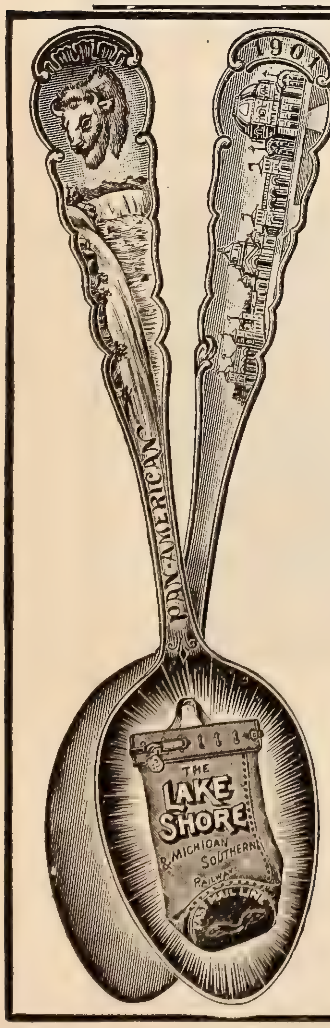
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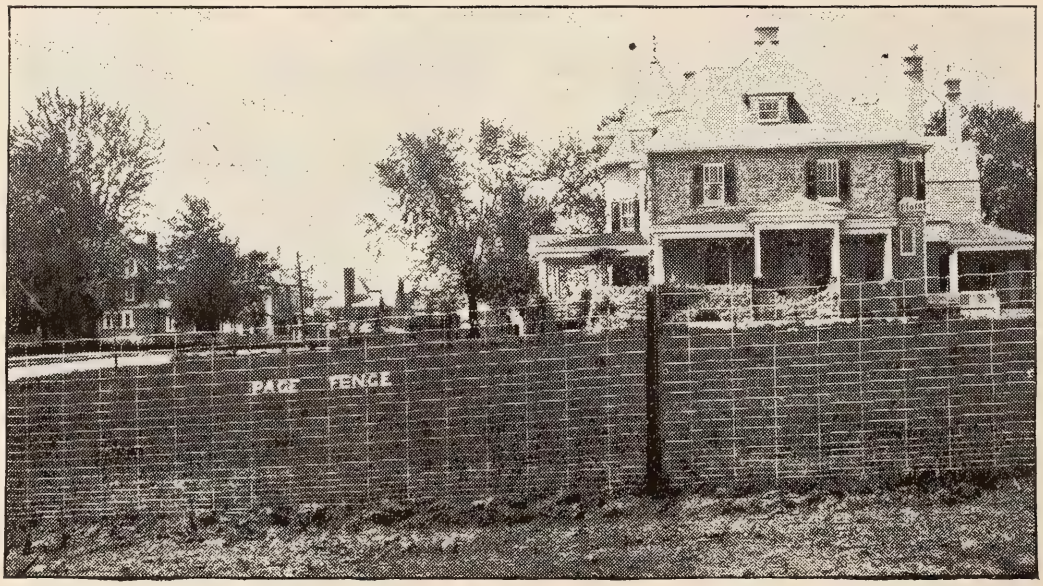

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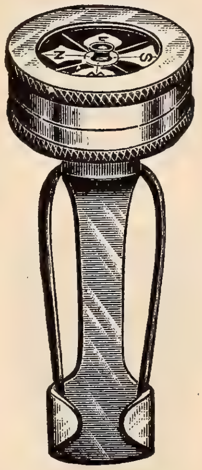

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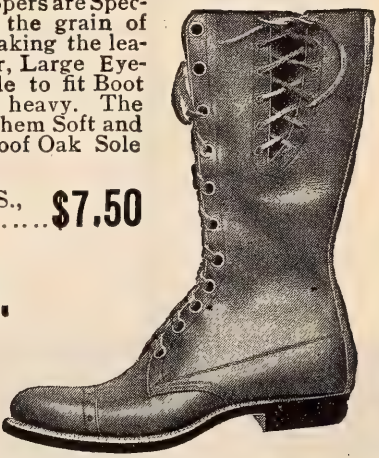

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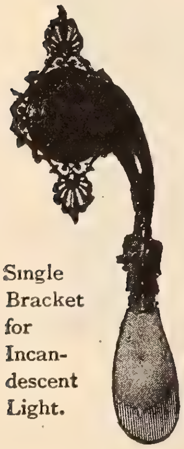

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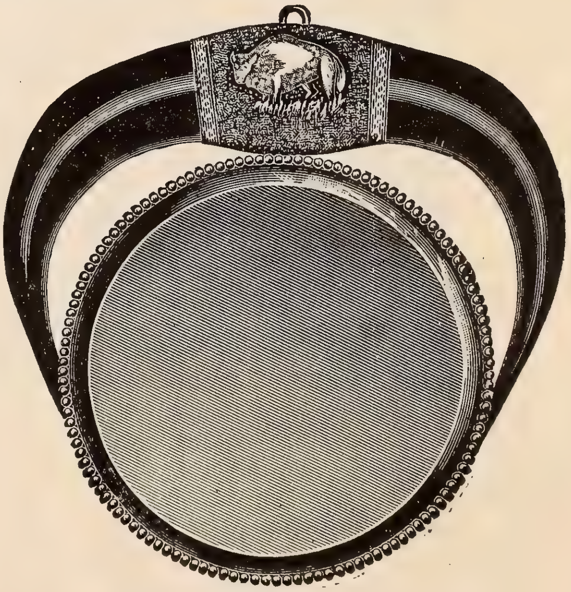

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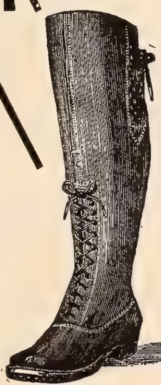

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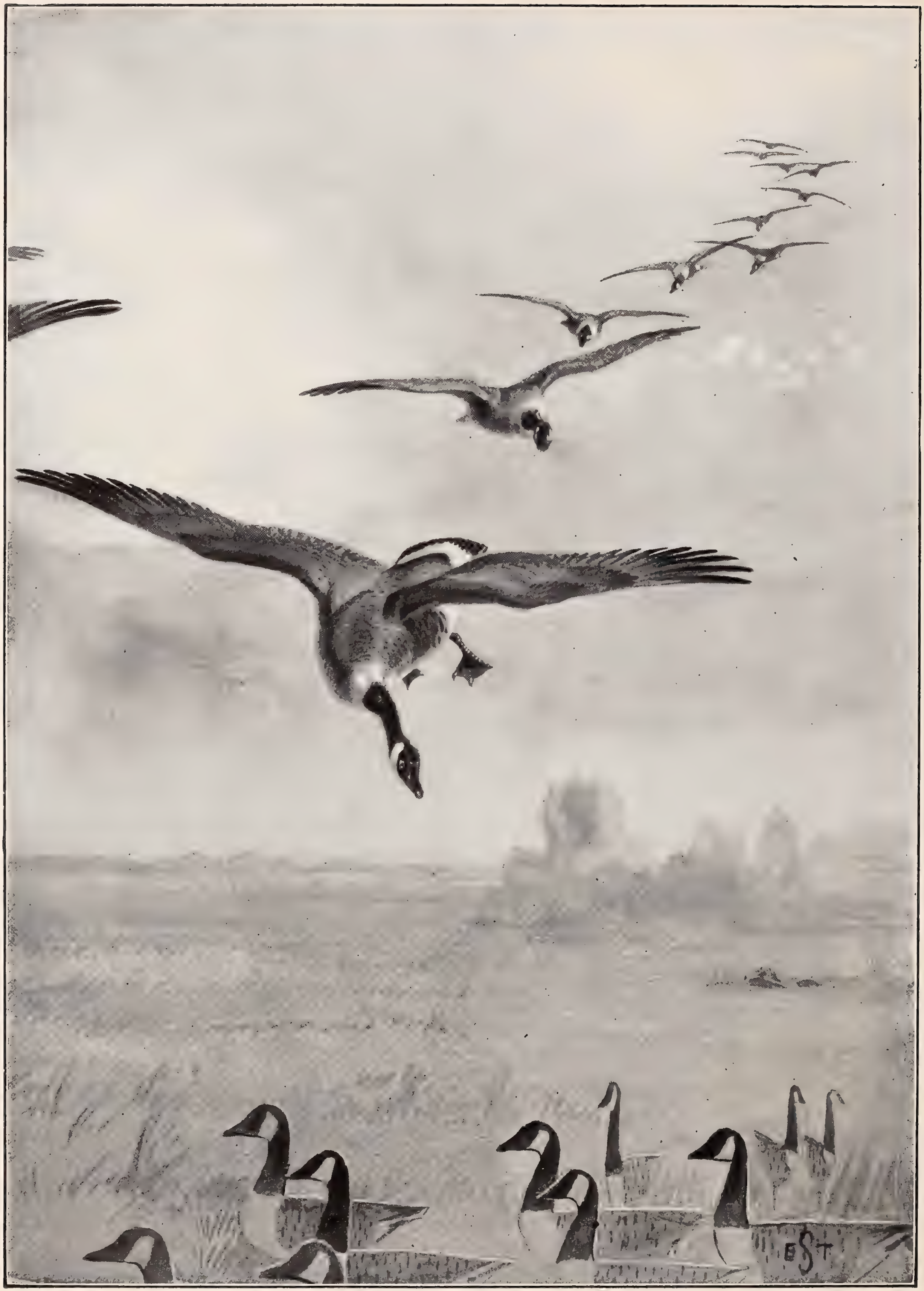


THE GREAT GREY GANDER CAME IN SIGHT, FOLLOWED BY THE ENTIRE FLOCK.

RECREATION

Volume XV. OCTOBER, 1901. Number 4

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A DOUBLE SHOT AND A SINGLE GOOSE.

L. T. M'KIM.

"Hello, old man! hello!" The words sounded far away, but they affected me strangely. The music stopped; the lights went out; my beautiful partner faded mysteriously from my grasp, and the ballroom became a bedroom. Then I remembered this was the morning on which Dr. Whitesides and I were to go goose shooting. I was out of bed in a moment, and at once put on my hat and coat. Then I took them off again, to give some of my other clothes a chance.

Downstairs the doctor was talking wildly to himself of pits, flights and decoys, and was bestowing an emergency breakfast in a thoroughly Canadian manner. I followed his example, and in a moment the horse was at the door. We hastily put into the buggy the 2 12-bore shot guns, several boxes of cartridges and a large number of painted sheet iron geese with wooden legs; and I noticed a faint streak of morning in the East.

Then we went whirling through the deserted streets like mad. All at once another rig overtook us and an immense voice bellowed,

"Is that Dr. Whitesides?"

With strange words the doctor pulled up his horse.

"Fred James' little boy Jim has been took dreadful bad with croup, Doc," said the stranger. "We'll have to git back pretty smart or he'll be a gonner."

What the doctor thought I do not know and I should not tell you if I did, but he said to me,

"You see that light over there?" pointing to a low shack; "Go there to old Jock Anderson and get him to go with you. He knows more about geese than any other man I know of. I must look after this little fellow."

He left me and I drove to the building indicated and knocked loudly at the door. After a few seconds it opened and an old man, quite the worse for lack of clothes, thrust his head outside.

"Mr. Anderson, will you go goose hunting with me? Doctor——"

"Bang," went the door, and I was about to go away, thinking I must have insulted the old sportsman, when he reappeared, fully dressed and carrying a firearm the antiquity of which would have made it valuable to a collector of relics. He sprang into the rig like a boy, and, taking charge of the driving, directed our steed toward the country.

"We haven't time to go fur," he said, looking anxiously toward the East, which was beginning to show streaks of red.

In a few minutes we arrived at a small sod stable, where my companion put the horse. Then taking part of the decoys and some cartridges he made off into a stubble field. I followed as fast as I could with the rest, finding it no easy matter to keep up with the eager old man, who covered the ground at an astonishing rate. After a few minutes of brisk walking, or running on my part, we reached a place that suited my conductor and he threw down his geese. Then for the first time I saw he carried a spade, which he must have secured at the stable and which he handed to me, saying, "Dig."

"What for?" I asked.

"To make a hole," he replied, and without further explanation he began to set up the decoys, some distance away. I dug, and when the hole was completed to his satisfaction he dug a similar one for himself.

When I was safely seated in the hole I could just see over the edge.

"Get your cartridges," said Jock, "and stay down there till you hear me call. Then get up and knock 'em."

"I crouched low, and soon I heard the faint, oft repeated cry of the grey goose. As the call grew clearer and clearer I cocked my gun and exerted all my will power to keep from springing wildly up and firing frantically into the air. How small that pit seemed! How cramped up I was! I felt sure it would take a fearful length of time to get out and get myself into firing position. Nearer and nearer came the cry, and then the great grey gander came in sight, followed by the entire flock in the shape of a V. Would old Jock never cry? What was the matter with him. I could stand it no longer. I sprang from the pit and rapidly discharged both barrels at the geese, which were directly above me, and seemed almost within reach of my gun.

The only reply to my shots was some derisive squawks from the geese, which passed on undisturbed, hardly deigning to quicken their speed.

Old Jock arose, badger-like, from his retreat, looking distinctly disagreeable, and appeared about to say something in keeping with his looks, when, seeing my utter dismay, he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What were you trying to do?"

I hastened to assure him I had been trying to kill a goose.

"Well," he answered slowly, "just wait next time, lad, till they go to light. Did you expect them to light with the wind?"

I was about to reply that I could see no possible objection to their lighting any way they deemed advisable, but was saved from this fine speech by seeing my companion scamper back to his pit. I followed his example, and soon heard again the familiar "Honk! Honk!" That time I remained motionless, although I had a hard struggle. The great black necked fellows flew over my head and disappeared behind my pit. Not a sound from Jock! Several seconds passed in silence, and hearing no more geese I raised my head above the pit. I was greeted by a tremendous squawking, and the whole flock, which had been coming back toward our decoys, made off as fast as their immense wings could carry them. Following what I afterward learned to be their usual custom, they had gone over the decoys with the wind, and suspecting nothing had returned to alight against it. That was why Jock was waiting, for just as geese spread their wings to join their supposed fellows they afford the most magnificent mark possible. My appearance above ground had spoiled all.

Jock stood upright in his pit and surveyed me with a look of intense disgust. Then in a voice of extreme contempt he said,

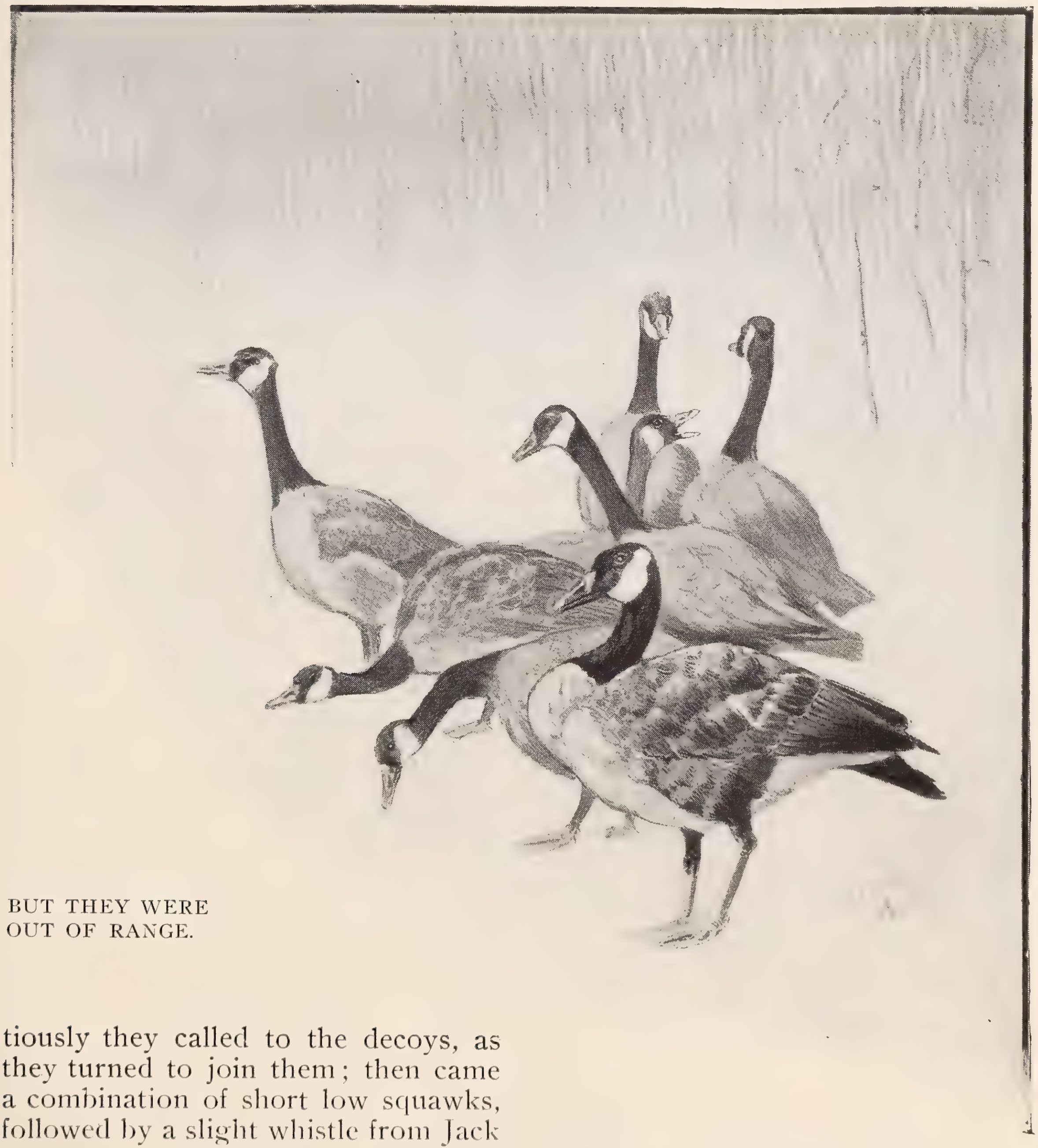
"Can't you stay down? What do you mean by showing your ugly face above ground? Do you think geese can't see you with half your awkward carcass sticking up?"

He sat down on the edge of his pit, a picture of incarnate rage, and let several flocks, containing hundreds of geese, pass without deigning to glance at them.

I went to him and begged him to give me another chance, supplementing my petition with a plug of tobacco; but it was only after I had repeatedly promised to remain below ground, even until Christmas if necessary, and had called him Mr. Anderson a goodly number of times that he reluctantly betook himself to his quarters.

I remained well hidden that time, and before long another flock came over, somewhat on my right. Cautiously they called to the decoys, as they turned to join them; then came a combination of short low squawks, followed by a slight whistle from Jack and 2 loud explosions. I was up in an instant, and fired hastily at some thoroughly frightened geese. I could see no effects from my shots. Jock, I saw at some distance from the pit in the act of striking a wounded gander over the head with his gun barrels; while nearer me lay a large goose just as it had fallen. Jock quickly dispatched the gander and hurried back to his pit, crying out that he saw another flock.

I scampered into my hole, somewhat discouraged at my luck, but greatly excited. Several flocks passed without accepting our invitation to dine, and we saw others in big strings leaving the lake for other fields or wandering about as if they had no particular aim in life except to raise hopes in hunters' breasts and disappoint them. At last one of these wan-



BUT THEY WERE
OUT OF RANGE.

dering flocks saw our decoys, called loudly to them, were answered in real goose talk by Jock, circled around a few times, then spread out their long wings and descended against the light wind. As they settled closer and closer, I prepared myself. Now or never! They came on until they were directly over their iron deceivers, when, losing sight of them, they uttered loud cries of dismay and turned distractedly about. That was our chance! Jock fired both barrels with deadly aim into the bunched birds, bringing 4 to the ground. I took plenty of time, and aiming at the thickest of the flock pulled first one trigger and then the other.

"Snap! Snap!" There was no report, and all too late I remembered I had neglected to reload after my last discharge.

Jock had not left his pit; yet when I turned to look at him he was nowhere in sight, although judging from some surprised sounds issuing from mother earth, he was enjoying my discomfiture. I reloaded my gun and resumed my station, with a desperate resolve to do or die.

It was then broad daylight, and as the geese were all feeding, we only stood a chance of trapping stray flocks. We fired several shots at long distances, and my companion, with his disreputable old gun killed 2 birds at distances much too great for my prized weapon. We had about given up hope of getting any more sport when my friend suddenly called out,

"Here comes a lone goose! Now's your chance, lad! There's no fool like a lone goose. Fire when I tell you."

I promptly descended into my lair and waited. "Honk! Honk! Honk!" On it came, the unmistakable cry of a lone goose! Right for the decoys it came, up to them and over them till it loomed so close to me I was sure it was time to shoot, but fearing failure I awaited the signal. Nearer, nearer! It seemed a prodigious size; some modern roc, a survival of the days of Sindbad. Would Jock never cry! Yes, he cried softly, and in such haste was I that I fired without bringing my gun to my shoulder. The great bird passed serenely on! Then I shut my teeth, coolly examined my gun, took deliberate aim and fired the left barrel with vengeful precision. The enormous wings dropped; the long neck stretched wildly out; the legs fell; and the great bird descended to the earth with a heavy crash.

With a shout of exultation I dropped my gun and rushed toward my goose; picked it up; weighed it in both hands; stroked its feathers, and cried out that it was shot just in the spot where I had aimed. Then I insisted on shaking hands with Jock and presenting him with another plug of tobacco.

As we drove away we passed 8 geese sitting on a ridge in the next field, but they were out of reach and there was no cover under which to stalk them. I longed for a rifle, but my 12 gauge was useless and we had to leave them there.

Here lies what is left
Of little Bob Carroll,
He was cleaning his gun,
And blew down the barrel.
—Chicago Tribune.

ONE GOOSE AND ANOTHER.

J. B. DUNN, JR.

It was the latter part of September, With early autumn had come a few light frosts, just enough to tint the maple and curl the leaves on the grapevine in brown crispness. The nights were cool enough to make thick blankets comfortable, and in the daytime the strong, fresh breeze from off the Atlantic made one feel life was worth living, if only to get the lungs full of sea air.

On an afternoon of one of those bright, clear days, as the sun was getting well down in the sky and the sea breeze began to die slowly out, a small, barefooted lad came trudging along the edge of the woods. He was not so small, either, but his shooting jacket, which was several sizes too large for him, hung almost to his knees and hid his bigness. Beneath the jacket was a pair of sturdy bare legs, tanned a deep, rich brown by sun and wind. Above it shone a round, smiling face, the same hue as the legs, with a pair of black, sparkling eyes. Under the edge of the old slouch hat peeped stray curls that waved over his forehead and played tag under the dilapidated rim. He wore tattered trousers, also too large for him, which started with a leather strap around his waist and ended in ragged edges at his knees. His well patched canvas coat gave evidence of acquaintance with more than one shooting ground. An old, single barrel shot gun nestled in the hollow of his arm, its shining barrel and glistening stock giving ample proof that it was well cared for. Whistling gaily, he made his way along the edge of the swamp until he reached a tumble-down stone wall. His whistling ceased as he scrambled over this, and after pausing a moment to listen, he started along a path that led into the woods. As he entered, he changed his position, no longer letting the gun rest in his arm, but holding it with muzzle toward the ground.

Suddenly whirr! bang! He stopped, smiling to himself, opened his gun, drew out the smoking shell, and, after slipping in another, walked forward a short distance and picked up a grouse. He glanced at the bird critically. Then, smiling again, stored it away in his jacket. He continued his tramp, and before long 2 gray squirrels shared the fate of the ruffed grouse. On coming out of the woods, he found himself at the mouth of a trout stream, which emptied, with many a soft gurgle, into the waters of the salt pond. As he stood scanning the expanse of water that stretched in front and to the right and left, finally ending in a low sand dune that separated it from the ocean, something caught his eye which caused him to spring across the brook and mount a large rock in order to obtain a better view. Far out on the pond, almost to the other shore, were several objects which were incessantly bobbing up and down, and at intervals were out of sight altogether. Supreme excitement was evident in every move Jack made. He shifted his gun from one shoulder to the other, shaded his eyes and stretched on tip-toe to get a better view. They were surely sheldrake. After watching them a few minutes, and seeing they were feeding and no doubt would stay in the pond overnight, he glanced at the sun, then well down along the edge of the swamp, jumped off the rock and started for home. His course lead him through a slough and along several rocky pastures. With gun in the hollow of his arm, he strolled along in the twilight, grouse and woodcock forgotten. Ducks were in the pond at last, and visions of decoys, a well hidden blind and ducks lighting with wings outspread and feet down, flashed before his mind.

The deep twilight shadows of a September evening were rapidly falling. As he stubbed along in the gathering dusk, he heard the whicker of a woodcock, starting from a neighboring swamp, and mentally marked the place; while farther in the deep woods a whippoorwill broke on the evening quiet with its plaintive song.

He crossed the pastures, already wet with dew, and came at last to the lane at the end of which stood a small cottage. He made his way around the corner of the house, leaned his gun against the lattice work and opened a small door which led under the piazza. He disappeared, but presently came forth, bearing in his arms half a dozen sheldrake decoys, nicely painted, with a string and weight attached to each. Heaping these into a wheelbarrow that stood near, he picked up his gun and carried it into the house. He returned in a moment and again set out for the pond; that time with only the decoys and an old shovel. It was long after dark when he got back, but he had the satisfaction of knowing he was fully prepared for the morning; that boat, stools and blind were ready; so, after eating his supper, he cleaned his gun and went to bed happy.

Who was that small urchin so interested in duck shooting? It was I, and no day is more deeply impressed on my memory than that particular September evening. Ducks were in the pond, and that night's dreams for me were fraught with marvelous wing shots, unaccountable misses and ducks coming to the decoys by the thousand.

At 3:30 a. m., I made my way softly downstairs, and after satisfying my appetite, picked up my gun and shooting coat and quietly left the house. A light breeze was blowing from the Northwest, and the calm of early morning was broken only by the rustle of the honeysuckle against the piazza and the occasional crowing of some cock at a neighboring farm house. Off to the South, nearly a mile away, I could plainly hear the surf breaking on the beach, a sure sign of a Southerly wind shortly after sunrise. Conditions were perfect, and I started briskly for the pond. Day had not yet begun to break, but the myriad stars gave sufficient light for me to distinguish the path.

I found the boat and decoys precisely as I had left them, and was soon rowing toward Sandy Point. By the time I had reached the blind, a rosy East denoted the approach of day, and the deep shadows along the shore gave a picture I could admire but have since learned to appreciate. A bunch of ducks swept by as I was putting out the decoys and, while taking the boat around to a small, sheltered bay, I heard the whistle of wings as a flock of black ducks held their way across the marsh.

When I reached the blind it was nearly sunrise, and I looked up and down the pond for birds. After waiting some time I saw a small bunch working toward me. They were flying low and I was positive they would see the decoys. They did, and swung in over them, making no attempt to light, however. As they went by I emptied a charge of 6's into them. Two fell and when they floated ashore and I saw they were teal, my joy was great.

I picked up my teal and was examining them with admiration mixed with delight, when I happened to glance down the pond and along the beach. There, strung out in line, with wings spread ready to light, were 3 geese. I was out of sight in an instant, for at first they looked as if they were coming right past the blind; but, poking up my head a few seconds later, I saw them just settling to the water about half a mile away on the opposite shore. They swam slowly in, and disappeared behind a large ledge that jutted out into the pond. I sat still a moment. There was a possibility they would swim up along the shore and, if they reached the narrows, I might get a long shot at them, as the pond there was only about 100 yards wide; but, as there was little chance of that, I decided to creep up on them.

I picked up my gun and started for the skiff. While pushing off the boat I fell in and got drenched; luckily, however, I had taken off my shooting jacket and it was safe in the boat, so of course I didn't mind the water much. When at last I managed to jump into the boat I tumbled over the oars, and eventually landed in the bottom, with 3 inches of water, half a dozen crabs and a tin bailer around me.

I was up in an instant, and, grabbing the oars, started for the other shore. I pride myself on my rowing ability, but I don't think I ever did 100 yards quite so quickly as then. On reaching the shore I pulled the boat up among the rocks and stood still a moment to collect my scattered senses.

The wind was wholly in my favor, for it had swung to the South'ard and was ruffling the pond with tiny ripples. I walked along the shore until I came to a promontory from which I could see the shore for nearly a mile on either side. I peeped cautiously around a large rock and began to examine the shore carefully. There was my game, but to my amazement and rapture, instead of 3 geese there were at least 20, all feeding quietly among the rocks.

Slipping in a charge of double B's, I climbed through the bushes which lined the bank, and started for my game. The tall brush along the shore gave me ample cover, the wind was just right, and I had the long looked for opportunity presented at last of killing a goose, my one ambition. I was compelled to crawl through deep grass the whole distance, and by the time I had covered the ½ mile I was as bedraggled a specimen of humanity as one would care to see. I was intent on slaying a goose, and all the water in the State couldn't have dampened my ardor a particle.

When I had reached a point about where I thought they were, I crept to the edge of the bushes and peeped through. Lo and behold! there they were, not 20 yards away, placidly feeding, unconscious of danger. I remember counting them carefully. There were just 22. I picked out the old gander and was as deliberate as if I was about to shoot a squirrel instead of a honker. I poked the gun through the bushes, brought it quietly to my shoulder, and as the gander swam out in a line with the sights, I let go.

I never heard such a flapping and commotion as those geese made as they tried to rise; but instead of rising and flying off they flapped along the top of the water, and after dragging themselves out 100 yards or more they settled in again and commenced swimming across the pond.

Only 3 arose and started post haste for sea. The last I saw of them was 3 specks going toward Long Island.

My victim was floating quietly on his back, his head completely riddled with shot. I took him in, threw him on the ground, and did a war dance around him that would have done credit to an Apache Indian. I shouted and whistled, and at last when I came to my senses I was shaking like a leaf. I tried to hold him out at arm's length, but of course I couldn't do that. I estimated he would weigh at least 15 pounds. He did. I threw him over my shoulder and started for the boat. When I reached it I laid him carefully on the seat and, shoving off, started for the decoys. At that particular moment no boy under the sun could possibly have been happier than I. It was no use for me to shoot any more that morning. I was too happy to shoot.

I sat down at the oars and pulled across the pond to the blind. The goose lay in the stern and do what I might I couldn't keep my eyes away from him. I was examining him with the utmost care when something caught my eye and I stopped rowing. My heart seemed to come into my mouth. Pulling in the oars, I sat a moment like a statue; then, getting up, I leaned forward almost mechanically, picked up the bird and spread his huge wings across the seat. One was huge, but, alas! the other did not match it. I looked at him a moment, and great tears filled my eyes, rolling down my cheeks and splashing over my jacket. I choked back the sobs and looked again. Yes, it was all too true, and it flashed on my mind in an instant. Why hadn't the other geese flown off? I knew the reason now; for all, with the exception of the 3 that took wing, were like the bird I had killed—and one of his wings was clipped!

TWILIGHT.

JOHN T. GOOLRICK, JR.

Just as the day is ending,
When the sun in its glory has set,
And the shadows have covered the meadow
That the dew is beginning to wet;
When the low of the cow has subsided,
And the bleat of the lamb is still,
There's an hour, calm, quiet and peaceful
Through the valley, the wood and the hill.

The frog in the marsh is croaking
His song to a lily leaf nigh;
From their beds in the grass and the clover
The lightning bugs silently fly.
The katydid, high in the treetop,
Is singing a song to his love,
And the hoot owl, with sad, solemn voice,
Is calling his mate from above.

The cricket is chirruping gaily
From his home by the side of the road;
And the lark, in notes that enrapture,
Is singing an evening ode.
The light of the day is fleeting,
In the van of the conqueror, Night;
And just where the land is neutral,
Is the sweetest of hours, twilight.

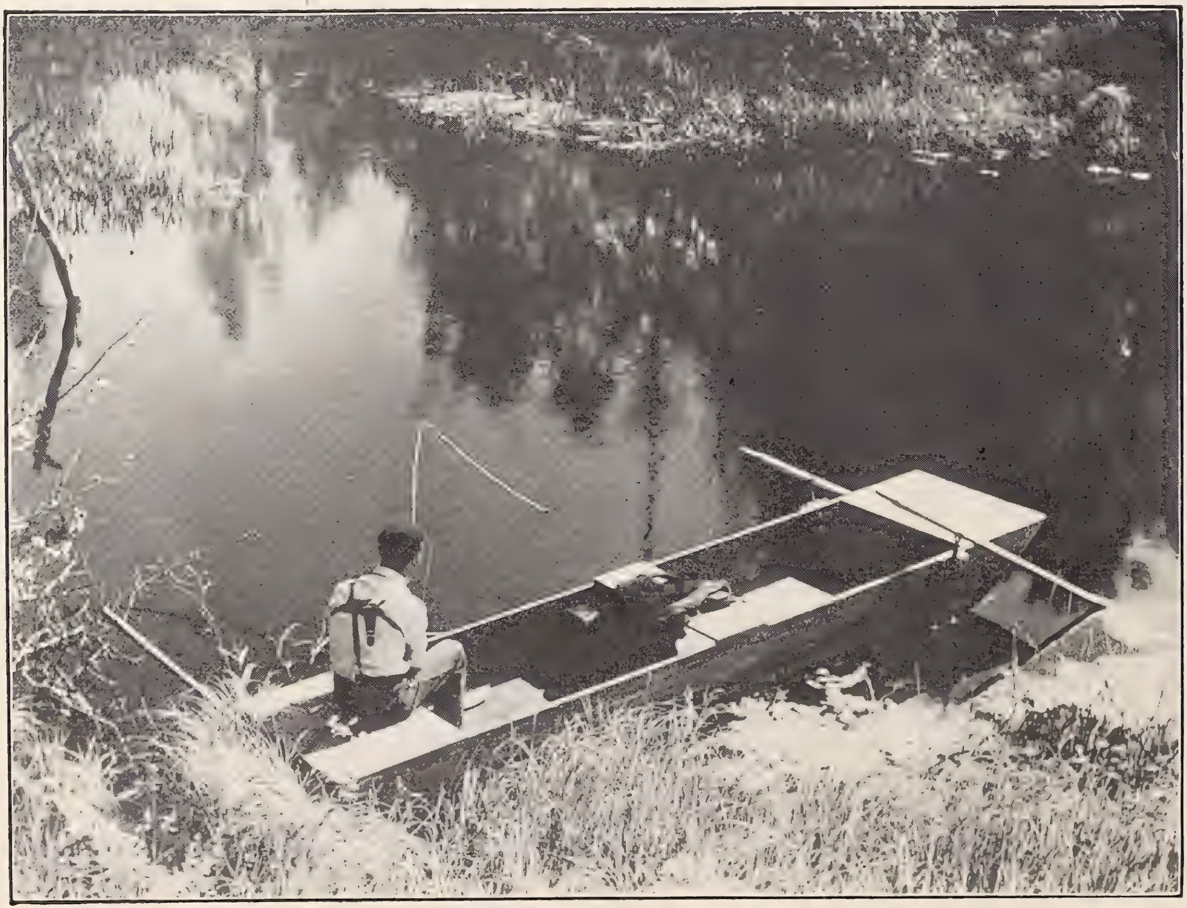
"Am I a part orphan now?" asked the chick of the hen.

"What do you mean?" inquired the hen.

"The incubator was burned last night," answered the chick.—N. Y. Herald.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. E. TYLOR.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.
Highly commended in RECREATION's 5th Annual Photo Competition. **Made with Manhattan camera and Goerz lens.**



AMATEUR PHOTO BY HENRY T. WHITMORE.

WAITING FOR A BIG ONE.
Highly commended in RECREATION's **Fifth Annual Photo Competition.**

GOOSE SHOOTING FROM A STAND.

GEORGE G. REED.

From coast to coast, all over our vast country, there may be seen each spring and fall the great migration of wild geese. Though they may show preference for certain lines of flight, I doubt if there is a 10-mile strip between Maine and Oregon, outside of the mountain districts, over which wild geese do not semi-annually pass.

In Massachusetts there are generally 3 great flights every fall; one in October, one in November and one in December, and known to sportsmen as the early, the November, and the late flight.

Of course, from the time the goose starts from his Northern abode, until he reaches his final destination under the Southern skies, he is constantly alighting in some sheltered bays and ponds. Some people, however, have the idea that the birds make the trip with hardly a stop.

More geese are killed by stand shooting than in any other way, although it is a most expensive kind of sport. It necessitates the maintenance of a large number of live decoys. Oftentimes these decoys are so numerous that they require the entire attention of one man all the time.

Living as I do in Abington, Mass., I am in the heart of the goose shooting country. Within a radius of 10 miles of this town there are probably 3,000 decoy geese. These are bred down from wild birds and kept for decoying purposes and nothing else. They are in use at 44 stands, situated on 29 ponds. The number kept at each stand varies from 5 to 350.

The stand is built on the shore of a pond or lake, generally on a point of land. It must be in an exposed place, that the decoys may show plainly; yet the buildings, etc., must be wholly concealed. The place generally selected is on a point where the beach is sandy and the land near the water is flat, with a small hill a few rods back. Two or 3 rods from the extremity of the point a board breastwork is built, and back of that a small living house is erected. The house usually contains 2 or 3 rooms. Everything is thoroughly covered with either pine or oak branches; pens are built, lines are rigged and all is ready for the decoys to arrive.

Inside the stand, that is, behind the breastwork, the old mated pairs are kept. On the hill in the rear are the fly-pens. In these pens are the goslings and year olds; one brood in each pen. On the front of each pen is a gate, so arranged that it can be opened from the stand with a rope. On the beach in front of the breastwork are the pinners, or staked geese. These are unmated birds and are staked there throughout the season. Now we have mated pairs, flyers and pinners in their respective positions.

A flock of geese is sighted by the man on the lookout in the stand. He pulls a rope, perhaps 2 or 3 at once, and out come the flyers. He may have to let out 10 or 12 broods of flyers before the wild birds take notice.

He also rings a bell that the sportsmen in the house may know there is a flock of geese about. They stealthily open the door and creep out. The air is alive with geese, and the noise they make is terrific. The decoys are flying about, each marked by a long strip of leather attached to its leg. The geese on the beach are making all the noise they can, and the mated pairs are honking to their young.

Far out in the pond the wild birds are alighting near the wooden decoys anchored there. There are fully 50 of the wild geese and they are drinking and washing themselves, having just come from the salt water.

Then the mated ganders are put on the lines and driven out through an opening in the breastwork to the beach, whence they honk to their mates. The wild geese cease washing, form in a platoon and start toward the stand. The shooters peek through portholes and over the top of the breastwork, always careful not to be seen.

When the birds are within range, the word is given and the men behind the screen jump up, guns in hand. The old gander who leads the flock stops at once and his followers huddle about him. For a moment they are too amazed to fly. As they bunch together, someone cries "Fire!" A report follows and then a clatter of second barrels. The geese which are lucky enough to escape circle about the pond and foolishly alight again near the wooden decoys. They seldom leave the pond at once, being loath to abandon their luckless companions.

Then the dead birds are brought in, sometimes by a dog, but oftener with a boat, and everybody goes back in the stand. Sometimes the remainder of the flock will return to receive another volley If there is more than one stand on the pond a flock is often shot into a second and even a third time before they leave. They sometimes fly about the pond as if crazy, and are likely to drop right in front of another stand.

When geese are shot at in the night, the cripples will go ashore and the only way to find them is with a dog. The water spaniel is chiefly used and will trail the birds into the brush. I have followed a goose nearly a mile before I found it. If the cripple is a gander and is shot only in the wing, the hunter catches him for a decoy, and he soon becomes as tame as the others. An old gander when caught in the woods will sometimes put up a hard fight and generally leaves a sore spot wherever he hits with his powerful wings.

Silver lake, situated in the 4 towns of Pembroke, Kingston, Halifax and Plympton, is the best place in Massachusetts for geese; that is, there are more killed at that pond than at any other 2 ponds in the State. There are 6 stands on the lake, and when all are occupied there are over 800 decoy geese used there. Widgeon Point, owned by Mr. Thomas Arnold, has always proved the best stand on the lake.

Spring shooting is doing much harm to the sport. Most of our sportsmen are opposed to spring shooting, yet a few persist in going. Our goose shooters, as a rule, are neither pot hunters nor game hogs, and the average kill at most stands is not over one goose a day during the season.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY PERRY ARCHIBALD.

A DIFFICULT TRAIL.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

THE WILD GOOSE IN DOMESTICATION.

A. S. DOANE.

One of the first sights to catch the eye and excite the admiration of visitors to this section is the array of live decoys maintained by the gunning clubs and various citizens. Thinking possibly some readers of RECREATION might like to have flocks of their own I have obtained from Mr. D. L. Griggs, of Powell's Point, N. C., the following information. Mr. Griggs has raised Canada geese over 40 years and has probably raised 500 or 600. For years he has supplied the leading clubs of Carrituck county with their decoys.

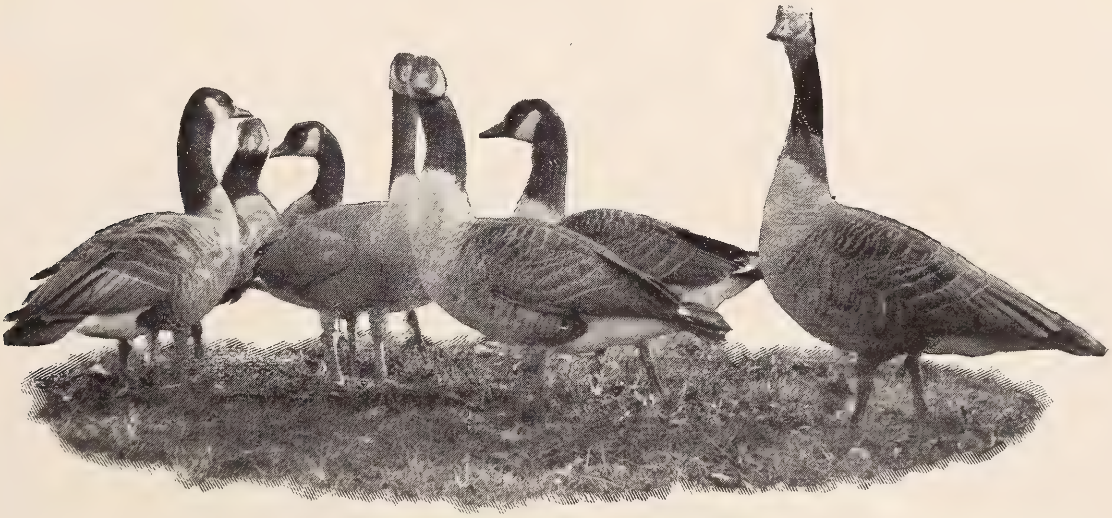
Nearly all gunners maintain that geese bred in captivity make better decoys than wild geese that have been crippled or caught accidentally. It is, however, necessary to have a start. Mr. Griggs obtained his from cripples; others may do likewise. The business of raising Canada geese, would not be profitable, however, unless a person were exceptionally favored.

The wild goose, if taken young, should mate and lay 2 years after being captured. Old geese rarely mate. They chafe continually, and even if they do mate and lay, the eggs will not hatch. Those bred in captivity raise and lay at 2 years of age. Once mated, it is for life. Should any accident happen to one of the pair, however, the other will probably mate again the following spring; but they always mope a long time after the death of their mate.

In raising geese it is well to set apart marshy or boggy ground for them to nest in. They build their nest on the ground, of light trash, hay, etc; anything, in fact, they can carry in their bills. Both goose and gander work together in nest building. If they can not find any stuff within a reasonable distance the goose will pick and scratch a place in the ground. Once established, they always nest in the same place. If kept from that place, the goose will drop the eggs all about and will not try to raise. If, after this occurs, they are allowed to go to their old nest, a second lot of eggs will be deposited and probably hatched; though, if the goose is old, the second lot of eggs may kill her. The goose will always lay a second time if eggs are removed or destroyed.

Geese usually lay in April, but the older the goose the earlier eggs are deposited. Mr. Griggs had one goose that laid earlier year after year, until she finally laid in February. The goose lays every second day and usually covers the egg with straw after it is deposited. She lays 3 to 8 eggs, 5 being about the average. The period of incubation is 28 days. If the goose has free access to water before laying, all the eggs usually hatch; but if access is denied, there are generally some bad ones.

The goslings, as a rule, are much hardier than tame goslings and, barring accidents, all should be raised. No special food is necessary for them, but they should have an opportunity to pick young grass; and hominy and cracked corn are good for them. They should also have a plentiful supply of sand and gravel where they can get it at all times.



COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

VISITORS TO THE ZOO PARK.

When nesting they should never be disturbed, as both are extremely irritable. The goose usually does all the work of incubation, while the gander stands guard. While thus on guard he will attack anything that comes his way. Sometimes a gander will take a turn on the nest while the goose goes for food or water; but such instances are rare.

Wild geese should be kept to themselves, as they will mate with the domestic goose. The resulting mongrel is larger than either, but will not lay nor hatch. It has neither the call of the wild nor the tame goose.

Wild geese are exceedingly interesting pets if one has the time or the money to raise them. It is astonishing how much they know. They become greatly attached to their owners, know their names and will do many little tricks if the owner will take the trouble to teach them. I once owned a goose that I crippled and afterward tamed. He would follow me like a dog if I would let him, and even after an absence of several months he recognized me and showed in many ways his joy at again seeing me.

They are an exceedingly handsome bird and are an ornament to any country place. The Canada goose raised in captivity is much larger than his wild relatives, but if killed and eaten, he tastes like a tame goose. He has not the wild flavor. For use as decoys, he is much superior to any cripple, as he is so much more easily handled.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. D. COCKBURN.

LOOKING ACROSS TUNTI LAKE.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Poco camera and Bausch & Lomb shutter.

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE SACRAMENTO.

GIBBS HUNTLEY.

I am thankful I have seen the Sacramento overflow and its attending sights, because in a few years such sights will be gone forever unless game is better protected than it is at present.

Imagine a stretch of country as level as a board, reaching North and South as far as the eye can see. In the East the gently rising foothills of the Sierra Nevadas and beyond them the lowering heights of that range. On the West the rugged, seamy, Coast range snake tracks its way, and the air is so clear that it seems but a short distance to the snow capped summits which are really 50 miles away. That is the Sacramento valley. Paralleling the Coast range is a vast stretch of water, so wide that one can not see across it, and so shallow that in places a man can wade out of sight of land without wetting the tops of his hip boots. That is the Sacramento overflow, the home of countless waterfowl of every description.

The geese rest on the overflow during the night and fly to wheat fields to feed in the morning, returning about noon. The ducks float around and play all day, and feed on the wheat at night. Looking out over the overflow you can see ducks in all directions; some feeding, some lazily floating, some sleeping. But look where you will you see ducks, ducks, ducks everywhere. Occasionally a flock of swans go whirling down among them, sending spray 6 feet in the air. But for all their tantalizing abundance the birds are safe enough. Not until they leave the water can any shooting be done. Then, if you can find a pass, you may perhaps get a few for dinner. There is no cover on the overflow, and for hundreds of yards back from the water there is no vegetation, not a spear of grass longer than your finger. A sink box would be the only thing, but they are prohibited by law and I am glad of it.

About 3 years ago I left home at 3 o'clock one cloudy morning for a trial at the geese. I had heard they were coming in thickly on the wheat fields about 4 miles back from the overflow. I could scarcely see my horse in the darkness as he trotted cheerfully along. In about an hour I turned in on a side road and found a convenient stable in which I put my horse. Then, hastily feeding him, I took my gun and cartridge bag and skipped across the field toward a broken down fence in the middle of a wheat field, which I intended to use as a blind. Arriving there, I found a clump of weeds close to the fence and between them and the rails I could lie hidden yet look in the direction from which I knew the geese would come.

There I waited until dawn and watched the Coast range turn different colors every minute until it was broad daylight. Still not a sign of geese; everything was as quiet as it possibly could be. A stranger would have been willing to bet his boots there was not a goose within 50 miles. At length I heard a sound which caused me to dive into my blind and look carefully toward the overflow. Presently I could distinguish dark, threadlike lines in the distance. Yes, there was another flock, too, and they were honkers. Gee! how fast they grew big as they came on; but they, like the others, passed by on the other side.

Then my attention was drawn to a flock of snow geese that were heading directly for my blind, and at the same moment a bunch of gray geese went over from behind me, calling loudly as they flew. I killed one, and by that time the air, in all directions, was full of geese. The noise they made was deafening, and the sight was one not seen often in a lifetime. The myriads of birds dropped on the wheat, noisily jabbering the while. Occasionally a small bunch of honkers would break from the main flock, sail away and settle by themselves. One of those small flocks headed for my blind, and my grip tightened on my gun as they began to lower. At first they looked as big as ducks, then like small geese, then as big as pillows. They were about 30 yards away when I rose and 2 loads of B B's cut the 2 leaders out of the flock, while the rest climbed straight up. I gathered my birds and started homeward. As I rode slowly along I could see the black necks and white throats of thousands of geese feeding on each side of the road, as safe as if they were miles from me.

But all that happened 3 years ago.

The morning flight of geese today is not half so big and the wheat ranchers rejoice because of it. Yet they take RECREATION, too.

"If you don't believe that speech is sometimes quicker than thought," said the Talkative Critic, "listen attentively to the next woman who talks to you."—N. Y. Herald.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. C. KNIGHT

AN INDOLENT COON.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ANDREW EMERINE JR.

TAKING A SUN BATH.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

THE HOME OF THE EMPEROR GOOSE

L. L. BALES.

At a point on the Bering sea coast between Goodnews bay and the mouth of the Kuskokwin river, near a small unnamed bay, emperor geese nest and rear their young. At that point there is a wide stretch of tundra, or level land, between the coast and the mountains. The tundra is partly covered with lakes, sloughs and swamps, and seemingly all the birds in creation come there to breed and cuss and discuss the open door problem.

When I drew my kyak up on the beach I saw before me cranes, geese, ducks, an army of waders and great numbers of ptarmigan. They knew no fear, though many of them were within a few yards of me. An old sand hill crane had the floor, and if his voice did not carry conviction his actions certainly did. At every whoop he would raise his wings and jump into the air, and as his legs went up his wings came down. This was kept up until another crane drove him away, that he, too, might pass in review before the lady cranes, who seemed interested spectators.

Some of the lakes on the tundra have muddy margins and shallow waters and are frequented by curlew, long billed snipe with short bodies, and long bodied snipe with short bills. Five emperor geese came sailing slowly over within a few yards of my head. They were plentiful there and at Cape Romanoff, about 75 miles South of St. Michael's.

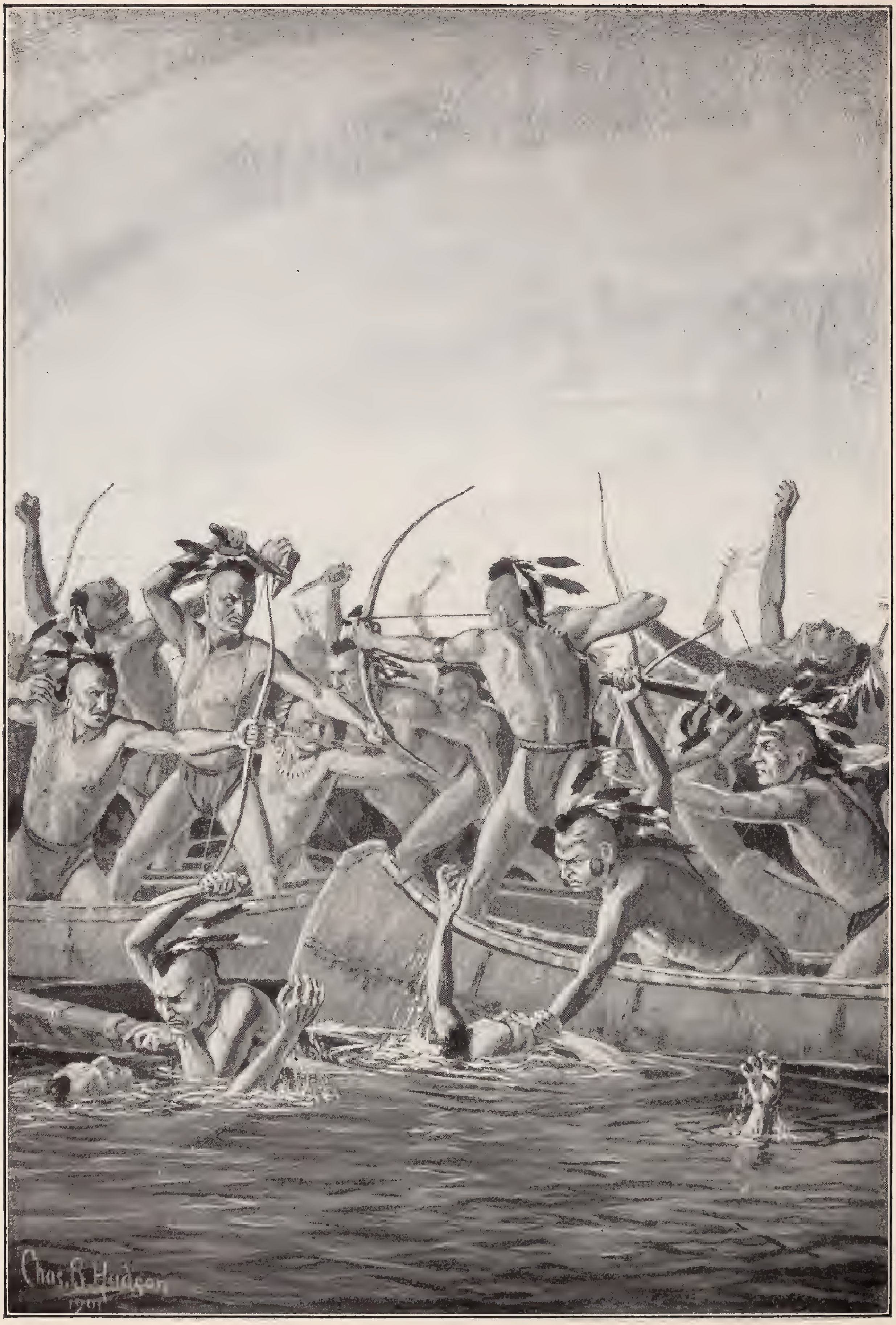
On the tundra in the Goodnews bay country were geese of several varieties, ducks of many kinds, cranes galore, and no end of waders; gray, herring and Bonaparte gulls, forked tailed terns, black bellied plover, hawks, owls, shags, albatross, crows and many varieties of warblers. Russet breasted and violet green swallows nest along rocky canyons and cliffs; also in deserted native houses. There were also many puffins. The kut-kut-kut-kut-dah-kud-dah-kud-dah of the willow grouse was heard on all sides. It is an ideal spot for a naturalist or a taxidermist.

At the mission station known as Quin-ha-ha-mute, not many miles from the above described section of coast, I met a Mr. Helmich, a Moravian missionary, and told him I wanted the skins of a pair of emperor geese. I met him 5 weeks later at Nome. He said he had killed a pair of them for me, but they were so fat he was unable to skin them.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WM. H. FISHER.

A LONG SHOT.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Rochester lens.


Chas. B. Hudson

NO QUARTER WAS ASKED

THE PURSUERS DESTROYED.

HON. C. L. BAILEY.

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken—
Listen to this Indian legend."

On the Eastern side of Michigan, just North of the mouth of Saginaw bay, is the outlet of the Au Sable river, a stream that comes from the Northwest and rises on the watershed of that portion of the State. West of these headwaters the Manistee river rises in a series of small lakes, and flows Southwest into Lake Michigan a few miles South of the mouth of the Au Sable on the opposite side of the State.

From this watershed the Jordan river flows Northwest into Pine lake, which empties into Lake Michigan at Charlevoix. West of the upper end of the South arm of Pine lake are the headwaters of the intermediate chain of lakes, of which the largest and most picturesque is Torch lake. It lies almost North and South, and is joined by the lakes above through Clam river, which flows in to Torch lake about the middle of the East shore.

At the beginning of the 19th century the Saginaw region was occupied in part by Hurons, in part by Chippewas and in part by Osakis, who had come there at some earlier date from the territory about the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. The Ottawas, then a powerful nation, occupied the Northwestern portion of the State from the Straits of Mackinaw South to the Kalamazoo river. South of the Ottawas, in the territory between the Kalamazoo and the St. Joe rivers, were the Pottawatomies. They were under the great chief Pokagon. He was succeeded by his son, Simon Pokagon, who has only recently died, and who had become an authority in contemporary literature as to Indian affairs and traditions in Michigan.

For years there had been a desultory warfare between the 3 tribes of the Saginaw region, which finally culminated in a union of the Chippewas and the Hurons for the avowed purpose of exterminating the Osakis. Their chiefs and warriors were bound by a mighty oath, witnessed by the Great Spirit, that no taint nor vestige of Osaki blood should be left among them, nor should one of that tribe escape their wrath.

Knowing as they did that the Osakis originally came from the St. Lawrence country, they took it for granted that when they discovered they were too weak to cope with the combined enemy, they would naturally take once more to the great waters and attempt to regain their old hunting grounds to the Northwest. The Hurons and Chippewas took as their first step toward the total annihilation of the enemy, precautionary measures to prevent their escape by water, and guarded each point along Lake Huron that would possibly permit of the embarkation of the Osaki tribe. To the West of them were the powerful Ottawas, whose feelings were hostile alike to Osakis, Chippewas and Hurons, and whose territory was too broad to be crossed without almost certain discovery. It was thought the Osakis would fight and die on their own territory rather than attempt to invade or cross the Ottawa lands.

During the making of these arrangements by the Hurons and their allies, the Osakis had not been idle nor were they in ignorance of the plans of their enemies. They had determined to escape if possible, by some ruse which would enable them to avoid a battle; to reach the great lakes and to make their way back to their old home on the St. Lawrence or to find other hunting grounds around the great lakes. They intended to risk crossing the Ottawa country, and trust to gaining Lake Michigan on the West rather than attempt to reach Lake Huron direct from their own territory and fall into the trap set for them by their enemies.

Feigning ignorance of all hostile intent on the part of the Hurons and Chippewas, the Osakis gathered together their whole tribe and started ostensibly on a fishing and hunting pilgrimage up the Au Sable river. Their idea was to push with their canoes up that river to a point where it approached nearest the Manistee river and then portage across to the last named stream, only 6 or 8 miles to the West; to there abandon their ponies, take to the canoes, which would leave no tracks to catch the eyes of the watchful Ottawas, and make runs, by night only, down the hundred or more miles of the Manistee river to Lake Michigan, thence North to the Straits of Mackinaw, which they hoped to pass at night undiscovered, as also the rivers connecting the great lakes farther down.

So guardedly was this plan of escape carried out by the Osakis that no hint of it reached their enemies until they were well on their way up the Au Sable. Their intention was to leave that stream at a point near the present site of the village of Grayling. Before they could reach that point, however, the Hurons and Chippewas had, through reports brought in by their scouts, divined the intention of the Osakis. Nearly a thousand braves, hideous in their war paint, decorated with their brightest feathers and armed with tomahawks, bows and all the trappings of Indian warfare, started up the Au Sable in canoes to catch the fleeing Osakis or meet them on their return down the river in case they should attempt to retrace their journey.

The progress of the Osakis up the swift current of the river was necessarily slow. Their canoes were loaded nearly to the gunwales with provisions and equipment necessary to their long and uncertain voyage, as well as with the children, the aged, the infirm and other non-combatants. As a result, the runners of the enemy sent out to intercept the Osakis began to appear, in war paint, between the 2 rivers of the Osakis' intended route, some days before the main body of the Osakis reached the proposed portage. Fearful of the gathering numbers of the enemy congregating along the upper open waters of the Manistee the Osakis abandoned their original plan and determined, if possible, to reach what is now known as the Jordan river, and to go down that stream and through Pine lake to Lake Michigan, through the outlet, at what is now Charlevoix.

Following up the Au Sable as far as possible the Osakis made the long carry across to the Jordan, and thence down that stream nearly to Pine lake without mishap of any kind, but as they neared Pine lake they were filled with consternation by the report of their advance scouts that the Ottawas were gathering in a mighty conclave at the mouth of the lake, and that no canoe could ever pass there without discovery.

The cause of this great gathering of the Ottawas was to the Osakis unknown, but it seems the Ottawas had discovered the Hurons and Chippewas invading their territory in pursuit of the fleeing Osakis and had called a council of war to be held at the foot of Pine lake, to meet the invaders and punish them for their audacity in trespassing on the hunting grounds of the mighty Ottawas.

The Osakis, on learning of the Ottawa gathering, became well-nigh disheartened, surrounded as they were by the Ottawas on the North and the oncoming Hurons and Chippewas on the East. They had learned, however, that but a few miles West of their position was another body of water, flowing Southwest toward the great lake they were so anxiously striving to reach. If that waterway was not guarded there was still hope.

Abandoning all but absolute necessities, they carried those and their canoes across the 4-mile strip that divides the South arm of Pine lake from the headwaters of the Intermediate chain and again found themselves, with new hopes, skimming over blue waters, with bending paddles making merry ripples at the prow of each birchen boat. Their course, after carrying them a few miles North and in the direction of the dread Ottawas, made a bend to the left and, curving itself into a great ox bow, flowed Southwest to the Michigame. Through the ponds and streams of the Intermediate chain passed their silent fleet. As they came out of the narrow current of Clam river on to the waters of Torch lake they saw before them a view which well might rival, in an Indian's eye, the scenes which burst on the vision of the wandering Peri as he gazed in awe and rapture through the opened doors of Paradise.

Torch Lake! The Indian knew you not by such a name,
Nor by it can beauties such as thine be told or guessed.
Torch lake! What mortal tongue dared christen you,
The child of perfect Nature, with all the charms she gives,
Blended into one matchless whole?
Your waters, green as new-cut emerald; your shores,
Not ribbed with cruel rocks nor soiled by stagnant swamps,
But snow white drift of sand which Nature gathered from
Her treasure depths and sifted with careful hand,
That she might make a bed for her bright child befitting
Its rare beauty!

Was that plain name suggested by some wanton fisher's light
That gleamed across your waters through the starless night?
Or was it when you caught the morning dawn
And flashed against the Eastern sky in colors that subdued old Sol
And made him pause to show his face in rivalry of beauty
Such as yours?
Or was it as he left you for the night and turned,
As I have often seen him do, to give you one more long-drawn kiss,
Which made you blush like new-born womanhood
Beneath the gaze of ardent wooer?
Yet again, was it when thunders pealed, and the wild wind
Whipped your waters into seething foam,
While the lightning's flash, caught on the crest of your unnumbered waves, glittered like torches showing them the way?
Was it on some perfect day, when, lying placid, you have
Been a torch to some poor saddened heart, to lead it forth
From dark despondency to thoughts of things beyond this cruel world,
And taught it that the power which set you
Like a gem in Nature's coronal, can bring all things to pass
And change the darkest day to hours of perfect bliss?

With its 18 miles of length, 2 to 3 miles of width and 100 to 300 feet depth of pure spring water, its beach of pure sand, its hills, lying back but a short distance from the shore on either side, Torch lake is certainly the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever beheld. I never admire its present beauty without wondering what its grandeur must have been before the white man, with his commercial instincts, denuded the hills of the forests which were their birthright and which had beheld their shadows reflected from the great mirror below since the dawn of creation. The white man came, and with ax and saw he sacrificed them for a few paltry dollars, the same as with spear and net he ravished the waters of the lake below and robbed them of their fishes.

When the combined tribes of the Saginaw valley Indians discovered the passage of the Osakis across to the Intermediate lakes, they became more persistent than ever in the chase. No sooner had they embarked on Intermediate lake than the Ottawas, learning of their movements, concluded their own plan of attack. The Hurons and Chippewas pushed rapidly on, their hope being to overtake the Osakis before night. Their whole attention was given to carefully scanning each span and bend of the river ahead, and they all thirsted for the blood of the Osakis. Had they been less eager for their prey and more guarded as to their own safety, some lynx-eyed Huron might have discovered an occasional careful parting of the boughs along the sides of the stream behind them and an instant's appearance of the bright eyes and nodding plumes of an Ottawa brave, decorated, like themselves, in the paints and colors of savage warfare. They might have discovered also, that soon after their last canoe had hid itself within the brakes and rice at the head of Grass river, the prow of an Ottawa canoe shot out from the mouth of Intermediate river, 2 miles away, and was followed by another, another and another, until the East end of Grass lake seemed a moving panorama of swiftly flying canoes, dipping paddles and waving plumes.

Silently the great processions wended their way down the windings of Grass river. Out upon the placid waters of the wider river, known as Clam lake, sped the crafts of the hunted hunters, the pursued pursuers, the Hurons and Chippewas. Close behind them, keeping within the cover of the rushes and hidden in the tall grasses along the banks, came the barques of the pursuing Ottawas, waiting for the others to round a bend that they might start on a swift run down Clam lake, unobserved by those they followed, and whom they must overtake at the end of that same lake, only 4 miles ahead.

The great red sun had sunk behind a cloudless horizon, but his departing rays were still showing their long lines across Torch lake and up into the lower basin of Clam, when the leading boat of the combined tribes of Chippewas and Hurons shot around the point at the Western narrows of Clam lake and from the lips of the chief in its bow burst a terrifying whoop as he beheld before him what he supposed was the fleet of canoes of the flying Osakis. That mighty whoop was his dying prayer. With it came the sharp twang of a bow cord from the bushes on the point and the chief toppled over with an Ottawa arrow guiding his heart's blood out upon its slender shaft until he sank beneath the darkening waters. The echoes of that cry were drowned by the awful roar of the Ottawa war cry which poured in from front and rear, from right and left, while a hail of Ottawa arrows swept the lake like raindrops from a bursting cloud.

Then the valor of those untaught children of the forest was put to its strongest test. There was no West Point polish, no drill book tactics, no hope of Congressional eulogies, no epaulets or shoulder straps, no jealous rivalry among officers who cared not for the lives of their followers so long as their own promotion followed or some hated rival could be pulled from the high pinnacle of fame. Wolf had met wolf and no quarter was asked. Each warrior knew that none would be granted. Canoe crashed against canoe while the soprano of the flying arrow joined with the tenor of the whirling tomahawk as they cleaved their way through breast and skull. The waters lost their emerald hue in crimson stain while they swarmed with dead and dying who were ruthlessly pushed beneath the surface by the strong arms of myriads of swimming braves whose canoes had foundered and who were anxiously striving to reach the shores, and there, on an equal footing, meet their enemy.

The pale moon peeps above the Eastern horizon and sends her glimmering rays like phosphorescent fingers of shame down the stretch of Clam lake, but no one heeds her nor cares for her appearance except as she may aid in directing more truly the stinging arrow or guiding more accurately the sinewy arm that wields the bloody tomahawk. The great sun follows the retreating moon, and looking down upon the Western portion of Clam lake views a scene fit only to decorate the weird and awful walls of some infernal chasm such as Dante dreamed of. Ottawa, Huron and Chippewa blood commingle to stain the sodden soil and the waters of the lakes for miles below.

A thousand warriors of the Chippewas and Hurons went forth to wipe the Osakis from the earth, but never one returned.

Many an Ottawa tepee mourned the loss of its departed braves who went to meet the invaders of their land but nevermore came back.

While they fought, the swiftly-fleeing Osakis made their escape to Lake Michigan, but there all trace of them is lost. The great lakes hold, in secret unrevealed, the mystery of the Osakis' disapearance. They were never heard of more.

To-day, as the soft wind swings my hammock back and forth beneath the modest oaks on the point, I fancy I hear coming to me from the lake, chanted by the rippling waves, a requiem for the souls let loose at this same spot that awful night. As I look on the mounds about me, which mark the graves of fallen warriors who gave up their lives fighting for what they imagined right, I fain would call them from the silent dust and let them tell the tale instead of me.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. W. N. MANCHESTER.

AN AFTERNOON OFF.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

A DAY IN FALL.

CEDRIC HARLEY.

Most poets sing of a day in spring,
Of the budding flowers, and the birds that sing,
When the life of God's in everything.
But for me when I am out for fun,
A good old dog, and a good shot gun,
When the weather's fine on a day in fall
Are what I want, and they are all.
An early start, when the sun's just up,
With my pointer Carlo, the good old pup;
It's a joy to see him work and run—
He's as full of fire as the old shot gun;
And when he settles down and stops
You're as sure of your bird as when it drops.
Oh! the quails fly so fast on a day in fall
That it makes you think the life and all
That's gone from the flowers, and trees, and things
Are hid in the pesky critters' wings.
And oh, what pleasure to hear them call
Through the crisp, cool air of a day in fall!

AN UNEXPECTED CAPTURE.

W. A. FINCH.

When I was 14 years old I became the happy possessor of a 32 caliber Winchester repeater. That summer I was stopping at a boarding house that accommodated about 50, in the heart of the Catskills, and I spent the greater portion of my time shooting woodchucks, or I might say, shooting at them. They were quite numerous in that section. When I succeeded in killing one and took it to the house most of the boarders would come down, look it over, and ask any number of questions about it.

There was a professor staying at the house, whose name, I think, was McGuire, and who pretended to know a great deal about woodchucks. He would deliver a lecture on the habits of these animals whenever one was brought to the house, for the edification of the boarders.

One pleasant afternoon I was out, as usual, after woodchucks. When within half a mile of the house I saw a large one sitting just outside his hole, on the top of a grassy knoll in the center of a large field. I, much excited, pulled up my rifle, fired, and missed him. He was gone like a flash; but he was such a large one that I decided to set a trap and try to catch him. So back I went to the house, got the trap and set it.

The next morning I started, accompanied by a neighboring farmer's boy, named George, to inspect the trap. When we arrived at the top of the knoll the trap was in the burrow. Catching hold of the chain I gave a pull and felt the animal struggle at the other end.

"We've got him, George," I said; "but how are we going to get him out?"

"You stand by with the rifle," said he, "and when I yank him out you shoot him."

So I got ready, and George took hold of the chain and started to pull. He had drawn out about a foot of it when he gave a yell, let go the chain and rolled or fell down the hill. I was as much frightened as he, and asked what it was.

"Gee, Billy," he said, "it's a great big skunk, all black and white."

We stood at the bottom of the hill some time, not daring to go back and yet wanting to get the skunk. At last George said,

"I know what we'll do. We'll go back to the house and get the Professor. He'll get him out."

We went back and reached the house pretty well winded, having run most of the way. When we told what we had caught, Professor McGuire was only too willing to get the skunk. Off we all started, the Professor in the lead, armed with a long pole, and the rest of the boarders following close behind. When we reached a stone wall within about 200 yards of the knoll, the Professor requested all the ladies to stay there, as it would be safer. The male portion of the crowd went on a little farther, and sat down on a grassy slope to await developments.

The Professor's plan was to pull out the trap with the aid of the long pole, and when the skunk appeared at the edge of the hole I was to shoot. It sounded like a good scheme, but I had had one scare and was not over confident. We went to the top of the knoll, and after giving me further instructions, the Professor got the pole under the chain and began to draw the victim out. All went well for a time, although I found the air a little hard to breathe, and retreated a short way down the hill. At last, after much tugging, the skunk appeared at the surface. One glance was enough for the Professor, and he started to run down the hill, but in his hurry he became tangled up with the pole and fell. He managed to scramble to his feet and start again; but too late to avoid the damage that resulted from his unfortunate stumble. A farmer in a neighboring field, on learning the cause of the disturbance, quickly put an end to the skunk.

As for the Professor, he was a sadder and a wiser man, and, for some time, a lonely one.

She—What does it require besides patience to make a good fisherman?

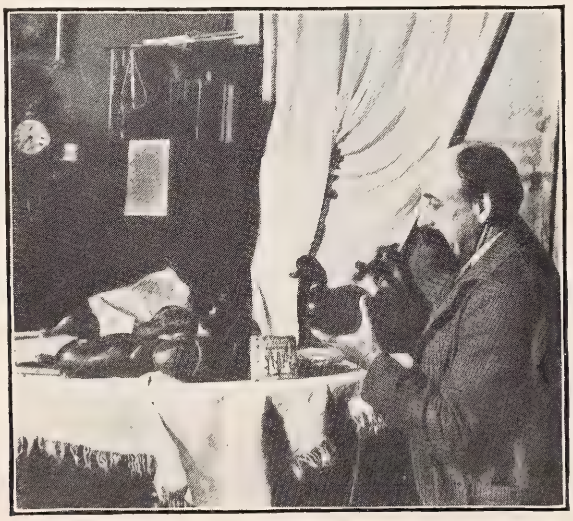
He—An utter disregard for the truth.—Yonkers Statesman.

A BOY, A MUSKET, A PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

C. L. HART.

When a boy, the height of my ambition was to own a gun, but as my parents were poor, I had to put up with a bow and arrows of my own make, which were not very effective, as the only thing I ever killed in 3 years' shooting was a tom turkey and a snowbird. When I was 13 I determined to have a real gun, and with this object in view I secured a position on a farm at a salary of 25 cents a day. When I had earned $3 I bought what was to me a fine arm.

It was taller than I, had an iron ram rod, and used a cap that looked like a plug hat. Yet it was, in my estimation, a world beater. Prairie chickens were plentiful in those days, and I determined to bag some at once. One bright winter morning, with my pockets filled with bottles of powder and shot and a game sack made from the leg of an overall, I made tracks in the direction of a neighbor's corn pens, around which a large flock was in the habit of feeding. There was snow on the ground, and the chickens were a little shy, all flying away before I got within range; so I concluded to hide by the old rail fence and wait for some to come back. Scarcely had I squatted in the fence corner, when I spied an old cock about ¼ mile away, coming for me as straight as an arrow. It is needless to say I grew anxious. All kinds of ideas passed through my mind, but he was coming fast and I must act at once, so up went the old musket and I gazed along the barrel. The old man-killer had a 7 or 8 pound pull, and I was slow in getting her unhitched. About the time she exploded, the chicken sailed over my head, alighting on the top of a large pen of corn not more than 10 feet from where I sat. At that moment I realized what a sad mistake I had made in not reserving my fire, but it was no time for reverie. I gazed up through the crack of the fence at the fine old fellow, standing there as though posing before an artist. With trembling hand I fumbled for my bottle of powder, poured out a handful and managed to get some of it in the gun. I then fished out a wad of paper and hastily rammed it down. Out came the big bottle of shot with a nervous jerk. I did not stop to measure them. I fished for more paper. Horrors! it was all gone. I peeped through the fence. My game was still there Oh, if I only had a cap on! I yanked out my new full box and in my haste dumped them all in the snow. As I pulled back the hammer the cock pricked up his ears. I shoved the old gun through the bottom crack of the fence to turn it around. Gee whiz! the shot rolled out in the snow. Oh, what will I do? The bird is uneasy and may fly at any moment. At a 10-foot range I ought to kill him with a paper wad, so here goes! I take a quick aim at his breast and pull. What next? He turns as fine a flip-flop as a professional tumbler, utters a defiant cackle and pulls his freight. While I? Well, all you old sports were boys once.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. E. PUMPHREY.

A NATURALIST IN HIS STUDIO.

Highly commended in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

A FLORIDA KID ON A CAMP HUNT.

VI.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

Nex' mornin' when we got up low clouds wuz a flyin' from th' Sou'west, an' when th' sun come up he wuz red as fire, an' Pa sez, "I reckon we're goin' ter have some weather, so less go'n ten' ter them traps an' git back 'fore she busts loose on us." We lit out, an' 'fore we got in sight uv th' first trap we knowed what wuz in it all right. A durned ole polecat wuz ketched by th' fore leg an' what he'd done wuz a plenty. We throwed light'ud knots at 'im, an' one knocked 'im outen th' trap an' he went a hobblin' off inter th' palmetter. Pa sed, "Good riddance ter bad rubbage." We pulled up th' trap an' throwed it inter th' edge uv th' pond. We went ter th' others, an' I had 2 coons in mine an' Pa had another otter, on'y it wuzn't as big as t'other one. He had somethin' in one uv th' other traps an' you wouldn't guess what it wuz in a month uv Sundays. It wuz en ole flint head; wood ibis some calls 'em. Th' ole feller had bin feedin' 'round an' popped 'is foot in th' trap Pa had sot in th' edge uv th' pond. We turned 'im loose an' he tore out an' I woulden' fool yer. We sprung all th' traps, fer we didn't aim ter come to 'em fer a day er 2.

By th' time we had th' varmints skinned th' weather wuz lookin' shore 'nuff bad, an' we struck a trot fer camp. I wuz in th' lead an' as we skirted 'round a little pond a tolerble big buck jumped out uv a bunch uv gallberries an' palmetter, not 30 yards ahead uv me. "Shoot 'im, son; shoot 'im!" Pa hollered. I throwed th' gun on 'im an' pulled down an' she woulden' go, an' I pulled a'gin an' she never went. Pa wuz a yellin', "Why don't yer let 'im have it?" an' I seen then I didn't have 'er cocked. By that time th' deer wuz a sailin' through th' woods a hundred yards off, an' lemme tell yer somethin', I wuz shore th' chawed boy, an' I woulden' fool yer. Pa sez, "By grannies, son, I've a mine ter take a switch an' wear yer to a frazzle," an' I told 'im I wish't he would. But Pa sez, "Never mine, I'll gairntee yer don't fergit it nex' time."

We got ter camp jest as it wuz beginnin' ter sprinkle. Uncle Dick an' Mr. Sam had put up a little shelter fer th' horse, an' he 'peared ter 'preciate it might'ly, fer he wuz standin' under it big as Ike. "I reckon we're in fer a day er 2 uv it," sez Uncle Dick, an' 'bout that time there come th' rain, an' if we hadn't had a mighty fine camp we'd a bin out er luck, but she never leaked a drop. Sez Mr. Sam, "If it keeps on like this we kaint cook no dinner." But we had a half a turkey left from breakfust, an' plenty uv cold biskits, an' we had a 3 gallon jug uv new syrup, an' I made as good a meal, it seemed like, as I ever et.

Mr. Sam had brung along a deck uv cyards, an' we played seven-up, best 4 out uv 7 games, ter see who had ter git supper, me'n' Mr. Sam er Pa 'n' Uncle Dick. We'd watch one nuther clost an' wink when we had good cyards, an' we beat 'em 3 straight an' then got the fifth game an' stuck 'em. "Dick," sez Pa, "them triflin' rascals 'ave bin a usin' signs on us." We tole 'em ter go off 'n' git some boy ter learn 'em th' game 'fore they tackled us ag'in.

It quit rainin' while th' sun wuz a couple uv hours high, an' me 'n' Mr. Sam took th' axe an' cut 'n' toted up wood 'nough fer night, an' as we wuz a fixin' ter sit down a big bunch uv ducks come a whistlin' over an' settled in a little pond a quarter back from camp. I grabbed mah gun an' drawed out th' buckshot an' poured in some 4's an' took a sneak fer 'em. Ther' wuz a bunch uv gallberry bushes on one side uv th' pond, an' I took a circle an' got behine it an' come a crawlin' up. Ever' time I'd strike a dead palmetter fan look like it 'ould make th' biggest fuss it could, an' I wuz afeared ever' minute I'd hear 'em rise, but they never. Directly I got ter th' bushes an' riz up easy an' looked through 'em, an' there wuz th' ducks a settin' th' purtiest I ever see, most uv 'em asleep look like, an' th' balance a fixin' their feathers. I eased up th' ole gun an' drawed a sight on 'em where they wuz thickest, an' pulled down on em. C-r-o-o-o-m-m! she went, an' killed 4 uv 'em dead as nits an' crippled 2 more. I lent th' gun ag'inst a tree an' dashed inter th' pond like a mad 'gator. Th' water wuz thigh deep ter me, an' I like ter a tired myse'f down a ketchin' th' crippled ones; but I got 'em, an' tore out ter camp proud as a young rooster, fer if I hadn't a got 'em we woulden' a had no fresh meat fer supper. "Hooraw for you, Bud," sez Mr. Sam, an' him 'n' me went ter snatchin' th' wool off 'em. Pa sez, "Gimme them ducks 'n' I'll cook 'em so it 'ill make yer swallow yer tongue." Quick's we had 'em cleaned he put 'em in th' pot an stewed 'em, an' while he wuz a doin' that Uncle Dick baked a couple uv skilletfuls uv biskit, th' purtiest I ever see. Time they wuz baked th' ducks wuz a gittin' tender an' Pa took 'em outen th' pot an' put 'em in th' bakin-skillet on their backs, with a little uv th' pot broth, an' laid a little slash uv fat meat on each one's breast, an' put on th' kiver an' stuck th' coals to 'er. Then Uncle Dick he took th' broth an' poured it outen th' pot inter th' fry pan an' put flour in it, an' made a panful uv gravy what I reckon wuz never beat. It wuz acchully th' best I ever see. Pa took a stick an' lifted off th' skillet kiver an' a smell riz outen it what come in one uv makin' me swaller mah tongue shore 'nuff. It didn't take us long ter git at it an' I woulden' fool yer. I coulden' make out which wuz th' best, th' biskit 'n' gravy er th' ducks, but I reckon th' ducks wuz a little ahead. It wuz way after dark when we got ter eatin', an' we sot 'round th' fire with us each a duck an' a plate uv gravy, an' a lot uv biskit, an' that's what I shore call enjoyin'yerse'f. Ever once in a while a night heron 'ould fly over in th' dack a sayin' "kwuk-kwuk-kw-a-a-w-k," an' a fox barked a couple uv times down by th' hummock.

Me 'n' Mr. Sam took a torch an' went down ter th' branch an' washed th' dishes, an' jest as we got back ter th' fire somethin' hollered way down th' creek, an' ole Ring jumped up an' raised 'is bristles an' growled way down in 'is goozle. We all looked at one nuther, an' I sez, "Pa, is that somebody a hollerin'?' and he sez, "No, son," an' then I knowed it wuz an ole pa'nter. It hollered a time er 2 more an' we thought we heard somethin' answer way off, but it wuz so faint we coulden' swear to it. I didn't say nothin', but it made me feel sorter chilly an' I wuzn't sorry ter git ter bed an' git under th' blankets.

THE LAMENT OF THE STUNTLESS ONE.

MYRA EMMONS.

The latest fad at functions gay
  Is for each clever guest
To do a stunt in some bright way,
  Or tell a merry jest.

I haven't got no parlor tricks,
  I can't do none at all;
And when among the great I mix
  I'm up against the wall.

I can not fling my goods around
  In skirt dance, gay and light,
Nor kick, with airy, agile bound
  Unto an Alpine height.

I can not do the Lasca stunt,
  Nor Chariot Race so fine;
And Curfew Bell may toll all night
  Unstopped by voice of mine.

I can not plunk the banjo gay
  Nor pick on mandolins;
The rhapsody and symphony
  Are not among my sins.

In syncopated rag time tunes
  I can not raise my voice;
With cake walk act, as done by coons,
  I can't my friends rejoice.

And so I have to sit and grin
  At other people's jokes,
And make believe I like the din
  That's raised by other folks.

For this my heart is full of woe,
  My soul is full of pain,
To know I can't, whate'er they do,
  Get back at them again.

"Have you read 'Looking Backward?' "
"Certainly not. It can't be done."
"I mean the story."
"Oh, yes, of course I have. She was turned into a pillar of salt."—N. Y. Herald.

HUNTING DEER BY STARLIGHT.

V. L. JAMES.

In the winter of '98, in company with a friend, Sam, and my son John, 12 years old, who had accompanied me on previous hunting and fishing trips, I left San Antonio on the Southern Pacific train Westward bound for a deer hunt in the foothills of the Anacachie mountains. Pulling in at a ranch 12 miles from the railroad we stayed overnight and arranged for our hunt.

We engaged Jaun Garcia, a Mexican, to care for the horses and to cook. He was acquainted with the country, was a fine shot and a successful hunter. Next morning our wagon and team appeared, and, after packing in our outfit, we left the ranch to camp wherever we found good hunting. A drought had extended through the summer, with no prospects yet for rain. The grass that remained was dry, and the wind scattered its blades in every direction. Cattle gaunt and dim eyed wandered hopelessly in quest of food and water. Hungry calves on tottering legs were bumping their mothers for milk in vain. Emaciated animals fed on the lower leaves of the prickly pear, where the thorns were fewest, whose sappy substance furnished both food and water; also browsing on the huajillo (wa-heo), whose fern like leaves afforded more substance than the prickly pear.

Few Bob Whites were seen, but there were many coveys of blue quails, which when flushed would fly a few hundred yards, then alighting would run rapidly away. It required quick work to secure a shot at this wary bird, but we got enough for supper and breakfast. Meeting an old acquaintance, I learned where the deer were ranging. On account of the drought, game, where not molested, lurked in the vicinity of water. He told us that at his Western windmill among the hills many deer watered, and were damaging the dirt bank of the reservoir by climbing along its sides and tearing the earth away. Arrived at the tank, we looked for sign. There were many deer and coyote tracks in the mud about the trough, which was supplied by a pipe from the reservoir. A float and valve kept the trough full, but leakage kept the ground marshy and water standing in places around the trough.

We made camp ¼ of a mile farther West, so as not to disturb deer coming for water. Sam and I shouldered our 30-30's and, taking different directions, went in quest of deer. John, my son, had obtained at the ranch an old fashioned, brass mounted, rim fire .44 caliber Winchester carbine that must have been in use 20 years. Cautioning him to follow the meanderings of the creek, and by no means leave it out of sight, and to return to camp on the same road. Sam and I quickly disappeared in the chapparal.

The wind had died and everything was so quiet that walking was noisy either on the crisp leaves or on rocky ridges. After a few hours' diligent hunting I returned to camp before dark, having seen only coyotes, rabbits and blue quails. Not caring to disturb the quail, I had not fired a shot. I found John sitting by the fire, with a woebegone countenance.

"O, papa!" he exclaimed, "there are lots of deer here."

Then he gave way to tears and could only sob. Jaun laughingly told me in broken English that John had gotten into a bunch of deer. Presently John related his experience. He came unexpectedly on several deer lying in a motte of timber. Their curiosity aroused by the quietness of his approach and his diminutiv size they had not tried to escape. John had shot at a big buck staring at him, not 20 feet away. It seemed to fall, but remembering my advice not to approach a wounded buck, he had dropped the gun and climbed a tree, while the deer disappeared in the brush. On his way to camp he had 3 shots at a doe, but failed even to wound her.

His disappointment was too much for him, and he could only find relief in tears and abuse of the old gun. After a hearty supper of broiled quails, baker's bread and Jersey butter, with a cup of hot coffee, we discussed the deer problem. There were plenty of deer in the thick chapparal. They fed all through the bright, starlight nights, sleeping concealed in the thickets all day. The stillness and our own noisy tread revealed our approach long before we came in view, and as the deer had only to step aside in the thick brush and remain quiet it was impossible to locate them.

After supper Jaun suggested that if one of us would conceal himself near the trough and remain quiet the deer would come in for water during the night. Not caring to risk the uncertainty of a rifle shot at night we decided to use a shot gun, of which we had 2 miserable excuses; one a No. 20 Belgian make, costing new only $10; the other, a made-over musket changed in the breech to chamber a No. 12 shot gun shell. Finding only one buckshot shell No. 12 and 2 B. B. shells for the

No. 20 among our ammunition, Sam selected the musket, and taking a blanket left for the trough. I do not remember how long he was gone. I was awakened by his plea, "Let me get under the cover." He said he had shot a big doe that had come for water. It was so badly wounded that he had caught it by the tail as it was entering the brush, but it had turned on him so fiercely that he concluded to wait till morning to locate it. Next morning we sent Jaun after the wounded deer. He trailed it through dusty paths and over bare hills and found a dangerously wounded 4 prong buck. He killed it and returned for the wagon to bring in the carcass. On seeing the large buck Sam congratulated himself on not hanging on to the tail hold.

The next morning and evening we walked many miles, but saw no deer. The next night I took my station at the trough with the No. 20 shot gun and 2 shells. I have hunted deer every year since I was a boy 15 years old, but this was my first experience at potting game. I had come a long way for game, and after walking many miles over rough and broken country in vain, I felt justified, after exhausting all honorable means, in resorting to this cowardly system of hunting. It was cold, lonely and disagreeable sitting against a briar bush through the night, straining my eyes in the starlight.

A coyote came close and snarled at me; I made a motion in his direction; he left and never came back. The coyotes' unearthly howling and the owls' hooting kept me company during my watch. All at once I saw silhouetted against the starry sky an object which seemed to have risen from the earth. A strange sensation took possession of me; every fiber in my body tingled with the joy of confronting the game which I had traveled so far and striven so hard to find.

I fired and heard the game in the brush, but remembering Sam's experience, quietly resumed my watch. After an hour a deer's head appeared, directly over the trough, not 15 feet from me; it as silently withdrew. In a few moments I saw it again walking toward me, though it made not the least noise. It seemed like hunting ghosts. Stopping in the mire in front of me it slowly raised its head suspiciously in my direction. Covering its neck, I fired, killing a fat, young doe. I dragged it from the mud, gutted it, left my handkerchief suspended from the bush as a guard against coyotes and left it for the night. Next morning we found the first deer I shot, not far away, dead.

Loading our wagon with our outfit and 3 deer, we hunted ahead of it for quails, as that was to be our last day out. We had great sport. Blue quails seldom fly, and will not lie for a dog, but are artful dodgers and fast sprinters in the chapparal. We shot them flying, running, one at a time, and we did not kill more than 3 out of any covey we flushed; in the evening we counted more than 80. Rabbits were plentiful, but we did not shoot any.

We arrived in San Antonio with plenty of game. Never before or since have I hunted deer in that queer manner.

POOR STUFF.

J. L. DE VANY.

Oh yaas, purty good hunter, me
  Know all 'bout canoe;
Dem bes place where you fine 'em
  De moose and cariboo.

No, A don't want mooch wagis,
  'Bout two, tree, dollar day;
Mabbe you git big moose, bull,
  You gib me some extry pay.

An', Parson, when Injun tired
  Paddlin' an' luggin' canoe,
Leetle someting make him feel good;
  S'pose you tak dat long, too.

What dat? You tak your 'ligion 'long,
  Help you on de road?
'Ligion? 'ligion? Dunno, Parson,
  Dat purty tam light load.

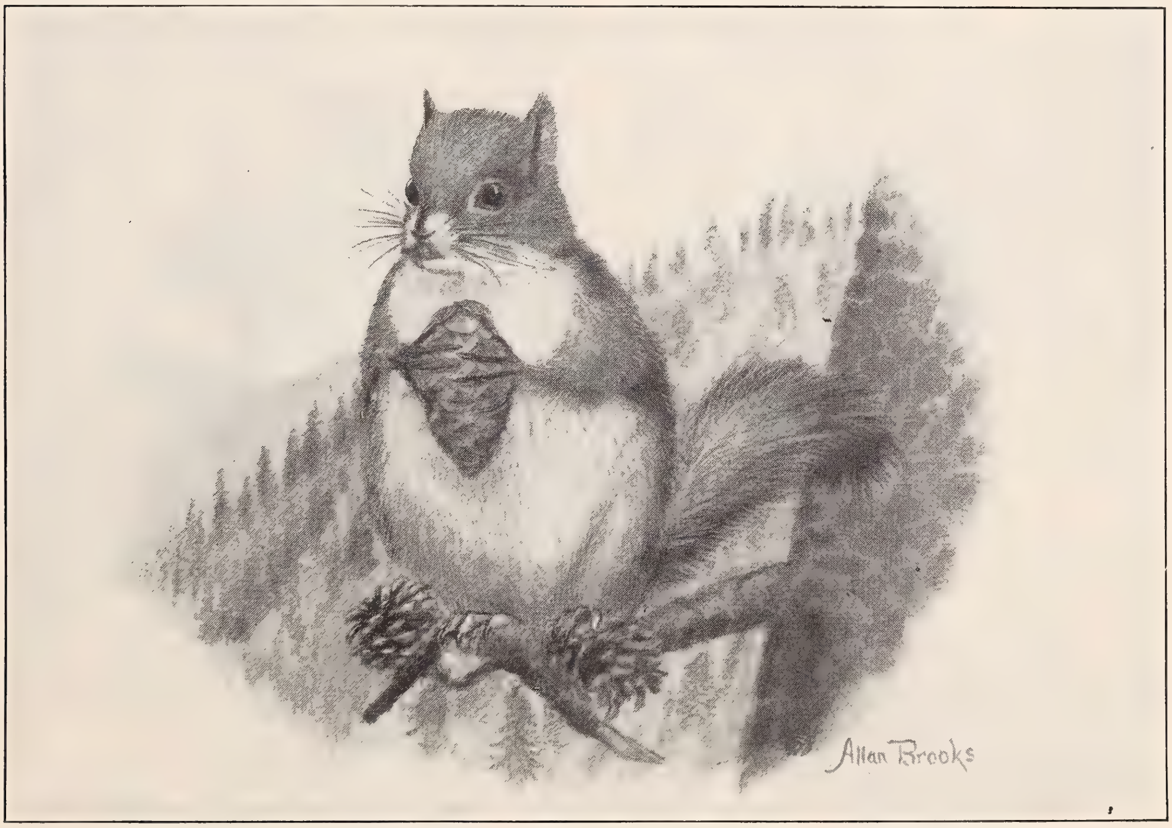
RICHARDSON'S SQUIRREL.

ALLAN BROOKS.

Several times in recent numbers of Recreation contributors have referred to or have asked for information regarding the pine squirrel of the Western States. This is the common name throughout that region, and an apt one, for Richardson's squirrel. As far as can be gleaned from the Biological Survey reports the range of this squirrel, roughly speaking, lies between the Rocky and the Cascade mountains, in the Northwestern States and British Columbia, including both slopes of the former and the Eastern slope of the latter range. West of the Cascades it is represented by several allied subspecies, of which Douglas' squirrel is typical; and to the North it merges into the Alaskan form of red squirrel. It is closely allied to the Eastern red squirrel, or chickaree, and to its Northern subspecies, from which it can be told by the black subterminal portion of its tail.

As the timbered regions of the West are pre-eminently coniferous, the food of Richardson's squirrel consists almost entirely of the seeds of the different species of firs, spruces and pines, supplemented when procurable by hazel nuts, acorns, berries and rose hips.

In September, while the fir cones are still green, these squirrels commence their harvest and continue hard at work during the next 2 months, dropping the cones to the ground and afterward storing them in underground *caches*. On a fine morning in early autumn in a squirrel inhabited wood the pattering of the cones on the fallen leaves resembles the commencement of a heavy thunder shower. The topmost branches, being the most prolific, are attended to first, the squirrels working from the base of each small branch out to the tip, cutting off every cone in their course; then back to the trunk and the next branch is attended to in the same manner. The cones of the Douglas' fir are their favorites when procurable, but at high elevations the different species of spruce and balsam constitute their principal food. Many species of pine cones are also used, but the flinty cones of the jack pine seem to be broken into only when all other cones are absent. As a result of this, when a district is deforested by fire, the second growth is mainly jack pine, the cones of which often require the agency of fire to open enough to let the seed escape. When feeding on balsam cones



RICHARDSON'S SQUIRREL. *SCIURUS HUDSONIUS RICHARDSONI.*

the squirrels get their faces into a disreputable mess with the viscid gum which exudes from the cones, their whiskers, mouth and chin being often a caked mass of resinous gum.

The charge made against red squirrels that they rob the nests of birds is only too well founded, but it goes much against the grain to kill these sprightly little creatures, often the only sign of life in mile after mile of gloomy forest.

I was once the witness of a curious exhibition of animal instinct in a squirrel of this species. I was walking alongside a swiftly running mining ditch when I noticed what looked like a small red animal with an enormous head staggering down the opposite bank. It slowly entered the water and swam across to my side. On running up to investigate I found it was a female squirrel with a young one about two thirds grown wrapped around her head. My sudden appearance caused a disruption. The young squirrel actually ran up my leg in its terror and hung palpitating to my thigh. Realizing after a second or 2 that I was not a tree, it ran down and, jumping into the ditch, swam back to the other side. What puzzled me was how the mother could swim with two-thirds her own weight on her head and how she ever induced the young one to assume that position.

The seasonal changes of pelage are similar to those of the Eastern chickaree, from a brownish, fulvous summer coat with distinct black lateral stripe to a foxy red winter dress without the black stripe on flanks. The under parts are always white or grayish and never suffused with buff as in the coast species, *douglassi*.

The voice of Richardson's squirrel does not differ appreciably from that of the Eastern species, in this respect being at variance with Douglas' squirrel, which has some different and more musical notes.

THE SMILE OF SUNSET.

M. W. MINER.

The wind is whistling softly thro' the pine trees,
Where the yellowhammer taps and taps away;
And I hear the saucy whistle of the go-downs,
Who come to rob my camp when I'm away.

Now the robins are all singing in the fir trees,
That's a coyote's wail I hear not far away;
A ray of light has flashed across the Sawtooths
Where the sun is softly bidding us good day.

Oh, I wish that it would smile on us forever,
And never hide behind the hills to sleep!
There are other smiles that we are always wanting,
But, like the sunshine, they are not to keep.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. A. SNELLGROVE.

SAILS FULL.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Cycle Poco Camera.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

L. D. HOBACK.

Many years ago Bill and I, 2 tenderfeet, contracted to cut building timber in Sonoma county, among the giant redwoods. We expected to spend the winter in the woods, so were delighted to find an old, dilapidated cabin, situated on a clear mountain stream, with big redwoods all around. In the cabin we found an old cook stove and some dry straw, both of which added greatly to our comfort.

It seemed particularly homelike the first night we occupied it, as we were soaked to the skin, a fine rain having fallen all day. We soon had a roaring fire and a hot supper, which we devoured with relish. Then we dried our clothes and made our beds on the straw. We had a borrowed crosscut saw, at that time a rare and valuable implement, which we took pains to dry and place beside our beds.

We slept soundly until about midnight, when I was suddenly awakened by a strange rasping sound like cloth drawn across a saw. I, at first, thought it was Bill moving in his sleep, but he was so still I knew he was listening too. In a whisper he asked, "What is that?" Then, to our astonishment and horror, 2 blazing eyes flashed before our frightened faces. We both cried in a breath "Panther!" and pulled the blankets over our heads, expecting instant death.

Our yells and sudden movements frightened the beast as badly as he had us. He sprang for an opening in the cabin about 6 feet from the floor, missed his hold and fell back, clawing and spitting. It seemed as if he would never regain his feet. Fortunately for us, however, the next jump was successful and he made his escape.

We were not long in striking a light. The sound that had startled us, we learned was caused by the panther's claws raking the potatoes out of the skillet.

About a month later we had another adventure with our visitor. We were coming from Petaluma, where we had gone for supplies. It was 10 o'clock and we were about 3 miles from the cabin when out of the stillness of the night came an awful cry. I was riding a mule, and Bill, mounted on a fine mare, was some distance ahead. I tried with poor success to enthuse my mule with my feelings. I belabored him right and left to little purpose. The panther was screeching in our rear and seemed right at my heels.

Bill was yelling, "Come on, Sam, come on!" and I, "Hold on, Bill! Wait for me!" But Bill had urgent business waiting at home. I would willingly have given my kingdom for a horse or even for a mare such as Bill rode.

The panther followed us until close to the cabin. Then, no doubt, remembering the awful sights and sounds he had heard there, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he dropped into innocuous desuetude.

He probably would not have attacked us, even if we had stopped and waited for him, but no doubt followed us hoping to find in our trail some more fried potatoes. Anyway, we were mighty glad when he quit.

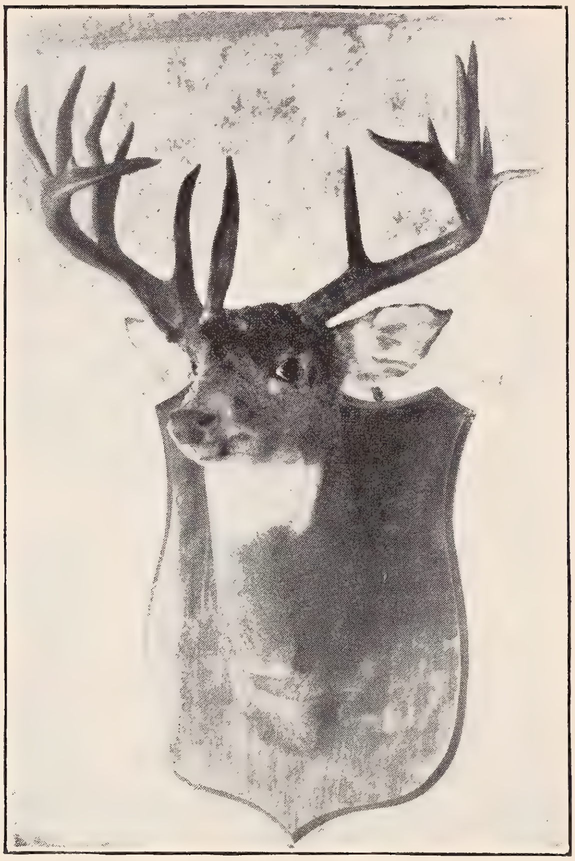
NATURE'S PRAYER.

H. N. DE LA NOY.

When silence broods at eventide o'er
meadow, stream and hill,
Then Nature raises to her God her anthems sweet, which fill
The earth with silent melody the soul
alone may hear,
And flood the heart with rapture mild, as
music charms the ear.

Aye, music, music sweeter far than sounds
of earth and sky,
So sweet that they but soulless are who
feel no Presence nigh;
Whose eyes look on the sunset's glow,
and watch the falling night,
Yet do not see or care to know the dawn
of Heaven's light.

But listen, and the anthems move the
soul to silent prayer,
Though lips expression lack to speak the
thoughts imprisoned there;
And words immortal rise within, and
struggle to be free,
For he who lists to Nature's prayer shall
know his destiny.



AN ADIRONDACK FREAK.

In the Game Fields department of June RECREATION I notice the article from A. C. Ludington describing a curious growth of a buck's horn. I herewith send you a photo, which I took 4 years ago, of a buck's head. The deer, which was a large one, was shot in the Southern part of St. Lawrence county, in the Adirondacks, in the fall of 1896, by Mr. Charles Ferris, an Adirondack guide, of Fine, N. Y. The head was also set up by him and he prizes it highly as a curiosity. The deer had a heavy pair of antlers which, as may be seen, were very irregular, the tip of the right one being turned in and pointed across the face, and some of the prongs of both sides being much twisted out of shape. The striking feature is a third antler, entirely separate from the others, being in front of the right antler, a little to one side of the center of the head and back of the right eye. That antler, which stands straight up from the head, is about 8 inches in length, ½ or ¾ of an inch in thickness, and about 1½ inches in width. Mr. Ferris did not know what kind of a pair of antlers he was getting till he had killed the deer, and he was then delighted to find he had such a freak.

Geo. S. Raymond, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

THE FALLING HABIT.

Counsel for the plaintiff, being anxious to discredit a hostile witness's evidence, remarked that the occurrence described by the witness bordered on the miraculous.

"It must have been a miracle—eh?" he said, turning to the man.

The witness, shaking his head, said he did not know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come," said the counsel. "Suppose you were looking out of a window on the 7th story of a building and were to fall out and not be injured, what would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose you did the same thing the next day. Suppose you looked out of the 7th story window and fell out again, and again found yourself uninjured. Now what would you call that?"

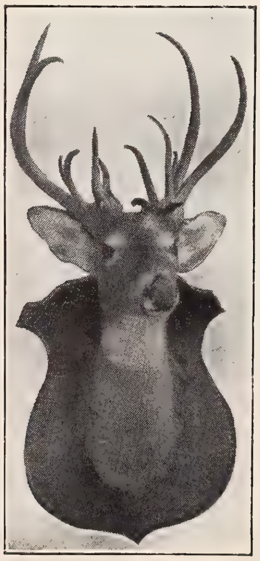
"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come now!" the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the same window and fell out and struck your head on the pavement 7 stories below and were not in the least injured, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

Counsel gave it up.—Exchange.

WHAT CAUSED IT?



Enclosed find a picture of a deer head, killed by J. Wenzel, of this place, in 1900. The head has 15 points, all of which come direct from the head except the forked one. The base of the horn is hollow in center. I should like to hear, through RECREATION, the cause of this deformity.

Ed. Hardman,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

ON AND AROUND LAKE CHELAN.

RALPH KROWS.

It was late in September, and for a week the weather had been every way but good. The heavy clouds had hung low and had twisted and circled with the cold winds that swept down Railroad creek with a rush. The mountains around Dumpkies lake had been almost invisible from the cabin, through the rain, and the mists made one feel that it was a good time to be out of the mountains.

We were out of fresh meat, something to be surprised at in that country. Mr. Cool insisted it was all owing to his missing that big buck and 2 does a few days before.

"Why that old buck stood there and looked me in the eye. The old half magazine snapped and I pumped in another, and finally missed them all."

There seemed to be a great deal of truth in his argument, for only a few days before we had tramped back and forth and completely around a bunch of deer that we knew were on the mountain side about 2 miles from the cabin. There were plenty of fresh tracks, made only that morning, among them those of a big buck that left a track like that of a cow. We hunted the canyons and draws thro' the devil's clubs and tag alders, and in the fallen burnt timber among the fire weeds. After trailing a bear that left a respectable sized track, as he shuffled down the mountain side, we gave up in disgust and headed for home, hungry as wolves, for according to Mr. Cool, it foreboded bad luck to take lunch along on a day's hunt. The frequent mention of venison stew and roasts, and visions of toasted deer heart and liver did not help matters. We both cast many anxious glances at the little bean shooter and the half magazine pill driver that lay on their nails above and on each side of the ample fire place, and wondered if they would be of use to us again; if they would help us out of our predicament. The cabin seemed to get smaller as the rain continued. We took turns going to the door and making prognostications as to the weather for the next day. Late in the afternoon a stray beam of sunshine stole in through the cracks; the fog and clouds commenced to disappear and finally swirled and parted, showing the freshly snow-covered and glacier-marked peaks. It was worth a week of rain to catch one glimpse of that grand picture.

Packs were rearranged, the guns taken down and examined, and after supper a good supply of dough gods were baked up. Here let me say the oil from the whistling marmot, who is a strict vegetarian, is an excellent substitute for lard, and has a rich, agreeable flavor.

Early the next morning we were paddling down Dumpkies lake on a raft of cedar logs. The "Combination" had a high sounding name, and only lacked a few rapid fire guns to turn her into a formidable protected cruiser. Half way down the lake you can feast your eyes on scenery that is hard to equal. The Southern and Western horizon is cut by magnificence glacier-covered mountains and jagged peaks, and from this lake on a still morning, as the sun is just rising and when light, fleecy clouds are drifting around the peaks, the whole makes a picture never to be forgotten.

The "Combination" soon scraped gravel at the foot of the lake and our tramp commenced. We took it easy just to get our wind. Slabbing along Round mountain we were made aware that ours would not be a fruitless hunt, for with a buzz! buzz! a large rattler crawled from under us.

"Now for a bear," said Cool. "Bear and rattlers always go together." The assurance (?) of big game seemed to make our packs lighter. We crossed Dumpkies creek and crashed thro' the devil's clubs and cedar thickets. By the appearance of the alkali licks we passed and not seeing any fresh signs, we knew the deer were still high up on the mountains.

On the pine covered slopes of the foothills where it was free of fallen timber, was easy tramping. Some of the yellow pine trees grow to be 7 or 8 feet in diameter, and with the red cedar which grows around Dumpkies lake there is timber enough to make more than one man rich. Through the clearings we could catch sight of the peak above, and we began to appreciate the hard work in store for us. After a great many 5 minute climbs with 10 minute rests, Round mountain was assuming a hill like appearance when compared with the rest of the mountains, and about 12 o'clock we had almost reached the highest point. The grandeur of the surrounding country then began to assert itself. To the Northward Dumpkies lake lay at our feet, shaped like an immense foot print; and farther on, 500 feet lower, was Lake Chelan, with Moore's Point and the head of the lake about 20 miles away. These had for a background the snow-covered mountains, some of the finest of the Cascade range. To the left we could see up Railroad creek many miles. Down the lake the famous Goat mountain loomed. The lake had the appearance of an immense basin of crude petroleum.

We got one grouse before reaching the summit, and right glad we were that nothing larger than grouse showed up; for if you have ever climbed a steep mountain with a pack on your back, you know what eccentric curves that forward sight will make as you try to draw a bead and get in a good shot. We tramped from one peak to another; down in the hollow and then up on another ridge a little higher. Coming out of the timber and brush on to a large flat rock the view of Bear Creek glacier literally burst upon us.

Miles away the left fork of Bear creek appeared like a silver thread winding its way down from the glaciers; oftimes vanishing in the dark green timber and reappearing in a beautiful misty cataract. The right fork is almost its counterpart. The jagged peaks of granite and porphyry are seamed with long, dark red streaks of mineral deposits.

There in those perpetual glaciers live the goats which have been gradually driven back from the lake and are now found in large numbers, and there they thrive almost totally unmolested. There is grand sport to be had by those who care to climb the rocks. The goat trails can be found winding around the mountain sides, high up; trails that are worn deep and wide with years of use.

We passed several goat licks and wallows, and from their appearance there must have been hundreds of the animals. Old hunters whom you meet will tell you stories of how they have come on a bunch of goats and the old billy would stand and shake his head and not give an inch. They had never seen a man before, and bunches of 6 and 7 have been killed in as many minutes. Killing them for their hides is gradually thinning them out, especially near Lake Chelan. After getting a good rest we selected a camping place miles ahead on the left bank of the right fork under the large glacier. Then commenced our long task of slabbing along the mountains to reach it. To do this trip one must have wonderful patience. Falls, bruises and scratches must be expected. When you get into a gulch in the alders, have to crawl through them, have your pack catch and take a fall out of you, and realize that your struggles are scaring game all around you, you are likely to get furiously mad. Such places don't occur more than 4 or 5 to the mile.

We were getting into a good game range. Now and then we could see where a bear had turned over a stone to get at the ants, and rotten fallen trees that had been scratched open for the same purpose. We were doubly careful about breaking brush. Mr. Cool would point here and there at tracks by "a whooping big buck, a doe and 2 fawns; the same that I scared up the other day."

We were going through a lot of shin tangle and fire weeds, when suddenly the crash, crash of some big game on the run below us attracted our attention. We threw off our packs and tried to circle around him, but the old buck gave us the slip. Bear and deer signs were plentiful, and after dropping down the creek and making what little camp was necessary, we were going to rest, making one more desperate effort to have something beside baking powder slugs and grouse for supper and breakfast.

Cool was to go down the creek, then circle up the hill around and above, and I was to stay near camp. I had been tramping over the mountains for the last month and did not feel like climbing farther that day, deer or no deer.

"Now, when you hear this old pill-driver beller," said Cool, "you may make up your mind there's fresh meat somewhere. I'm done with this monkeying;" and he left me.

In the course of an hour or so there came a roar that sounded through the mountains as though the Oregon had let loose one of her 13-inch railroad trains. There was no crack about that half magazine. I knew it was an effective shot, for there never was a more disgusted hunter than Cool. A few seconds later came another shot. In a little while Cool came to camp and wanted help with his game. It was the doe and 2 fawns. He let the doe have it first and then let another one fly at one of the half grown youngsters.

Up in a draw in the alders lay a doe shot through the shoulders. The fawn could not be found.

That night we feasted on deer liver and heart, toasted on forked sticks before a cracking fire of cedar. One does not need a ravenous appetite to enjoy such morsels.

As the wind came moaning through the heavy cedars and pines, cold and damp from the glaciers above, we moved up a little closer to the fire and threw on an extra stick. Then we felt thankful we were alive.

After a good night's sleep on fragrant hemlock feathers we got up ready for another day's hard work. We had the deer cornered and they could not get over the divide on either side; but as one deer was all we could pack, it would seem brutal to kill more, just for the sake of killing.

There is grand hunting in those mountains, yet; and I sincerely hope the game hog will keep out of them.

With heavier packs than ever we struck out for the cabin. The wind had turned to the Northwest and was blowing a gale. It tumbled the clouds with flurries of snow over the peaks and down in the canyon, making a wild sight, and then the dull boom! boom! of falling timber on the mountain rolled up among the rocks.

As we reached the summit the view was entirely changed. The mountains up Railroad creek and around Stehekin, at the head of the lake, were half enveloped in heavy snow squalls. Dumpkies and Chelan lakes were well stirred up, too. We dropped and slid down that 2 miles to Dumpkies creek in good time; the packs getting heavier all the while.

The "Combination" on the lake had, to our disgust, been torn to pieces by the wind and the waves. We did not intend to walk home. After a good deal of hard work we got the raft fastened together, and lashing everything fast we waited for the wind to go down a little. Then we started. That was the longest 2 miles I have ever paddled. The raft was barely above water, and everything went under the waves out of sight.

The moon was well up when we reached the cabin and all nature became quiet. From that cabin I gazed on the finest moonlight picture I ever saw.

For the sportsman who wants to get into a new country where deer, bear, goats, cougar, marten, etc., are plentiful, I know of no place better than the Cascades along Lake Chelan. The more ambitious ones who long for a reputation may run across a silvertip away up in the sawteeth, that will make them work for their laurels. Everything is convenient. A boat runs every other day from Chelan and Lakeside, and it is not necessary to go far from the lake to get into the most rugged and the grandest of the Cascade mountains.

The country is not overrun with hunters, and is not likely to be in the near future. Nothing but a job lot of game hogs can deplete this new world of its game.

A true lover of Nature in all her enticing grandeur and wildness would be compelled to spend many days in travel and search to discover a more beautiful combination of rocks, wood and water than is found along each side of Railroad creek.

This icy torrent comes tumbling down from its origin in the glaciers, sometimes running on edge and again broadening out into a wide creek, until at last it ends its wild, downward rush by wandering across Railroad Creek bar and mingling with the more quiet waters of Lake Chelan, 45 miles from the foot of the lake.

The sportsman with rod, gun or camera can find unlimited opportunities for their use in this new country. The grandest scenery in the Cascade range is found at the headwaters of this creek. There are mountains and glaciers which are equal to those that travelers cross the oceans to gaze on. The solid granite canyon walls are thousands of feet high, and many of them are almost perpendicular.

Among the peaks stands one supreme. It appears like a gigantic castle, and for that similarity it is called Castle mountain. Gazing through the forests at its base you can see here and there thin, silvery cataracts; and far above, a mantle of freshly fallen snow, and the more jagged and irregular outlines of the glaciers. This new paradise is easy of access to those who care to investigate its wonders. Leaving Railroad Creek bar the trail crosses the stream and winds backward and forward up along the mountain side about a mile from the creek. The trail is excellent, but it is a gradual ascent for about 3 miles, and is likely to tire some muscles in those not used to mountain climbing. The path then becomes more level on up to 12 Mile camp. Pack animals can be easily landed from the boat, and as it is a pack animal trail, no difficulty is experienced in getting a camping outfit from the bar up the creek.

In some of the canyons branching off from the creek, about 12 miles from the lake, are rich deposits of ore, mostly a low grade smelting ore, carrying copper, galena and some iron; hence, not a poor man's proposition or a poor man's country. The lack of good transportation facilities is holding the growth of the mining industry in check; but from the present indications this is to be changed in a few months. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads have had surveying parties along the Columbia, and all are looking forward to the advent of a railroad.

There are many camping places and plenty of wood and water. In these canyons the nights are always chilly. The wind is drawn down through them and plenty of good blankets are never out of place. On sunshiny days, where there is climbing to be done, you will suspect that the sun is hot.

One should never fail to take a day's fishing trip on the creek. It has a reputation throughout that country for the excellence and gaminess of its trout. Bring your split bamboos, multiplying reels and all the fancy flies known to the modern disciple of Walton, if you want to; but the knowing native will take his rifle and neatly snip the head from a red squirrel or one of the saucy chipmunks that are so plentiful, and he has bait enough for the day. Then he will go into a fir thicket and with a few strokes of the knife will have for a rod a slender fir sapling, long and not too limber. After tying on a good line he is ready for a day's sport that is worthy the name.

One beautiful morning we started from the cabin for a day on Railroad creek. We worked our way around the end of Dumpkies lake and headed through the heavy cedar thickets and musty, damp-smelling hollows among the appropriately named devil's clubs and rotten, moss-covered logs, until we struck a deer run that took us down the slope to the creek. Holding on by any stray branch we passed we gradually let ourselves slip and slide down the rough slope, and after another hollow was crossed we came out on a narrow hogback. There through the tall fir and pine trees we got our first view of the creek valley and the glaciers at its head.

The angry roar of the creek below was carried up to us on the chilly winds that moaned as they forced themselves through the dense woods and underbrush. After a few more slides and scratches we reached the cold, damp rocks of the creek bed. The creek above us took a sharp bend around a rocky point and made one think it sprang from the cliff itself.

We put on a good bait and worked the most favorable looking whirls and eddies. The trout take spells of biting and not biting. Whether they run up the creek or just refuse to bite, I was unable to learn. It really seemed for a while that it would be one of their days of indisposition. A good pair of shoes, plentifully supplied with hob nails, or, better still, a pair of moccasins, will save you from a plunge into the icy water. The rocks are worn smooth and round, and do not offer secure footing. The path up the creek is barred in many places by precipitous, rocky bluffs, and there is no way but to climb over, sometimes up 100 feet or more. There is chance enough for a good fall to make the sport exciting, but by careful work you can reach the creek again, only to find that after a bit the same performance has to be repeated. This feature keeps many anglers from attempting the 4 or 5 miles on the lower end of the creek, but it is well worth the climbs and tumbles to haul out unwilling trout from the eddies and whirls. The creek rushes and tumbles through dark, somber, chilly places and suddenly reappears in a bright, sunshiny bend. In those places we never failed to add another trout to our string.

About 4 o'clock, after loafing up the creek a mile or more, we had trout enough for a good supper. We untied our lines, threw our poles away and made ready to tramp back home. We had 8 trout, each about 10 inches long. Although not a large string, I never saw a lot of such even size or of finer appearance. Bona fide catches of 150 in a day have been made farther up. People salted them down in kegs for winter use, and even do it yet. Mr. Cool has made catches of 55 to 70 in about 2 hours. Catches of that size are not considered large. Up the canyon farther the creek broadens out and is much easier to fish.

We climbed up along the mountain again and turned toward home. We could realize the countless numbers of goats that had lived along these mountains as we walked a long distance over their broad trail and saw their old wallows and licks.

We crossed the creek on a huge fallen pine and soon struck the trail of a large cougar, as he tramped up the mountain side in the direction of Dumpkies lake. We had also seen fresh bear and cougar tracks in the dust on the opposite side of the creek.

That night at supper with 8 well cooked trout between us, a Dutch oven full of dough gods, and ravenous appetites, we felt repaid for our day's work.

LIFE'S CIRCLE.

W. H. NELSON.

Above the city's clash and roar
  I hear the whisper of the woods;
The violets spread their purple floor,
  The nymphs are beck'ning from the floods.
My boyhood's paths were on the hill,
  The brooklet sang my lullaby.
And there beside a murmuring rill
  I'll lay me, when I come to die.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

IN THE SALMON RIVER COUNTRY.

Editor Recreation:

I have just returned to this place with Mack Miner. We have been through a wild and practically uninhabited country. We were along a well defined trail, over 80 miles without seeing an occupied cabin. Few cattle range here, as the sheepmen run this and the Southwest valley right down to hard pan. We saw over 50,000 sheep this side of Galena, a distance of 47 miles. It would seem that the herders purposely allow their camp fires to burn over the country, because forest and prairie fires are frequent, and the result is that weeds, which the sheep eat, spring up in place of grass. It is claimed that Hailey ships 250,000 sheep a year. We only saw 2 outfits in the Stanley basin and but a few stray cattle, it being too hard to get them over the divide. Bear and mountain lions are a great menace to sheepmen. Sometimes one grizzly will kill 40 sheep in one night, and often the grizzlies will attack the herders when the men try to drive them off. One man was killed here recently in that manner, and one herder told us he had been chased up a tree, the night before we saw him, by a bald face. One herder had just roped a yearling grizzly, and one had chased a cub to death. But it was my misfortune to go through this entire country without seeing a grizzly, although we camped near these outfits, thinking it would be a good place to get a shot at a bear. Bradbury, a mule packer, whom the Government sent to the Philippines twice as chief of packers, camped near us one day for lunch. His dogs had just treed a black bear, and he had shot at it from a considerable distance, and missed it. It was necessary for him to ride around a mesa to get nearer to it. While doing so his dogs left the tree, supposing their master had abandoned it, and the bear made its escape. We saw him again several days after and he had a bear's scalp that he had got the day after we had left him. He was taking it to Hailey to claim a bounty of $10 for it. He said the hide was too poor to keep.

There has been considerable cattle and horse rustling here of late, and the good people of this place have made a round up of thieves. One man was shot for horse stealing, and his body was left on the plains; and the leader of cattle rustlers, after being caught, committed suicide.

Mack and I have been sleeping together under 5 thicknesses of blankets, and on fir boughs, in almost every camp. Saturday night we slept in the old mining town of Galena, with its 75 cabins, and we were the only human beings there. When we crawled out in the morning we broke a quarter of an inch of ice in our water bucket. Almost every morning the ground is covered with a white frost. Nights we build large camp fires of the dead pines that are lying everywhere in the mountains, and manage to keep comfortable until it is time to go to bed.

We get over about 25 miles of country each day. The scenery of the Sawtooth range is so grand and inspiring that we dislike to go into camp. Each turn we take in the valley changes the panorama of the lofty, snow capped peaks, and keeps us spellbound. The water and air are the purest in the world, and when the sun shines on us, as it almost always does in the valley, it burns us as if it came through a burning glass, the atmosphere being so clear. We have had only one slight shower in the basin, but for 3 days we admired terrible thunder storms near us, rolling along the mountain tops, and saw the rain fall in sheets. Sometimes clouds would hurriedly cross the prairie where we were, in their madness to get to the other range, and then we would have to take a little wetting; but all the time the sun was shining brightly not far away.

We visited several small prospecting or mining camps along the Salmon river, and to my surprise each one had venison. The men say fresh meat is a necessity, and as long as it comes into their camp they expect to eat it. One miner living in Big Casino gulch kills deer for his chickens and dogs. I know from good authority that he often dynamites pools in the Salmon river, and kills sometimes 100 trout at a time; only taking about a dozen of them, which he gives mostly to his chickens.

Where the Salmon river leaves the Stanley basin an old man has a store, and this particular place is known for hundreds of miles as the store. He is about 80 years old now, and has lived there, or in the vicinity several decades. His only companion is a hen, which he carries in his arms wherever he goes. Stretching his long thin arms in the direction of the Sawtooth range, he said, "I don't care where you men have traveled, you have never seen such scenery before."

Calling our attention to a long strip of white running down the mountain he explained that it was not snow, though it looked like it, but was a beautiful waterfall. We asked him if its source was a lake, and he replied that he knew no lake in that mountain, and he reckoned no one would care to climb the mountain to find out. We told him we would try to make the peak. We turned our horses' heads in the direction of a foothill with a long ascending ridge, covered on one side with sage brush, and it looked from where we were as if it would take us almost half way up the mountain before we got into the fallen timber. We encountered considerable rock before we reached timber, but suddenly a deep abyss opened before us, and at first it looked as if there was but one direction to go, and that was to back trail. However, we decided to make a zigzag descent to the right, though through the heavy brush and timber we could not see where we would bring up. Half an hour of rather ticklish manœuvring took us into a pretty little valley with plenty of wood, grass and a swift stream of icewater from the waterfall above. There were plenty of bear and deer tracks, but we saw no bear and only 3 deer.

In the morning Mack and I took an early start for the peak. It was just straight mountain climbing for several hours, until we came to a stretch of slide rock and large and small patches of snow. That was hard scratching to advance, and often we only held our own with difficulty when a great mass of sand and stone would slide from under us. Rounding a great ragged boulder of granite I met a sight that well paid me for the few scratches and the great fatigue I had undergone. Before us was a most beautiful lake of indigo blue water. The walls were solid snow ice, and where they jutted into the water they were colored like glaciers. Small mounds of snowy ice floated on the mirror surface like miniature icebergs, and the whole scenery was depicted again in the clear water. We descended cautiously to the shores of the magnificent lake, feeling sure we were the first to discover it, and that it was our privilege to name it. It is now known to us, and to all whom we have told about it, as Lake Myra, after a mutual friend in New York.

There were numerous goat tracks and plenty of white hairs in the brush where they had rubbed while passing to and fro in their exclusive domain. We were not looking for them at that time, but had all we could do to keep our footing.

Will see you as soon as I get back in town. I want to talk to you of what I have heard about ibex in this country.

H. L. Suydam.

A PRACTICAL CAMPING OUTFIT.

Cariboo, B. C.

Editor Recreation:

Your suggestion, in July Recreation, that practical campers give their ideas of an outfit for a 10 days' trip is good. My business and mode of life compel me to give great attention to that sort of thing, and the following lists are the results of many years' experience. I have found that nearly all professional hustlers, who have to pack everything on their own backs, agree with me as to what constitutes a properly proportioned outfit.

Trappers, prospectors, etc., in this province especially, have to depend entirely for weeks on what they carry at one load, and if any important article runs out it is often a serious thing for them.

In your list the principal item of the 34 pounds of grub is the bacon, 14 pounds. I can not see why men on a hunting or fishing trip require that much, as they always get meat of some sort. What they want is something to accompany it. Also 3 pounds of sugar seem inadequate for 3 pounds of dried fruit and 2 pounds of coffee.

My lists are figured on the basis of a 50-pound pack, which is about as much as a man wants to carry in the woods, exclusive of rifle and ammunition, knife and matches, which should be carried on the person. The tent should be a simple A tent, or else a fly with ends of light drilling. Heavy wall tents and those made of thick canvas are only fit for trips where one takes horses or a canoe; they are not necessary then.

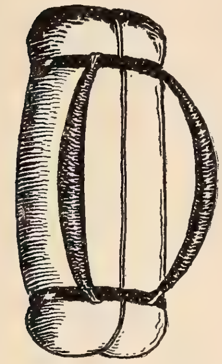
Outfit for Two Men.

	Pounds.
Blankets, or sleeping bags	16
Tent or fly	5
1 piece 6x6 canvas	3
Axe	3
3 small nest pails, made to fit inside one another	2
Fry pan	2
2 plates, 2 cups, 2 spoons, 2 towels, 1 cake of soap, etc	2
Pilot bread	10
Flour	15
Sugar	15
Bacon (fat)	5
Rice	4
Oatmeal	4
Dried fruit	4
Salt	2
Baking powder	½
Tea and coffee, or cocoa	1
Underclothes and socks	5
	98½

Outfit for One Man.

Blanket or bag	8
Tent or fly	3
Underclothes and socks	2
Axe	3
2 cooking pails	1
1 plate, 1 large cup, 1 spoon, 1 cake soap and towel	2
Pilot bread	10
Sugar	8
Bacon	3
Rice	2½
Oatmeal	3
Dried fruit	2
Salt	1
Tea	¼
Coffee or cocoa	¼
	49

With the pack straps, these outfits will mean about a 50-pound load for each man, and will last 2 weeks, if no game is secured, to a month in a district where game is plentiful.



A COMFORTABLE PACK

The pack straps are important. My plan is to make my pack into an oblong shape, long enough to rest on the hips when the top is a little above the level of the shoulder. Pass 2 straps around the pack about 4 inches from each end and run a single cord around longitudinally, taking a half hitch around each strap. The shoulder straps should be made of heavy drilling stuffed with cotton until they are about 1¾ inches in diameter. To each end of these, pieces of stout string or buckskin should be secured, so the straps can be fastened firmly to the cross straps of the pack. After half an hour's travel the pack settles considerably, and with this arrangement any and all parts can be easily tightened. The pack straps for sale in stores are of little use. For one thing, the points of attachment of the shoulder straps are always too close together, and a leather strap never adjusts itself to the shape of the shoulder. Allan Brooks.

NEWFOUNDLAND POTHUNTERS.

"Choice venison, one cent a pound," was the legend affixed to the window of every victualler's store in this city a few days ago, says a St. John, Newfoundland, paper. The coast steamer, Home, arrived from Fortune bay with 375 carcasses of caribou, all she had space for, some 500 others being left behind for lack of room. The weather being mild, the consignees had to get rid of the meat at once. Slaughter prices were therefore the rule, a term appropriate enough when one recalls the fact that it is to the reckless butchery of our caribou by our own people that we owe this condition.

The caribou are hunted by local and alien sportsmen during the autumn, but after Christmas the indiscriminate slaughter of them for trade purposes begins.

The deer, driven by their instinct, migrate Southward in the fall from their summer feeding grounds, and find shelter in the forests along the Southern coast. There they spend the winter, feeding on the undergrowth. As soon as the marshes freeze so as to become passable for dogs and sleds, hunting parties are organized, and a slaughter of hundreds of the animals takes place.

The business is controlled by the large traders in these hamlets. These men engage the ordinary fisher folk, supply them with guns, powder and provisions and send them off in gangs of 50 or 60 to pursue their barbarous quest. When the weather is severe the meat sometimes brings 5 cents a pound, but a season like this, when a mild spurt sets in, and the price drops to one cent, means a heavy loss. The hunters are the poorest among our coast people, and the traders are universally denounced for farming out in the manner they do the opportunities for carrying on a pursuit which, if moderately and judiciously undertaken, would yield a good return without threatening the extermination of the game, as now seems inevitable.

The practice of these hunters is to approach and surround a likely haunt of the caribou, then drive them into a large open glade, and, as they flounder in the deep snow, shoot them down. Not one is allowed to escape. After paunching the slain and removing the heads and hocks, the carcasses are fastened on sleds and taken out to the coast, where the steamer finds them and conveys them to market.

A business man from Fortune bay, who came by the steamer yesterday, estimates that fully 2,500 caribou have been slaughtered there this winter. The boat in 3 trips has brought 1,000 carcasses here, almost as many more have been kept by the settlers for their own use, and the remainder have rotted.

These 2,500 carcasses bear slight relation to the total kill in the island during the last shooting season, which opened June 15 and closed January 31. Probably another 5,000 should be added. Some 210 alien sportsmen took out licenses during the season, to shoot 5 to 8 deer each, and assuming 6 as an average, we find a total of 1,260 accounted for by them alone.

Local sportsmen would number at least as many more, and kill an equal number of deer, and 2,500 as a kill for all the fishermen in the great Northern bays, who hunt every autumn as a means of securing a winter's meat supply, is not an extravagant estimate.

There is no doubt of the enormous value of our herds of caribou. It therefore seems suicidal to permit the present unbridled slaughter to continue. If it goes on, it must inevitably lead to the depleting of the herds so much that foreign sportsmen will quit coming here. With proper laws, the caribou should be a mine of wealth to the colony and its people. Last year $8,600 was received from outside hunters for license fees, and probably 4 times that amount was spent by them among guides, hotel men, outfitters, railways, etc.—Exchange.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Every month I plank down my little 10 cents for the best magazine in the world, because I like the way you talk to game hogs. They deserve it all and more. Game birds are scarce here because the hogs have killed them off. Squirrels are scarce for the same reason. I went out with my 10 bore just before the season opened, and, though I tramped all day, I saw but one squirrel. I shot it, but it got away in a hole. That disgusted me so I have not been in the woods since.

We have lots of fun with rabbits. I spent 2 days hunting them at a place called Slack-hudde, Southwest of here. I had a good dog, but though there were plenty of rabbits they went right to their holes and I did not get one the first half day. In the afternoon Henry, the son of the farmer with whom I was staying, said he would get 2 boys to come with us who had ferrets. So the 4 of us started with the ferrets and 3 grain bags, and by dark we had 37 rabbits.

There was a light fall of snow that night. When Henry called me in the morning he said he had built a lath box, 4x3x2 feet, on a sled, and that we would take that along to hold the rabbits. We were all off by 8 o'clock. I never laughed so much in my life as I did that day. We dropped the rabbits alive into the box, and the way they tore around was a caution. By 3 o'clock the box was so full we could not get another rabbit into it. When we reached home we started in to kill the bunnies, but found two-thirds of them dead. There were 202 rabbits in the box. We sold them all for about $9. There is no law here on rabbits, but, you see, they furnish lots of sport.

Eben Kelsey.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The point of view is everything, in sport as in other matters. While you may have found it amusing to watch those rabbits dying in a box from fright and suffocation, it could only be because there exists somewhere in your mental make-up a throw-back to Dyak head hunters or Malay cannibals. To people whose savagery has been even glossed by civilization, your work and that of your companions will seem sheer, amazing brutality. Then, too, I can not commend your shooting the squirrel before the season opened. If there are many of your kidney in Grand Rapids, the scarcity of game thereabouts is no mystery. I am glad you like the way I talk to game hogs, and I hope this may tickle you to death.—Editor.

HE SWORE TO A LIE.

Vancouver, B. C.

Editor Recreation:

I enclose you a clipping from the Daily Province which I am certain will interest you:

> Mr. Tyson was up in the Police Court today. His counsel asked leave to withdraw the evidence of the defendant and his assistant given at a previous hearing, and to withdraw the plea of not guilty, previously entered, stating that the defense wished to plead guilty instead.
>
> Mr. Macneill, for the prosecution, stated to his worship that he had the evidence to rebut every statement sworn to by the defendant. He said he had 8 witnesses to prove that the defendant had offered pheasants for sale to them, and that he had made a business of it.
>
> His worship said he found it difficult to characterize the conduct which the defendant, by his pleas, admitted. He found it difficult enough to deal with irresponsible parties, but when a man like Mr. Tyson, supposed to be a reputable business man, entered a plea of not guilty and by the most emphatic statements in sworn evidence strove to establish his innocence at one hearing, and then came with a request to withdraw that evidence and enter an entirely opposite plea, he was at a loss to express himself adequately or to find fitting terms to apply to such a course.
>
> He would attach the full penalty of $100, with costs, and all witness fees. He added: "If there is any way in which I can add to the costs and thereby increase the severity of the penalty, I will do so."
>
> In conclusion, Magistrate Russell said he by no means wished it to be construed that any action he had taken in allowing the application of defendant to withdraw his evidence and change the plea in any way prevented a charge being entered "on the much more serious and criminal offense which, as admitted, by implication, has been committed here."

Pheasants have been sold here in open violation of law at all seasons of the year, and for some time our Club has been trying to catch and convict those doing so; but, until now, without success.

Mr. Tyson is a fish and game dealer, and was arrested for offering pheasants for sale. They were found by the aid of a search warrant. At the first hearing he denied all knowledge of their being in his store, or of offering them for sale. An adjournment was asked in order to procure witnesses to show that he did know they were in the store, and that he had offered them for sale. When the case came up a second time he saw he was caught red-handed. Then he withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty, thereby acknowledging that he had sworn to a lie at the first hearing.

Law breakers will soon realize that the game of this province is to be protected and that there are persons here ready to see the law enforced.

M. H.

NOCTURNAL GOOSE HUNT.

Several of Wichita's sportsmen got up a new scheme for shooting geese at night. J. W. Musselman claims the honor of suggesting the idea, and A. L. Bennett, manager of the sporting goods department at Musselman Bros.', worked it out. The scheme they hit on is setting off a strong charge of flash light powder by means of an electric spark.

Last Monday night Dr. Shults, Tom Shaw, W. A. Hart and A. L. Bennett went to a pond 7 miles out, where they knew a flock of geese were in the habit of spending the night. They were accompanied by Bert Tabor, the electrician at Musselman Bros.', who had charge of the flash light apparatus. They took along 4 of Mr. Bennett's wild geese and stationed them in different parts of the pond to act as decoys.

The pond is triangular in shape, and a flash light station was placed at each corner. At each station there was an electric exploder, a quantity of pyrotechnic powder mixed with both smokeless and black powder, and a big pile of waste and paper saturated with coal oil. All 3 stations were connected by wire with a central station. The apparatus was tested before dark, and then the hunters retired to their firing pits. Just as the last light was glowing in the West a flock of 13 geese was seen coming to the pond. Before the geese had time to settle in the water, Mr. Tabor gave the exploding magnet a turn and fired the flash lights. This set fire to the waste and coal oil, which burned brightly for 10 minutes.

The geese were scared out of the small amount of sense they possess and kept circling about the lights. Two of the hunters were stationed on one side of the pond and 2 on the other. All were armed with repeating guns, and when the lights flashed up they emptied their guns at the unfortunate geese. Seven out of the 13 geeese were killed, 2 were wounded and got away, and 2 more came back within range before the hunters had time to reload.

The sportsmen were much pleased with their experiment.

Above is from the Wichita Eagle. Please give it a place in the hog pen. The Dr. Shults mentioned was a Kansas game warden for 4 or 5 years. I showed him the Lefever gun you sent me. He said, "It's a good gun, but it ain't in it with a pump. With a pump you can shoot 5 times at a flock and if you miss you still have a shot left."

Our present warden lives out in the sand hills, and can't tell a fish from a frog, nor a rabbit from a deer. It is a shame the way game is slaughtered here. Just before Christmas one man killed 500 quails in 2 days on the snow. A man at Norwich shipped 1,200 birds in 2 weeks.

Subscriber, Wichita, Kan.

These are of the breed who will never shed their bristles until locked up in jail for a long time.—Editor.

ALL SHOULD JOIN THE L. A. S.

There is no dollar I pay out which I regret less than the one I pay for assisting in the protection of game, by being a member of the L. A. S.; especially when I read in Recreation the amount of work being done by the League officers. I have often wondered at the small number of League members in the large cities.

Were one of those city chaps to come out here and attempt to hunt out of season everyone within 20 miles would be aware of it, because he would be a stranger and would attract attention everywhere he went; but what is to prevent the home fellow in the small town, who is acquainted with every farmer near and far, putting his gun in his carriage, taking his dog, which he has along even when not hunting, going out in the country without attracting the least suspicion, and shooting all the game he wants before the season opens? Then, when the season does open, the poor fellow from the city finds birds pretty scarce; also extremely shy, on account of having been shot at so much. The city chap pays dearly for every bird he gets. Then why not pay an additional dollar and join the League, one of whose main objects is to prevent out of season shooting? This protects the game, and puts the city and country chaps on a more equal footing when the season is open.

This would apply also to fishing. It is a waste of time to try to catch fish with hook and line in Illinois, because the laws are violated with seine every day in the year. Why is Wisconsin considered a good fishing State? Simply because the State protects the game and fish properly by appropriating sufficient money and having wideawake game wardens. Our State is deficient in not having enough wardens to cover the ground. When bills are presented to the Legislature for the protection of game or fish, the pot hunters and the game dealers therein have such bills killed. I hope they will soon see that they are traveling the wrong road and will get on the right one.

L. A. S. No. 2653, Mendota, Ill.

POT HUNTING WITH A RIFLE.

He who has read Recreation from the first to the latest number should have gained considerable knowledge in regard to the subjects treated. When, in addition, he has spent a portion of each open season for 20 years afield he is perhaps justified in believing that he knows a little about game. Such has been my privilege, and when I read the article by the man, woman or child who hides behind the letters "J. B., Woonsocket, R. I.," I had to sharpen my goose quill and express my opinion.

J. B. opens by saying he wants the shot gun barred, prohibited by law, in order to preserve the game. Farther on he says, "The true sportsman takes pride in his skill." And again: "Half the grouse seen were first sighted on the ground and usually within 25 yards. Even when flushed they could soon after be located on the ground or in a tree and a good shot obtained. My guide and I bagged ¾ of the birds we shot at." Then he reaches this conclusion: "Were the restriction suggested imposed I believe it would soon become as easy to shoot grouse in other localities as in Northern Maine."

The true sportsman does take pride in his skill and any man who can bag 25 per cent. of the swiftly flying ruffed grouse seen may well feel elated, even if he uses a shot gun. No doubt if J. B. can find birds on the ground or in trees, as he says he can, at or within 25 yards, he can bag ¾ of those shot at. By hiring a man to carry a rest for his rifle he should experience no difficulty in securing the other ¼. If shooting birds on the ground with any kind of gun is sportsmanlike, what, in the name of Frank Forester, is pot hunting?

A. S. Minturn, Washington, N. J.

MINNESOTA WARDENS WORK.

The game laws of Minnesota are not half enforced. The State sends out many wardens, so they say, but where they go no one knows, unless it be into the ground to hibernate. Everybody knows ducks and prairie chickens are hunted before the open season. The wardens could not help seeing it unless it paid them to be blind. Deer are plentiful at Grand Rapids. There are 3 or 4 wardens there, supposedly to protect them. These men hunt the entire season and kill deer, moose and grouse to sell to hotels and logging camps. Their names are F. Turner, A. Kitson, H. Kitson and —— Griggs. Two men at Floodwood, F. Auger and Peter Paul, hunt the year round and supply deer and moose to logging camps.

Charles H. Emrick,
White Bear Lake, Minn.

I sent the foregoing letter to Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Commission, who replied as follows:

Many thanks for sending me Mr. Emrick's letter. I do not know Mr. Emrick; never heard of him before. His statements about 3 or 4 game wardens being at Grand Rapids are, of course, not correct. We have only one there, but he is a good one. It is true that Grand Rapids has been one of the worst places in the State for poachers, but I am proud to say that since an example was made of some of the poachers there last spring public sentiment is turning our way. I make it a point to investigate every complaint, and I shall certainly investigate this one. On my recent trip I was on the ground of the outrage of killing moose calves. We are quietly tightening the chains around the guilty persons and in time we will have sufficient evidence to convict them.

ARRAIGNS MICHIGAN DEER HUNTERS.

I spent 4 months last fall, the time including the deer shooting season, in traveling over Michigan. I never before dreamed of such hoggish and wanton slaughter as I saw there. Not over one-sixth of the deer brought out were bucks; of the remainder many were fawns in the spotted coat.

One man there is known to have killed and sold 22 deer. A party of 8, at Akron, came out of the woods with 35 deer. A doctor from Elk Rapids shot 10 and boasted of it. All the hunters I met were out for the legal limit of 5 deer, and, judging from their talk and actions, not one in 1,000 of them deserved the name of sportsman.

The gun clubs are no better than the individual hogs. A club at Manistee hunts with dogs and threatens to shoot any warden who interferes. The Gilman Club, of Detroit, employs game wardens to find and run deer for the members.

In Northern Michigan deer are hunted the year round. Prairie chickens are supposedly protected for several years to come, yet were being hunted at Coldwater last fall.

Twelve men were fatally shot in the Michigan woods last season; a lamentably low score, considering the kind of men I saw there. The dozen were probably worth less to the country than one deer.

It was my first shooting trip in Michigan and will be my last. There may be fewer deer in the Adirondacks, but you meet sportsmen there and not fawn butchers.

E. E. Stokes, New York City.

L. A. S. WORK IN KANSAS.

Yesterday a man named Charles McAlister, called on Charles Guyer, proprietor of a restaurant, for the delivery of 2 dozen plover. An hour later C. E. Sawyer, chief warden for the Kansas Division of the L. A. S., called at the restaurant and informed Mr. Guyer that he would place himself liable to a heavy fine if he should buy the birds.

Under the law, every police officer is a game warden, and they have been looking for McAlister to return with his game, whereupon he will be arrested. Up to noon to-day he had not been apprehended. Mr. Guyer says McAlister called at his place 2 weeks ago and tried to dispose of 2 dozen plover at 80 cents a dozen, but that he did not buy them.—Wichita (Kans.) Beacon.

And so the law breakers are running against snags everywhere. The League is heading them off everywhere and in time they will all have to quit.—Editor.

The Recreation match box you sent me as premium came to hand and it is a valuable pocket companion. I am highly pleased with it.

J. J. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black, June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs sand worms clams. Tide and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and time: Daytime; not affected by tides.

ABOUT THUMPING FOR BASS.

C. J. DAVIS

In July issue of peerless RECREATION, I noticed an article by Mr. A. M. Mann, entitled "Thumping for Bass." I have something to say in support of Mr. Mann's assertion, that bass can and have been caught by thumping.

One day last June W. D. Jaworski, Ed. Kohtz and I met at Kankakee, Illinois, having planned a 2-day fishing trip on the Kankakee river. Putting our traps aboard a skiff we embarked for a 6 mile row down stream. We were anxious to reach the shallows, or riffles, as they are sometimes called, with their 10 to 14 miles an hour current, before dark, but although Kohtz did valiant work at the oars, long before we heard the swirl of the waters as they sped over the rocks darkness had enveloped the surrounding country.

Arriving at the shallows, Kohtz changed his seat at the oars so as to face the bow, and we rapidly drifted in between the many jutting rocks and boulders. At about the middle of the shallows, Kohtz saw what he thought was deep water, and in dipping his oars, suddenly struck with a resounding whack on a submerged rock.

Instantly there shot out from under the rock the dark form of a magnificent bass. Rising to a height of 3 or 4 feet in the air it dropped out of sight in the black waters beyond. To say that we were dumbfounded expressed it but mildly.

By that time we were through the shallows, and selecting a suitable spot we ran our skiff on the rocky bank and made camp for the night. Kohtz and Jaworski busied themselves baiting and stretching across the river our 250 feet set line and rigging our long river rods. I gathered wood along the bank and before long had a roaring fire of logs. We caught several good sized catfish during the night. One big fellow, weighing 14 or 15 pounds, after being anchored to one of our chain stringers for 8 hours, bade us goodbye and went down the river, stringer and all, to our great disgust.

The next morning we started for an island down the river about a mile below our camping place, intending to try our luck for bass. Jaworski was the first to make a cast, using a gray bucktail, while Kohtz and I pinned our faith to white bucktails.

The bass rose readily, but we could not get them to take the hook. After about an hour spent in this manner, Kohtz said, "Let's go back to camp and get some hellgramfimites. They will do the business." So we once more entered our skiff with Kohtz at the oars.

Jaworski said, "What's the matter with trolling while going back to camp?"

Attaching trolling spoons (minus hooks) to our bucktails, Jaworski trolled from the stern with about 50 feet of line out, while I trolled from the bow with about 30 feet of line.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from Kohtz, the dropping of oars, and the worst scrambling in the bottom of the skiff that man ever heard.

My first thought was that we had struck a submerged rock and knocked a hole in our craft. Turning quickly, I beheld Kohtz on hands and knees in the bottom of the skiff trying to capture as lively and handsome a bass as one would wish to see. The fish had jumped out of the water and dropped at Kohtz's feet in the skiff. The question is, did Mr. Kohtz, in his swift rowing, accidentally thump some hidden rock and cause the startled fish to jump into the boat, or did the bass miss his calculations in aiming at my white bucktail and land himself on board?

A few minutes later we reached our camping place, where we discovered an early morning visitor in the person of a young Frenchman, named Joe Le Brun, a resident of the neighborhood.

We spent an hour or more talking to him.

Having lived on the Kankakee all his life, he is familiar with every bend and turn of the river, as well as with the habits of its finny tribes.

During the conversation he told us that in October of the year before he had come down the river in his skiff just as darkness was setting in. By keeping close to the bank of the river where the weeds were highest and rocks the most plentiful he allowed his inshore oar to scratch, scrape and thump over the rocks.

"Why, boys," he said, "I had bass jumping up all around me; some would go clear over the boat, and 7 of them jumped just right to land at my feet in the skiff."

After our own experience we thoroughly believe Mr. Le Brun's story, and have made arrangements to meet him again in October and thump for bass down the Kankakee. Success or failure, whichever it may prove, I shall be glad to report if you so desire.

To Mr. Mann I say, Stick to your story, and tell your unbelieving friends for me that bass can be caught by thumping. Moreover, once in a great while, you will find one accommodating enough to flop into your boat without being thumped.

Thumping is equally as unsportsmanlike as spearing, and no decent sportsman should ever be guilty of either. Both should be prohibited by law in all states.—Editor.

JUMPING BASS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editor Recreation:

I derived a great deal of pleasure from the article entitled "Thumping for Bass," by A. M. Mann, which appeared in July Recreation.

No wonder he had trouble when he mentioned his experience to his friends. I have been through it myself, with the same result, as to being considered a champion liar. The only way by which you can convince anyone of the feasibility of catching bass in the manner described is to take that person out and show him, which I have had the pleasure of doing on numerous occasions. However, the sport should be called jumping bass, instead of thumping for bass.

The trick, which is quite difficult, was taught me by a French Canadian, some 12 or 15 years ago, and the way we worked it was as follows: The man who propels the boat should sit in the stern, as close to the left side as he can, in order to bring that side of the boat close to the water without upsetting the boat. This throws the other side of the boat up into the air and the fish have to jump high to get over it and away. That, however, frequently happens. Put your second man in the middle seat, astride, and facing the shore, and give him a hoe handle, with which to poke in the weeds. All other noise should be avoided. Proceed leisurely along the stream or lake, keeping about 4 or 5 feet from the weeds, and let the man with the pole punch his stick into the weeds straight down, trying to strike the bottom if possible. This frightens the fish and causes them to jump toward the middle of the stream in order to escape. They clear the low side of the boat, and striking the other side, which is high in the air, fall back in the boat.

While this sport is exciting, it is also the hardest kind of work, especially for the man at the oar. He will have his hands full trying to master the trick of paddling on one side of the boat only and guiding it with the same stroke of the oar which sends the boat forward.

The person who tries this method of catching bass should see to it that he has a perfectly dry boat, for put a bass in the bottom of a boat with a quart of water and he will splash around until he succeeds in wetting everything in the boat, especially the men who capture him.

Of course, more fish escape than are captured, but we have succeeded in jumping as many as 18 bass at one trip up stream about one-half mile and back on the other side. Some of them were small and we placed them back in the stream.

Evening is the time to jump bass, and best results are obtained when a storm suddenly raises the stream 2 to 4 feet, because then the fish hug the shore.

On one occasion we had the extreme pleasure of jumping a gar almost 2 feet in length. It didn't take us long to make a good fish out of him.

George L. Sage.

The trouble is that too many people will believe your story and will go and do likewise. It is all right to read about jumping bass into your boat, but it is not a sportsmanlike way of taking them, and I trust no reader of RECREATION will practice this method to any serious extent.—EDITOR.

FISH HOGS' WORK IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Here you are again, more game hogs. One person, 142 trout in one day! Enclosed clipping appeared in the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, and I send it to you for treatment. I approve of your methods and wish to help the good cause along.

Jno. O. Bates, Pittsburg, Pa.

The clipping sent by Mr. Bates is as follows:

John A. King, of this place, Dr. B. R. Smith, John F. and Charles H. Ely, of Jeannette, who have been in Pocahontas county, W. Va., the past 2 weeks fishing for trout in the Gauley and Elk rivers, have returned home. Mr. King says their total catch would be safely estimated at 1,500 fish, the largest of which was over 14 inches long. One of their party alone caught 142 trout one day.—Uniontown Genius.

I asked these men if the statement was true, and Mr. John F. Ely replied:

Yes, it is true, and had our appetites held out for the 2 weeks we could have made it 3,000, instead of 1,500; but after the first 3 days we did not care much for brook trout, and as we would not catch more than we could eat, we did not fish much.

This was an average of over 100 each day. You could not possibly eat them, then why take them from the water and kill them? You might have given them away or sold them, but you should not have done either. Let any man who wants trout go and take them or else leave them for those who are anxious to do so.—EDITOR.

A GREEDY OFFICER.

One would naturally suppose the postmaster of the largest town in the Adirondacks would conduct himself in such a manner, when he went fishing, that all lesser citizens would look up to him as a shining example. Judge of my surprise, as an admirer of Postmaster Gay, when I heard he had caught 38 pounds of speckled trout in one day; and out of a brook, at that. I asked him about it. "Yes, it is true," he said; "40 pounds the 2 baskets weighed, or 38 pounds of fish. There is no use in lying to you. Others would claim that every one was above 6 inches, but lots of ours were very small; just large enough for us to rip open and take out the insides."

What can you expect of ordinary mortals when the postmaster of the headquarters of the Adirondacks confesses as above? Postmaster Gay, being a prominent citizen, I suppose nothing will be done. Were he a poor devil, the game warden, Vosburgh, would be after him in no time.

I went out the other day and put back 100 small trout in one day's brook fishing. The few I saved did not fill more than a third of my creel. What is the use of our fish commission if game hogs catch all the fingerlings?

Lawful Fisherman,
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

TWO HOGS IN ONE FAMILY.

R. Engle, of West Sioux Falls, and his son, in less than a day of fishing caught 730 fish in Round Lake, Minn. The largest of the catch was a pickerel weighing 6½ pounds.—North Dakota Paper.

I wrote R. Engle, asking if the report was correct and received from W. B. Engle the following reply:

My father, R. Engle, and his son actually caught 730 fish in less than a day. They went out late in the afternoon and caught about 160. The next morning they went out before breakfast and at 6.30 a. m. they came in with 139. They made 2 trips after breakfast, taking over 200 each time and finishing before 11 a. m., so they were not fishing a full day. All the fish were taken with hook and line. In case you see fit to make an item of this in your magazine, father would like to see a copy of it.

ANSWER.

Yes, I will make an item, and I will send your father a marked copy of this issue of RECREATION. Unmarked copies of it go to 65,000 other and more decent people, every one of whom will record your father and his son as straightout fish hogs with bristles at least 8 inches long.—EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

In a letter to the Sherburne News, written from Miama, Fla., A. R. Gladwin tells of landing 334 black bass in a single day's sport, if slaughter of this sort may be termed such. He is more than a fish hog.—East Durham (N. Y.) Paper.

If the report given above is correct, then the editor of the Durham paper is right. In that case, this man Gladwin is a low down brute who should never be allowed to take another fishing rod or line in his hands. In fact, I doubt if he uses a rod. The record reads like that of one of those old mossbacks who fish with several lines hanging from the boat at one time, and who keep themselves busy yanking in a fish from first one and then another line. I asked Gladwin if this report were correct, and he did not answer. Therefore, I assume it is correct. Florida thus far has plenty of fish in her waters, but I trust her lawmakers in the near future will pass stringent laws prohibiting fish hogs from depleting them.—EDITOR.

John Soper, Malone, N. Y., who runs the American House, went to Elbow pond recently and brought back 43 pounds of dressed trout the next night. He caught 26 pounds the first day. If this report is true it is more than any sportsman ought to catch or be allowed to catch.—Malone (N. Y.), Farmer.

This report seems doubtful, for I know of no stream or lake in the Adirondacks in which any man can take 20 pounds of trout in a day, unless he uses a net or dynamite; but a man who possesses such swinish proclivities as this man displays would not hesitate to dynamite or net trout if he thought he would not be caught at it. I hope the old rooter may have the rheumatism so bad all through the next trouting season that he will not be able to get within reach of a brook or a lake.—Editor.

"Over 600 trout in 4 days!" was the gleeful and somewhat boastful way in which Byron Garfield, of Shawano, recounted the results of a fishing trip from which he has just returned. Mr. Garfield has been up on the Northern branch of the Oconto river in company with Dr. H. R. Johnson, of Milwaukee.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

I asked both of these men if this report was correct. Neither of them has replied, and I interpret this to mean that they are guilty. If they had not been, they would no doubt have said so promptly. I am not surprised that they should be ashamed of their swinish work and that they should try to shirk the responsibility for it by silence. But this scheme does not work. These creatures are put on record here in order that all decent men may know how to treat them in future.—Editor.

State Game Protectors Worts, of Oswego; Lamphere, of Cayuga; Madison, of Oswego; Carver, of Wayne; Piersall, of Oneida, and Wellman, of Monroe, recently made a raid on the illegal fishermen who are trying to clean out Sodus bay. The wardens captured 3 seines and 5 large trap nets of an aggregate value of $150. These nets contained hundreds of black bass, which were, of course, liberated. The nets were stacked up on the shore and burned. Unfortunately the thieves who owned and operated the nets were not in sight. Many people in North Fairhaven know these men and it is to be hoped the pirates may in time be run down and captured.—Editor.

T. C. Powell and a party are reported to have caught nearly 600 fish in Meadow lake. They used salmon eggs for bait.

Robert Jennings and a friend caught 145 trout on the Upper Clackamas, among their catch being a number of handsome Dolly Varden trout.—Seattle, Washington, Paper.

I asked these Oregonians if they really had such a crop of bristles as the local newspaper credits them with. Neither made any reply, so I conclude the report is substantially correct, and Powell, Jennings and their fellow swine are hereby consigned to the filthiest corner of the fish hog corral.—Editor.

I should be glad to hear from some of your readers as to canvas folding boats. What about their durability? Are they safe and useful boats for general fishing purposes? Am about to buy such a boat, but should first like to hear from someone who has used one.

Fred. Sauerbrie, M.D., Clarksville, N. Y.

THE RIVER.

Where towering mountains near the skies
I rise;
I start
From out the glacier's icy heart
And down the wild and awful steep
I leap
And fall
O'er dizzy crag and angry wall.
Into the verdant vale below
I go,
And stray
Through solemn woods and meadows gay
With flowers. By many a happy home
I roam.
I part
The mighty city's restless heart—
Into the ocean's boundless deep
I sweep
And sleep.

—Nixon Waterman, in Good Cheer.

A yearly subscription to Recreation is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography. All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

If you wish to earn a choice premium by sending me a club of subscriptions to Recreation now is your time. People are looking over their magazine list and providing themselves with their winter's supply of reading matter. Take advantage of the situation. For only 5 yearly subscriptions I will send you a beautiful gun rack, made of polished buffalo horns. It will last a lifetime and will always be useful and attractive.

Do you want a rowboat? If so, send me 20 subscriptions. I will send you a boat listing at $20.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can keep on shooting all day, but it takes a gentleman to quit when he gets enough.

CENSURE PETERS.

Clarksville, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

From a careful perusal of your honorably conducted department of Guns and Ammunition, one can hardly find much to add. Still, an even modest sportsman sometimes likes to say a little.

I exceedingly regret that the Peters people take the stand they do. Surely if they want only favorable comment, that would signify weakness on their part; and if they accept the favorable comments, it is only fair to have the weak points pointed out to them by your subscribers. Instead of offense, I should judge it would be a benefit to them to know where to improve. My experience has taught me that by being criticised we gain strength, and surely few things are perfect. Arê not the Peters people still striving to improve? If so, then why be offended at a criticism and blame an innocent party? Mr. Shields simply published the opinion of a subscriber. He would extend the same courtesy to Peters or to any other reader of RECREATION. I would not subscribe to any periodical that would not treat subscribers and advertisers alike.

I have used Peters' ammunition with good success; still it can be criticised as well as others. It is not perfect, while I frankly admit it is good. I might say the same of others. I trust this difficulty will soon be adjusted. We all get hot at times, and I should be only too glad to shake the Peters people by the hand when they come back.

Have been interested in guns and ammunition for 20 years. Have tried many guns as well as different kinds of ammunition. Have shot both American and English guns of good grades, but have become content with a Parker, of which make I have had 3 within a year.

I would say to the old rifle cranks, "Never get in front of a gun until you see it shot." I have a Winchester 30-30 take down, with full Lyman sights, and until you try one conscientiously you are unable to judge. I could win many a little wager from the older sportsmen, on penetration and distance, before they see the gun shot. I killed 2 deer in 1899, and no one would have asked, "Are they dead?" Notwithstanding, the guide repeatedly wished me to take his old rifle to be sure we secured the game if I got a shot. My most satisfactory arm out of a collection of 5 is a Stevens 25, also fitted with Lyman sights, which is with me on the road every day. For a small gun, it is a delight and a surprise. Having a horse that does not mind the report, I have had some great sport while riding over the country, when I could not find the time to go out with a gun otherwise.

Fred. Sauerbrie, M. D.

I am greatly surprised at the action of the Peters Cartridge Company in withdrawing their ad. from RECREATION for a trivial cause. I consider the Gun and Ammunition a leading department in your valuable magazine for the free use of your readers and the benefit of brother sportsmen. Should you print only one side of a question, I should cancel my subscription at once. If I do not like a certain part of a gun, or see room for improvement in a powder, cartridge, etc., I should be allowed to mention it. The Peters Cartridge Company make a mistake, for there is no better way of a company's finding the faults of their goods and what the sportsment want, than right through these pages of RECREATION; and the manufacturers could better their goods accordingly.

No advertiser should take offense when something is mentioned as imperfect, but should rather appreciate it and improve the weak point. No manufacturer advances so far that he can not improve his goods, and there is no better way to find an imperfection in an article than by general use. Hope I may soon see Peters' ad in RECREATION again.

J. W. Fream, Harney, Md.

I send you, under separate cover, one of Peters' shells that was used by a member of the Independent Gun Club. The shell is enough in itself to disgust the lover of good goods, for the gun was a Lefever and the primer is no good or the shell would never miss fire.

Jacob Young, Phillipsburg, N. J.

ANSWER.

The cartridge was received at this office. The primer is deeply indented, showing that the firing pin has struck it a hard blow, and evidently the primer was defective. This, however, is not a serious charge against the Peters Company, for any factory that makes primers will occasionally turn out one that is defective.—EDITOR.

Oakland, Cal.

Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sirs: I think the attitude you have taken with RECREATION is doing you more harm than it is RECREATION. It looks more like an old woman's spite work than that of a business man. If Mr. Shields was too big a coward to print the truth or other people's ideas besides the manufacturer's, his magazine would not be worth reading.

Capt. Geo. Scott.

MARLIN RIFLES UNSATISFACTORY.

Des Moines, Ia.

Editor RECREATION:

My brother, George J. Bicknell, of Humboldt, has sent me a pamphlet being sent out by the Marlin Company, giving a copy of a complaint in an action against you. I think all that is quoted from RECREATION, against the Marlin rifle, is true and well founded. I have had some experience in this line. I bought a 22 caliber Marlin for my wife, choosing that make because it was claimed it would shoot all sizes of 22 caliber cartridges. This was a model '92 repeater, but it would never repeat. The cartridge would stick in the action and the only way to get it out was to take off the side plate. I wrote the company and they said the trouble was with the magazine cutoff. They sent me one of those parts, which was filed down to permit the cartridges to come out of the magazine readily. That did not remedy the difficulty. It never worked but a few times without sticking. I had it in the hands of expert gunsmiths several times, in an effort to get it to work, but it never did. Finally I traded it for what I could get and bought a Winchester. I have heard this complaint against the Marlin from others, and no man could give me a Marlin rifle for my own use. I notice they are being unloaded by several dealers. I have used Winchesters some years without any trouble whatever. Their action is sure and safe, and they are the guns for me.

I send you this unsolicited for what it may be worth to you. I do not approve of the style of attack which the Marlin people are making on you. Some days ago I sent you a list of nearly 50 names of sportsmen to whom you might send sample copies of RECREATION. I hope you may double your circulation in Iowa.

F. W. Bicknell.

Is it a fact that the Marlin Fire Arms Company no longer advertises in RECREATION because you have published some disparaging facts about the non-repeating qualities of their rifle? If so I congratulate you. I admire an editor who will publish the cold facts regarding such an important article as a rifle, even if he does so at the risk of losing an advertiser.

Among my enterprises in Alaska was a shooting gallery at Skaguay, and having had a large caliber Marlin 10 years ago in New Mexico, which gave satisfaction, I bought some 22 caliber Marlins for the gallery. I was always particular to keep my rifles clean, but in spite of this the cartridges would jam, which would necessitate a delay, often at the critical point in a match. Until I could get Winchesters to take the place of the Marlins I was badly handicapped for time by using the Marlins as single loaders. I often bought rifles from men who were tired of packing them on the trails, and used them as prizes in the gallery. I would always pay 25 per cent less for a Marlin than for any other rifle. I had always been a friend of the Marlin until the 30-30's came on the market, but my experience has taught me that the mechanism of this rifle will not work the small cartridge; consequently the rifle is often not so good as a club.

H. L. Suydam, 467 Broadway,
New York.

I have received a pamphlet from the Marlin Arms Company entitled "A Court Document." On page 12 Marlin says you printed a letter purported to be from Montana. The dealer spoken of in said letter is still publishing a gun catalogue and he still says, "I do not recommend or guarantee Marlin rifles." I have seen 4 short cartridges run back into the action of a 22 Marlin at one time and clog the works so the gun had to be taken apart to get it in working order again. Then on the next shot we had to do it all over again. Some years ago you sent a 30-30 take down Marlin to George Perrin, of Galesburg, Ill., as a premium. He gave the gun to W. W. Babcock, of the same town. Inside of a month after Babcock got the gun, he offered to trade it for a 30-30 Winchester, not a take down, and pay $5 difference. Wm. Marshall says, "I had one Marlin and that is plenty for me." There are a lot of hunters here, but not a Marlin rifle. I would sooner have a double barreled cap and ball rifle than a Marlin, though the latter is a good thing for the game.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

I bought a Marlin repeating rifle, model '97, tried to use it and found it wanting; so I have no further use for a Marlin. If I had to choose between a Winchester, model 1866, and a Marlin of 1900 I would take the Winchester. Who wants to take a rifle into the woods and have it balk or choke at the wrong moment, making the hunter lose his game, and perhaps his life? That good old standby, the Winchester, is good enough for me.

G. E. Morris, Somerville, N. J.

WHY STOCKS ARE EXPENSIVE.

Utica, N. Y.

G. O. Shields,
Editor Recreation,
New York.

Sir: In reading July Recreation, I notice that Mr. Henry Merlin, of Philadelphia, asks why gun companies charge as much as $10 extra for a stock made differently from the ordinary. I take this opportunity to give the information, as we ourselves charge $10 for an extra stock, and there are some good reasons why we do so, as follows:

Not many years ago it was customary to pay $60 to $80 for a single shot rifle, which necessarily was of cheaper construction than a repeater. Today a first class high power repeating rifle can be bought for $15 to $20. This is only made possible by a big outlay in special machinery and tools for making the parts interchangeable. Every operation in the metal or wood portion of a rifle has a corresponding fixture to hold the part while the operation is made. Once a machine is set up, thousands of the same operations are done before this fixture is taken down again and set up for another operation. By this method it is made possible to sell arms at the present low prices. When anything is ordered different from the regular, if it be metal, the piece has to be made by a tool maker. The regular charge for tool maker's work is 60 to 80 cents an hour. The first finger lever made for the Savage rifle was made in a tool room with the other parts of a model, in one of the finest gun establishments in the United States. It took a skilled workman 6 weeks at 70 cents an hour, 10 hours a day, to make ONE finger lever, which we now sell for $1.75 list. When a special stock is ordered, different in length or drop from the standard, a highly skilled workman has to take a block of wood and make every inletting cut and the fitting of every part by hand tools. There is often less profit in making a $10 list extra stock by this method than the regular profit on the ordinary standard stock.

We have in our possession one model rifle which was made by a reputable, first class gun establishment in the United States, which cost $5,000, and which is inferior in finish and general workmanship to one of our $20 rifles. If shooters will consider these points carefully, they will not imagine we are trying to rob them when we ask $10 for an extra stock.

Arthur Savage,
Gen'l Mgr. Savage Arms Company.

SOME LOADS FOR THE 30-30.

I consider the $ I paid for a year's Recreation the best investment I ever made.

The contest between the big and small bore cranks is exceedingly interesting. I am a small bore crank and prepare my own ammunition for both rifle and shot gun.

I have had considerable experience with the 30-30, which I consider much more deadly than the 45-70. It requires less adjustment of sights, and with 30 grains Du Pont 30 caliber smokeless and a 170 grain, soft nose bullet, is powerful enough for any game in America. For medium power about equal to a 32-40 I use a full charge of Du Pont No. 1 rifle smokeless, or enough so the bullet can be seated snugly without pressure on the powder. The bullet is the Ideal, 150 grain, No. 3086, 1 to 10, lubricated with beef tallow, and sized to 308. This bullet can be used split, as illustrated in Ideal hand book, and is effective on deer.

For short range I use 10 grains DuPont No. 2 rifle smokeless loose in the shell, and the same bullet cut off at the top of the broad groove. This makes a 100 grain bullet, well balanced, with a long grip. They can be cut off neatly with a pair of cutting pliers and smoothed with a knife. This load is good for target work and for woodchucks up to 200 yards.

I use an Ideal No. 3 tool, no crimp. I have never seen any traces of leading, and there is no fouling when using Du Pont powder. I use Winchester shells; U. M. C. 7½ primer for medium and short range loads, and Winchester No. 5 for the high pressure powder. Have never had trouble with ruptured shells.

The inside of a rifle barrel should never be neglected. Before putting the gun away it should be thoroughly cleaned and well oiled, for when once allowed to rust it is practically useless.

In reply to S. N. Watson's inquiry in regard to round bullets: I regard round balls as dangerous to a breech loading rifle, on account of leading. Choose a short, pointed, grooved bullet and you will have a better chance for lubrication.

O. E. Raynor, Meadville, Pa.

SIDLE SIGHTS.

In January Recreation I notice an inquiry from F. A. Olds in regard to telescopic sights.

I am the proud owner of a 30-30 and a 25-25 rifle. The former is fitted with a Sidle No. 5 combination hunting telescope sight, 6 and 12 diameters. For off hand work I use the 6 power glass, while for shooting with a rest the 12 power glass is hard to beat. I can hold with certainty on a bullet hole at 100 yards, and have placed shot after shot in a 1½ inch circle at that distance. That could not be done without a 'scope. With ordinary sights you are doing exceedingly well when placing your shots inside the regulation bullseye, which at 100 yards is a 4 inch circle.

Why handicap a good rifle with poor sights when you can get perfect ones? My 30-30 cost $21.50, and its outfit of sights $22.50. Besides the 'scope, I have Lyman combination rear and Sheard's gold bead front sight.

A telescope will prove at once if your ammunition or rifle is inaccurate. I experimented a great deal last winter with various powders and loads, using all weights of bullets, and without my 'scope I should have learned but little.

John W. Sidle's ad is in every issue of RECREATION; write him at once, get a 'scope, and you will never regret it. Considering their quality, they are dirt cheap, and no rifleman should be without one. Do not fail to order the adjustable side mountings. They are indispensable where different kinds of ammunition are used, as they lower and raise for short or long range shooting. Let us hear from others who use telescopes.

H. B. Rantzau, Cornwall, Idaho.

ROUND OR GROOVED BULLETS?

S. P. Watson asks about the relative merits of round and grooved balls. E. MacGuire and I have done a great deal of experimenting along that line. We find the grooved balls a trifle the best for accuracy up to 100 yards, and beyond that range far better. For small game shooting at short range the round ball is good. We have, by the aid of telescopic sights, time and again placed 10 shots inside one inch circle at 40 yards.

The buckshot we use in our 30-30's are known as No. 140. They are about .004 larger than the bore, and do not strip with a 4 grain load of DuPont's rifle powder No. 2. That powder is, in our experience, the most uniform for small loads. It is fine grained and does not hang fire as the No. 1 in small charges sometimes does. I have also a 25-35, and for it No. 1 buckshot answers well with a 3 grain load of above mentioned powder.

We use a light tack hammer to stick the shot fast on end of shell. We have fired 100 shots many times, and never found the least trace of leading. The main advantage in using them is that it saves the trouble of moulding bullets. It costs only 26 cents for 100 shots to use this load. Buckshot being all lead and soft, tears small game far better than our special target bullets, which are 1 to 10.

I should like to hear from someone who has used Laflin & Rand's sporting smokeless for miniature loads. I wish to experiment with it in the near future.

H. B. Rantzau, Cornwall, Ida.

BOYS AND FIREARMS.

I read with much interest Louis Lehle's letter about the use of firearms in the hands of boys and your reply to him. Mr. Lehle is right to a certain extent only in this matter. Boys often abuse the privileges allowed them by their parents and the law. But all boys are not bad; there are more good boys than good men. The accidents caused by firearms in the hands of boys can not be compared with the awful number caused by men.

I think you are doing noble work in your war on game hogs and pot hunters. And greater yet is your work to protect our beautiful woodland neighbors They are fast disappearing, and I think the Lacey bill was passed none too soon.

The pictures in the Stevens advertisement in RECREATION have a bad influence on boys. I have shown the magazine to a large number of boys, and they all exclaim, on seeing the Stevens picture, that those boys are killing birds. When I deny it, and add that Mr. Shields would be sure to condemn such an act, the boys have acted as if they doubted my word. So when a picture of that kind is published, a squirrel, a chipmunk, or a gopher should be shown in it. It would be different if all boys would read the magazine; but many simply look at the pictures. To stop the slaughter of our songsters every possible good example must be set for the boys, and those pictures should be modified to that end.

G. R. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

A FAULT OF THE SAVAGE RIFLE.

In a recent RECREATION somebody asked what are the faults of the Savage rifle. That weapon, with soft pointed bullets, is certainly a great killer. Its velocity and trajectory are all that could be desired, and when the bullet strikes the right kind of resistance it is exceedingly effective. But there is the rub. I saw a friend shoot a large buck. It was standing at 135 yards, looking in the opposite direction. The bullet struck 4 or 5 inches back of the base of the horns. It reached the skull with force enough to knock the deer down, but there the bullet flew into bits without penetrating the bone. I know of a deer being hit squarely in the shoulder. The bullet broke the shoulder, but did not penetrate far enough to kill the animal and it escaped.

In either instance a 38-55 or even a 38-40 bullet would have proved fatal. If bullets from small bore high power guns penetrate to some distance and then strike moderate resistance they do awful execution. But if they chance to strike, near the surface, a hard, heavy bone they fail to penetrate.

We have a club with about 18 members, and fortnightly practice target shooting. We shoot at 100 to 150 yards at both standing and moving targets, using the same repeaters with which we hunt deer.

I should like to be told by good, practical hunters how far ahead they would hold on a deer running at 100 yards.

M. L. Parshall, Chesaning, Mich.

HOW TO CLEAN A MAUSER.

Some months ago a friend gave me one of the Spanish Mausers of Berlin make. I found, after I had restocked the arm, that it shot well at the short and middle ranges. I can not, however, keep the barrel clean when using American ammunition, and foreign made cartridges are difficult to obtain. Can you suggest a remedy?

J. S. Dodson, Bethlehem, Pa.

ANSWER.

I can suggest no remedy other than to clean your gun thoroughly after each shot. Of course, that means a great deal of work if you are doing much shooting.

I see no reason why American ammunition should fill the barrel faster than that of foreign make. There are several kinds of American smokeless powders that are supposed to be as clean as any in the world, but they may differ slightly from the foreign powders.—EDITOR.

Later Mr. Dodson wrote me as follows:

Have just solved the problem of cleaning my Mauser, and you may spread it. Instead of using a rag on the rod, I use a piece of an old kid glove. After pumping the barrel with hot water I use the kid, with a drop of animal oil or petroleum and a few grains of flour of emery. I then use dry kid, to remove the emery. This process leaves the barrel in fine order.

J. L. Dodson, Bethlehem, Pa.

REMINGTON NOT HOMELY.

In February RECREATION W. H. Nelson speaks of the good qualities of the Remington rifle, but criticises its appearance. He alludes to it as the "homely old Remington." That term may be used, perhaps, in speaking of the No. 3 and No. 5 Remington, but certainly not in regard to the Remington-Lee sporting rifle. I have one with 26-inch barrel, using 7 m. m. Mauser cartridge. In appearance it is strictly up-to-date; certainly there is nothing homely about it. Its shooting qualities are equal to the best. Its action is sure, simple and not liable to get out of order. The bolt is easily removed, consequently the gun is readily cleaned. It has a perfect balance, a great improvement over the old style repeater with barrel magazine. The Remington-Lee costs a little more than some other sporting rifles, but the man who buys one will have a handsome, durable and exceedingly hard shooting gun.

J. E. L. Hampton, Mich.

SMALL SHOT.

It appears that Mr. G. A. Mero, of Becker, Minn., wishes some outside opinion as to a good duck gun, and whether a 12 or 10 bore gun is best.

If Mr. Mero wishes a good duck gun, I advise that he order direct from the factory a 12-bore Ithaca hammerless gun, 32-inch barrel, bored for specially close shooting. Diameter of muzzle should not exceed 11-16 of an inch. This gun, loaded properly, with No. 3 shot, will get a good percentage of ducks at 75 yards.

The Baker is a good gun; but the Smith is not advertised in RECREATION, and therefore I can not advise any reader of RECREATION to buy it.

E. C. or King's semi-smokeless are better ducking powders than DuPont's.

Using a 10-bore gun smacks very much of a game hog. Don't use it.

P. W. Humphreys, Clarksville, Tenn.

In July RECREATION, Mr. C. C. Manley, of Milton, Vt., asks for an opinion as to the best rifle sight for moving objects. From considerable experience with sights, I find that a Lyman No. 3 rear and Lyman bead front sights are the correct thing, always using the large aperture in the rear sight. I find that an aperture in the rear sight even ¼ inch in diameter is accurate, for from some law of nature the eye will instantly find the center of any object on which the vision is concentrated. Using the large aperture in Lyman sights I have been enabled to hit 4 out of 5 glass balls thrown in the air to a height of 25 or 30 feet. Also have killed some rabbits and squirrels on the run, and a few large birds flying, using the above sights on a 22 caliber repeater, 22 long rifle ammunition.

P. W. Humphreys, Clarksville, Tenn.

What is the initial velocity, the accurate range and the penetration of the following cartridges: 22 long rifle, 25 short Stevens R. F., and 25 Stevens R. F.?

Stevens, Rondout, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The velocity of the 22 long rifle is 1,065 feet; its penetration, 5 ⅞ inch pine boards. It is accurate at 100 yards, and in heavy, well made target rifles results have been obtained at 200 yards.

The 25 Stevens R. F. has a velocity of

1,110 feet and penetrates 7 boards. It is accurate up to 200 yards.

The only 25 short now made is for an old pistol; it is practically obsolete.—EDITOR.

Are there any revolvers made to shoot the soft nose or mushroom bullet, and the solid bullet also? If so, of what caliber, and where can they be secured?

I know rifles are made to use these special shells, but as yet I have not been able to buy a revolver which will do so. I saw one last summer, but can not now learn where it is made or sold.

Dr. G. W. Gallagher, New Haven, Pa.

The revolvers made to shoot soft nose or mushroom bullets are 30 Mauser and 30 Borchardt. The Union Metallic Cartridge Company supplies both metal cased and soft nose bullets for these revolvers.—EDITOR.

I use a rifle altogether, believing if I can not cut a grouse's head off I do not deserve to have the bird. But the shot gun, or game exterminator, is the thing to get birds, if that is all you are after. The 30 caliber is the coming rifle. For the fellows who want a more powerful gun, why not design one with a bottle-necked cartridge of about 35-45 caliber? A 38 rifle with power in proportion to a 30-40 would not leave enough of a deer to feed your dog. Quick twist is necessary in a 30 caliber to spin the bullet fast enough to keep it point on, though the bullet is more likely to jump the grooves than it would be with a slower twist.

P. H. Manley, Gilmer, Wash.

It is interesting and instructive to read in RECREATION the different opinions on guns and ammunition. If a man can shoot straight and has had considerable experience with a rifle on large game he can kill with almost any modern gun, down to and including the 25 calibers. If he can not shoot, and place the bullet in the right spot, he would better buy the largest bore rifle to be found. Many of us can recollect when nothing but small bore, muzzle loading rifles were used; yet those guns in the hands of good hunters killed game at the first shot almost invariably.

A. A. Henderson, Okoboji, Ia.

The Gun and Ammunition department is the most interesting part of RECREATION. I have used all calibers of rifles, both black powder and small bore smokeless. All are good if the man behind the gun is good.

I am using a 30-40 smokeless. Fitted with Lyman sights it is the best gun I ever used for big game. It is as accurate as any hunting rifle on the market. The only fault I can find with it is the cost of its ammunition. For cleaning use half and half sperm oil and alcohol, which will keep the gun in good condition.

H. C. Tupper, Topsfield, Me.

In answer to E. L. Dupuy's question in March RECREATION, will say I am using a Winchester single shot 25-11-65 R. F. rifle. It is the best gun I ever put to my shoulder, either for small game shooting or at the target up to 100 yards. I have not tried it beyond that distance, but I am told it will shoot accurately up to 200 yards in still weather. I used a 22 caliber long rifle for small game shooting for 3 years. It was good, but the 25 R. F. is far better. The only objection is the rather high price of that cartridge.

Single Shot, Milwaukee, Wis.

In reply to W. M. Randall's inquiry as to what a 32-40 hollow point will do on deer, will say it is all right. I shot a deer at 90 yards with a 32-40 hollow point plain lead bullet that I cast with an Ideal mould. The bullet struck him 3 inches back of the ear, and he dropped so quickly I thought I had missed him. Part of the bullet passed through; where it mushroomed it tore a hole as large as a man's fist.

A hollow point bullet in front of good powder is bad medicine.

H. P. Pettit, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

For 25 years I have been using U. M. C. ammunition of almost all calibers from 22 to 45-70 U. S. Government and have found the loads uniform and exceedingly accurate. I had splendid results from U. M. C. 12 gauge smokeless shot shells last season, making some remarkable shots in field and brush at long range. I killed a fox at 75 yards with a 12 gauge, No. 2 shot, smokeless. No other factory loaded ammunition suits me so well as the U. M. C.

E. P. H., Concord, N. H.

I have been using Peters long rifle cartridges in my 22 Stevens, and am highly pleased with them. They have great accuracy, flat trajectory and are cleaner than any other make. They also burn all the powder in the barrel, not throwing sparks on the ground to set the leaves on fire. The bullet is soft and will not give as great penetration in hard wood as some other makes, but that is no objection in hunting.

W. J. Duff, E. Palestine, O.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that's the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

THE RATTLESNAKE QUESTION.

I have been much interested in the discussion as to how rattlesnakes produce their young. The proprietor of a hotel at this place some 40 years ago made a cage with glass front and put in it 2 or 3 rattlesnakes brought him by a native living in the mountains near here. The cage was placed in the barroom of the hotel and has remained there ever since. It has seldom been without an occupant. At one time there were 24 rattlers in it. There is only one now. They are not so numerous in this section as formerly.

Rattlesnakes live about one year to a little over 2 years. One lived in the cage 2 years and 3 months. They do not eat anything, but will drink water. During the time mentioned 3 broods of young rattlers were born, one brood of 8, one of 9 and one of 12. All of them were brought forth alive. After the second brood was born the fact was told to a newspaper reporter, who published an account of it in the local papers, from which quite a discussion arose. Some writers claimed that young rattlers were only produced from the egg hatched externally, and others that they were produced alive. Some time later another rattlesnake showed signs of bringing forth her young, and the landlord notified the newspaper correspondent; also a local physician. They watched the operation, and a full account was given in the local papers, together with an affidavit of the physician, who stated that the young were born alive, each with an umbilical cord ½ to ¾ of an inch long, and each with one small rattle, or button, as it is called.

While the foregoing is positive evidence that rattlers produce their young alive when confined in a cage, it would not be conclusive proof that they do so under all circumstances. In the discussion mentioned there was more testimony in favor of their being produced from the egg hatched externally; hence the doctor's affidavit, as he considered that his veracity was questioned.

Are not young rattlesnakes hatched both ways, according to conditions, locality, climate, etc.? Agassiz explained this in his lectures on the egg, delivered many years ago, in which he stated, as I remember it, that all life is produced from an egg, some hatched internally, some externally, and some species both ways; some species of venomous snakes in a Northern climate bringing forth their young alive and the same species in the South laying their eggs in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

C. G. Bennett, Wurtsboro, N. Y.

In reading February Recreation, page 134, a writer asks "Do mother rattlers hide their young?" I have hunted rattlers, copperheads, adders, DeKay, green, black racers, ribbon and garter snakes, and water pilots; also pine snakes, in Delaware. Have hunted these varieties in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Delaware, for 2 years, making a living catching live ones. Have no use for a dead snake, as there is little or no market for them; but I often get as high as $15 for a live snake.

Rattlers are born with poisonous teeth and are able to defend themselves as soon as they can snap. Some people claim they can tell a snake's age by its rattles. They can not. I caught a large rattler in Sullivan county, New York, and he had 4 rattles. I kept him in captivity 2½ years. When he died of cancer in the throat he had the same four rattles. Why have some snakes more rattles than others? I can not explain.

I have found many snakes' eggs and have sold them as high as 50 cents apiece.

Some of the most learned men on reptiles can not answer the question why some snakes are born alive and others hatched in the sun out of an egg.

Victor T. Knies, Eastport, N. Y.

I have read with interest the articles in Recreation about the rattlesnake. As I am especially interested in this branch of natural history, I feel it my duty to my friend the rattler to speak a little in his behalf, and try to correct the errors some of our friends have made.

Friend Fibler is correct. I never knew of a rattlesnake that laid eggs. They are all ovoviviparous.

The next time J. V. S., of Omaha, finds a snake that has swallowed her young for protection, he would confer a great favor on the National Museum by killing the snake, tying up its throat, so the young ones will not be unswallowed on the journey, and sending it as soon as possible for examination.

I do not doubt that Brother Dey kept 2 rattlesnakes a year and during that time the bottle was not uncorked. I have kept them, too, for that period without food, although food in various shapes was offered. But mine never ate their skins!

A snake has no regular time for shedding. If fed well, and in a good healthy condition, they will shed much oftener than twice a year.

Richard G. Paine,
National Museum, Reptile Department,
Washington, D. C.

QUAILS IN DOMESTICATION.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor Recreation:

Several years ago I procured 2 pairs of quails from a friend in Oklahoma. I placed them in an open cage, 5 x 12 feet, in the garden, exposed to all kinds of weather. This was close to the chicken yard, a fact which I afterward regretted, as quails are dainty in their habits, and if given ample opportunity for dust baths, keep free from vermin. They paired off in the spring and began laying, when I lost both males, and it was a year before I was able to obtain another. He soon paired off with one of the hens, but absolutely declined to pay the other the slightest attention. When 15 eggs had been laid, they prepared to set, when the male escaped. After calling to him for at least 6 hours, the plucky little hen assumed all responsibility and proceeded to hatch the eggs herself, which she did in 25 days, hatching the entire 15 birds.

Now, while these birds, raised in confinement, are probably not so wild as their parents, they are by no means domesticated to the extent of permitting me to handle them, though they do not fail to ask plainly for their food.

Last year I again had 2 hens and one cock, and they mated as before, declining polygamy most emphatically. Though they are most considerate toward one another, there was nothing but discord in the family when the unmated hen laid her unfertilized eggs with the others. During the season they laid 54 eggs, but did not set at all, and as that was in August I knew it was useless to expect any young chicks from them that season, so I placed a number of fertile eggs in the ordinary Prairie State incubator and hatched several of them, placing them in a brooder. They were wild as hares, and the first day or 2 they tried desperately to escape.

At that particular time I was away from home, and as they were entirely without attendance, it is not surprising that on my return all but one were dead. How that one survived I do not know, as they were almost baked during the day and chilled at night; but live he did, and became at once the pet of the family. He throve splendidly from that time. I have never seen a pet chicken appreciate petting as he did. He was never so contented as when in our hands or nestling up close to our faces.

When only 6 weeks old and before he was fully fledged, I had another small hatching from the incubator, and I placed them with him. At first he seemed to consider them grasshoppers, and treated them as such, but in a day or 2 not only tolerated them but, to our surprise, actually brooded them. To see him try to cover 2 or 3 of them with his half grown wings, was a sight. I am aware this sounds somewhat gamy, but many of our neighbors will testify to its truth.

Now, let me call your attention to some facts connected with the habits of these birds, that, if known, are poorly appreciated. As stated, these little creatures, hatched late last summer, were handicapped from the start, but I have had ample opportunity to watch them in the garden, among the plants, as well as in the greenhouse, and I know them to be the best of all our feathered friends. They are busy every moment looking for grubs, spiders, flies; all insects disappear before them. They do not destroy, in any way, plants of any value, but weeds and weed seeds they eat with great avidity.

Wild mustard, probably the worst pest with which the farmer has to contend, they eat greedily, leaving grain untouched if they can get at the seeds of this weed.

On one occasion I witnessed a sight that was very amusing. When they were a little larger than the first joint of my thumb, one of them spied a large grasshopper and rushed at it, catching it by the head. As they were pretty evenly matched in size, quite a tussle followed. The combat lasted some minutes, until the grasshopper's head came, off and the battle was over. After that a grasshopper was not safe at 12 feet distance.

The fact that these birds are small and confine themselves to the ground, gives them a great advantage, as they are thus enabled to get at the underside of the leaves of plants where most insects are to be found.

In conclusion, I would say, anyone who will adopt the quail as a *protege,* as I have done, will find himself well repaid for the trouble. They are not only more affectionate than our common poultry, but vastly more interesting, and I am certain if our farmers knew their real worth and had them on their premises, they would sooner see the house dog shot than suffer the loss of a single quail.

I have been an enthusiastic sportsman more than 25 years, but I would gladly put away the gun for 5 years to give the quails a chance.

Quails are much like turkeys when young, a very little will kill them, especially cold or wet; but with a dry and moderately warm place they are sure to thrive.

J. T. Blandford.

A PAIR OF MEADOW LARKS.

Rutherford, N. J.

Editor Recreation:

In the summer of '91, while we were out collecting birds' eggs, as was our custom in those days, my brother called my attention to a pair of meadow larks which were sitting in an old chestnut tree about 100 yards away, saying he had noticed these birds often and felt sure they must have a nest hidden somewhere in the tall grass. As we approached they became highly excited and flew toward us, almost brushing us with their wings. After repeating this several times they lit on the ground a few yards from us. When we went nearer they ran or flew a few yards farther, only to alight again and repeat the performance. They seemed trying to lead us or drive us away. We knew only too well that all these queer actions meant a neat little woven nest carefully hidden away under some tuft of grass; but as there were thousands of tufts of grass the problem was difficult. Day after day we visited the larks, each time hoping to find their nest, but always finding both birds sitting in their tree, ready to lead us away.

On one of these occasions both birds had been sitting some seconds in the topmost branch of their old alighting tree when suddenly they flew to the ground in a queer, frightened manner and there lay perfectly still, in hiding. This was all explained in a moment as a great redtail hawk came swooping along, right over their hiding place. A moment he paused in the air with head turned down, beating his wings with short, quick strokes, although he did not move an inch. Then down he went like a flash, and as he rose we could plainly see grasped in his deadly talons a little short tailed field mouse. He flew to a distant tree, where his bloody meal was finished.

Almost a month later, taking advantage of a hard wind and the father lark's absence in quest of food, we sneaked quietly up through the field, and to our great joy the mother bird revealed the nest by flying from it when we were but a few feet from her. I carefully pushed back the curtains of grass which overhung it and there, huddled together, were 5 little top-heavy meadow lark squabs, hardly able to prop themselves up on their clumsy legs, the little black crescents on their breasts just barely beginning to bloom. We lifted them carefully, nest and all, and took them home, where they started an entirely new life in a small portable dove cage. Each day we made regular trips out in the fields to get all kinds of worms, grubs, grasshoppers, etc., which we fed to the little larks. They gradually grew larger and stronger, except one. As is usual, there was a weakling in this brood. We named him Stumpy. He never seemed to grow. We did everything we could for him. One morning we found him lying in the cage stiff and cold.

In a month the meadow larks had grown quite large, had nearly their full growth of feathers and could fly some distance. We often let them out on the lawn. My brother and I were in the yard one day covering a large chicken run with small mesh wire, to make a large cage for the larks, when the cook came running out of the house screaming that a big rat had just jumped out of the birds' cage. We rushed down just in time to see a sneaking black animal dart under a heap of planks which lay in the side yard. On the floor of the cage lay the four meadow larks, dead. A few blood spots were scattered around the cage, and my brother said "weasel." He got our only gun, an old loose breech loading single barrel. We started to move the planks under which we knew the animal was hiding, and my brother had to lay his gun down. Just then the weasel darted out from his den and ran up through the garden into the back yard. Sile grabbed his gun, but too late to get a shot. We followed the weasel, but had not gone far when a game bantam hen, which had been sitting on a batch of eggs, came flying and cackling down the yard. The weasel was clinging to her back. At times he tried to grip the ground with his hind paws; then again, as the hen flew, he let his body hang loosely, trying to drag the hen down. Sile did not shoot. He ran after the hen, which had then crouched down as the weasel was getting in his deadly work, and made a lunge with the butt of his gun, catching the weasel fairly in the side. That knocked the weasel from the hen's back to the ground, where 2 pairs of heavy heels finished him.

This villain must have entered the cage through the largest opening, which was, as we afterward ascertained, perfectly round and just the size of a nickle. When the weasel was dead we tried to drag him through this hole, but could not do so.

C. D. Brown.

PHEASANTS HARD TO RAISE.

Our State having tried repeatedly to raise English ringneck pheasants for game birds, and they having as often proved unsatisfactory, the State obtained, in 1895, some Chinese pheasants from Judge Denny, of Oregon. In 1896 the Fitchburg

Rifle and Gun Club became interested and voted to try raising the Chinese pheasant. I was employed by the club to take hold of the work. After I got through for them I tried raising some for myself. Last year I set 1,167 eggs and I raised some 225 birds. This seems a small number compared to the number of eggs set, but the birds are hard to raise and there are so many things to contend with that I consider it a good average. Mr. E. A. Brackett, chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, says few who have had eggs from the commission have succeeded in raising birds, and that it would have been better to liberate the birds in the vicinity than to have individuals try to raise them. He says I have been the most successful of anyone. Mr. Brackett says there are few pure Chinese pheasant breeders in the East. Many claim they have the Chinese birds, but they have only the English ringnecks. Some of these dealers are honest, thinking they have the pure Mongolians, and others are not.

H. P. Foster, Ashby, Mass.

NOTES ON THE MOURNING DOVE.

Noticing a request for information on the mourning dove, *Zenaida macroura*, I venture to give my observations. This dove is migratory, usually coming into Ohio about the last of March, although a few pass the winter here. The fall migration begins about the first of October.

Two eggs are the complement, the nest being placed, generally, on a low horizontal branch, although I have found nests on the ground. Sometimes 2 broods are raised and I have found well developed eggs in birds killed in September.

The food of mourning doves consists of grain and seeds, and the flesh is excellent, especially that of the young birds.

Mourning doves inhabit the fields and woods in search of food until about an hour before sunset, when they travel to the nearest water, preferably a creek or lake with gravelly banks, where they quench their thirst and pick up gravel for their crops. After remaining 10 or 15 minutes at the drinking place, they go to the roost, usually a thick swamp or a bushy thicket, for the night. I once found in Huron county a roost in an apple orchard and at least 1,000 doves came into it about dark. Doves should never be shot. They should be protected by law at all times.

W. B. Haynes, Akron, O.

BEES DO NOT HARM PEACHES.

The value of expert testimony, and the high grade of scientific knowledge at the command of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, were well illustrated recently at Goshen, N. Y. The owner of a peach orchard sued a keeper of bees, the peach grower contending that he suffered a loss of $25 by the injury done to his fruit by the bees. The case of the peach grower was ruined by the testimony of Professor Frank Benton, who, after 30 years' special study of bees, both at home and abroad, is now connected with the Department of Agriculture. That gentleman sustained the evidence of other witnesses that bees could do no harm to sound peaches.

The tongue of the bee, he said, is soft and pliable and could not puncture a peach. The inner tongue, which is spoon shaped and covered with hair, can not become rigid. Bees lap their food and are fond of rotten peaches. Their feelers, being soft, can not pierce any substance that offers the least resistance. They are supposedly the organ of touch and that of smell by which the bees recognize one another by the odor of the body. Sometimes bees will meet and wind their feelers about each other. This is their method of shaking hands.—Exchange.

PROBABLY A GROSBEAK.

I am trying to make friends with the birds about our house. We have the bluebird, snowbird, sparrow, chickadee, and a few snipe in a bog below the house. Boys usually come around here with air guns and scare the birds away, but I get after the marauders and drive them away.

Deer are plentiful here. We have had one spike horn buck and a doe. Quails are numerous, but have been protected 5 years and the season opens next August. I expect they will be slaughtered. The new game law taxes $1 to shoot. We have all kinds of ducks and geese, but the way they are slaughtered is a shame, 50 a day for some hogs being a small bag.

Can you tell me the name of a bird which frequents a little wood below our house? Following is the description: Black head, white beak, black wings, with one white broad feather on each wing; reddish brown breast; chirps like a small chicken.

C. R. Roy, Seattle, Wash.

The bird you refer to is probably the black headed grosbeak, *Zamelodia melanocephala*.—Editor.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In May Recreation I saw an article about gray and black squirrels denning together. I have never seen them nest in the same tree, but have known the 2 varieties to live in the same park, but in separate quarters, one on one side and one on the other. I have had 5 varieties of squirrels, gray, black, red, flying, and Western fox, all in a wire run 14x6x10, but they never got along and were nearly always fighting.

There was in the same issue of RECREATION a question by Kit Clover, about pigeon or dove. Both names are right if properly used. There are pigeons and there are doves. To illustrate, if you wished to send to a fancier for homers, turbits, jacobins, fantails, tumblers, or pouters, you would not call them doves. Neither would you send to a fancier for turtle pigeons, ringneck pigeons, blue pigeons, mourning or barded pigeons. There are dove cotes and dove houses. Places where pigeons are bred are generally called pigeon lofts.

L. Darlington, Stoneham, Mass.

Two curious domestic affairs are taking place this year in our Florida home. Early last spring my daughter had her rare plants taken out of their winter hothouse and put on the veranda. One of these plants was a handsome calladium. A little wren took possession of it, made a nest in it, and in time laid 4 eggs, which have now become 4 young birds just fledged. The jar containing the calladium sits close to the front door, where people are continually going in and out and where they frequently collect, seated in armchairs; but the little wrens care nothing about them.

Another interesting occurrence is that in an exposed place on the bare sand, right in the path where my cows are brought up to be milked daily, a whip-poor-will is seated day after day on 2 eggs. At present she has not hatched out, but I suppose will soon do so.

D. G. Cary-Elwes, Conway, Fla.

In regard to Dr. D. D. Palmer's instructions, "How Not to Make an Aquarium," considering it from his side he is correct. He must bear in mind, however, that I was not describing a piece of art work, bought of some dealer, but simply giving directions for a home-built aquarium. I should choose an all glass tank, thereby saving the risk of leakage. I do not agree with D. D. P. in reference to the swelling of the wood. If he is careful in selecting his wood, he will seldom, if ever, have any trouble. I have a 2-sided tank which was made 4 years ago, and I have had no trouble with it. Neither will white lead interfere with his stock if he tests the tank for 2 or 3 weeks ahead of time. He must remember when he buys a tank it has already been tested by the manufacturer. Dr. Palmer certainly did not get the full value of his money.

Louis E. Schreiber,
Milwaukee, Wis.

In your July issue you printed my article on the muskrat in which I take the grounds that this animal is not carnivorous, but by a typographical error you make me contradict my own statement. It should read that I catch muskrats out of the ponds to keep them from digging up the banks of the ponds, and not to keep them from eating up the fish, as it is printed.

RECREATION becomes more interesting with each edition. I think, as do all its readers whom I have heard express themselves, that the Marlin people will wish they had not spoken before they are through with their suit against RECREATION. C. W. Morgareidge, Wolf, Wyo.

VARYING THE PHRASE.

A current newspaper list of "overworked phrases which ought to be retired," suggests an illustrative story of a young reporter, "verbatim note taker and able to work at the case," who nevertheless hated frayed and worn expressions. "You have used the word 'grouse' 3 times in this paragraph," said the editor-proprietor with a cold, critical emphasis. "I have," admitted the reporter-compositor; "what else can I call a grouse?" "What else?" cried the editor, angrily. "Where has your imagination gone? Call him a 'feathered denizen of the moor,' of course." The reporter digested the lesson. The next day he clipped a long report about yellow fever in Cuba, in which the disease was sometimes referred to by its colloquial name, "yellow jack." He inserted it under the heading, "Chrome-colored John," left his resignation on the table, and thenceforth wrote serials.

If you would like a $10 Wizard camera send me 5 yearly subscriptions and I will have the camera shipped you direct from factory. This is one of the most remarkable premium offers I have ever made. Naturally it will only be open a short time. If you wish to avail yourself of it, please get up your club at once. I have never before given one of these cameras for less than 9 subscriptions.

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Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan.
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YOU COULD DO AS WELL.

Enclosed find New York draft for $12 to cover applications for membership in the L. A. S. These are all prominent business and professional men. They do not include one-half of the members we shall be able to secure from this city alone.

Henry A. Morgan, Albert Lea, Minn.

This is another indication of what a live man can do who makes up his mind to do it. It shows the difference between the man whose intentions are good and who stops there, and the other fellow who intends to do a thing and turns out and does it at the same time. I would rather have one man like this Morgan than a carload of the other fellows. It is safe to say there is not a town of 2,000 inhabitants in the United States where a live man could not get some applications for membership in this League, and here is not a live town of 10,000 inhabitants anywhere in the country where such a man could not get 25 applications in 2 hours if he saw fit to do it. There are a lot of fellows in the country who write me long letters declaring their sympathy with the League work and their intentions to get a lot of their friends to join it. Occasionally when they meet one of their friends they say to him, "Sam, you ought to join this League." Sam asks something about it and the other fellow tells him a little something about it and Sam says may be he will join it sometime. Then the fellow gets to talking about the weather or some other chestnut. But Morgan and other fellows like him go among their friends and say to them, "Give me a dollar." The fellows ask what for, and the collector says for the L. A. S. If the collectee begins to talk the collector calls him down and closes his face. So the money changes hands. Thus it is that the League has 15 local chapters and 6,000 members, nearly all of whom have been enrolled as a direct result of work done by about 25 or 30 men. The other fellows are all of the kind who intend some day to go off and pull some of their friends into the League. But we have all heard of the place that is said to be paved with good intentions.—EDITOR.

MINNESOTA DIVISION ACTIVE.

Albert Lea, Minn.

The following circular has been issued by our local chapter:

> The open seasons for killing such game birds as abound or are to be found in this part of the State of Minnesota are:
>
> Woodcock and upland plover from July 4th to October 31st.
>
> Turtledoves, snipe, prairie chickens, or pinnated grouse, whitebreasted or sharptailed grouse from September 1st to November 1st.
>
> Quails, partridges, ruffled grouse or pheasants from October 1st to December 1st.
>
> Wild ducks of any variety, or any variety of wild geese, brant, or any variety of aquatic fowl whatever from September 1st to January 1st.
>
> The sale, exposing for sale, or having in possession with intent to sell or the shipment to any person within or without the State of any of the above mentioned game birds is prohibited under a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $25, or from 10 to 30 days in jail for each bird. The penalty for each bird killed out of season is not less than $10 nor more than $25, or from 10 to 30 days in jail.
>
> In addition to the above penalties all guns, dogs and implements used in violating the provisions of the game laws are subjected to forfeiture.
>
> The League of American Sportsmen will co-operate with the State and county authorities to strictly enforce the above mentioned provisions and all the provisions of the game laws, and the same will be strictly enforced.
>
> We hereby offer and agree to pay a reward of $10 in each case to any person furnishing information leading to the conviction in this county of any person violating any of the above mentioned provisions of the game laws of this State, or any other provision of the same. We earnestly invite your co-operation and you are specially urged to report all such cases to us.

We have sent out 500 copies of this circular, and will during the close season distribute about 2,000. Within 24 hours of the publication of this circular in one of the local papers I received private information that the law was being violated. I immediately had the charge investigated and the next day an arrest was made. One hundred members in this county are all right, and this case created an interest that was most encouraging. I doubt if there will be any more cases here, but should any arise they will be pressed vigorously. The sentiment for bird, animal, game and forest protection is growing daily.

Henry A. Morgan.
Rear Warden Albert Lea, Minn., Chapter.

GAIN IN UTAH.

The League of American Sportsmen and its objects are becoming better known in this State, and more interest is being taken in the protection of birds, game and fish, although it is difficult to get any special legislation on the subject. I had a hard fight in the Legislature during the last session over our fish and game bill. I failed to get it passed as a whole, but succeeded in getting a few good amendments to the old law. The most important of these are the prohibition of spring shooting of wild water fowl and limiting the kill to 40 birds of any or all kinds in one day. This limit is too high, but I could not do better, and it is a great improvement over the old law without limit, under which as many as 400 have been killed in one day with a single gun; 150 to 250 being a common thing when the flight was good. Elk, antelope and big horns are protected indefinitely, but deer may be killed in the State from October 15th to November 15th, the number being limited to 2 head in any one open season by any one person. The sale of all kinds of mountain, brook and rainbow trout and landlocked salmon and grayling is prohibited, and protection is given to all kinds of song and insectivorous birds except the English sparrow. I did everything I could to get the traffic and sale of all kinds of game and game birds abolished, knowing well that this is the only way to save them, but I failed.

John Sharp,
State Game and Fish Commissioner, and C. W. L. A. S.
Salt Lake, Utah.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Following is copy of a letter I have just received, which may interest you:

Hobart, Ind.

Hon. Frank L. Littleton, Indianapolis:

Dear Sir: I thank you for your interest in procuring us a deputy warden. Wm. Westergren, of Miller, Ind., received a commission for 60 days. What a wonderful effect it has had on the hunters. Not a shot was heard last Sunday on the Calumet, and this is the first spring our river has not had one to a dozen dip nets daily below the mill dam. Mr. Westergren is the oldest member of the L. A. S. in this township. We have perfect confidence in him and poachers are afraid of him.

R. C. Mackey.

We have 50 members in Lake county, and all in or near the township named by Dr. Mackey. Our efforts are bearing fruit in that community. Frank L. Littleton,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I am after all violators of the laws for the protection of birds, fish and game. I recently convicted Warren Slusser and Horace M. Pringle before F. E. Hanousek, justice of peace of Newburgh township, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, for shooting song and insectivorous birds. H. M. Pringle had a jury trial. His fine and costs amounted to $87.25. Warren Slusser's were $33.25 The jury was out but 15 minutes. W. Slusser pleaded guilty. He also had with him a young man whom the judge let off with the costs, $8.25. I also had P. C. Flynn and John Lloyd up for shooting wild ducks June 3, 1901. They gave bonds, and on the day of trial they did not put in an appearance. I had the bond, $400, forfeited, and the prosecuting attorney is to start action in the case. A. W. Hitch,
Local Warden L. A. S., and Special Game Warden, Cleveland, Ohio.

At the close of our Legislature we were 3 bills ahead: one general game bill; one making it compulsory for teachers of our schools to read the game and fish laws to the students once annually; and the other and most important bill compelling the County Commissioners to appoint a fish and game warden on a petition of 20 taxpayers, such warden having authority to make arrests in any county of the State. "And the League did it."

Wm. W. Coleman, Carson., Nev.

A yearly subscription to Recreation is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature, let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford of the same institution.

It takes thirty years to grow a tree and thirty minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

A FORESTRY BUREAU.

The importance of our forestry interest is constantly growing in recognition. The State of Pennsylvania this year recognized it by changing the Division of Forestry in its Department of Agriculture into an independent department, and since the first of July the Federal Division of Forestry has been raised to the rank of a bureau. It is still under the U. S. Department of Agriculture, but already talk is heard of making it an independent department.

That finally the Federal Government must institute a full fledged management of its 40 forest reserves, comprising over 40,000,000 acres, is self evident, and it is only a question how soon and how this will come about. At present the General Land Office is still in charge of this property, but already the Secretary of the Interior has recognized that technical management of these timber lands is necessary and has called on the forestry bureau to prepare the necessary plans. As soon as such plans are formulated, their execution should also be left with the forestry bureau, for technical supervision of the cutting of timber is as essential as technical plans, and it is questionable whether the General Land Office, which was instituted simply to dispose of the public domain, could be so organized as to furnish this technical supervision and continuous management. Meanwhile the forestry bureau is also strenuously trying to extend its influence over private timber land owners by preparing working plans for them. It reports to have prepared plans for 200,000 acres and that 50,000 acres have been put under management; a small area, to be sure. As far as can be learned these plans confine themselves mainly to a determination of the quantity of timber that may be cut and yet leave enough to return for another cut in a given time. It is supposed that upon the basis of measurements of the rate of growth such conservative lumbering would prove more profitable. Whatever flaws may be found in the method-results of these measurements and calculations, the forestry bureau certainly deserves the credit of having brought out strongly the fact that such measurements and calculations are possible, that they must finally be the basis of a sustained forest management and that forestry is a business to be carried on for business purposes on business principles. We hope that the view which the American Lumberman expresses applies more widely than we believe it does as yet when it speaks as follows:

> In the meantime private owners are approaching, if they have not already reached, the stage of timber values in this country when preservative methods of logging can be adopted. The trouble is, we fancy, that the forest has been looked on too much as a quick asset or part of an operating plant rather than an investment. The capitalist nowadays is looking for long-time investments. If he can get one for 50 or 100 years that will pay 3 or 4 per cent. he is well pleased Yet when he puts his money into timber he wants to get it out in 5 to 20 years, or as fast as he can do so, and then he must look around for some other place to invest it. Why not look on the timber itself as the permanent investment? It is as devoid of risk as any and pays as good a profit as any perpetual investment. In fact, it pays a profit enough larger than government bonds to warrant the cost and annoyance of oversight.
>
> The view of timber ownership and of the lumber business, the latter being simply a means of reaping the annual dividends on the former, has already been taken by a few individuals, and there are indications that it will grow rapidly in favor from now on. It is said that the greater part of the long-leaf yellow pine timber of East Texas will soon be placed under forestry methods. A number of large operating timber owners elsewhere have adopted the same principle, and so it may go until some time we shall find the forests of the United States being fully maintained in area and stand while furnishing an enormous revenue.

A FORESTRY TRUST.

There is great opportunity for good attainable by trusts in the management of our forest resources; for forestry, to be successfully and profitably carried on as a business under our economic conditions requires large capital, continuity of management for a long time and the willingness to forego present revenue for increased revenues in the future; requirements which large combinations of capitalists are in condition to fulfill.

No trust has yet formed which has in view such far-reaching policices as ought to be undertaken. The existing trust combinations seem mostly based on narrow considerations of the present and to use their power mainly for immediate, not for continued pocket interests. An exhibition of the dangers to social and political institutions which may come from these trusts, managed on such narrow lines, is furnished by the influences which the International Paper Company evidently wields in the State of Maine. The International Company was instituted a few years ago to amalgamate the paper pulp interests, and incidentally to control the supplies of spruce, which in the Northeastern States have dwindled down to a condition where hardly any more than 10 to 15 years' material for the present mill capacity is visible.

Now a new corporation, the American Realty Company, has been organized by leading members of the International Company for the purpose of purchasing, managing, and caring for the timberlands owned by this trust located in Maine and elsewhere. If this management is intended to proceed on forestry principles, i. e., with a view to a rational and economic utilization of present supplies and to reproduction, we can only welcome and applaud the combination. This would then be a beneficial trust, to be encouraged. Meanwhile this rearrangement brings to light rather peculiar relationships, which may exist in the official family of the State of Maine; for it appears that Mr. Charles E. Oak, now the purchasing agent and manager of the American Realty Company, while serving as State land agent and forest commissioner had been at the same time in like capacity in the employ of the International Paper Company; and the treasurer of the new company, Mr. F. M. Simpson, only recently retired from the office of State Treasurer, and is at present a member of the State Board of Assessors.

The Augusta *New Age* comments on these relations of Mr. Simpson as follows:

Whether or not he will resign from this office has not been ascertained. If he does not retire from the board it might not be unfair to insinuate that the American Realty Company desires him to remain where he is. Its management probably believes that as a tax assessor he can render the company great assistance when he assesses the valuation of the wild lands owned by the combination.

It is a palpable fact that the great paper trust has been shrewd in securing the services of these 2 men, office holders of the State of Maine for many years, for the most important places in the pulp supply company which it has created. In their official capacities as land agent and as treasurer Messrs. Oak and Simpson have had exceptional advantages over other men in obtaining valuable information concerning the location and worth of Maine wild lands.

The company will receive the benefit of the 'training school' which the State of Maine has provided.

It is to be sincerely hoped there was, is, or will be nothing wrong in these relationships; that the control of the spruce lands, if secured by this company, will be a benefit to the community in the sense pointed out, and that the new Forest Commissioner, Mr. E. E. Ring, who sold his holdings to the International Company previous to his appointment, will faithfully work for the interests of the State which have been intrusted to him.

WORLD'S TIMBER SUPPLY.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, in London, Dr. Schlich read a paper on the world's timber trade. The present European deficiency ,he said, was 2,620,000 tons a year, and the demand was increasing at the rate of 600,000 tons a year. In other quarters of the world than North America he saw no chance of relief. Most of the other sections of the earth produce only hardwoods, and if Russia and Siberia have sufficient quantities of coniferous woods the cost of getting them to market is prohibitive.

The production of the United States is estimated at 75,000,000 tons and the consumption at one-third more than that, so the supply there must soon be exhausted. Canada had not yet responded to the increased demands of Europe, so he deemed it improbable the Dominion would do so in the future unless a thorough system of forest cultivation and protection were established.

In spite of vast forests in some of the colonies the British Empire imports about £90,000,000 worth of timber annually, and the quantity is increasing. Canada, Australia and India could be made to produce great quantities of timber by proper management. The United Kingdom spends $125,000,000 a year for imported timber, ⅞ of which is pine and fir. Yet there were 12,000,000 acres of waste land and 13,000,000 acres of mountain and heath land out of which to select the 6 or 7 million acres required to supply the United Kingdom with timber.—Exchange.

At the International Congress of Silviculture, held at the Paris Exposition, a Monsieur Melard discussed the same question of the world's supply and demand for timber, and came to the conclusion that Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and the 3 European peninsulas, with 215,000,000 population, require, besides their own cut, about 1.4 million cubic feet of wood, for which they pay $200,000,000 to other countries: namely, to Austria-Hungary, Norway and Sweden, Russia and North America.

For the United States Mr. H. Gannett, who a few years ago ridiculed the concern of forestry advocates regarding timber supplies, finds now only 50 years' supply standing, presumably without allowing for increased demand.

How this demand increases and thereby reduces the length of time for which virgin supplies will last may be learned by a comparison of the quantity of wood exports, which in 1870 represented $13,735,000, in 1900 $50,598,000, an increase of nearly 400 per cent. in 3 decades. That the growing shortage is becoming perceptible is also testified by the sale of government timber limits at Quebec last June, when about 4,200 square miles were sold for about $400,000, the highest price attained being for spruce limits at $377 a mile, the average being $92, which is an increase of 50 per cent. on the highest price obtained at previous sales.

EUCALYPTUS FOR CUBA.

Dr. John Gifford, of the New York State College of Forestry, has just imported a large quantity of Eucalyptus seed from France for the sanitary department of the city of Havana, Cuba, Seeds of the following species have been secured: *E. amygdalina*, *E. resinifera*, *E. rostrata*, and 2 varieties of *E. viminalis*. The little trees will be grown under the direction of Dr. V. Havard and Mr. Eben White. As soon as they are of sufficient size they will be planted in the neighborhood of Havana. It is hoped that by the planting of these trees the healthfulness of that region will be improved. The soil is undoubtedly drained by these trees and odors of a healthful nature are emitted from the leaves. The trees grow quickly and soon yield valuable wood, especially *E. rostrata* and *E. resinifera*, which are highly prized in their native land, Australia, and in places where they have been cultivated.

E. amygdalina, of Southeast Australia, although not the largest, is the loftiest tree of the world. In favored localities it reaches a height of over 400 feet. The wood is used for shingles, rails, house construction, ship construction, etc.

E. resinifera, of Queensland and New South Wales, has done remarkably well in Algeria and Southern Europe. It is a superior timber tree; in fact, the wood is called Australian mahogany. It is excellent for a tropical clime, although not so rapid a grower as other species.

E. rostrata yields valuable wood also. This species is extensively cultivated in South Africa, where it is called the Farmer's Friend.

Various other species will be experimented with in order to find those best adapted to the Cuban conditions. Species valuable for wood have been selected because wood is scarce in parts of Cuba. A friend writes that telegraph and telephone poles are expensive and scarce, and that American basswood, for instance, is worth $150 a thousand at retail.

THE CEDAR WOOD SHINGLE.

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY.

With profuse apologies to the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to my heart is the cedar wood shingle,
With which I was basted in days that are fled.
E'en now I recall how my sore skin would tingle,
When father and I had adjourned to the shed.
How oft on my tenderest spot I received it,
'Twas poised for a moment, then fell with a whack;
If a few inches higher it struck I believe it
Would, beyond question, have broken my back.

That old cedar shingle that lay in the woodshed.
That cedar wood shingle,
That barbarous shingle,
That deadly old shingle that lay in the shed.

That cedar wood shingle I hailed as a terror,
For whene'er I returned from some wild escapade,
'Twas ever the means which corrected my error,
And a fearfully vivid impression it made.
With my father's stern justice no mercy would mingle,
Right soundly he licked me and sent me to bed,
And often in visions I dream of that shingle,
That old wooden shingle that lay in the shed.

That cedar wood shingle,
That barbarous shingle,
That deadly old shingle that lay in the shed.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

FOOD OF HARVARD BOAT CLUB.

Considerable information has accumulated within the past few years concerning the normal and usual food consumption of mechanics, laboring men, professional men and other people in ordinary conditions of life, but the food requirement of athletes is less definitely understood. Some 2 years ago the United States Department of Agriculture published the results of some investigations made with the Yale and Harvard boat crews during training. Professor W. O. Atwater and Dr. F. G. Benedict of Wesleyan University, who conducted the investigations, have just reported a similar investigation with the Harvard crew. This investigation was made at the instigation of the Harvard Athletic Committee in order to obtain information regarding the food consumed and digested by the Harvard University boat crew. The observations were made at the headquarters of the crew, at Gales Ferry, near New London, Conn., during the last days of training previous to the race with Yale. Professors Atwater and Benedict discuss these results in effect as follows, in the Boston Medical Journal:

A study was made of the actual amounts and composition of food eaten by 4 members of the Harvard University crew during one week of active training immediately preceding a race The data obtained also include statistics of the quantity and composition of solid and liquid excreta during the same period. The investigation thus included a dietary study, a digestion experiment, a study of the excreta, and a nitrogen metabolism experiment.

As regards the physical characteristics and condition of the men, it will suffice here simply to call attention to the fact that they were in normal condition throughout the period of study. The men rose at 7 a. m. and took a 5-minute walk before breakfast. After breakfast they indulged in reading, going out in the launch, playing games, etc., until about 10 o'clock, when they prepared for morning practice on the river, which was in general from ¾ to 1¼ hours in duration. On the return, after the bath a light lunch was served, and at 2 o'clock a heartier meal was taken. The evening row began between 5 and 6 o'clock, and lasted ½ hour to 2 hours. The last and the heartiest meal of the day was served about 8 o'clock, and at its close the men sang or read until 10 o'clock, at which time they were obliged to retire.

The 4 men ate at a small table in the large general living room, which served as a dining room. The remainder of the crew, the substitutes and the coaches, sat at one long table in the same room. The observers in charge of the investigation were stationed at the door of the pantry adjoining. The small table, at which the men under observation sat, was served by a special waiter, who was also required to serve, in a general way, at the large table. Each article of food served at the small table and all food materials taken from that table were weighed, and samples were taken for analysis. No attempt was made to determine the proportions of food consumed by the 4 men individually. The study began with breakfast Tuesday morning, June 19th, and ended with the evening meal of Monday, the 25th.

The food eaten included among other things meat, fish, eggs, raw and cooked, milk, butter, cereal breakfast foods, bread of different kinds, simple desserts, vegetables, and fresh and cooked fruits. All visible fat was trimmed from the meat and rejected. With lamb or mutton chops only a small amount of the total weight of the chop was actually eaten. Well cooked, crisp bacon was served occasionally, and seemed to be especially relished. Most of the bread was toasted, although at the last meal of each day stale bread was allowed. A dish of calves' foot jelly with sherry was given after the morning row, and at the evening meal ale or claret was allowed. It was noticed that after the time row, and other unusually severe work, more ale or claret was taken.

The 4 men ate on the average 154 grams of protein, 139 grams of fat and 473 grams of carbohydrates, with a fuel value of 3,925 calories per man per day. These results compare with those of other studies as follows:

PROTEIN AND ENERGY IN FOOD PER MAN PER DAY.

	Protein Grams.	Energy Calories.
Four men of Harvard University crew, New London.....	154	3924
Harvard University crew, New London, 1898	160	3945
Average, Harvard and Yale University and Freshmen crews, Cambridge, New Haven and New London, 1898	155	3955
Average, 38 dietaries of men at ordinary occupations, United States	102	3310

It thus appears that the 4 men ate just

about as much as the Harvard and Yale crews in 1898, and that their food had about 50 per cent. more protein and 16 per cent. more energy than that of the men at ordinary occupations in the United States whose dietaries have been studied.

Comparison of the amounts of nutrients in the food with those in the solid excreta shows the amounts that were actually available. These are nearly, but not quite, the same as the amounts actually digested. They differ from the latter by the amounts of metabolic products in the feces. The average coefficients of availability in these digestion experiments were:

Protein	92.2 per cent.
Fat	95.6 " "
Carbohydrates	98.1 " "
Energy	91.8 " "

These figures are nearly identical with those obtained by taking the coefficients of availability of food as found by experiments with men on ordinary diet and at ordinary occupations, and applying them to the diet of the men in the present experiments. This means that the 4 athletes, on the average, digested their food just about as completely as the average man does. There were, however, marked differences in the amounts and composition of the feces of the different men; such, indeed, as to imply wide differences in their capacity to digest their food.

No especial studies were made of the composition of the feces. Comparisons of the urea and uric acid in the urine failed to bring any results such as to warrant conclusions regarding the effect of severe muscular exercise on their amounts.

One notable feature of the experiments was found in the fact that the nitrogen excreted by the kidneys and intestines was considerably less in quantity than the total nitrogen of the food. This means that there was a considerable storage of nitrogen in the body. The quantity was such as to correspond to an average of not far from 24 grams of protein per day, if no allowance is made for the excretion of nitrogenous compounds in perspiration through the skin. Even after making allowance for a considerable excretion of nitrogen through the skin, this gain is so noticeable as to suggest the queries whether men who are storing nitrogen to such an extent are in the best physical condition, and whether the quantity of protein in the diet was the most appropriate for the purpose.

Perhaps the most important conclusion to be derived from the experiments is that further and more detailed investigations are needed to show what diet is best for men under such severe muscular strain as that of oarsmen in training for races.

HOW TAMALES ARE MADE.

Tamales, a dish made of corn and chicken highly seasoned and wrapped in a corn husk, are believed to be of Spanish-American origin, and have become generally popular in the United States within the last 10 years. In many of the larger cities fresh tamales are sold by street venders. Canned tamales are now on the market, so that those who can not buy them fresh and do not care to attempt to make them at home need not go without them.

In the American Kitchen Magazine Miss Clara I. Price describes the manufacture of tamales on a large scale in the San Francisco factories.

The first item to be considered in tamale manufacturing is the corn husks. These are shipped in great bales from corn-growing States to the manufacturer. These husks are carefully looked over and sorted, for different grades of tamales have different qualities of material, even in husks.

After sorting, the husks are cleansed in a preparation which has a bleaching tendency, and is known only to the trade.

The peppers, those of large, mild variety being used for this purpose, are cleansed by a similar process and boiled 2 to 3 hours, or until reduced to a pulpy mass resembing stewed tomatoes, and by the majority accepted as that vegetable. Its use in tamale making would, however, be impossible, as it sours quickly, while the stewed peppers keep an incredibly long time. This pepper pulp is allowed to cool at least 12 hours before it is used in filling tamales.

The paste which coats the inner husk is also deceptive; for instead of being, as one judges by looks or appearance, ordinary cornmeal, it is made from corn shelled on the premises and prepared much as is hominy. This hominy, or hulled corn, of the frontier is beaten to a pulp in a huge hand mill and is boiled an hour or 2 more, then allowed to grow perfectly cool before being used.

Chicken forms the most tempting ingredient in the tamale, and the chickens used in the best factories, are of prime quality, killed and dressed on the premises. They are boiled until tender, that the bones may be easily removed, an essential precaution where boneless tamales are guaranteed for sale.

A filling room visited showed a number of long tables, on which were huge pans of corn paste, the red pepper paste, great dishes of olives and pans of chickens cut into small strips and carefully assorted. At regular intervals and before each busy tamale maker were arranged piles of silky white corn husks.

A man with a large spoon in his hand begins a tamale by spreading several strips of husk with a scant spoonful of corn paste. He tosses these to a companion who lays them together, places within them an olive, several scraps of chicken, and a generous spoonful of the pepper concoction.

The husks with the pepper pulp are made the centre of the tamale. About them the husks, heavy with corn paste, are twisted, and a compact bundle is formed some 6 inches in diameter, as many in length, and containing 8 or 10 husks. To the outside another husk is added, and stamped with the trade mark and name of the firm. From a pile of strings cut into equal lengths 2 pieces are selected and the tamale is tied tightly at each end. It is then passed to the third pair of hands, those of a man who has shredded into strips the inner silky husks. Two of these strips are tied together and twisted about the center, or thickest part, the ends are clipped with a huge pair of shears, and the tamale then goes to the trimmer who passes it beneath a machine resembling a beef clipper, which removes the husks to within an inch of the strings at the ends. The tamale is then pronounced ready for the huge, square steam tanks to which a load is wheeled by one of the dusky assistants.

In these tanks the tamales are steamed at least 3 hours. They are then placed on racks to cool, when they are ready for transportation to local customers, or to customers in various towns throughout the State.

COMMERCIAL FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

W. D. Bigelow, who has made an extensive study of food preservatives, makes the following statements concerning the need of legislation regarding the use of preservatives and the composition of a number of sorts which he examined:

"The States that use large quantities of commercial fertilizers have found it necessary to enact laws requiring that fertilizers be sold only in bags on which the composition of the contents is marked. Such legislation has been found equally advantageous to consumers and to reliable manufacturers, and has changed a business in which honesty once seemed impossible into one in which misrepresentation and deceit are relatively rare. Such laws work no hardship to anyone. They encourage trade and restrict fraud. They receive practically the unanimous support of all reputable citizens who have opportunity to observe their working.

It would seem that similar legislation regarding food preservatives would not be untimely. This would not sanction the miscellaneous use of preservatives, but would restrict abuses. The air of mystery with which many dealers attempt to surround their wares would thus be dispelled, and preservatives could not be sold, as they sometimes are now, for 2 to 30 times their value.

With a view to determining the nature of substances most commonly used for the preservation of food, I have recently collected and examined as many as practicable of the more common commercial food preservatives. The collection of samples of this nature is attended with many difficulties, for dealers who advertise their wares as free from salicylic acid, boric acid, sulphites, formaldehyde, and other poisonous ingredients, and "manufactured in accordance with all pure food laws," are often anxious to keep their products out of the reach of the chemist. Of the 67 samples examined, 33 contained borax or boric acid; 10 sodium, potassium, or calcium sulphite; 8 salicylic acid or its sodium compound; 7 benzoic acid or its sodium compound; one boric acid and salicylic acid; one boric acid and ammonium fluorid; 3 formaldehyde; one ammonium fluorid; 2 pyroligneous acid, and one beta-napthol. These substances may be divided into 2 classes: those which are undoubtedly injurious, such as formaldehyde, salicylic acid and sulphites; and those whose toxic action is disputed, like borax and benzoic acid. The addition to foods of substances belonging to the first class should be proscribed. The others should be used only with food which is so marked as to inform the purchaser of their presence.

A hand-maiden—The fair manicurist.

A cutting remark—"Baby has a tooth."

Would you call the belle of her set a ringleader?

A hard drinker—The person with a sore throat.

The overworked undertaker is what you might call dead-tired.

Some girls never get lost because their noses are always turning up.

It isn't exactly paradoxical for Mrs. Day to be dark while Mrs. Knight is light.

When girls fish for fellows and catch them they "have 'em on a string."

It is not always a mistake for a man who has his choice to pick a wall-flower.

Because a man calls a girl "a perfect poem" is no sign she's averse to him.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Everyone knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

BOOK NOTES.

AN ATTRACTIVE NATURE BOOK

"Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts"* appears as another addition to the rapidly increasing library of popular botany. The author, Mabel Osgood Wright, believes that in the great out of doors there is a wealth of beauty and enjoyment free to all who will but take the pains to walk about through the fields and use their eyes. Aided by the conversation of one or 2 companions a series of interesting excursions is conducted, illustrating what anyone with a desire to know something of the life about him may repeat in his own locality. The writer considers one plant in the field to be worth several in the herbarium, and throughout the book there is the breath of the fields and an admiration of nature that render the volume especially attractive. The book contains numerous photogravures that have been well selected for the most part and reproduced with artistic skill by the publishers. The scenes illustrating The coming of Spring, The May Apple, Lizard Tail, Fly Amarita, Cat-Tails, and Haunt of the Ferns are excellent. Not even the artistic pose of the attractive girl in the latter view can detract from the value of this scene. The difficulties of photographing scenes from nature can only be appreciated by those who have made the attempt. The book contains some excellent illustrations of this nature. The author, however, has missed the plant's view point in some of the illustrations, particularly in the caseof the stramonium. The author and publishers are to be congratulated on their success in illustration. It has been practically impossible in the past to procure cuts reflecting the atmosphere and life conditions which lend the attraction in the study of nature. A book of this character gives a happy forecast of future volumes that shall not furnish us with scraps and broken bits of plant life, but which shall show their environment and ecological surroundings, which afford the chief charm to out of door life.

"Sonnets to a Wife" may seem to find a hardly suitable place for review in Recreation, but the author, Ernest McGaffey, is also the author of "Poems of the Rod and Gun," and those of us who have read that volume will surely give him a hearing when he writes on other themes. This last book is not a record of maudlin sentiment, but a tribute, clean, sweet and strong to pure and noble womanhood: the mature offering of what is best in a man to the woman he worships. As such it deserves notice. We quote from his lines on "Contentment" as a hint of what may be found throughout this little book of sonnets:

To glean the fields of life and take the grain
  With thorns or poppies, as the gods decree;
To lightly jest at Winter's wrath and see
  Flowers in frost upon the window pane;
  To build our airy castle-walls in Spain,
However bare the near surroundings be—
This is the secret of content: the key
  Which men have given all the world to gain.

"Nature Biographies," by Prof. C. M. Weed, treats, as its further title states, of "the lives of some everyday butterflies, moths, grasshoppers and flies." These articles have previously been published in various magazines and are now brought together, in attractive book form, by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. There are 150 illustrations from photographs by the author, which add greatly to the value of the book. The publishers will send this volume postpaid to any address on approval.

C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago, have recently published a 5th edition of the "History of the Christian Religion," to the year 200, by C. B. Waite, A. M., which has been carefully revised and printed from entirely new plates. In his preface the author states that "It is believed this will be found the most complete record of the events connected with the Christian religion during the first 2 centuries that has ever been presented to the public."

Are you saving your photo prints? If not, begin at once. Send me 2 yearly subscriptions to Recreation, at $1 each, and I will send you a Buechner album that will hold 100 4 x 5 prints. It will be of great value to you in showing the progress you make in your photography, from the first page to the last, and your prints will always recall interesting memories.

Casey—Wasn't ye shocked and pained to hear av Clancy's sudden death?

Costigan—Indade and Oi was! He owed me thirty-five cints.

Mrs. Farmer (to tramp): Are you looking for work?

Ruby Knose: No, lady; I'm lookin' fer sympathy. I've hed 6 jobs offered me in 2 hours.

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*8vo, pp. XIX—358. New York, Macmillan Co., 1901.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	1901.
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	$3,903
February ..	256	693	2,151	3,267
March	300	1,049	1,919	3,710
April	342	645	1,570	2,760
May	292	902	1,377	2,303
June	307	770	971	2,016
July	345	563	854	2,000
August	306	601	1,262	2,245
September .	498	951	1,464	
October ...	438	969	1,842	
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

And thus you see August of this year shows a gain of $978 over August, 1900. More bitterness for Paddy Marlin.

PADDY'S NEW BOOK.

Paddy Marlin has published another book about me. He was too cowardly to sign his name to it, but it is being sent out broadcast from his gun shop, and I naturally assume he is the author of it. The book tells about a lot of hunting I did in Florida and in the far west 25 years ago, and undertakes to prove that I am the champion game hog.

I have not had time to read the screed, but from a casual glance it appears to be made up mainly of some letters published in the A. D. G. H. a year ago, embellished with editorial comments, presumably evolved from Paddy's fertile brain. He carefully excludes what I said in the same book from which he quotes, as to the necessity of protecting certain species of birds and animals which were even at that early day, threatened with extermination. For instance, he neglects to include a recommendation I made that Congress should pass a law to protect the buffalo, and that the War Department should be charged with the duty of enforcing such law.

I want to help Paddy circulate his new book, and therefore advise all readers of Recreation to write the Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., and ask for a copy. It is not necessary to even enclose a stamp. You can make your request on a postal card and Paddy will pay the freight.

Not only will he send you this new book, but he will probably include a copy of his "Court Document", which is a reprint of the petition filed in his suit against me. It will be remembered that this suit was dismissed—the judge remarking that he had no authority to enjoin a man from saying a thing he had not yet said, when he did not know whether he (the defendant) was going to say it or not, nor what it would be if he did say it. Yes, Paddy was fired out of court, but he still continues to print and send out his petition.

I should be glad if all readers who may secure a copy of either or both of these pamphlets, would, after reading same, write Marlin and tell him what you think of a man, or a house, that will print and circulate an anonymous document like this game hog book. I would also be glad to have you tell Marlin what you think of a man, or a house, that will keep on circulating a copy of a petition filed in court, after the suit has been dismissed on the ground of "no cause of action."

Of course, some of you may agree with Marlin. I know all the game hogs will, whom I have roasted. But all the same, I should be glad to have every man express his opinion. And Marlin will be glad too. His object in printing and sending out these books is to destroy Recreation. If you approve of his methods tell him so. If you disapprove, tell him so. In either case please send me a copy of your letter.

> You may break, you may scatter the case if you will,
> But Paddy's petition will float about still.

A RARE VISITOR.

On the morning of August 29th, last, when I came in my office I was surprised to find a whippoorwill sailing about the room. I closed the doors and windows and captured him. He proved to be a young bird, but was full fledged and a strong flyer.

How he happened to come into the sanctum of Recreation is a mystery. These birds are rarely seen or heard in or about this city, though plentiful in certain portions of New York and New Jersey, within 50 to 100 miles. I imagine the little wayfarer had started South, inasmuch as these birds migrate early; that he had become wearied in his flight and while passing over the city had lighted to rest. Everything looking strange to him, he doubtless became dazed and in seeking a hiding place for the day, happened to find my open window.

My first impulse was to drop him out of the window and let him continue his journey; but on second thought I realized that being a nocturnal bird and having little use of his eyes in daylight he would probably light on the ground. There he would no doubt fall a prey to some thoughtless boy, or to some prowling cat. So, I decided not to expose the bird to these dangers.

It happened that I was starting that morning for the Mashipacong club, 98 miles from New York, in the mountains of northern New Jersey. I placed the little stranger in a pasteboard box, wrapped him up, cut some holes in the box, so as to give him plenty of air and took him with me. I watched for a chance to liberate him along the way, but the Erie flyer, on which I traveled, made only 2 stops between here and Port Jervis. These were in Paterson and Middletown. I did not feel safe in throwing the bird from the car window, as the train sped; so I took him with me into the buggy when leaving Port Jervis.

Arriving at the club house I went to the edge of the woods, opened the box and turned the bird out on the ground. By this time he seemed to have become thoroughly tame, and set there with his eyes half closed, to exclude the bright sun light. After waiting a minute for him to move, I picked him up, tossed him into the air and he sailed away over the tree tops.

By this time he is doubtless eating flies and mosquitos in South Carolina, or in Georgia, or possibly in Florida, and I trust he may never meet a worse fate anywhere than when he called at the office of RECREATION.

Summons and complaint were served last week on Bootman & Robinson, as owners of the Arctic Freezing Co., involving about 1¼ millions of dollars. They have not made answer, but I understand they have employed Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall to defend them. We expect during the proceedings to develop who the real owners are, and proceed against them. Black, Gruber, Olcott & Bonye are attorneys for the State.

J. E. Overton, New York City.

The Arctic Freezing Co. undoubtedly had to put up a retainer fee of at least $1,000 to get Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall to take their case, and possibly a much larger one than this. It is not likely this firm would undertake to try a case and carry it through to a finish on a fee of less than $5,000, and it is likely to run up to $20,000. So the lesson this freezing company is now learning will be an expensive one in any event; and I hope, as I have said before, to see these people broken up in business.—EDITOR.

Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of 59 Wall street, New York, who owns a large game park in the Adirondacks, enclosed with an 8-foot wire fence, writes me that one of his elk escaped from the park some days ago and that it was promptly killed by some game hog near Tupper lake. The skin and saddle were taken and the rest of the carcass was left to rot.

Here is another pointer for the good people who are endeavoring to stock the Adirondack country with moose and elk. As I have before predicted, every elk and every moose that may be turned out in that country will be killed within 6 months, and more likely within 60 days, after being released.

Dr. David S. Jordan, President of Stanford University, and Dr. Barton W. Evermann, ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, who spent the summer in the Hawaiian Islands, returned to the United States in August last. They were sent to the islands by the Government to investigate their fishes and other aquatic resources.

The investigations proved eminently successful. The fishery methods, laws and statistics were carefully studied, and large and important collections of the fishes were made. Over 300 species were obtained, among which are many species new to science.

The other members of the party returned in September, except Messrs. L. E. Goldsborough and George Sindo, who will go to Paga Pago in the Samoan Islands to make a collection of the fishes found there.

Doctors Jordan and Evermann will soon submit a preliminary report to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The final report will not be made until more deep-sea work has been done about the islands.

I want to congratulate you on the signal success which you have attained with your brilliant magazine. It is no attempt at flattery when I tell you that next to my rods and guns I have no more highly prized treasures within my den than the rows of copies of RECREATION in my bookcase. The oldest copy bears the date July, 1896, but neither that nor the others have yet grown stale or threadbare.

Keep up your successful battle against the game and fish hogs, for you certainly have all fair minded and honest sportsmen on your side.

C. J. Davis, Chicago, Ill.

Have you read the announcement of my 6th annual photo competition? If not, you should do so at once. See first page of photo department in this issue of RECREATION. Study carefully the quality and value of prizes. Is there not something in the list you want? If so, go for it.

THE DIARY OF A TENDERFOOT

CHARLES C. TRUESDELL.

Early in July, 1899, Jack, Mack, Frank and I left Idaho Springs, Colorado, for a long overland trip through the West. Our route took us through the Rockies, over the desert to Salt Lake, thence across Idaho and Wyoming, over the Teton range, down into Jackson's Hole, through the Yellowstone Park, and ended at Cinnabar, Montana. After 10 days of travel we decided to make a side trip to Trappers' lake, Colorado.

We left our buckboard at a ranch near Pyramid peak, mounted our bronchos and were soon fairly started on what proved to be the hardest ride of the trip. After fording numerous streams we reached the foot hills. Then began the long and tedious journey over the first range. Our horses were forced to pick their way through the burnt lands and down timber, and they did it in a way that caused me to regret not having doubled my life insurance.

When finally we reached the summit we were surprised to find great drifts of snow on the other side; but Jack said, "When I start for Trappers' lake I usually go there," and started right through the first drift. My horse did not give me much time to think of the East and friends, but soon followed Jack's lead, floundering, slipping, sliding and fairly crawling through the drifts. After about 2 hours we reached the foot and found ourselves in the most beautiful deer park I ever saw. We counted over 40 deer and saw numerous signs of elk before we turned to cross the last divide.

Finding a good pass we had little difficulty in reaching the other side. Then began the last 13 miles, through a succession of parks, and we were soon tired of counting deer. It seems strange that after we had encountered all the dangers of the range an accident should happen on a comparatively smooth trail, but such was the case. Jack and I had stopped to gather some mushrooms and were about a mile behind the rest of the outfit when Jack said, "Come on, Tender!" clapped the spurs to his horse, gave a Sioux whoop that made my horse jump into the creek, and flew along the trail. I followed. The horses were anxious to reach the others and were not giving their usual attention to the trail. Jack's horse put his foot in a badger hole and Jack stopped in the trail about 15 feet over the horse's head. I brought my horse to a stop and saw Jack sitting in the trail trying to grab with his hands enough air to breathe.

"Is that what you fellows call hitting the trail?" I asked.

"No; this is where the trail hits me. It's the first time, and it's all on account of having a tenderfoot in the outfit with a taste for those d—— toadstools."

I could not say what I wanted to then about poor horsemanship, for I did not like the way Jack eyed me as he was blowing the dust out of his gun; but I made up my mind that if I ever lived to get East of the Mississippi I would tell Jack what I thought of him in a phonograph and send him the record, or through a marked copy of RECREATION. At any rate, Jack must hear my opinion of him when I am out of range.

We rounded up his horse and were soon up with the rest. Jack explained the delay by saying he had to wait for Tender to photograph chipmunks. I did not deem it wise to dispute him then, so reserved nailing that lie for the phonograph. After half an hour's ride the far famed Trappers' lake burst into view like an emerald from the darkness. Trout were breaking water everywhere. Turning our horses to feed, we soon had our rods equipped, and while Mack and Frank rustled a fire and arranged the camp Jack and I tried the trout. I can not call it sport, for the minute my flies tickled the water they were all filled. In playing the 3 trout, of at least one pound each, one broke away, but his place was taken by another before I could retrieve a yard of line. I soon had 11 and Jack 5. Jack said he could have caught 100 in the time I had taken, but that he did not care to fish, preferring to see me make a fool of myself killing trout. He thought he would better take them all to camp and leave me there to lose some more. He did not have his gun, so I ventured to remark that in my humble opinion he was better at horsemanship and gathering mushrooms than at casting for trout. Instinctively his hand sought the right side of his belt. Not finding his gun he tried to kill me with a look. I had a rise just then so I did not scare.

The trout in Trappers' lake run from one to 2 pounds in weight and are very gamy and high colored, but there are too many of them.

After spending 3 days at Trappers' we kept the trail from hitting us for about 6 weeks and arrived at Yellowstone Park. There we had the usual experience of a visit from a bear at night. He saved us the trouble of washing the dishes by licking the coffee cups and plates and getting his hide outside of things generally.

After seeing the sights in the Park we arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs with about 15 pounds more flesh on our bones than when we started and plenty of whiskers. Old Jack grasped my hand and there were tears in his eyes as he remarked,

"Well, Tender, barring the fact that you have all to learn on every subject, you are not so much of a d—— fool as you were when you started, and my ranch is yours if you ever care to come again. I'll—I'll even go toadstool hunting with you."

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A NATIONAL TRADE.

West End Furniture Company,

Gentlemen:—I received your sportsmen's cabinet and am much pleased with it. No sportsman should be without one, and I don't see how you can get up such a pretty piece of furniture for the price you ask. It keeps everything in its place and everything is kept clean. It insures perfect safety to fishing tackle and guns, and at the same time they are where they can be looked for and cleaned as often as they require it.

Appleton Webb, Waterville, Me.

West End Furniture Company,

Dear sirs:—The gun cabinet and Savage rifle duly arrived and both were awarded their share of admiration and attention. I am pleased with the cabinet and now that my traps are snugly arranged therein I can not see how I ever did without it. I feel assured that several friends of mine will order cabinets from you in the near future.

J. R. Stewart, M. D., Houston, Tex.

West End Furniture Company,

Gentlemen:—The cabinet is everything claimed for it, is perfectly satisfactory, and has been much admired by friends to whom I have exhibited it.

J. W. Tompkins, Oakland, Cal.

We have hundreds of testimonials from States between the above and from foreign countries. We feel confident you would be equally pleased with one of our cabinets.

Our cabinet is the most convenient and ornamental piece of furniture a sportsman can invest in.

They make a convenient place for everything from the fishhook to the rifle. Quartered oak front, polished finish, claw feet, rifle twist moulding, double thick glass doors, writing and loading table, regularly fitted for 6 or 8 guns.

Well crated for shipment to all parts of the country.

West End Furniture Company,
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees,
Williamsport, Pa.

A COMPARISON—1844-1901.

Before me lies a copy of an old New York Central time table, printed in 1844. Contemplating it, I am led to make some comparisons that give a striking object lesson of the progress of the United States in 57 years.

In 1844 it took 30½ hours to travel by mail train, Albany to Buffalo.

In 1901 by the Empire State Express, it takes 5 hours and 37 minutes.

In 1844 the fare, Albany to Buffalo, was $11.50.

In 1901 the fare is $6.15.

In 1844 the route, Albany to Niagara Falls, was by rail to Syracuse, thence via Oswego Canal and Lake Erie; distance 333 miles, fare $10, time 32 hours.

In 1901 the distance by New York Central is 305 miles; fare $6.15, time 6 hours, 14 minutes.

In 1844 the cars were lighted with candles; there were no sleeping cars; meals were obtained at primitive taverns, and the physical conditions of the roadway made long and tiresome delays necessary, and a journey an irksome undertaking.

In 1901 the cars are lighted by both gas and electricity; they consist of luxurious sleeping cars at night, and magnificently equipped parlor cars and coaches for day trains, with dining cars that furnish a meal equal to that of the best hotels; luxuriously furnished smoking and library cars, and magnificent observation cars, where a person may sit and study the ever changing scenery, and the constant succession of cities and towns that make the New York Central famous wherever printed books or papers are found.

I call this an object lesson of what the United States has done, because what the great transportation companies have accomplished is only an example of what has been done in many other lines of business, although we must admit that transportation companies have led the way to the marvelous development of the country.

The decision of a New York State Judge that the anti-scalping act, passed at the last session of the New York Legislature, is unconstitutional is directly opposite to the view taken by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on a similar act of the Pennsylvania Legislature. The Court of Appeals, the highest court in New York State, has yet to pass on the act declared unconstitutional by a judge of the lower court, though a somewhat similar act was, a year or more ago, declared unconstitutional by the higher court. The people gain nothing as a result of scalping. The experience of Pennsylvania is proof of that fact. The disappearance of the scalpers from this State has been a gain instead of a loss, particularly as the railroads redeem all unused tickets. Scalpers are nothing more or less than parasites, producing nothing, but living off the substance of others, while often promoting theft and forgery.—Philadelphia Press.

Malta, Mont., March 2, 1901.
Mr. D. W. Cree,
Griggsville, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please send me 3 No. 2 Common Sense Camp Stoves, for which I enclose money order for $22.50. We have been using your stoves in our sheep camps the past 4 years. The first year we used them in the summer camps only. Now the boys won't use anything else the year round. I really think, Mr. Cree, you have mis-named your stove. It should be called The Best Camp Stove On Earth. Please find enclosed order for $22.50.

Respectfully yours,
J. S. Norton.

Mr. J. P. Kane, chief instructor of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, New York, became a student of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., over 2 years ago. He says the instruction has been invaluable to him in his work, and that many employees of the same company who have enrolled in the schools have been greatly benefited by their studies.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co. has made arrangements with the Bekeart Co., of No. 114 Second street, San Francisco, Cal., to carry a full line of Ideal goods.

H. L. Jespersen, of the old firm of Cornwall & Jespersen, has put in a large line of sportsmen's goods at No. 10 Park Place. He has been in the business a long time and knows all there is to be learned about it. Therefore, when in doubt write Jespersen, and if you want any article in the way of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, camp outfits or sportsmen's clothing send to him for it. If he does not carry it in stock he will get it for you at the right price. He is all right and will treat you squarely.

Only 2 months more in which to enter pictures in my 6th annual photo competition. Don't forget it.

A special prize is offered this year for the best and most valuable photo of a live wild animal or bird. This prize to be a long focus Korona camera, valued at $85. Why not try for it?

The Harrington & Richardson gun you sent me as premium received, and am much pleased with it. I don't how you can give such fine premiums with RECREATION, when you give so much in the book. It to me is worth 5 times the cost. I have hunted for 40 years in Colorado. Reading RECREATION is like living the old days voer. J. W. Rice, Denver, Colo.

The West End gun cabinet you gave me as a premium was received in perfect condition. I consider it a work of art, and feel repaid a hundred-fold for my work in obtaining subscribers for RECREATION.

F. B. Annin, Auburn, N. Y.

The Marble safety pocket axe has arrived. It is exactly what I expected and perfectly satisfactory. I hope to have opportunity to hamstring a few game hogs with it before the regular season opens.

W. H. Wing, Boston, Mass.

I am in receipt of the 25-35 rifle and the 7x9 wall tent which you so kindly sent me as premiums. Am highly pleased with them and thank you heartily for both.

Harry A. Fogg, Lockland, O.

The fishing rod you ordered for me from the Horton Company is perfect. I thank you for it, and think it a fine premium for a little work.

Robert Molinder, Muncie, Ind.

The Shattuck double hammerless gun you sent me as a premium is pleasing in design and a hard, close shooter. I am well pleased with my present.

O. H. Black, Ottumwa, Ia.

The watch and camera arrived in first-class shape. The watch looks better than many much higher priced, and keeps time as well as any.

H. P. Sheldon, Fair Haven, Vt.

STUDY CAREFULLY THE PREMIUM OFFERS IN THIS ISSUE. THE NEW ONES WILL INTEREST YOU.

A DEER HUNT ON WHITE RIVER.

FRANK STERNBERG.

The trail from Glenwood to New Castle leads along the D. & R. G. Railroad. At New Castle we left the railroad and in a 10 mile drive ascended the mountain several thousand feet. The road was in good repair and the scenery grand. We gained the table land in time to go into noon camp at Lost Springs. After dinner and an hour's rest we pressed on, through timbered glades and hills, grand pine or aspen forests and parks as handsome as a bluegrass meadow.

After a pause to water our horses at Mud Springs, we reached White river at 6 o'clock, and by the time the cook was ready for them we had caught trout and grayling enough to feed 9 hungry men.

We were off in the morning by sunrise, and after a brisk drive of 24 miles arrived at our permanent camp, a lovely spot at the foot of the mountain, near a crystal streamlet and 600 yards from the North fork of White river. There we amused ourselves catching trout, prospecting the surrounding country and getting ready for our deer hunt, when the season should open. One day a brook trout 18½ inches long was taken. That breaks the record as far as any of our party know. We were lucky fishermen, and not only had all the trout we wanted, but also supplied less fortunate neighbor campers. We took over 100 pounds of dressed fish in the 10 days of our trip, but not a pound was wasted.

One of our side trips was to Marvene lakes. These 2 lakes are so clear that the trout can be seen by thousands. Yet for that very reason it is true sport to hook them. It takes considerable skill to deceive the wary trout in such clear water, and convince him the fly is alive. Though we threw back all fish not materially injured by the hook, still 2 hours' fishing yielded us over 20 pounds of dressed trout.

The first day of the open deer season was bright and clear. As by that time we knew the haunts of our game, we had a most successful day. Six of our party of 8 hunters each secured a pair of horns. The 2 unlucky ones killed on the second day a buck apiece. All admitted the object of our trip accomplished, and the following morning found our outfit on the trail for home.

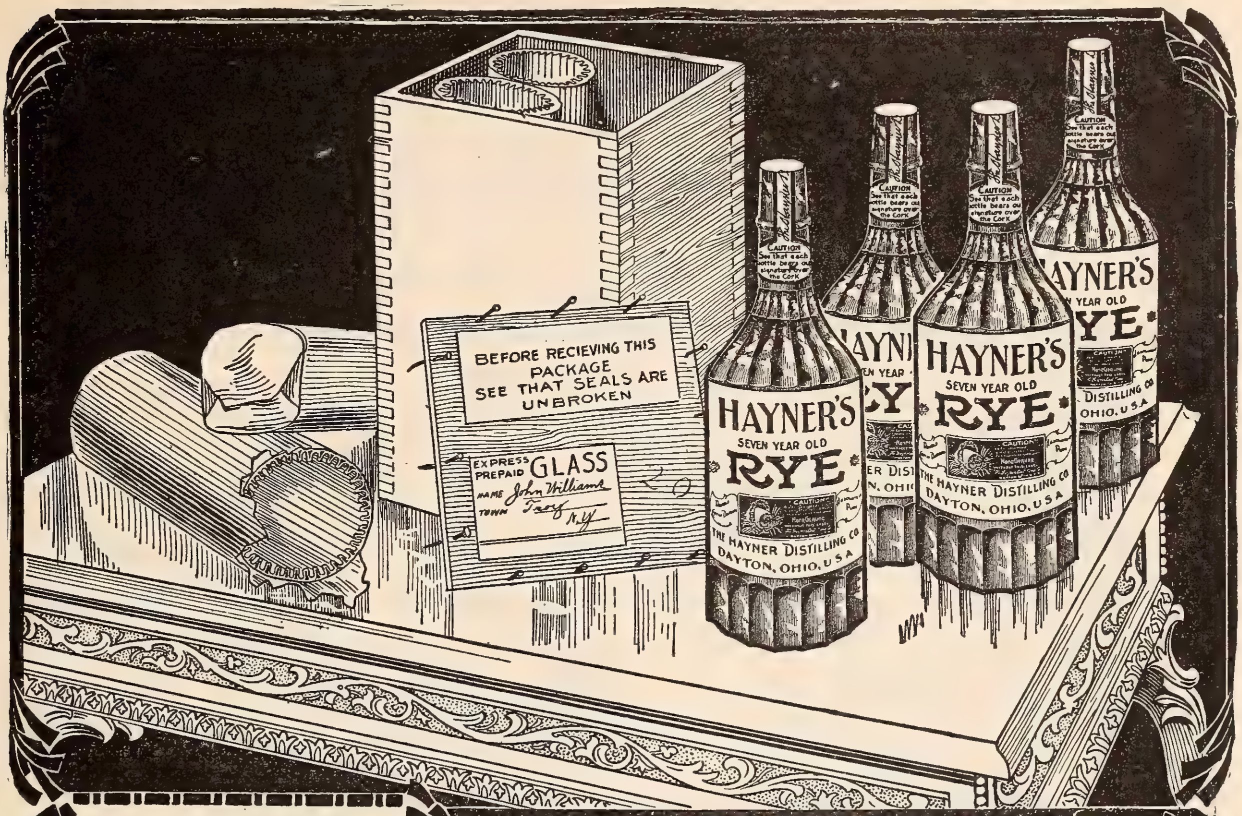
The last of the 10 deer secured by us fell to my lot. I was working down a depression of the mountain about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A little thicket some 30 feet in diameter looked such a likely place that I tossed a rock into it. Out jumped a fawn, stopped, and gazed in open eyed wonder long enough for me to shoot it with a kodak. Farther along the edge of the mountain was another willow thicket, 200 feet or more in diameter. Here, thought I, ought to be a buck, and I threw a stick into the cover. A 3 pronged buck jumped out. As I was about to pull trigger on him another and larger buck cleared the ridge. I instantly changed my aim to the big fellow. The 30-30 Winchester proved deadly, for he never moved from the place where he fell. There I was, 5 miles from camp, with a 300 pound, 4-pronged buck to tote there. I built a platform on the mountain side from the partly burned logs lying around, and dragged my deer out on it, level with the top of the horse's back. I then worked the carcass over on to the horse, and roped it down to the saddle. But my troubles had scarcely begun, for I had to work my way down the mountain side 2 miles, with no trail. The mountain being exceedingly steep, the only way I could get down at all was to zigzag. It was next to impossible to get through the timber with such a bulky pack; the effort could never have succeeded but for the knowledge and training of my pack horse. Twice on the journey Boldy lay down from pure exhaustion, but when sufficiently rested up he would get up and make another start. I finally reached camp, safe and sound, the last man in, and the only man who brought in his game without assistance.

Many does and fawns could easily have been killed, but were shot by us only with the kodak. Several of our party were picture hunters, and many views of interest to us were added to our collections.

Castleton—I spent 2 weeks in the Adirondacks after deer.

Cleverton—Have any luck?

Castleton—No. I missed every guide I didn't aim at.—Judge.


BEFORE RECIEVING THIS PACKAGE SEE THAT SEALS ARE UNBROKEN
EXPRESS PREPAID GLASS
NAME John Williams
TOWN Troy N.Y.
HAYNER'S SEVEN YEAR OLD RYE
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.
CAUTION See that each bottle bears our signature over the Cork

FOUR FULL QUARTS FOR $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

QUALITY AND QUANTITY GUARANTEED

IF NOT SATISFIED YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

HAYNER'S

PURE WHISKEY.

Our distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 34 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey—an evidence of true merit.

We give you absolutely pure whiskey at the lowest possible cost.

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure whiskey our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents.

If after testing it is not found satisfactory return at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

REFERENCES: Third National Bank Dayton: State National Bank, St. Louis, or any of the Express Companies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

226-232 W. Fifth St.,
Dayton, O.

305-307 S. Seventh St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE TO NEAREST ADDRESS.

N. B.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 QUARTS by freight, prepaid.

I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

Have You a Camera?

Have you ever attempted INTERIORS and ARCHITECTURE, *i.e.* WIDE-ANGLE WORK? Have your results been unsatisfactory?

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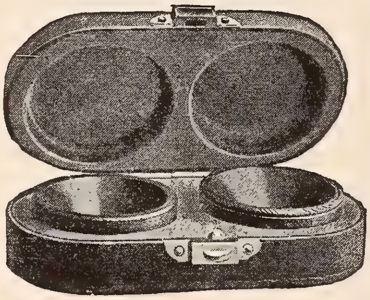


AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

AND NOW COMES THE 6TH COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 5 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 6th opened April 1st, 1901, and will close November 30th, 1901.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and New Automatic T. I. B. Shutter, and listed at $61.50.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $20.

Seventh prize: A Tourists Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8 x 10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5 x 7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4 x 5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR AMATEURS,

Do not use old hypo. New is cheap enough, and when a fixing bath is used too long it becomes highly charged with a deposit of nitrate of silver, and is apt to stain the film. If one's hands become stained with developer, I suggest 2 easy methods of cleaning them. One is to pour a few drops of muriatic acid in a minim measure and fill up with water. Dip your fingers in this, wash them with hot water and soap, and the stains will disappear. The juice of a ripe tomato well rubbed into the hands will also remove the stains. If you are troubled with your negatives frilling, give up using your alum bath, which at best is rather troublesome, rub a little vaseline on the outer edges of the plate, and your troubles will cease. Do not put on too much or it will become mixed with the developer. If you would like a pedestal for portrait work and do not care to go to the expense of buying one, procure 2 soap boxes from your grocer and some marbled paper to cover them. Join the ends of the boxes together and paste the marbled paper neatly over them. Place a plant on top and you will have a first class pedestal. It can be made with 3 cheese boxes instead of 2 soap boxes if desired.

Should you ever be unfortunate enough to break a focusing screen, a fairly good substitute may be made by cleaning the gelatine from an old negative and substituting tissue paper. This is much preferable to using a fogged plate. A good flash lamp may be made by obtaining a clay pipe, attaching a piece of rubber hose to the stem, and tying some cotton wool around the bowl. Soak the wool in alcohol and put the flash powder in the bowl. Light your cotton wool, and by blowing down the rubber tube the powder will flash. This improvised lamp will be much handier if you make a stand for it of some pieces of wood nailed together, into which the stem and bowl will fit. If you are troubled by the solutions in your bottles running down the necks, melt some white wax, dip the necks of your solution bottles in it, and your trouble in that respect will be overcome. Do not print in strong sunlight except when using dense negatives. Do not handle your paper any more than necessary, and do not wash gelatine prints all night, as it spoils them. Never dry your prints by artificial heat as it hardly ever leads to success. If you have a fixed focus camera dust the lens frequently with a soft camel's hair brush and occasionally remove the front board and thoroughly dust the shutter, etc. If you are starting in photography do not buy a so-called complete outfit, but purchase the articles separately from a regular dealer.

In taking groups do not place the sitters all in a row, as it gives them a formal look. If prints curl up after toning, it may be remedied by laying the print face down on a sheet of blotting paper, and stroking the back of the print back and forth with the flat edge of the ruler or the back of a knife. Repeat this a few times and the print will be flat. A developing solution will keep much better in small bottles. A large one that allows an air space between the liquid and the cork spoils the solution. Keep the bottles well corked and stand them upside down. If possible use only filtered rain water in making a solution and you will be surprised at the superior results you will obtain.

If you ride a wheel, carry the camera suspended from your shoulder in preference to having it attached to the bars of the bicycle. The latter method gives too much vibration and is likely to jar your shutter out of order. If you are not satisfied with the developer you use, try one of the pyrogallic acid formulae recommended in Hammer's little book, which are excellent. A good method to bring out detail in the less exposed parts of the negative is to breathe on those parts. The heat of the breath apparently raises the activity of the developer. Try this little dodge and you will be astonished with the results obtained. A good dark room lamp may be made with one of the red globes used by contractors on the streets at night, or a red railway globe. Place this in a box resting on 2 strips of wood, for ventilation. Place 2 pieces of wood over the front of your box at the top and bottom so as to exclude all white light. A candle will supply the illuminating power, and fit a tin shade over the front to protect the eyes and cast the light on the tray.

Chas. Herbert,
Roxbury, Mass.

DEVELOPING SNAP SHOTS.

Writing in The Amateur Photographer lately, Osborn Thornbery says, although it takes a great deal of time, plates, especially snap shots, should be developed one at a time, in order to obtain the best results possible from each. Latterly there have been placed on the market many so-called snap shot developers, but these, being usually made up in one solution, are almost useless, as no control can be had over the plate. It is by far best and cheapest to make up your own developers. Then you know what they contain, and consequently know better how to use them. I consider that for snap shots there is nothing to beat pyro, as all detail can be brought out, and any desired density obtained with a little patience. The greatest objection most people have to pyro is that it stains their hands. This, to a great extent, is their own fault, as it may be easily prevented by using a plate lifter to remove the negative from the dish. If there happen to be any stains on the hands, they may be removed by rubbing with a piece of cotton wool dipped in a 10 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. This solution must not be used if there are any cuts on the fingers. The most suitable snap shot developer is the following:

A. (DENSITY.)

One bottle of Schering's pyrogallic acid (dry).

B. (ACCELERATOR.)

Sulphite of soda (crystals)	2 ozs.
Carbonate of soda (crystals)	2 “
Water	10 “

C. (RESTRAINER.)

Bromide of potassium	1 oz.
Water	9 “

With this formula absolute control can be had over the plate while in the developer, and any class of negative obtained, from a thin, full of detail, to a brilliant dense negative, according to the proportions used. For a ½ plate snap shot, take, to commence developing, one ounce of B and one ounce of water, add 3 drops of C, then take from the bottle A enough dry pyro to cover half the blade of a penknife, place in the measure, and shake till the ingredients are well mixed. It is as well not to use too much pyro at first, as density will be obtained before all the detail is out. The plate must be placed in the dish and the developer poured over and well rocked so as to remove any air bubbles, and insure even development. If the image flashes up quickly, the developer should be poured back into the measure and a few drops of C added to it, shaken, and then poured over the plate; this will restrain the developing action a little and prevent the image becoming flat. If, on the other hand, it is a long time making its appearance, it is under-exposed, and a little of B should be added, the developer, of course, being poured back into the measure for it to be added, shaken as before, and poured on the plate. When all the detail is out that it is possible to get, more pyro should be added till the desired density is obtained. The plate should then be well washed and fixed. If a plate is known to be considerably under-exposed, it should be allowed to soak in B one ounce, water one ounce, for 10 minutes; it will not develop in this solution, but it should be rocked to prevent air bubbles forming. Then add a little pyro, and it will develop. If it comes up slowly and faint, a little more of B should be added, and a little of A till sufficiently developed. If a brilliant negative is required, it should be given a correct exposure and be slowly developed, the developer having 10 drops of C added and a double quantity of pyro. The pyro bottle should be kept well corked; otherwise when it is used it will cause yellow negatives, and if the powder is allowed to blow about, it will cause little black specks to form on the negative. The developer, when mixed ready for developing, should not be allowed to stand, but should be used at once, as pyro oxidizes when exposed to the air. It is also not safe to use one lot of solution for more than 6 plates, as it gets thick and causes air bubbles. If the negative is well washed after developing and before fixing, the resulting negative will be clear and free from color.—The Professional Photographer.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Occasionally I read some peculiar articles on amateur photography and so feel free to give my experience.

Lots of nonsense is written about negative filing. Put your negatives in negative preservers and stack them alphabetically. The marking of every exposure is foolish, as the same view is not likely to be taken again and if it is the light conditions will be different.

Then there is the chap who continually asks for the best formula for a developer or toning solution. Why does'nt he use the ones given by the manufacturer, who knows what he is about?

To the pinhole man I say, dust your plates before putting into holder; keep holders and camera clean by wiping out with a damp sponge. Don't use a damp rag, as the lint when dry is worse than dust.

For flashlights, use enough powder. The small cartridges sold 6 for 25 cents are entirely too small for an ordinary 10x12 room. Use 3 of them and develop with a fresh dilute developer. One chap asks what makes his negatives thin. If he uses metol he evidently does not develop far enough, as metol developed negatives lose in fixing. Develop far enough and farther; if too dense, reduce with Farmer's solution. Reducing clears and makes good printing negatives.

The teaspoonful man should see me develop. I use at least 6 ounces of developer in a 6½x8½ tray, and never use it twice. Pyro is my standby; stained fingers cut no ice when good results are wanted.

Trim your paper before toning if not sure of the size you want; otherwise trim before printing. It takes gold to tone the dark edge.

I do not see any more articles from the chaps who are continually kicking about the dealer. They don't know all there is in the business. I have been behind the counter and know whereof I speak. Had one fair girl ask me if her plates were all right; she said they looked pea green. She had opened them in broad daylight and then exposed them. Then I sold a graduate of the high school a dozen 4x5 Vinco, telling him to read the instructions carefully. Two days later he brought them back and said they printed too slowly. He showed a print which he secured by leaving the paper in the frame under a fair negative 3 or 4 hours in the broiling sun. Yet they wonder why we get sick and fill untimely graves.

Amateurs should stick to one plate and one developer, and master them. Then learn to use a good glossy printing out paper, a developing paper and if your bank account allows it, platinum paper. With those 3 good results can be secured from any ordinary negative.

We often read that "It's all in the lens" and now I believe it. I bought a Goerz for $175 and though it is in a cheap box I can make it do everything but talk and win prizes in RECREATION contests.

A word about dark room labels. I never had one and never shall have. I can tell a solution by the shape and size of the bottle in which I keep it.

Vinco, Bethlehem, Pa.

FROM BOX TO EXTENSION.

I read the Photo department of RECREATION with pleasure and profit, but do not agree in condemning the box camera, or universal focus, as utterly as some have done. I believe the beginner has enough to contend with at first without the trouble of focusing.

I started with a 4x5 No. 5 magazine camera, and have never sent off a picture to be finished. I did my own developing and finishing from the first. I read everything I could find on the subject, and questioned every photographer I knew.

I made failures innumerable. I shot plates without regard to time, place or subject. But the cost taught me discretion and I became more cautious in my use of material. Occasionally I made a fairly good picture, and I quit trying to get the earth and the fullness thereof on one little plate. I discarded for all time combined toning and fixing baths, and learned to handle the separate toners. As my work improved, my friends began to annex my photos. "Oh, this is so cute; I just *must* have *it!'* they would say. I found that more expensive than spoiling material. Then my wife came into the game, and now I furnish the experience while she does most of the work. She took the business management of it, too, for I simply could not refuse a pretty girl a picture. But Betsey could!

Then, while on a vacation, I spent most of my time with a skilled photographer, helping him in order to gain experience. I helped finish lots of amateur work. That encouraged me. About one printable film or plate to 6 exposures was the rule.

Believing by that time that I could manage focusing, I bought a larger and better camera. But if I had been obliged to master focusing at first in addition to my other troubles, I should have thrown up the whole thing in disgust.

We began to do flashlight work at public gatherings, home entertainments, etc., also portrait work. Many times we would make $10 or $15 out of one negative. Much of our work could not be called good, but it went, and was paid for. Our hobby became, and continues, more than self-sustaining.

E. O. Burton, Karnes City, Tex.

A TONING SOLUTION.

In this out of the way place it is hard to get chemicals, especially fluids, which can not be mailed. I generally use bichloride of gold and sodium, 1 grain to 1 pint of water, and then add borax until red litmus turns slightly blue. Is that right? I used to get good tones with this, but lately the preparation shows a tendency to bleach the print. Can the gold deteriorate, especially if kept in a stock solution? If you know of a simple bath of easily procured chemicals I shall be grateful if you will give me the formula.

I send 3 litttle prints to show what I mean by bleaching.

Allan Brooks, Quesnel, B. C.

ANSWER.

Do not use gold and sodium; use pure chloride of gold. Dissolve 15 grains in 7½ ounces of water and label it Stock Gold Sol. To tone take ½ ounce of stock, add bicarbonate of soda until litmus turns faintly blue; then add it to 10 ounces of water. It will tone several dozen 4x5 prints. The bath you use would be better if made with pure gold chloride. It is much cheaper in the end, too. The borax bath is considered a good one, but your negatives are not so dense as they should be. Try a denser negative and you will experience none of what you term bleaching. Develop your plates 5 minutes longer. Pure gold stock solution in boiled or distilled water will not deteriorate unless the water be alkaline. If so use distilled water.—EDITOR.

A GOOD DEVELOPER.

What is your opinion of Tolidol? Would you advise me to use it or do you prefer another developer?

Would you advise using pure platinum paper or some form of it, such as Aristo Platino? My work is nearly all outdoors.

What photographic periodical or book would aid me?

W. S. S., Elmira, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Tolidol seems a good developer, though personally I do not care for one that works so slowly. Newcomb's Everlasting Developer is excellent and most reasonable in price. The maker is E. W. Newcomb, Bible House, New York. Material for 40 ounces costs 50 cents postpaid.

Pure platinum paper is excellent, though quite expensive. Aristo Platino is a silver paper which is afterward toned with platinum. Eastman's Sepia paper is simple to use and is not expensive. Their water development platinum paper is also good. You will find American Aristo Self Toning paper a great time saver, and as it contains the toning chemicals nothing is needed but common salt and hypo in working it.

Photo-American, monthly, $1 a year, New York. Also books on special subjects. Photo Miniature treats of one subject at a time and each number is quite a text book. Price, 25 cents a copy. Publisher's address is 289 4th Avenue, New York.—EDITOR.

PLATINUM TONING SOLUTION.

Some time ago there was published in RECREATION a formula for toning silver prints with chloride of platinum. I was anxious to use the formula, and ordered the platinum from 3 different dealers. One sent me chloride of gold, another sent me platino potassium proto chloride, and the 3rd sent me potassium chloride platinito. I should like to know if the 2 latter are the same as the chemical mentioned in RECREATION. Also, how they can be used to tone silver prints?

J. Brachmann, Jr., North Yakima, Wash.

ANSWER.

Your 2 varieties of platinum are practically the same, and will work well if dissolved as described in the RECREATION formula. You will find useful formulas for using platinum in the American Aristo Company's Manual, which is to be had free of them at Jamestown, N. Y., or sometimes at dealers'. The platinum is generally used after a short preliminary gold toning.—EDITOR.

ON DEVELOPMENT.

For testing an excess of alkali in sulphite: Take 18 ounces of sulphite solution to test 60 grains to the ounce. It requires only 20 drops sulphuric acid to change this to the acid form very slightly. After you have added the 20 drops, and it is still alkali, add more until your solution is acid, slightly. Just as much as you add above 20 drops, would be required to make your sulphite in proper form. The one thing necessary is, not to overdo the thing. Add just enough or not quite enough acid to your sulphite solution to overcome the excessive alkali. There is no such thing as neutral sulphite. I have never seen it. Your sulphite must be slightly alkali, or it would soon become sulphate, which is an acid.—L. H. Hume, in N. E. Photographers' Convention.

CHLORIDE OF COPPER.

Please tell me where to get chloride of copper. I have tried all the principal drug and camera stores without success. It seems to be something entirely new to them. Also tell me how much hypo to use with Aristo-platino paper to fix 24 pictures.

J. Dewar, Spokane, Wash.

ANSWER.

Chloride of copper can be obtained in any decent drug store. Maybe the clerk who said he had none will oblige you with 10 cents' worth of cupric chloride, which is the other name for it.

I don't know what size prints you make, so the exact quantity of hypo can not be given. If you use one ounce of hypo in 10 ounces of water it will fix 24 8x10 prints. Better use this quantity for any size.—EDITOR.

TO ELIMINATE HYPO.

The following may be helpful to many who have not the advantage of running water for washing photo plates and prints. Get a piece of cork, about 4 inches square and an inch thick; fasten to each side of the cork at the center an ordinary clamp, such as is used to secure cuffs to the sleeve of a shirt. Fill a pail or tub with water, fasten the negative at that end where the clip in the holder retains it in the little jaws of the cuff clamp, and place it in the water. The cork will float and hold suspended the plate, thereby allowing the hypo to pour freely out from the film. The reason for this is that hypo is much heavier than water, so if anything saturated with it is suspended in water the hypo will of its own weight leave it. A plate can be thus thoroughly cleansed in a remarkably short time, and where one has not the advantage of running water this method is valuable.—The Camera.

TO DRY NEGATIVES.

For the quick drying of negatives or gelatine prints, formalin is without an equal. The film is so hardened that prints may be handled in the wash without danger of sticking to one another or getting scratched.

We hear frequent complaints about papers sticking to the negative in the printing frame. There would be no trouble from this source if the negative had been bathed in a weak solution of formalin, which renders it entirely impervious to moisture. When the paper that has stuck to a negative can be removed by soaking, which is not always the case, a silver stain will be left on the negative. This may be removed with a 5 per cent. solution of ammonium persulphate. Both the formalin and persulphate should be in every workshop. Their uses are many.—The Camera and Dark Room.

A CAMERA TO FOCUS AT 6 INCHES.

Please tell me through RECREATION if there is any camera, film preferred, which will focus up to 6 inches or less. If there is none, what camera will focus the nearest to any object and how near? Please mention price.

B. F. Dawson, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Six inches is getting too near your subject to make a picture comfortably. You can obtain such a camera, if you really need it, from the Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. It will require extra long bellows and will cost not less than $20 for 4x5 size, and more if film is used. You can get an amplifier of Burke & James, Chicago, that will fit your lens and make as large an image as you would get at 6 inches with regular lens. Cost of amplifier, $1 to $2.—EDITOR.

THE CINEMATOGRAPH FORETOLD.

The Photographic Chronicle recalls the fact that over 40 years ago Sir John Herschel predicted animated photography. "What I have to propose," he wrote in 1860, "may appear a dream, but it has the merit of being a possible and perhaps a realizable one. It is the stereoscopic representation of scenes in action—a battle, a debate, a public solemnity, a pugilistic conflict, a harvest home, a launch, anything within a reasonably short time which may be seen from a single point of view."

All that Sir John demanded was to be able to take a photograph in the tenth of a second. His dream is realized in the cinematograph, for which the tenth of a second would be unnecessarily long. The prevision was noteworthy, even for so clear-sighted a man as the younger Herschel.

SNAP SHOTS.

1. What will prevent the staining of the finger nails in using pyro for a developer?
2. What will remove such stains?
3. What will prevent the brittleness of the nails, caused by the use of pyro?

E. L. Kelly, Asheville, N. C.

ANSWER.

1. A preparation called New Skin, advertised in RECREATION, is good. Coat the finger tips with it. A plate lifter is excellent. One of those that rest on the edge of the tray, made of aluminum in the shape of the letter Z is as good as any, and can be made at home or bought for 15 cents.
2. Persulphate of ammonia well rubbed on where the stains exist. Do not use a solution, but the chemical itself just dampened.
3. Lanolin, perhaps.—EDITOR.

Please give me a simple formula for a quick drying and easily removed preparation for backing plates. Which will produce the best result as to color values, ordinary plates used with a Ray screen or orthochromatic plates without the screen?

A. R. Sedgley,
Wakefield, Mass.

ANSWER.

There is no published formula for backing which is not slow in drying and very sticky. You can get a cake of what you want from Edward W. Newcomb, Bible House, N. Y., for 50 cents. It will last you a year unless you are an enormous user of plates, and it dries quickly and removes with a rub of a damp cloth. His formula is not published.—EDITOR.

I notice in July RECREATION 2 methods given for mounting photographs on glass. Here is another: Take a sufficient quantity of pure gelatine, soak it in cold water until thoroughly swelled, then warm it until it melts. Apply it to both the print and the glass with a squeegee, work out all air bubbles and surplus gelatine and let dry. This gelatine solution may be preserved by adding a small quantity of alcohol and keeping it in a tightly corked bottle.

A. T. Tweedie,
Croswell, Mich.

RECREATION'S 6th annual photo competition closes November 30. Have you sent in your picture yet? If not, you should make good use of the intervening time. See list of prizes, head of the photo department of this issue of RECREATION. The first is a camera valued at $85; the second another camera valued at $61.50, and so on. There are a lot of good things in store for the persons who make the best pictures entered in this contest. Well known men will be chosen as judges, and at least one of them will be an expert amateur photographer. Don't fail to participate.

In the hands of men entirely great, the camera is mightier than the gun.

I received the Shattuck double hammerless shot gun and the Bristol fishing rod. Am much pleased with both. The gun is much better than I expected. Please accept my thanks for both.

Chas. Houghton, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Texas wells are all in play—
With every one a teaser;
She scorns her neighbors o'er the way
And doth outgrease the Greaser.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that's the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

The boy sat on a hornet's nest—
He thought it was a pillow.
His family laid him down to rest
Beneath a weeping willow.
—Judge

Names of great men all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
If we can but make the printer
Spell them all out every time.
—Judge.

"If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak."

To the chemical perfection of Kodak Film as well as to the mechanical and optical perfection of the Kodak is due the continued

Kodak Success

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

$5.00 to $35.00.
Catalogues at all dealers or by mail.

Mention Recreation.

Rochester, N. Y.

Panorama of the Links

during actual play, is easily possible if one uses an : : : : : :

"Al-Vista Camera"

No gayer scene afield can be imagined. *No other camera can do full justice* to the vari-colored costumes, and the healthy, vigorous postures of the players, stretched as they are, over so wide an expanse. Yet the "AL-VISTA" does it without fuss and without elaborate preparation. : : : : : : : :

HOW? Our catalogue and booklet will tell you; would you like them? Ask for our special co-operative plan for buying our cameras on monthly payments of $2.00. : : : : :

Multiscope & Film Co.

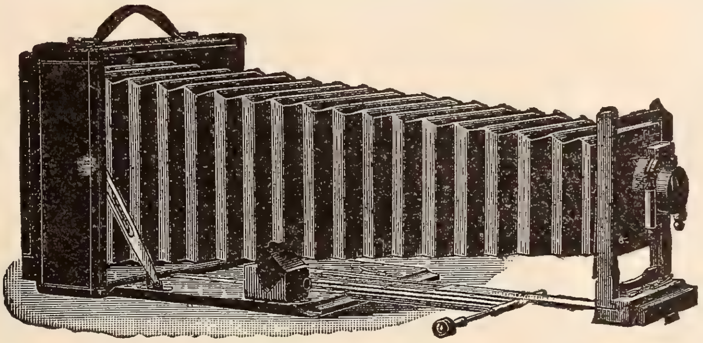
136 Jefferson Street ❧ Burlington, Wis.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS!

Do you know that

Korona Cameras

are made complete, including lens shutter and every little detail, in the best equipped camera factory in the world, by one of the oldest lens manufacturing firms in the United States, whose **lenses have a world wide reputation?**



SERIES VII. LONG FOCUS.

The

Turner-Reich

Anastigmat

was the first Anastigmat Lens invented and controlled in this country. There are no foreign royalties or import duty paid on them, in fact

THEY ARE HOME MADE

* * *

EXAMINE THE **KORONA** AT THE NEAREST
DEALER OR SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE

GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PREMO and POCO Cameras ARE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

The **PONY PREMO No. 6** is the finest and most complete camera ever produced. It has an exceedingly long draw, and is supplied with our highest grade lenses of 3 foci, representing 3 distinct lenses, enabling the operator to photograph objects at a distance or at very close range with perfect results. It is extremely compact and is designed to fill every requirement for landscape or portrait photography.

Rochester Optical & Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y.
THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF PLATE CAMERAS IN THE WORLD.

All dealers sell them.
Send for our new Art Catalogue to Dept. M

PERFECTION AND SIMPLICITY Combined

The "E. W. N." PREPARATIONS FOR ...PHOTOGRAPHERS

NON-HALATION PLATE BACKING
50 Cents Postpaid.
Full Directions.

With this Backing, which is most easily applied and removed ordinary glass plates are made perfect. It prevents that white fog around light objects, renders perspective truthfully, lends atmosphere and removes all restrictions as to source or intensity of light. With Backed Plates you can take Nature as you find her, truthfully and artistically.

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A. Williams,
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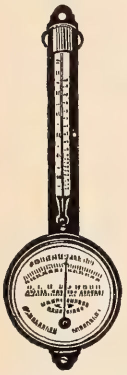

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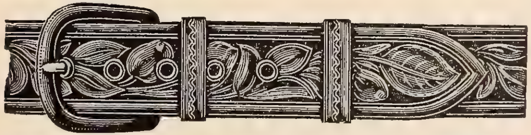

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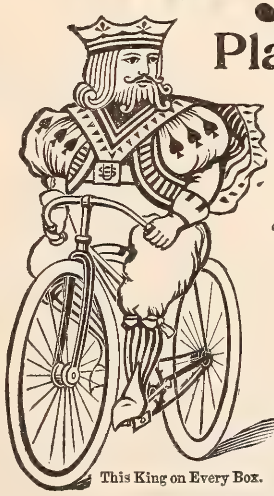

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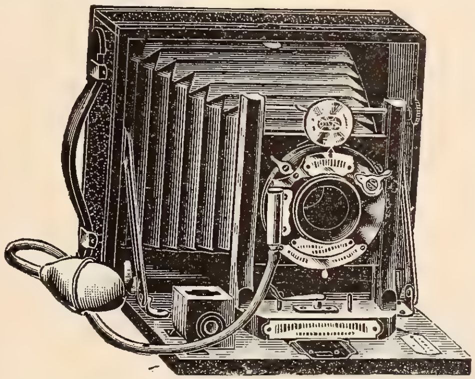

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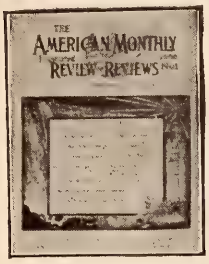

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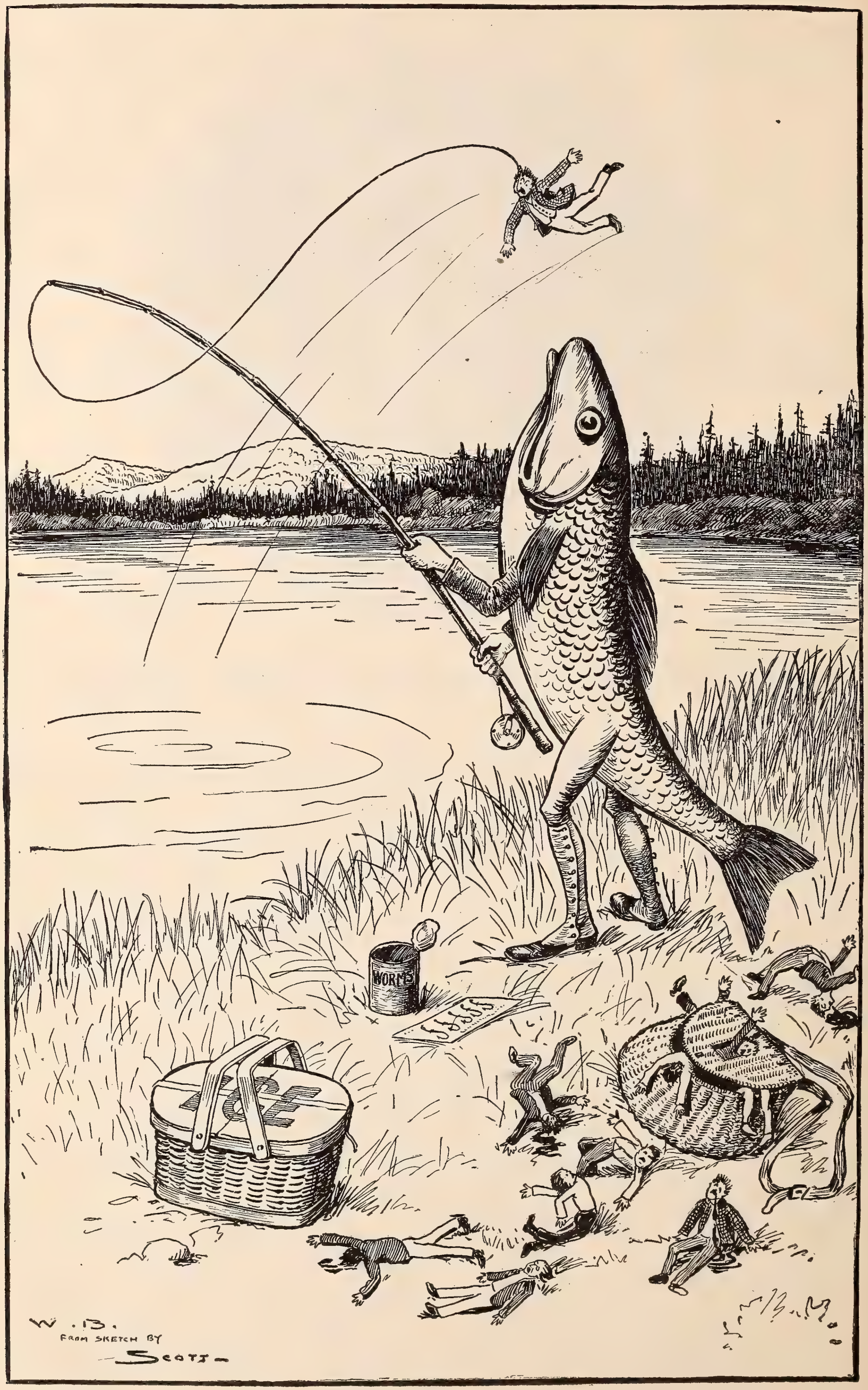
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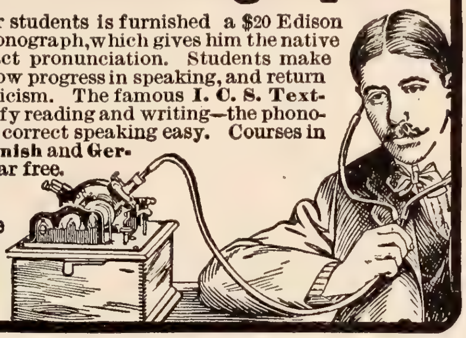

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DRIVING A MULE DEER TO CAMP.

We were camped in a cave of lava rock, where the Boise river has worn its slow way through the rocky flood which usurped its ancient channel. A great mass, loosened by frost, had gone crashing down the canyon to plunge into the roaring rapids. We lay and listened to the grinding of ice and snow, past our rude hut, and planned a hunt for the morrow. Our quarters were uncomfortable, even dangerous; but the new year would soon end our vigil at Rattlesnake mine. We felt that a day of recreation was due us.

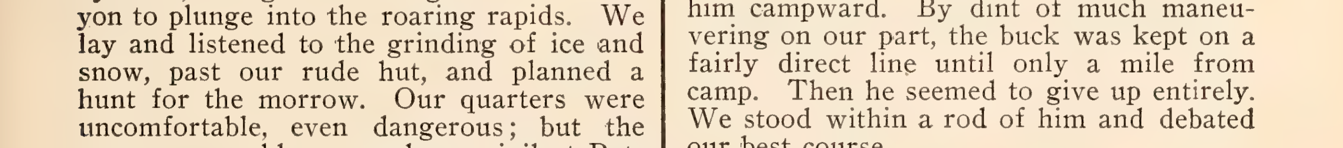
Daylight found us toiling up the snowy heights. By noon the sharp peaks and ridges of the broken mountain lay all about us. Somewhere in this tangled mass of rock, aspen and gully a bunch of deer, as evidenced by sign, were feeding. We worked our way around the great central dome and were approaching Winchester mountain when Joe saw 7 mule deer in a deep ravine. They were as quick of sight as we. For one brief moment they tarried, but it was enough for Joe. Twenty years' training make eye, muscle and rifle act as one. Joe's carbine spoke, and the herd disappeared.

A minute later they came in view, running single file over a ridge 600 yards away. Joe and I blazed away, and a buck showed signs of having been hit. We struck his bloody trail. As carrying him to camp over the nearly perpendicular mountain was impossible, we decided to try to drive him campward. By dint of much maneuvering on our part, the buck was kept on a fairly direct line until only a mile from camp. Then he seemed to give up entirely. We stood within a rod of him and debated our best course.

In the canyon below, 2 miners were eating supper in the early twilight outside their tent. The firelight played in fantastic patterns over them, and over the black mouth of their tunnel in the deeper gloom. The whole scene was uncanny. We could plainly hear their conversation, but no sound we made reached them.

It was decided that I should finish the buck with my knife, but as I went up to him he regained his feet and ran. We did not come up with him again until the precipitous wall of lava above camp barred his farther progress. There we dispatched him. More than one pot boiled merrily New Year's day on the mountain because of his undoing.

F. R. Fouch, Parma, Idaho.



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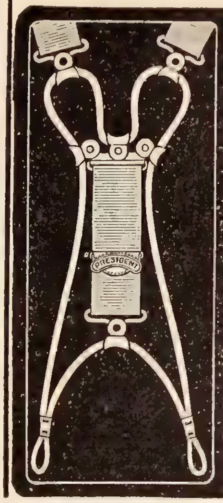

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Owen Moore was a pot-hunting game hog,
  A rooter of lowly degree.
It showed in the slack of his trousers,
  And the bend of his porcine knee.
One bright day, as he lazily rambled,
  Some ducklings he did espy;
So he shouldered his blunderbuss, saying,
  "Them there pin-feathered ducklings must die."

Now the ducklings were not yet in season,
  And a warden soon heard the old gun;
So he started to round up this Owen—
  Then began a whole platter of fun.
For the warden he hustled for Owen,
  While the game hog just punctured the breeze;
But at last, like a dog on a woodchuck,
  The warden on Owen did freeze.

To the dark calaboose went the rooter;
  And in court the judge said, "Thirty plunks."
Said the game hog, "Please let me go earn it;
  Bad luck's droppin' on me in chunks."
So home went the slab-sided porker,
  And going, he fluently swore
Poor cuss, he has always been owin',
  And now he is yet Owen Moore.

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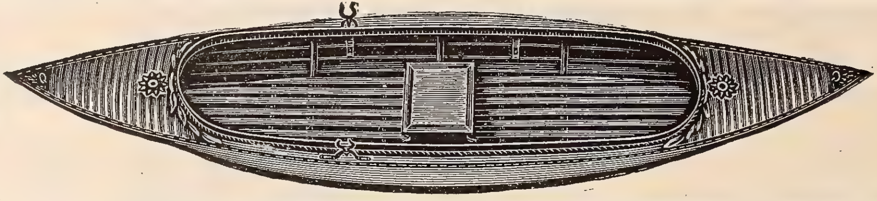

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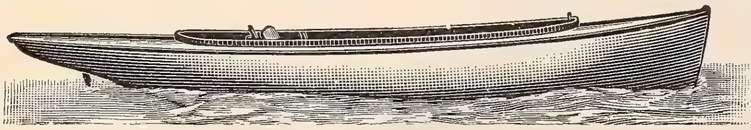

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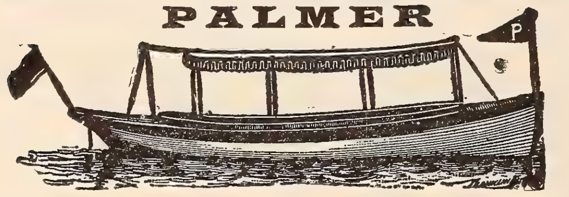

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I received the Bristol steel rod and am much pleased with it. I have always been an advocate of the split bamboo rod, but shall now place my bamboo on the shelf among other antiques.
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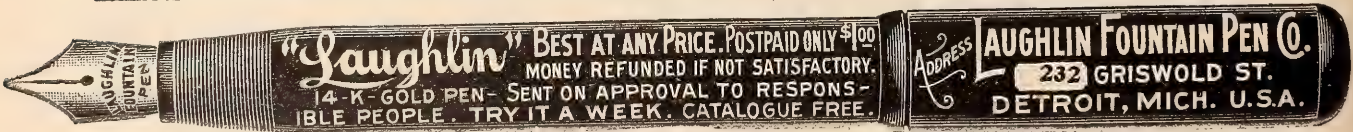

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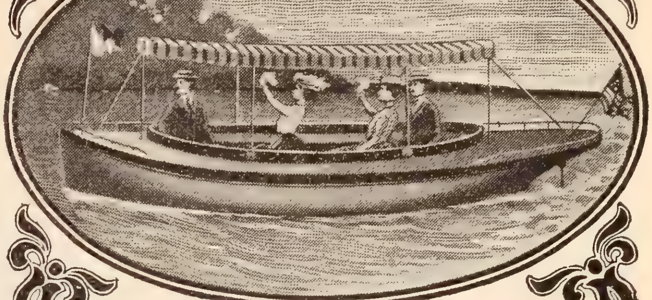

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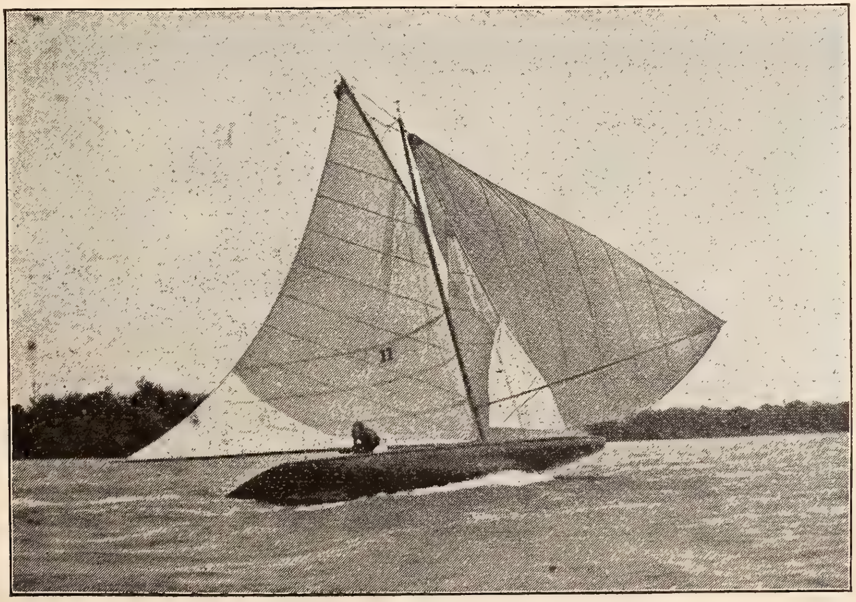

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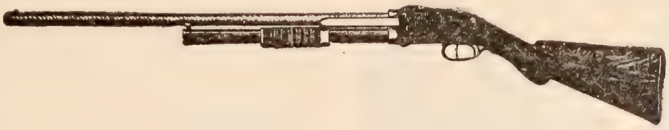

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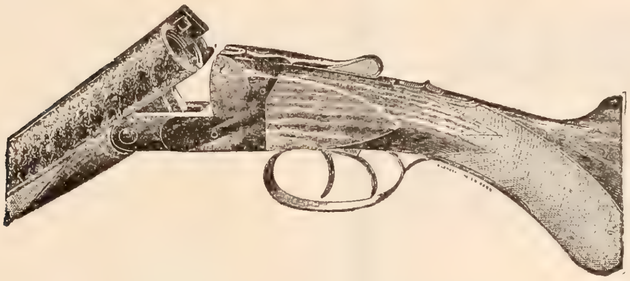

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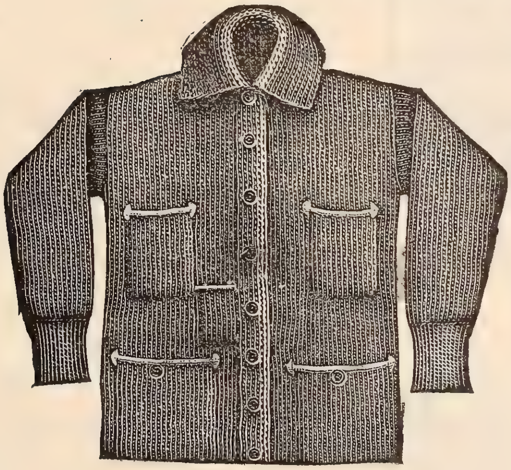

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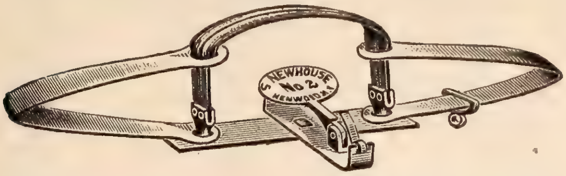

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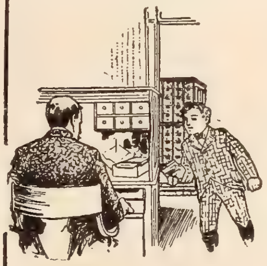

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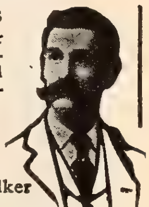

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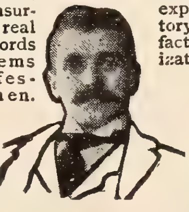

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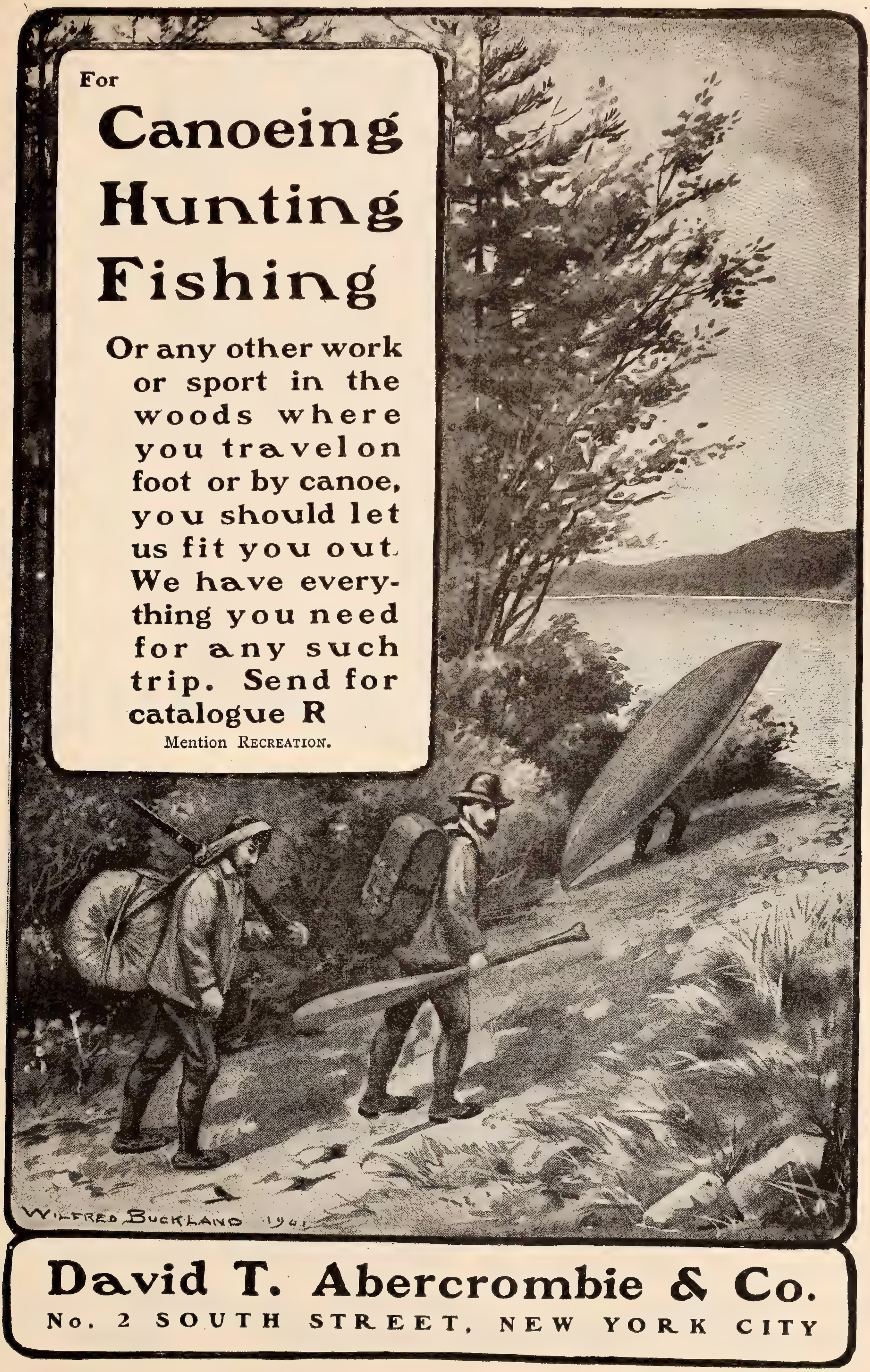

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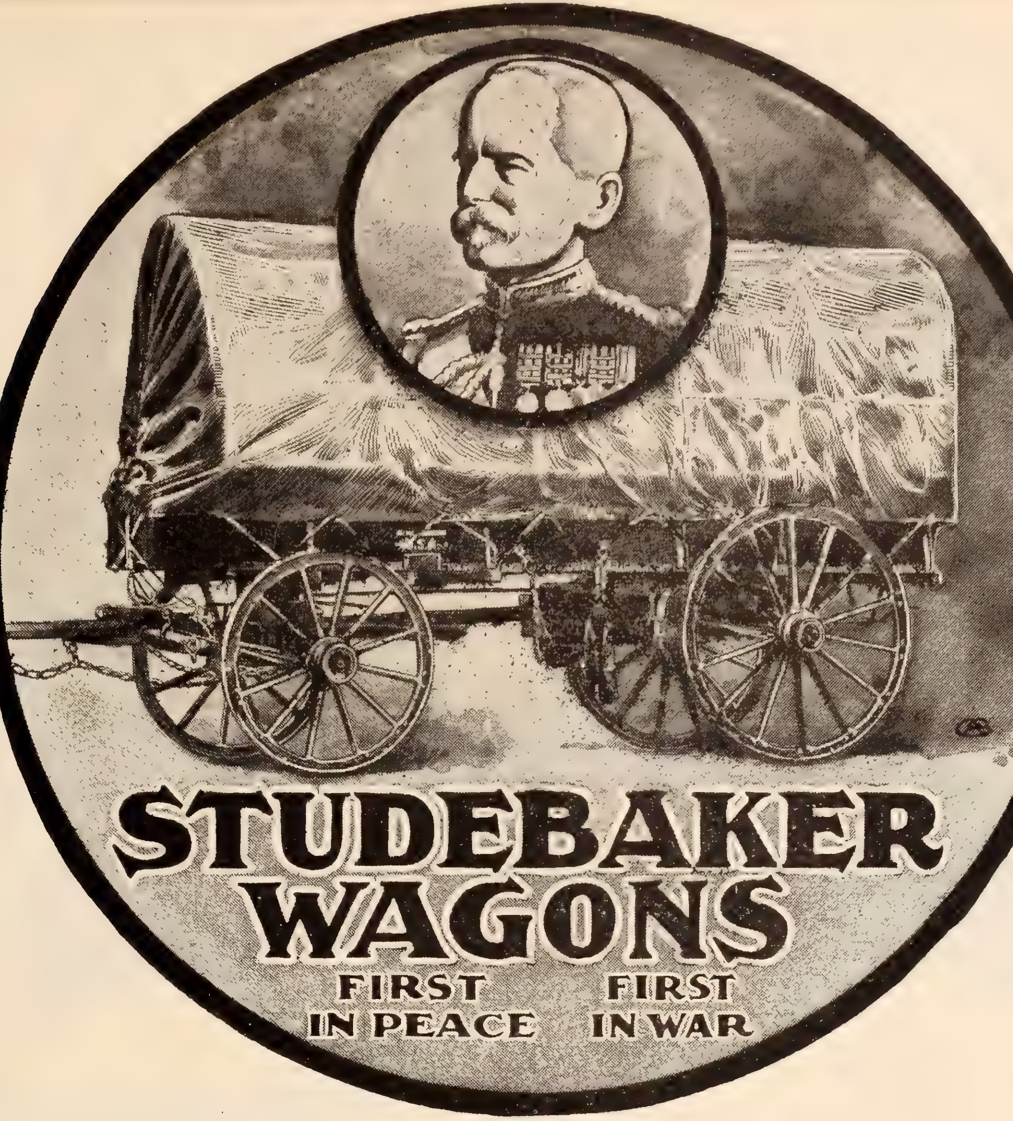

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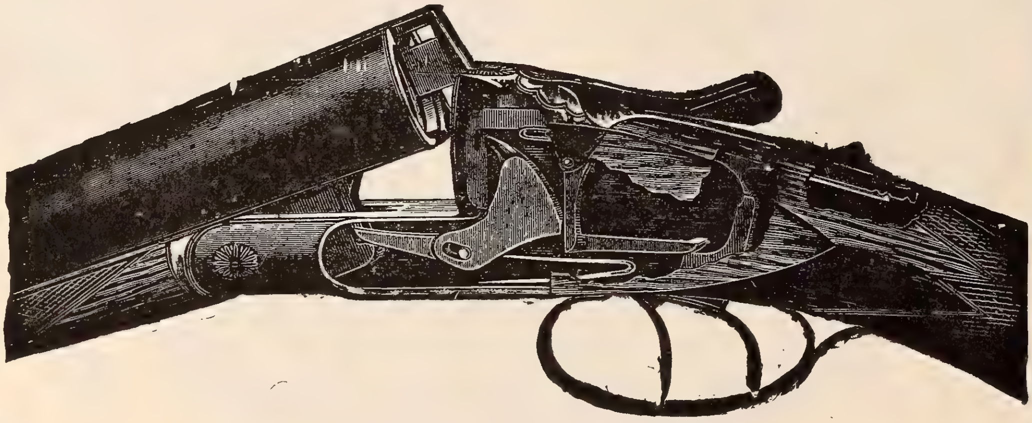

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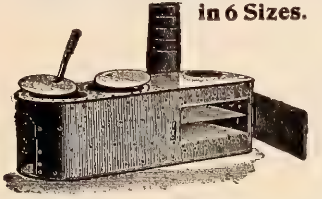

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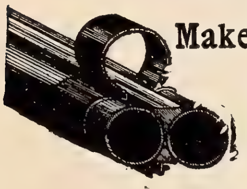

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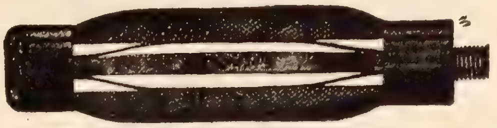

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Didst ever thou awake, awake,
  In the dead, the dead of night;
And hear the foaming billows break
  On the shore, the shore, in their flight?

Didst hear the wild wind's weary song
  Through the moaning forests roar—
The frightened witches' motley throng
  O'er treetops, screeching, soar?

Didst hear the thundering waterfall—
  All this—and maybe more?—
And find it only, after all,
  The man who snores next door?
Oscar Ameringer in Judge.

The Gall & Lembke field glass came promptly. I thank you for sending me such a handsome and powerful instrument.
Wm. Maynard, Gilt Edge, Mont.

EXCESSIVE GROWTH OF HAIR STOPPED.

Removed instantaneously by new, safe remedy. Guaranteed not to injure the skin. Sent on receipt of $1.00.
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Have you seen those beautiful gun racks, made by E. W. Stiles, of polished buffalo horns? They are useful, unique and attractive additions to a sportsman's den. For 5 subscriptions I will send you one of these racks.

The Tailor—Do you care for a little pocket inside your coat for toothpicks?
The Farmer—Leave it out. Don't want no pickpockets aroun' me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Wizard A camera you so kindly sent me as premium arrived safe. It is indeed a fine little instrument and I thank you very much for it.
Geo. E. Moulthrope, Bristol, Conn.

I received my Abercrombie tent and Primus stove O. K. Am greatly pleased with them and more than repaid for the little time I spent in getting subscribers.
V. P. Smyth, Rochester, N. Y.

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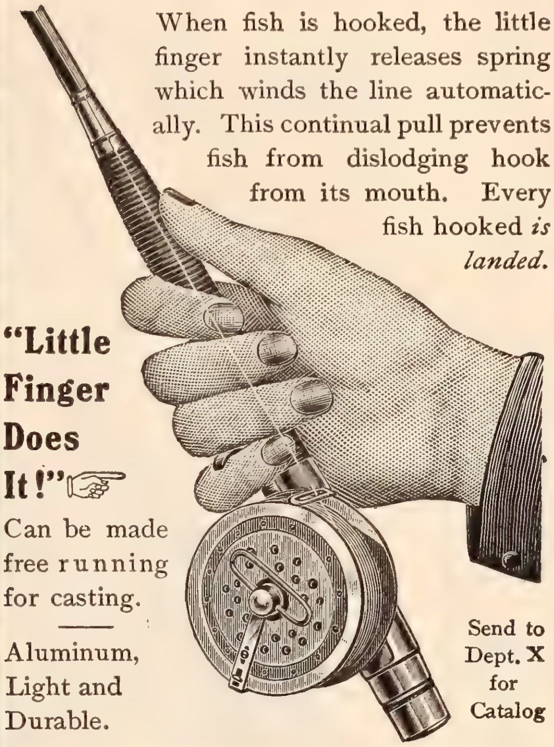

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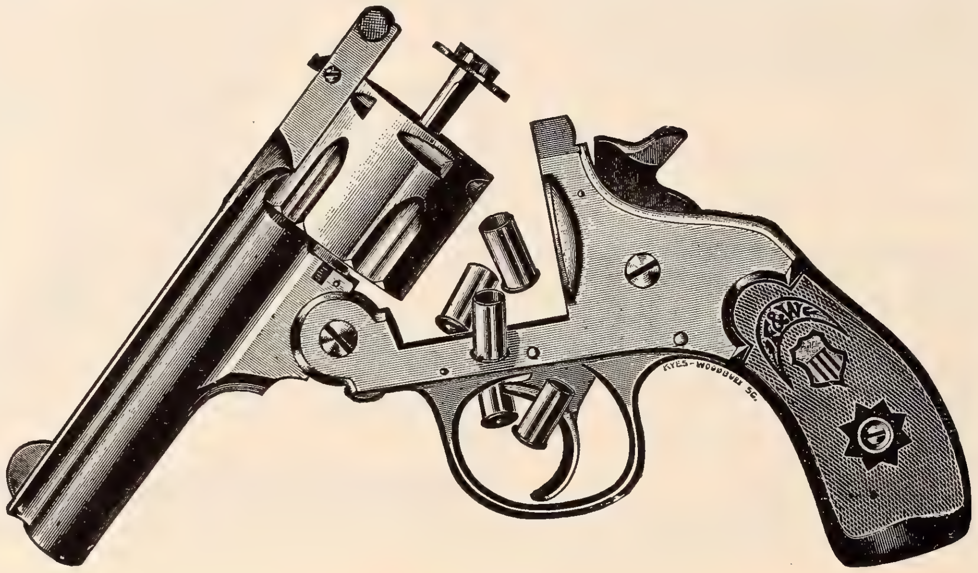
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A .32 Caliber Automatic

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With 3¼-inch barrel.

For 4 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each. This revolver is made by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., and is a well finished, durable, reliable weapon. You can get the 4 subscriptions in 20 minutes, in any live town.

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We have ready for distribution now our H. I. advance list, containing new prices that you will find worth noting before you make purchases this fall. Write us for it.

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Manufacturers of H. & A. and Forehand Shotguns, Rifles and Revolvers.

ARE YOU A CANOEIST?
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AN ANGLER?
A DUCK SHOOTER?

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13 feet long, finished in the best style known to modern mechanics, and listing at $26, for 25 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to RECREATION.

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CHARLES DALY

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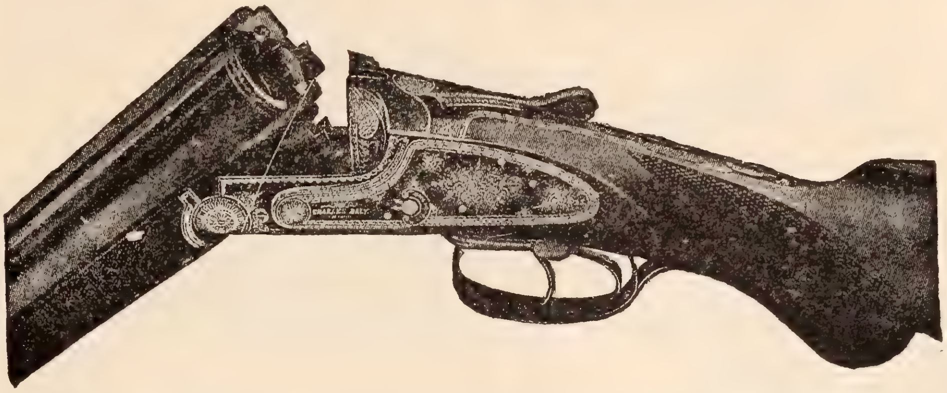

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$150 and $200 net

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I bought RECREATION from news stands for some time, but am now a regular subscriber, as it has become a necessity to me. It is doing more good than all other sportsmen's publications combined. One year ago it had but 5 subscribers here; now there are 40.

Dan McKay, Augusta, Mich.

We all look forward each month for the coming of RECREATION and find it exceedingly interesting. I believe it is the best magazine of its kind published, and I am sure we should now feel lost without it.

C. H. Cooley, Chicago, Ill.

Although not a subscriber to RECREATION, I have never missed a copy, as I get it from our newsdealer. I think the magazine is a life saver for countless numbers of our game birds, animals and fishes

Geo. B. Reed, Helena, Mont.

I like the aggressive style of RECREATION, it is so different from the dead alive affairs that make their subscribers read the advertisements for diversion.

A. Hunter,
Dept. of Interior, Washington, D. C.

RECREATION is the only magazine which makes a solid stand on game protection. I would not give it up for all others combined. Give it to the porkers and come out on top.

P. G. Morgan, Waukesha, Wis.

Have been a constant and interested reader of that leader of all books, RECREATION, for over a year. I regret only that I did not become its friend long ago.

Will C. Cortright, Wyoming, Pa.

I heartily endorse the position you take through RECREATION in regard to the preservation of fish and game.

F. A. Coonradt, Cold Brook, N. Y.

Your photographic department is a great help to many amateurs, and I hope to see it enlarged.

L. Goodrich, San Antonio, Tex.

"When did Columbia blush?"
"When she saw the President's trip."—Judge.

Is it a sign, or is it not,
And one that needs attention due,
That, when the cashier buys a yacht,
He means to be a skipper, too?
—Judge.

THE NEGRO AND THE RABBIT.

Nitta Yuma, Miss.

Editor RECREATION:

No one has enjoyed field sports more than I have, and I take it few have been more successful in this country with guns or in riding after hounds. But while not so old as some who continue hunting, I feel that I am a back number and can not keep up with the pack. In fact, as I have often told my friends, I am as fond of field sports as ever, but I am like the old dog who goes afield only to start the trail, knowing he can't keep up with the pack, but unable to cross a trail without holding up his head to howl.

This country, in my early days, was a wilderness, filled with turkeys, deer, bears and other large game. I have killed many of every kind. Water fowl were so abundant they were hardly noticed, but now all is changed. The cane brakes have been cleared and the land placed under cultivation, so that little game remains. No ducks or geese have visited us for several years; fishing only remains good. In proper season quail shooting is good.

If I could see you I might tell you many a good joke on Purguile but fear to write them. I often tell him it makes no difference to him whether he kills anything or not, just so he is hunting. He had a trip to Colorado when deer were so plentiful it would have been slaughter to kill them, and he says he could see numbers of deer every day but had no desire to shoot them.

Now, as to the rabbit question. I own a large tract of land at Vertilia. I don't fear injury from rabbits, and if you can aid Purguile in getting the genuine Australian strain, I shall be grateful. The reward you say is offered for a means of destroying these pests in Australia ought to be easily obtained, for I will guarantee that if the Australian government will only catch these rabbits, send them South, and turn them loose here, the Southern negro will catch the last one of them in a short time. Or, if this scheme is considered impracticable, then take the Southern negro to Australia and turn him loose on the rabbit. The same result will occur. As a rabbit catcher, the negro is a world beater, and I have every confidence in his ability to protect my fields from the ravages of rabbits. I think it would be a great blessing to the negro to have these rabbits here; it would add a food crop to his scanty supply.

John R. Cameron.

Just received the new Forehand double hammerless shot gun and am greatly pleased with it. Many thanks to RECREATION.

G. H. Hetsler, Jaysville, O.

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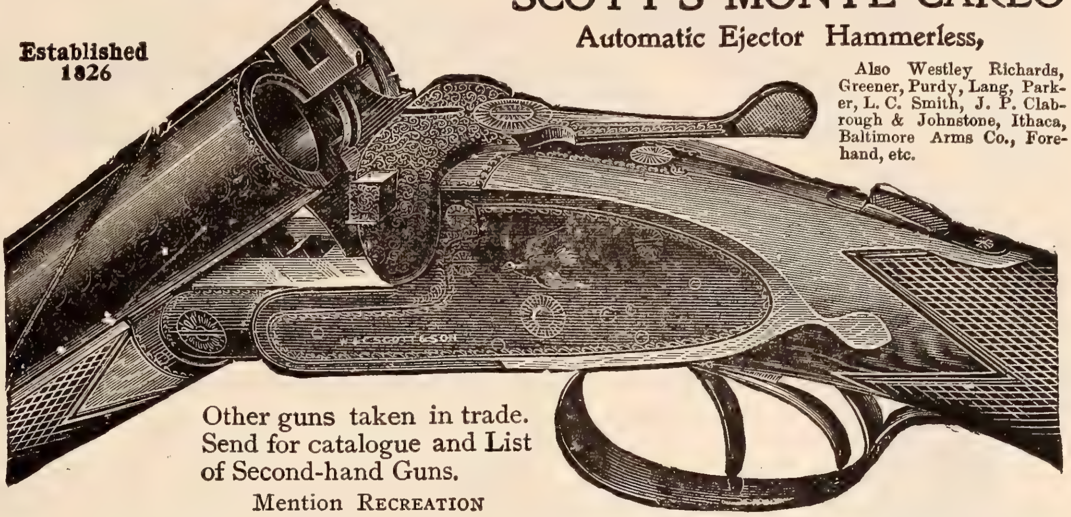

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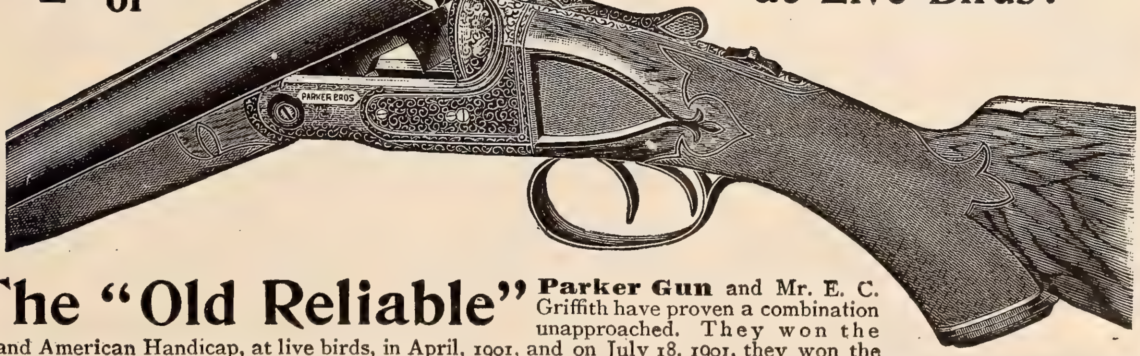

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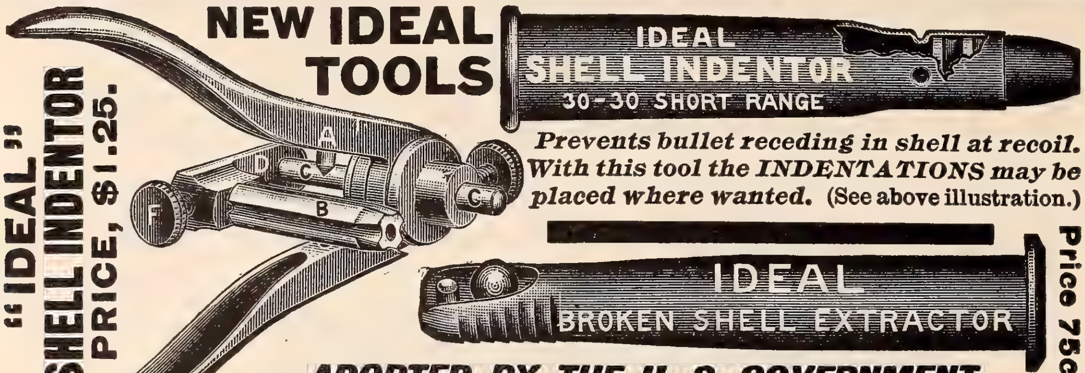

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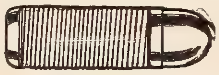

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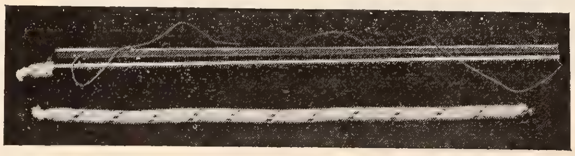

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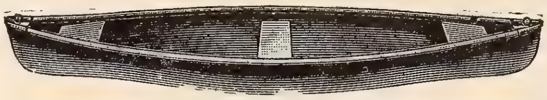

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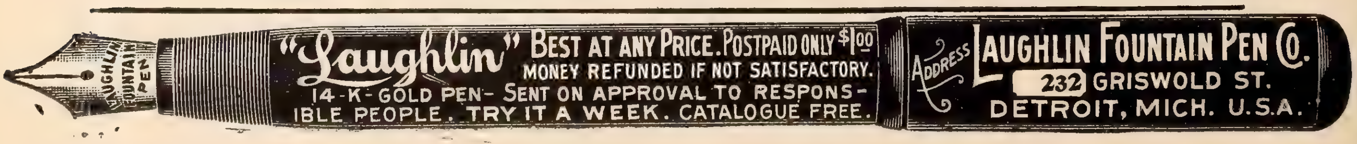

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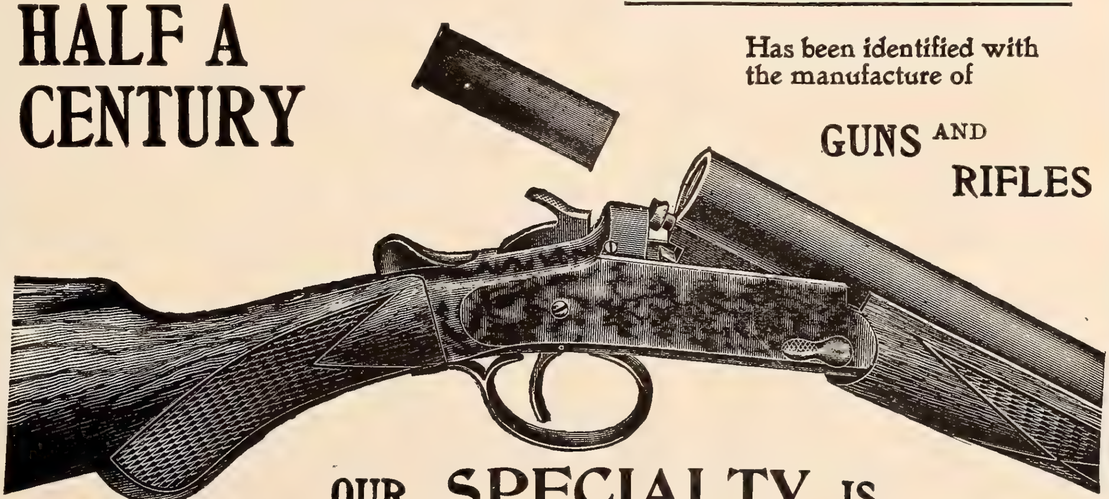

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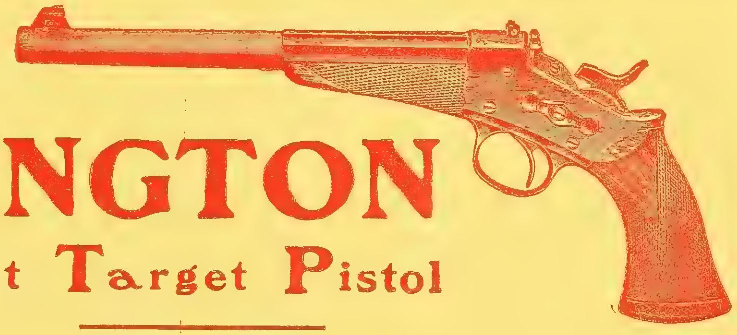

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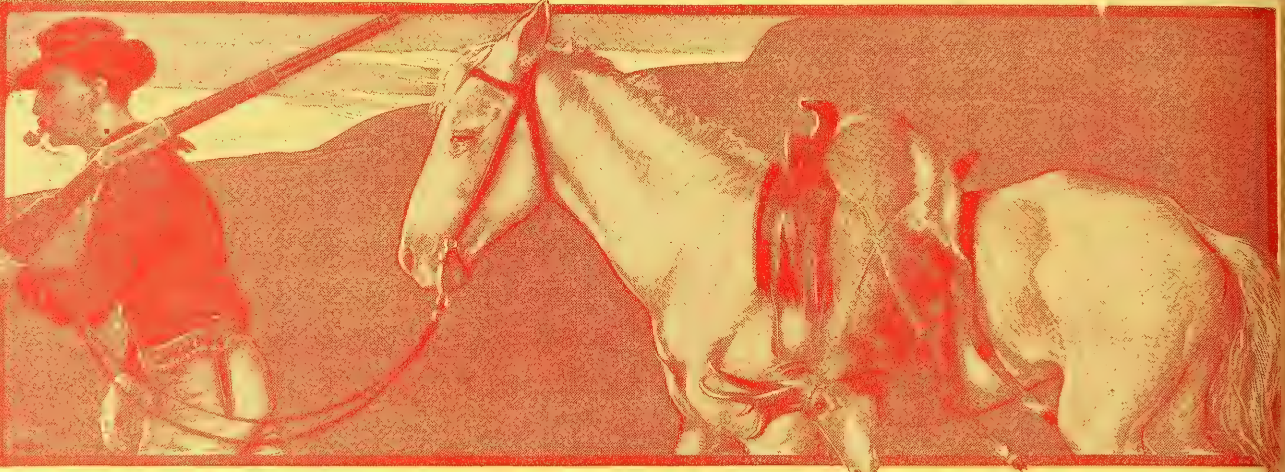

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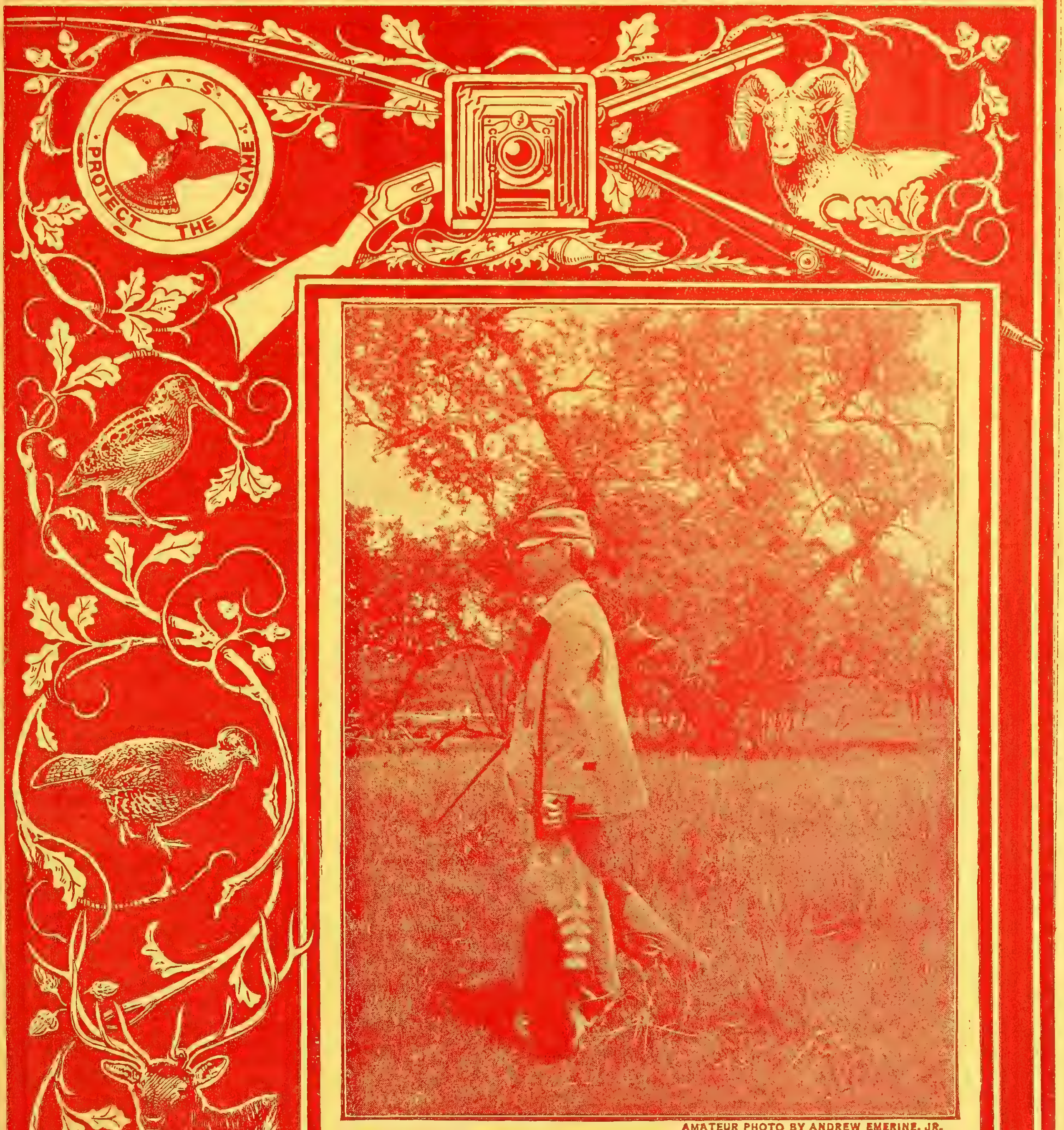

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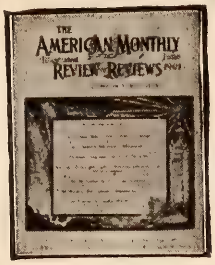

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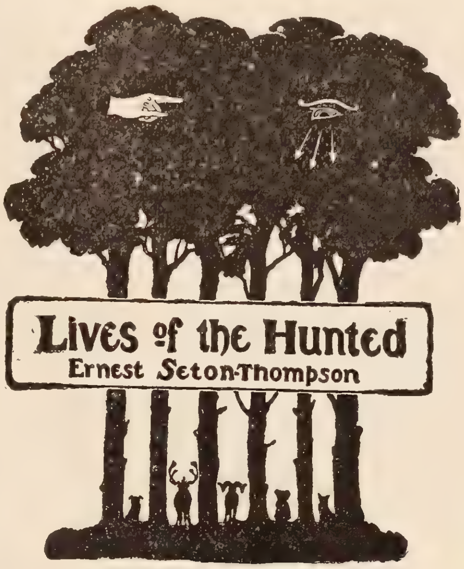

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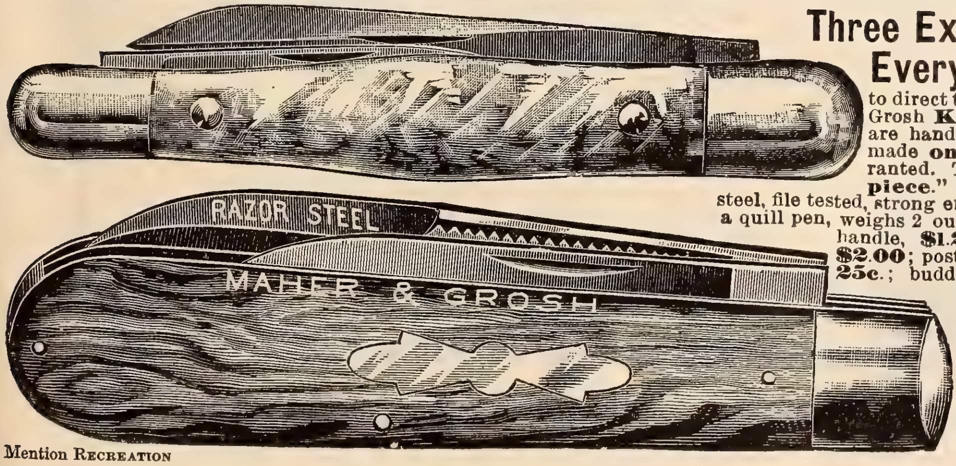

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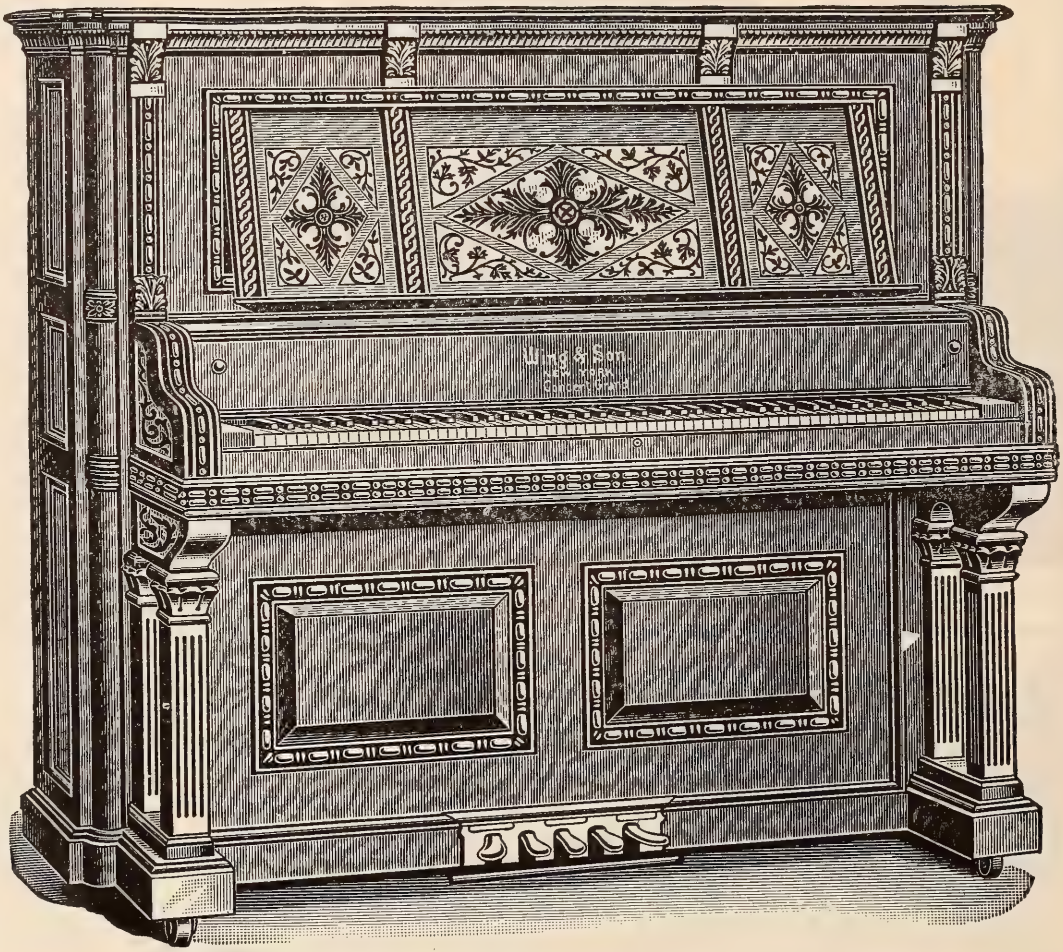

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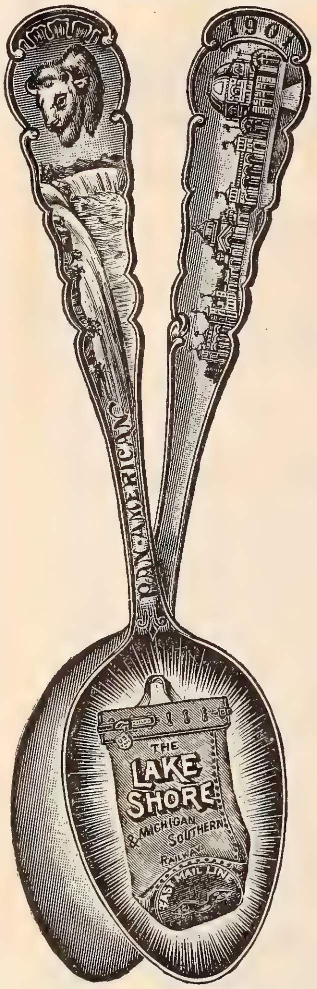
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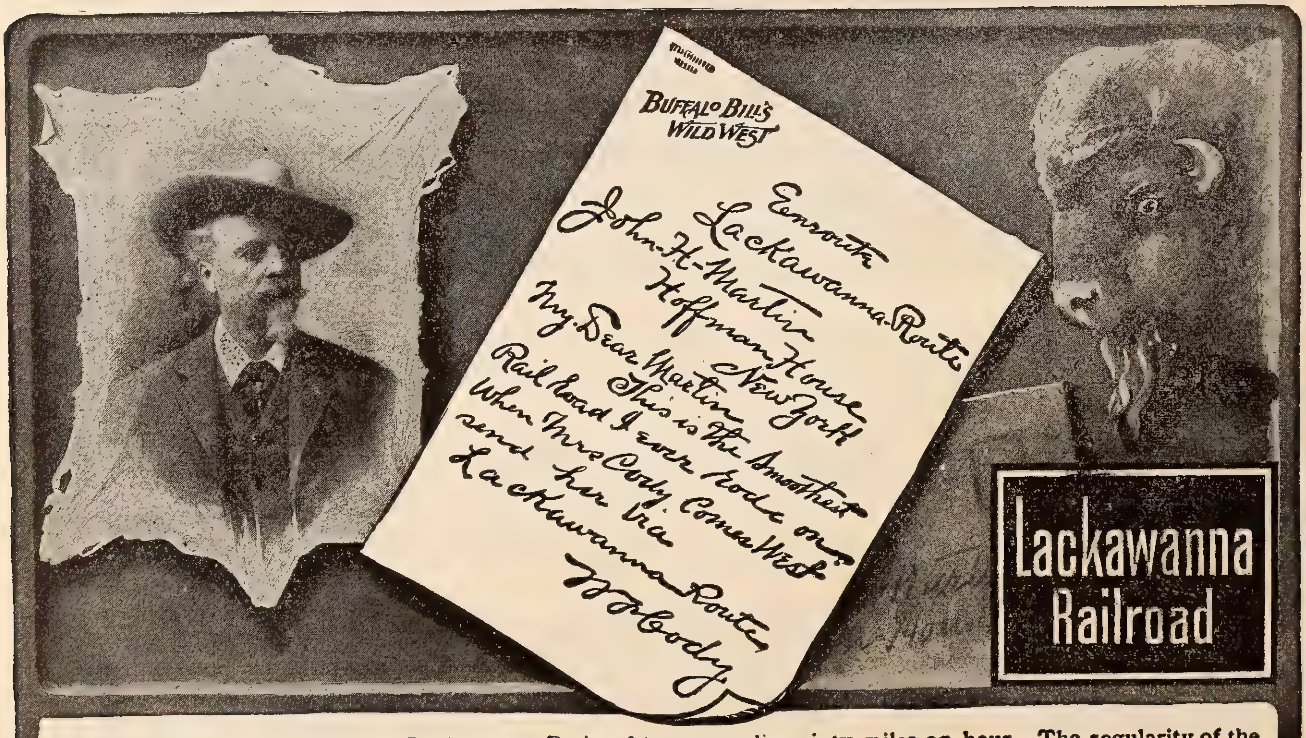
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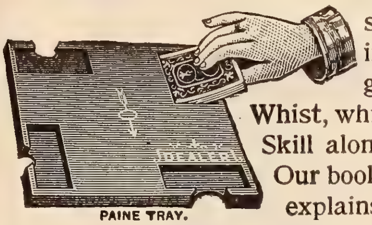

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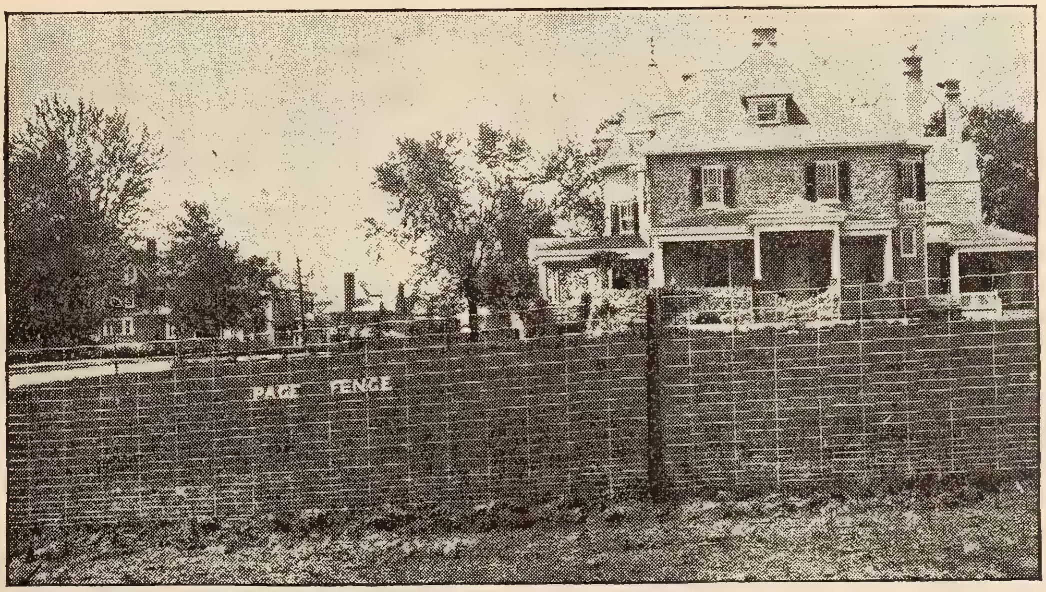

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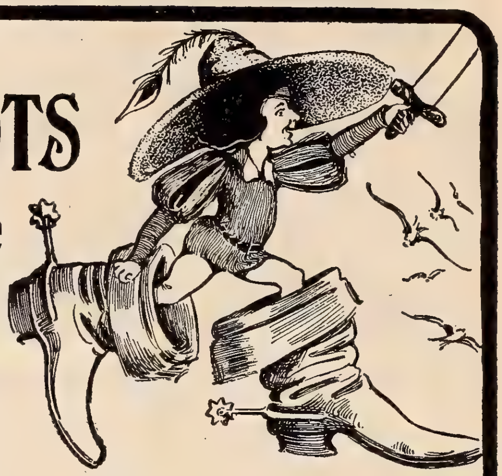

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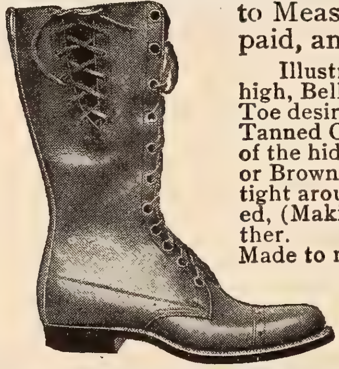

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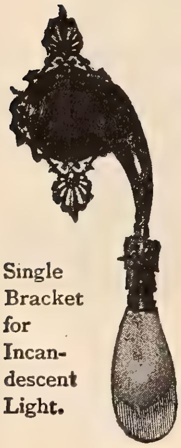

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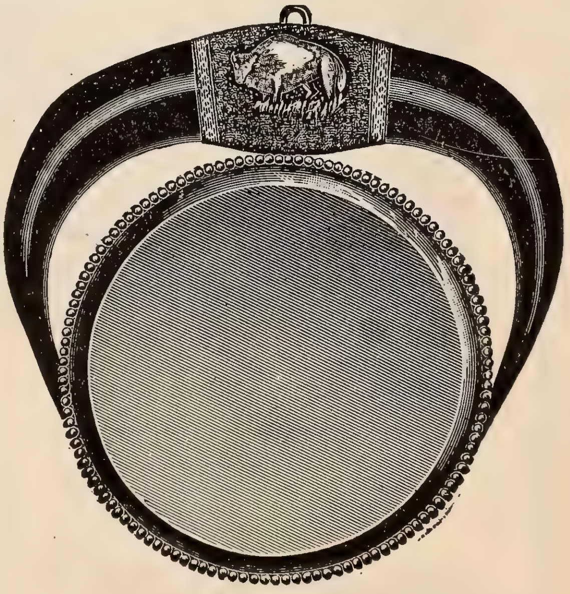

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You who are wise will insist on these three qualities when you buy a beer:

First:---*Purity;* for healthfulness depends on it.

Schlitz Beer is pure.

Our brewery throughout is kept as clean as your kitchen.

Every drop of our beer is cooled in plate glass rooms in filtered air.

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No visitor to our brewery will ever doubt that Schlitz beer is pure.

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We use the best barley that money can buy, and a partner in our business selects it.

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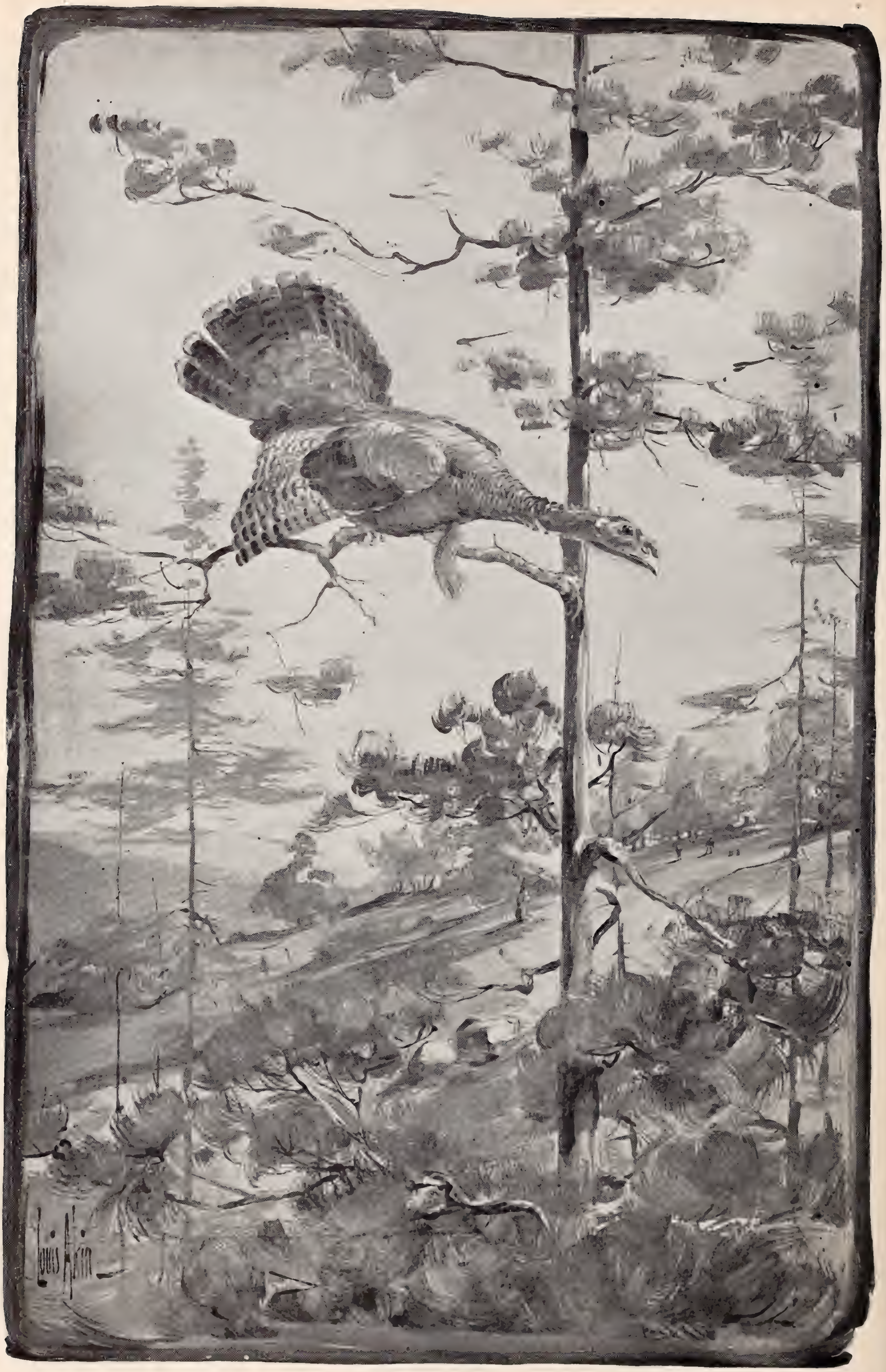
Schlitz beer—even in Germany, the home of good brewing—is considered the standard beer of the world.

Ask for Schlitz, and you are certain of *Purity*, *Age* and *Quality*. Ask simply for beer, and you may get a product that was brewed for half the cost of Schlitz. Yet it costs *you* the same as Schlitz, The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

Ask for the
Brewery Bottling.

Schlitz

J. L. STACK



SHE GOT HER WINGS SET AND WENT DOWN THROUGH THE PINE TOPS.

RECREATION

Volume XV. NOVEMBER, 1901. Number 5

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

MY CUMBERLAND TURKEY.

MR. R. L. WARNER.

Long before my conservative parents permitted me to use a gun, I had conceived an ambition to some day make the acquaintance of the wild turkey in his native fastnesses. This youthful hope, fondly nursed through the successive stages of muzzle loader, single barreled breech loader, Parker hammerless, and 40-60 rifle, survived many experiences with grouse, ducks and deer, and bade fair to become a permanent fixture in my mental inventory of things I should like to accomplish during my journey through this vale of tears. In the great Northwest, where it was my good fortune to grow up, there are no turkeys. Yet even after I took up my abode in Western Pennsylvania, I lived 4 years within a half day's journey of turkeys and never thought of going after one, until I made the acquaintance of Mr. R. L. Sommerville, of Lonaconing, Maryland. "Come up here in the fall," he said, "and you can get your turkey"; the which I did, and got him, or rather her, for fate had ordered he should be a hen.

On a delightfully clear day in early November, I took a local on the Georges Creek and Cumberland railroad for Lonaconing. I had previously been put in communication with Bill Pollock, one of Sommerville's miners, and a mighty hunter, and had been told by him there were lots of grouse, some quails, and a good many squirrels, and that he knew of a gang of 15 turkeys.

At Lonaconing, I was welcomed by my host, Sommerville, and introduced to Bill, who recommended that I first try the country around Warnicks, 12 or 15 miles back of Lonaconing, hunting with Fred Otto, who had bagged several turkeys there and knew the range.

For 3 days I followed Fred early and late among groves of beech and oak, through thickets of briar, over mountains and around the edges of buckwheat stubble, vainly seeking the festive turkey. There was, indeed, lots of small game, but for me it must be turkey or nothing. There were signs of turkey in plenty, and in a field which stood on edge away up the side of a steep hill there was a scarecrow, built the season before, to keep the young birds out of the buckwheat. Think of it, a scarecrow for turkeys! I know a lot of fellows who would like that job. But turkeys we found not, so I returned to Bill Pollock and we planned a campaign toward the South, around Mount Savage.

At 6:30 a.m. we took the train for Cumberland, and were let off at the Mount Savage water tank, 10 miles from Lonaconing. Crossing Georges creek, we passed through a little valley into a steep canyon leading to a notch between 2 high points on top of the range of hills which guard the gap. Bill's 2 fine setters worked all the cover carefully without result. After a half hour's climb we came into a little flat at the top of the canyon, where an open grove of young beeches afforded ideal turkey range; but, although there were signs and the dogs showed game, we found no birds. When 2 splendid gray squirrels sprang into the branches ahead of the dogs, I fell from grace and gave them both barrels. Behold! from off the mountains above there arose and passed high over us 12 great turkeys. Against the sky they looked as big as ostriches. Two alighted in the pines out on the point, while the others passed on across the valley and disappeared high up on the opposite mountain. Bill looked at me, I looked at the dogs, the dogs looked wistfully after the turkeys, and we all indulged in a season of silent profanity. Out on the point, in the top of the highest pine, we could see a gobbler craning his neck to find out what fool thing we would do next. But that gobbler was no chicken, and although 300 yards distant, he did not permit me to crawl 10 feet toward him before he climbed out of the pine for parts unknown, followed promptly by his lady friend.

We got up on the ridge from which we could survey the whole valley, and held a council of war. Away across the valley, near the top of the opposite mountain, we could see, against the heavy green of the tree tops, a yellow patch of corn stubble. It was decided that Bill and the dogs should go down through the valley and up the other side to take a stand on the edge of the field, and lay for the birds that had crossed. I was to try for a likely place on the mountain back of us.

Up I climbed to the top of the point, where I sat for a time listening to the music of beagles coursing a fox about the mountain; then picked my way down across the notch, scanning the ground for signs. In the notch was a growth of small oak, a good place for turkeys, and the overturned leaves and scratchings afforded evidence of their fondness for the locality. But long and careful hunting revealed nary turkey. Then I climbed up the other side of the notch and along the backbone clear to the summit. There, seated on a great rock, I smoked my briar, drank in breaths of clear mountain air, and gazed on outstretched miles of rolling hills. For an hour I yielded to the charm of the scene, then scrambled through a briar thicket down into a grove of hickory. Filling my pockets with nuts, I went back toward the top of the hill, whence the birds had flown in the morning, going carefully, pausing frequently and watching every movement far ahead through the trees. Thus I passed across and up the back of the mountain until I came out on the bald top. On my left was a sheer descent into the tree tops at the foot of the cliff, while on the right and to the front lay a steep slope of loose shale, with bare pines scattered here and there.

Suddenly there came to my ear from far below, the clear call of a turkey. I listened and soon again it floated musically through the thin air, "Keouk, keouk, keouk-e-ouk!" There was one down below and no mistake; but how to get to close quarters with the owner of that "keouk" was a problem. I knew that on the bare hillside I could be seen from afar, and that a false step would send clattering down enough shale to give every turkey in the country nervous prostration. Nevertheless, I essayed the descent for 100 yards or so, making what use I could of the slim pines for cover, and finally reached a point beyond which I knew it would be impossible to move quietly. Still the turkey called, and I flattened behind a pine fervently praying the bird would come up my side of the draw. "Keouk, keouk-eouk!" Oh, for a turkey call and some skilled accomplice to coax from it the magic sound! Fifty dollars for a turkey call! My kingdom for a turkey call! and no takers! "Keouk, keouk-keouk-eouk!" Awful thought; perhaps it was a hunter who had heard the slight noise I made coming down the ridge and was calling me even as the noble red men used to call our pilgrim fathers and make game of them. With the cheerful possibility in mind of being made the receptacle for a load of B B shot by some nervous youth accustomed to blaze away at everything that moves, I listened more intently to see whether the author of this serenade would change position. He finally did, but not in my direction.

At that juncture I determined on a forlorn hope; I would whistle a turkey tune myself. With many misgivings, I essayed 3 or 4 whistling calls, resembling turkey only "as the mist resembles rain." This maiden effort of mine provoked the soloist below into a prolonged and eloquent burst of silence. Just as my hopes reached zero they were sent jumping nearly to melting point by a vigorous renewal of turkey talk on the part of my feathered friend. Possibly she concluded from the sound of my voice I was a young bird that had swallowed a beech nut wrong end first and needed to be slapped on the back. Or, maybe, it was merely an uncontrollable attack of feminine curiosity which impelled her to come running through the leaves around the base of the hill where I sat, clucking vigorously the while. I screwed myself to the other side of the pine, praying the shale under me might hold on one minute longer, and flattened down like a flounder. There she came, on the run, through a short growth of briar below! As I threw up my gun, she uttered a sharp "whuk, whuk," and jumped to fly just as I fired. She got her wings set and went down through the pine tops, but the second barrel stopped her and she fell at the bottom of the hill.

As I stretched her out on the brown leaves, smoothed down the rumpled feathers, and surveyed the rich plumage, brilliant as burnished brass in the afternoon sun, I would have treated a proposition to exchange places with Abdul Hamid or any other worldly potentate with scorn and contempt. Do you suppose Abdul Hamid could all alone call up and shoot a wild turkey?

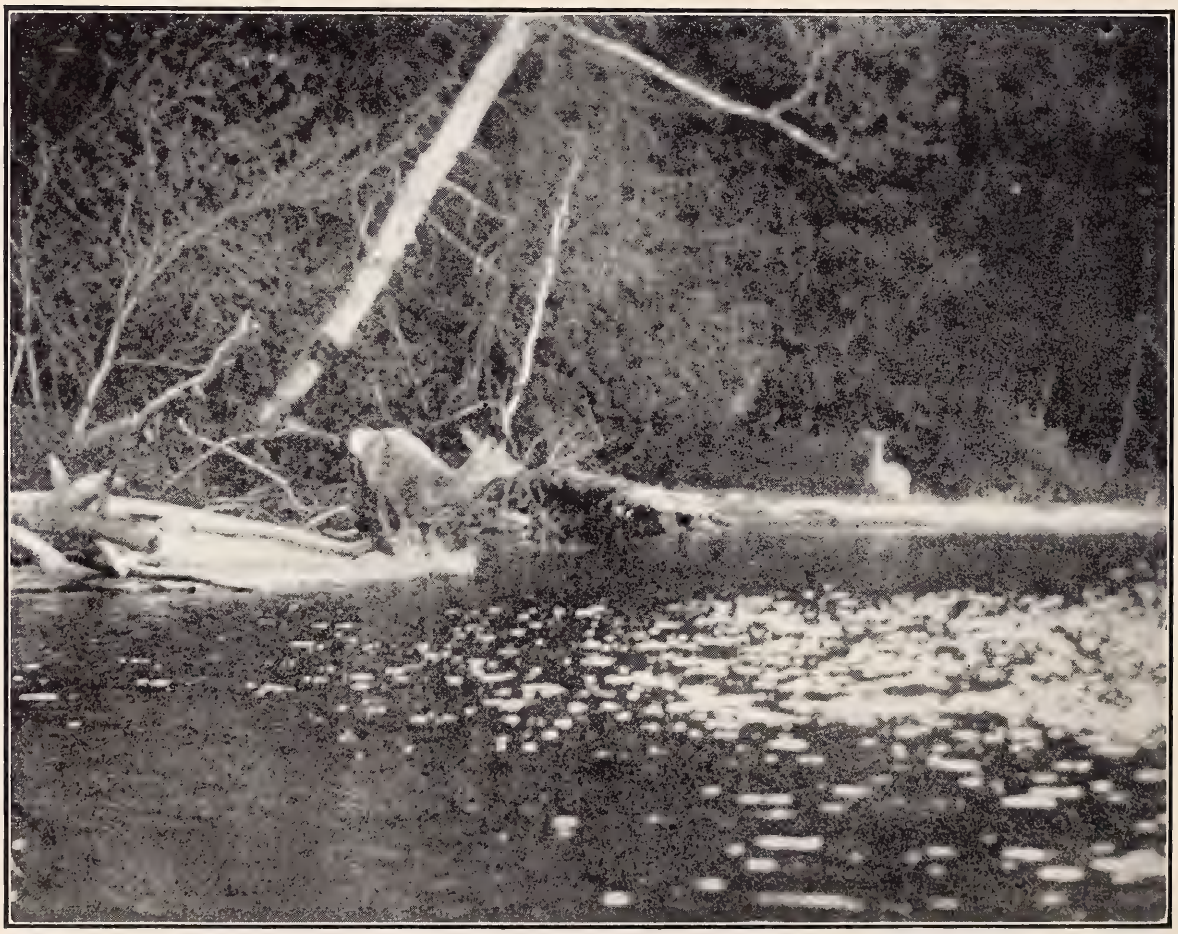
Oh, what a beauty she was, fat and heavy, the grandmother of all the flock. I ate my lunch, then reclined on a bed of fragrant leaves, watching thin threads of smoke from my restful briar find their way lazily out through the tree tops. I was at peace with all mankind. But the stillness of the late autumn afternoon came on and the deep shadow of the other mountain crept out of the valley until it fell over me, and only the bald summit remained bathed in sunlight. I took the great bird on my back and started down to meet Bill at the water tank.

Even now I survey the dark splotches on the back of my old canvas shooting coat and live over the incidents of that day among the Maryland hills which closed with the demise of my turkey.

Once upon a time a little girl was allowed to take dinner with her elders for the first time. She had never tasted asparagus, and when some was placed before her she inspected it with considerable curiosity. After turning the stalks over gingerly with her fork, she pushed the plate away with a decided air. When asked what was the matter, she replied: "I don't like it. One end of it is raw and the other end rotten."—**New York Evening Sun.**

NAME OF PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

FLIPPING THE FLAPJACKS
Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition



AMATEUR PHOTO BY R. C. W LETT

THE EVENING DRINK.
Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

IN THE CAROLINA WOODS.

S. PHELPS.

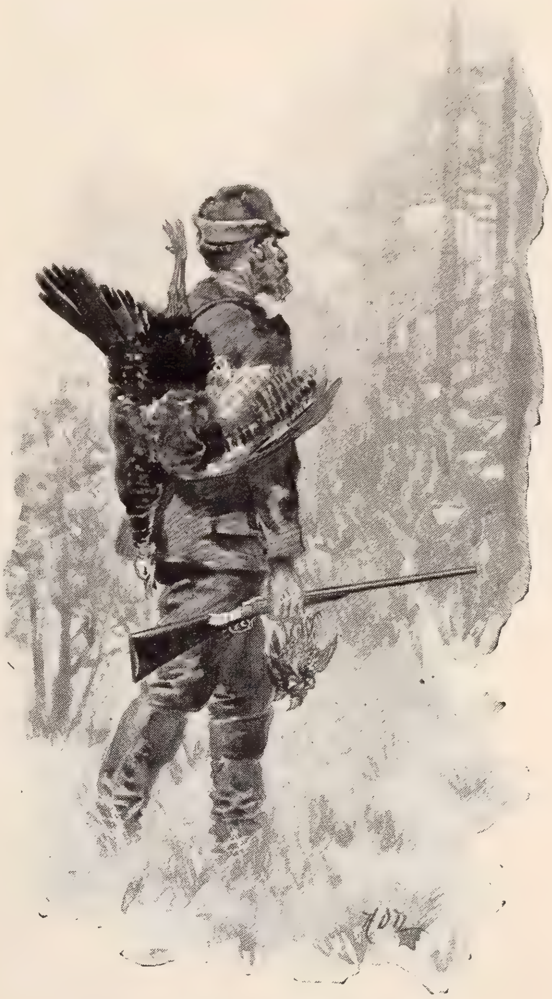
After a month in the open woods at Pinebluff, N. C., I suffered a severe relapse of the hunting fever. Though often "the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill" in that region, foxes and skunks are almost the only game, and demand a large stable and kennel. So, acting on information issued by the Seaboard Air Line, I took train to a promising hunting center. There the obliging hotel proprietor, a few hours after my arrival, had me scouring the fields with a prominent State officer, his keen scented pointer in front and a well scented darkey behind. Of a half dozen coveys of quails we bagged 6. These birds rise with little less noise and no greater certainty of direction than the broken pieces from a blasted rock. Is that why they are called a "quarry"? But one covey, which we flushed at a distance, rose together like sparks from a chimney, and 3 fell. Those our excellent retriever recovered for us. We missed the dog in the dense growth, and in due time he appeared with another bird in his mouth. Probably he had pounced on it alive.

Next morning I beat directly into the timber, and in the course of 2 hours I fell in with Ab and Henry, who are famous gunners and trappers. I secured board with Henry for 25 cents a day and engaged the services of Ab as guide for 50 cents.

When Henry learned that his guest was a parson, he said he was cautious about trusting people, for the last preacher that had visited the neighborhood had killed a man and had been taken in by the authorities. Henry then inquired whether that fighting they had in China wasn't "something about religion."

The wild turkey, that biggest and shrewdest of American game birds, uses in those woods in limited numbers. Taking a snack in our pockets we sallied forth on 4 successive days into the great forest where his lordship holds court, but he failed for a long time to hold out the golden scepter, though we tramped 15 miles or more daily. About once a day there would be a glimpse of a monstrous black shadow whirling by out of gun-shot. One must take "a dawg to squander 'em" in the afternoon, and then, before sunrise the following morning, take one's position in the same spot behind the blind and watch, while the guide with his yelper, made of a hollow bone and a wooden tube, or of a nail and a piece of slate, amorously woos the weary gobbler. Friday night Ab played poacher and walked through posted land. He scattered several turkeys and followed with his eye one that roosted in the top of an 80-foot pine. That was our opportunity.

Next morning, after a 2-mile tramp through the wet woods, "slippin' along tol'able easy," we squatted motionless until it grew light enough to see which tree milord had chosen. Alas! the guide had mistaken the tree, and, without warning, there sounded the "shruff, shruff" of the huge wings at too great a distance for our wing shot.


WHAT A THANKSGIVING FEAST!

Late in the afternoon I lost a band of turkeys in a wheat field through the noise of a rabbit-running dog. Ab then returned to the location of the morning. A "fress" in the leaves warned him that sharp eyes, peering keen from a protruding, awkward head, had espied him. He leaped to his feet, ran a few steps, sent the leaden pellets on their winged mission, and the proud strut and mellow yelp ceased forever. An 18-pound gobbler, a feathered statue in bronze, distinguished from his domestic relatives by his black hues and brown corona, what a Thanksgiving feast! The prize is worth the struggle.

The early part of the following week found me, with my big turkey and another handsome mess of quails, restored to civilization behind a locomotive shrieking through the night toward home, while my brain saw a vision of gustatory delight with only one overhanging cloud—I wish I had shot the turkey myself!

WITH DOG AND GUN.

MAUDE E. S. HYMERS.

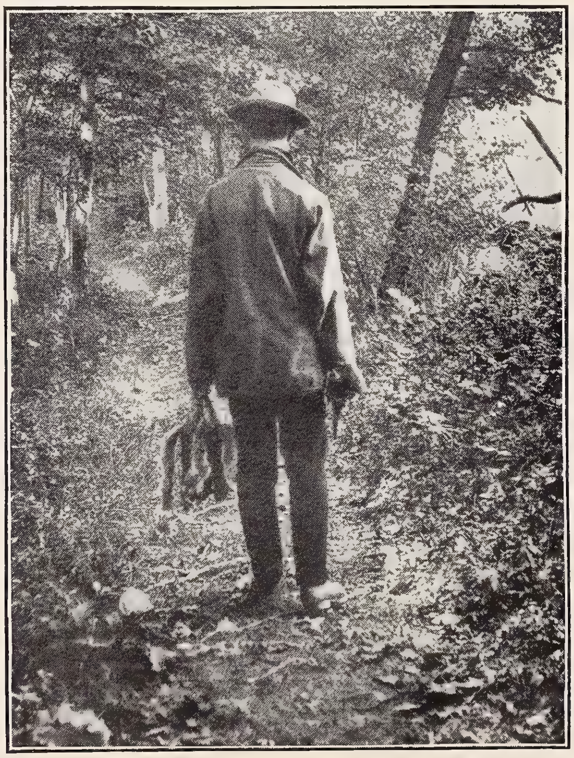
Gray skies, dun clouds, and a sift of snow,
The bite of frost in the spicy air,
Then I hate the town with its pulses slow,
And its pleasures tame as its virtues rare!

I long for the forest pastures free,
For the heat of the chase when the sport is on;
For the rank of the huntsman's livery,
And those royal companions, a dog and a gun.

Oh, the nameless scent of the woodland mold,
The voice of the wind in the branches bare!
The flash of wings from a truant bold,
The skirl of the chipmunk's saucy dare!

Oh, the red blood's leap in the quickened veins,
The steel nerves taut when the ruffed grouse run!
The lowliest subject a monarch reigns
O'er realms unbounded, with dog and gun!

Oh, the far, faint call of a mateless quail,
The tint of gray on a wafting wing;
The high "Honk, honk!" of a feathered sail,
My pointer's eloquent whimpering!
Oh, the shadowed aisles of the forest dim,
The path of the stars when the day is done,
The crooning of Nature's cradle hymn!
Give me these and freedom with dog and gun.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY HARRY G. HIGBEE.

SATISFIED.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

A DAY ON THE MARSHES.

H. B. G.

It had been raining a few days and there were no indications of a change of weather. Whenever it rains I have an irresistible desire to go duck shooting, especially in November when birds are plentiful; so when I saw a long string of ducks flying in the direction of my favorite hunting grounds, the Suisun marshes, I looked up my chum, Fred, and we arranged to go duck shooting. We decided to leave late the following day, which was Friday, stay all night at our cabin on the marsh and get up early Saturday for our hunt.

When the time came for our departure we started, loaded with baggage and followed by Fred's Irish water spaniel Jess, and my Irish setter, Shot, 2 dogs that could do as much work as any 3 in the country. The train arrived at Suisun about 5 p. m. After walking half a mile from the station we came to our cabin, and Fred, who was elected cook, proceeded to get supper.

At 4 o'clock next morning Fred, who already had breakfast cooking, called me. I scrambled out of bed, pulled on my gum boots and oilskins, ate a hasty breakfast and we started, Fred carrying a sack filled with decoys. Shot and Jess barked and jumped and showed their delight in every way known to a dog. After walking a short distance we reached our blind, on the edge of a slough about 80 yards wide, and set out our decoys. This finished, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances and a drizzling rain would permit.

We waited a while without seeing a bird, and I was on the point of getting up to stretch my cramped legs when Fred grabbed me by the arm and pointed ahead. Looking in that direction I saw by the uncertain light 2 big honkers just within range.

"Take the leader," I said, as I held well ahead of the second bird and fired. Fred got his bird with the second barrel, while the one I shot at turned and flew back in the direction whence it came. Presently a flock of 3 came straight for our blind. When they were about 10 yards from us I stood up, fired and down came the first one right at our feet. Turning quickly I fired at another and brought it down. The one Fred shot at sped away with its leg hanging.

It was by that time quite light and we could see ducks flying in different parts of the marsh and now and then hear the report of a gun. Soon we saw a large flock of mallards coming in our direction. I don't claim to be expert in many things, but if I can do anything I can call a duck. I began talking to that flock, and before long had them circling over our decoys.

We both fired at the same time, and had the satisfaction of seeing 3 fat birds drop into the slough. Hardly had the dogs got back to the blind with them before 2 teal came along. My gun missed fire and before I could try the second barrel Fred had dropped both ducks. After that we both made some flock shots; but as a rule the birds flew singly or in pairs. The dogs worked to perfection, and when it was time for us to leave we had all the game we wished to carry.

THE FOWLER OF THE COAST.

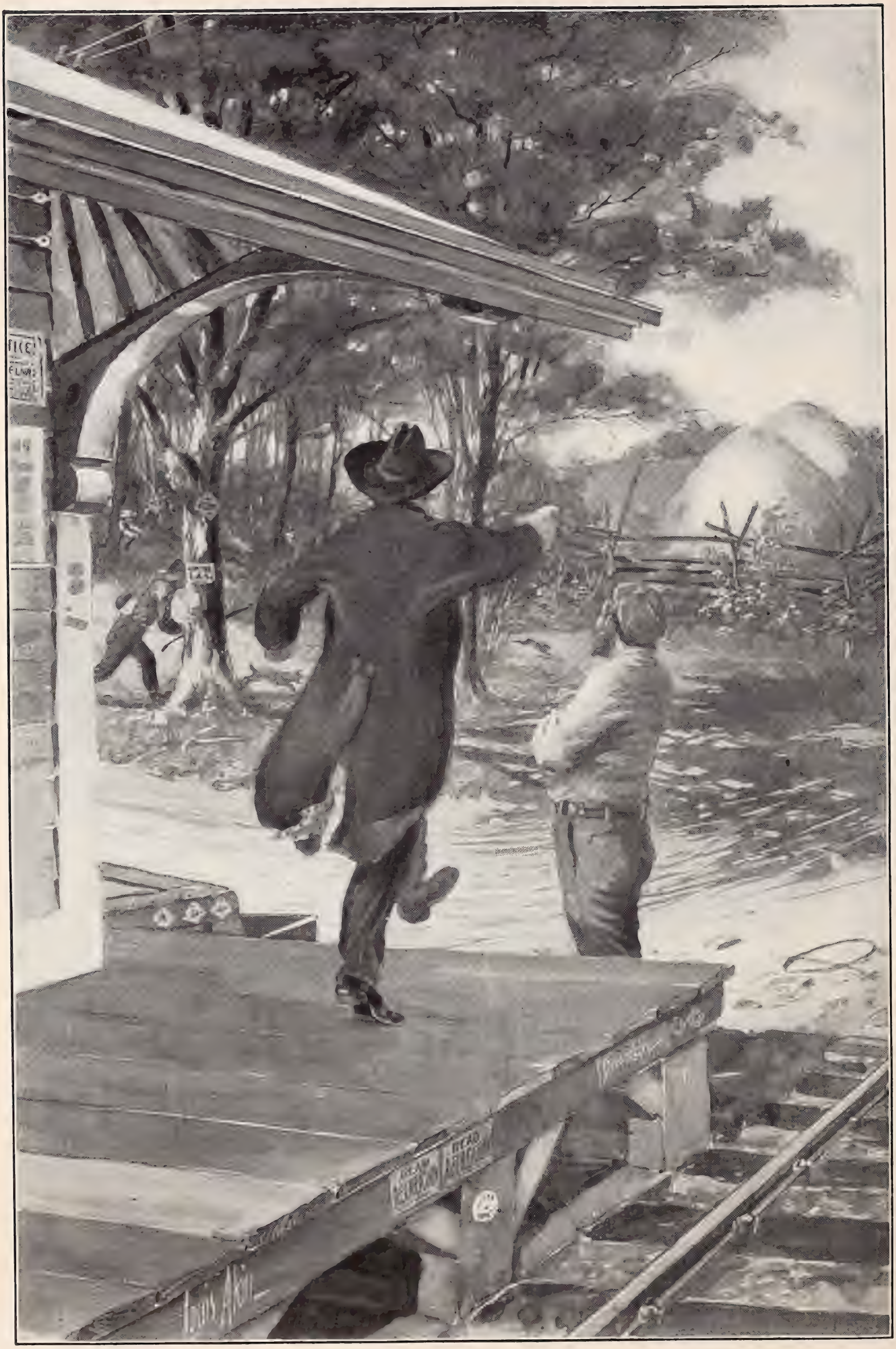
COLIN MCKAY.

Above, dark sky and drifting cloud;
Below, gray, steaming, surging seas;
Inshore, old ocean's hoary host,
Charging the rock-embattled coast;
And seaward, whisp'rings of a breeze,
And shiverings of the deep's dark shroud.

A fowler, stormy-petrelwise,
Seated within his dancing boat,
Floats o'er the waves from crest to crest.
In careless, ceaseless, wild unrest
He waits the morning's moving note—
The whirr of wild fowl 'cross the skies.

Dim breaks the dawn o'er Fort Latour,
And dank along the mist-draped sea.
The wild fowl rise from cove and bay,
Flurried and frightened by the day,
And scurry seaward, flocking free,
As shot guns speak along the shore.

The fowler rouses with the light,
And grasps his ancient fowling piece.
Active, alert, his keen eyes gaze
Up through the shimmering, pearly haze
That folds him like a mystic fleece,
Watching the wild fowls' rapid flight.



THE DOCTOR GRABBED A BRICK AND RAN AFTER THE CHASE.

A BROKEN SABBATH.

W. C. BAKER.

Bright and early Sunday morning our camp was astir, for lo! 2 mighty hunters had stalked up to the camp fire the evening before, bearing between them the pride of the Savannah river swamps, a 20-pound gobbler. Whereupon the camp had agreed that, in spite of difficulties, this prize must be shipped to the folks at home, in order to show them we were not mere camp fire hunters; hence the early activity.

A four hours' run down the river took us to Bluff Landing. It was necessary to disembark there and carry the gobbler over land to the village of Villette, where we hoped to find an express office. The royal bird was accordingly slung to a pole borne on the shoulders of Abe, the cook, and myself. An hour later we marched into Villette, hung our burden in a tree and looked around for someone to interrogate. The only human being in sight was an old negro, from whom we extracted the information that there was no express office, but that Mr. D——, the station agent, sometimes attended to express business.

"Where is Mr. D——?" we asked.

"He done gone away; but Mr. B——, what keeps de store, he gen'ally 'tend to de station for him."

"Where is Mr. B——then?"

"He done gone away, too, but I reckon he mought be back 'bout sundown."

Further questioning brought forth nothing satisfactory; and indeed after a look about the place we concluded that all the inhabitants thereof had "done gone away." It was either tote the bird back to camp or endure a long wait with the chance of being finally disappointed.

We chose the latter alternative and resignedly sat down on the railroad track. The only living things in sight except the old darkey were a drove of hogs and a tame duck, that wandered about the streets at will. Occasionally the baying of a dog was borne to us on the still air. So far away and so mellow did it seem that it only enhanced the drowsy quiet; but it was the restless spirit of that same dog which caused 6 men to break the Sabbath.

Presently there appeared riding toward us a white man, who, the old darkey informed us, was called the Doctah. I was eager to fire a volley of questions at him, but the grand air with which he handed his rein to the negro made me hesitate, and I asked him only for the time of day. He answered politely, then folded his arms and stood gazing with great dignity at nothing. I accordingly drew myself up and looked as dignified as was possible in a soiled flannel shirt and a beard of a week's growth.

At that important moment there appeared an element of disturbance; 2 swaggering youths, one carrying an old carbine. They beat on packing cases, scattered the drove of hogs and chased the meandering duck under the store as they approached. After they had inspected our turkey they walked up and suspiciously eyed us. I answered their questions as to his capture straightforwardly, however, and they passed on, "to see what that there houn' is runnin'."

I then perceived that the dog before mentioned was trailing in a bit of open woods that lay directly behind the station. Encouraged by the yells of the young men, the dog soon started a cottontail, and then pandemonium broke loose. Half a dozen more dogs appeared from nowhere and dashed after the game. Abe, a church member and a Sunday school teacher, lit out with a whoop for the scene of action, followed at a slower pace by the old darkey. I glanced at the Doctor. That personage slowly mounted the high platform of the station and stood surveying with calm indifference the riotous scene. I was determined not to be outdone in the indifference line, so I again folded my arms and assumed my most dignified air. At that moment the flying rabbit burst into view.

"Yer! yer! yer 'e goes!" yelled the Doctor, and with a wild leap from the platform he grabbed a brick and ran after the chase. I was surprised and grieved, but stifled my emotions and mounted the platform to take the place he had vacated. With smiling condescension I watched my more excitable fellow men chase a poor little rabbit on Sunday. I saw the Doctor hurl his brick with terrific force, and then, alas for me! the hunted animal broke cover and made straight for the station. I gazed at him a second in a kind of stupor, then made a leap that eclipsed the Doctor's, landed in the road in the attitude of a crack short stop, and endeavored to stop the rabbit as I would a hot grounder.

Abe told me afterward that the animal ran right over my shoulder. All I can tell is that the next instant I was sprawling in the dust, clutching wildly at the atmosphere, while Brer Rabbit, having executed a right face, was bounding down the road with the whole hunt close upon him.

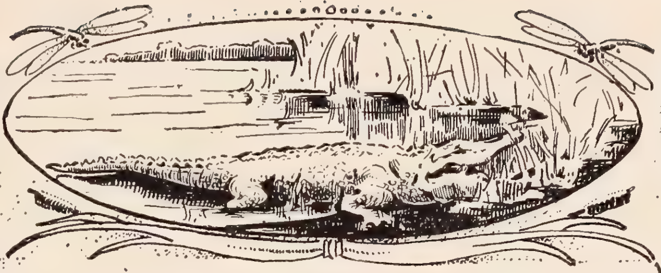
I scrambled to my feet, rushed after, and was in at the death. A yellow cur, left behind in the chase, happened to be directly in Brer Rabbit's course as he again took to the woods. Though a laggard in the race, the dog was not slow in taking advantage of this windfall. He crouched low as he opened his jaws to their greatest extent, and waved his head from side to side. With a last frantic leap Brer Rabbit landed within. He was immediately rescued, but he was then stone dead. No mark of the dog's teeth could be found on him, and it was surmised that he died of fright, or disgust. I ventured to look at the Doctor. He wore a guilty grin on his face and I suspect I again followed his example.

Mr. B—— had now appeared, and I transacted my business with him as quickly as possible. As Abe and I slowly wended our way campward in the gathering dusk, ever and anon the solemn Sunday stillness was rudely shattered by bursts of wild, abandoned laughter.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ANDREW EMERINE JR.

DE GEMMAN WHAT STOLE DE CHICKENS.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

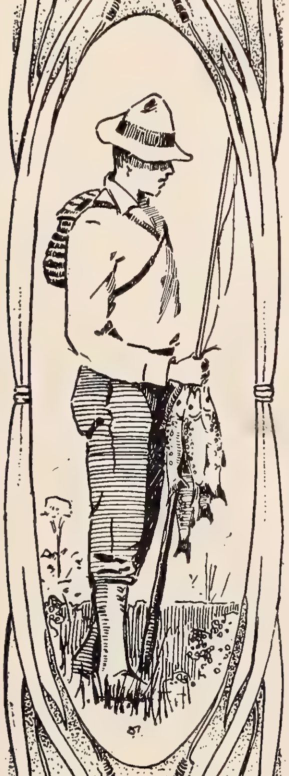


THE MOUNTAINS OF FLORIDA.

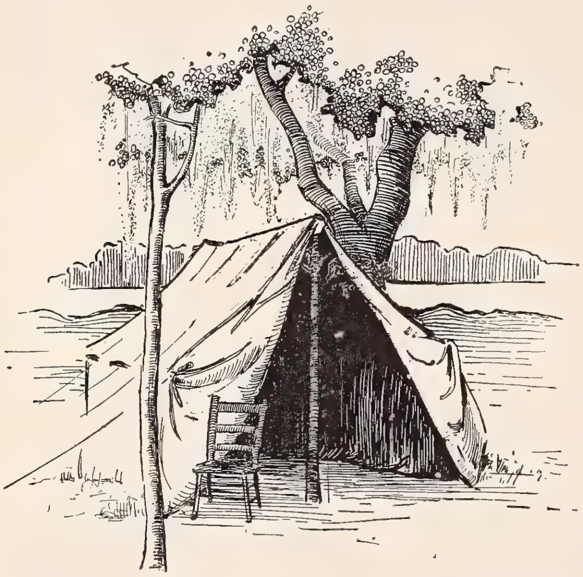
CAPT. L. G. BILLINGS, U. S. N.

One of the strongest passions that dominates the human breast is to discover, to see, to explore, to know something out of the usual! This passion can alone account for the fervor with which men who have known the frigid terrors of the North or roasted under the torrid sun of Africa, return again and again to their mistress. To all is not given to follow this passion to such extremes. Time and a certain personality are required. Then there is always the question of expense; but the secretive passion exists even if the means to gratify it may be lacking. Who of us does not remember the secret, deep-shaded pool where lurked the speckled monarch of the brook; or the alder copse, always good for one brood of woodcock. How jealously did we guard the secret. They were ours!

With this feeling astir in my thoughts, while I write of my discoveries last winter in Florida, I feel the self-sacrificing glow of him who gives, knowing that all who benefit by these points will surely find like satisfaction in the results. It sounds almost abnormal to speak of any part of Florida as unknown or unexplored, yet there are hundreds of square miles which are virgin of the sportsman or tourist. Nearly all of Lake county and much of the contiguous country, containing within



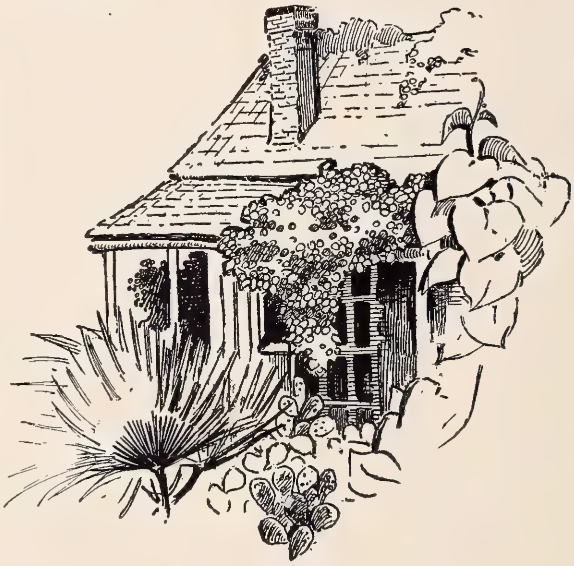
its boundaries all that Florida can boast of mountains, is unknown. There is ridge after ridge of almost pure white sand, covered with original growth of yellow pine, with no undergrowth or logs to obstruct, and literally filled with lakes and lakelets of the purest and clearest water. It is a region as healthful as it is beautiful. The climate is far superior to that on either of the coasts and seems almost specific for rheumatic afflictions, as many sufferers testify. With glorious sunsets and the pure, translucent tints of an Italian sky, only possible in a perfect atmosphere, it is an unfailing delight simply to live.



There is fair shooting for the sportsman, though not enough, perhaps, for the game hog who wishes to exterminate. There are deer, turkeys, wildcats, some ducks, plenty of quails and snipe, rabbits, coons, foxes, and fox squirrels. One need never carry a too cold gun or fail to vary the corn pone and sweet potatoes with the contents of his own bag. Fashionable hotels do not exist in this Utopia; neither do their prices prevail. Good milk, fresh vegetables, pure air and water are the principal articles of diet, if air may be so considered; and to these must be added fish that make your mouth water. Think of 11-pound black bass! I do not mean the big ones which are never landed, but the more singular ones which actually tip the scales and come on to the table.

There is another kind of sport in this wild country which merits especial attention; that is, to locate some moss-covered ancient alligator, full of scars and just as full of wisdom, which he has acquired through frequent battles with the vindictive Cracker. The Cracker looks on every large alligator as the sepulchre of many of his missing "hawgs," but when the alligator grows old he becomes wary, and no tyro can fire hunt him, nor can his scalp be taken by ordinary pot shots. I have in memory one hoary veteran, nearly 12 feet long, which taxed my skill for 3 days, the last day full of such palpitating excitement as no deer hunter knows, before the 38-40 smashed his skull.

Finally, there is no hardship in reaching this modern Paradise. The palatial service of the Southern Railroad Company takes one swiftly and comfortably into its very heart, and inquiry of any of its passenger agents will elicit all the information necessary for one's location in this delightful region, far from fashion's bewildering maze.



We had great sport there all last winter, and like the country and the people so well we are going again this winter.

If you are tired, or sick, or if you want a quiet place to think, or if you want to study nature, or shoot, or fish, go to Florida.

A PALMIST INTERRUPTED.

"You will be married"—
"Say, tell me the good things first."

A FLORIDA KID ON A CAMP HUNT.

CHARLEY APOPKA.

VI.

Next mornin' I woke up afore sun. Th' day star wuz a shinin' like a new dollar an' it wuz jest a gittin' light in th' East, so I thought I'd be smart an' ketch a mess uv fish fer breakfust, bein's ther wuzn't fresh ter cook, so I slipped out an' got me a handful uv worms an' went down ter th' big hole in th' branch. Pa's alluz a tellin' me 'bout th' early bird gittin' th' worm, but it wuz so dinged early I coulden' hardly see ter git 'em. Time I got th' pole outen th'bushes an' th' hook baited it wuz mighty near day, an' th' fish wuz makin' circles all over th' top uv th' water, an' I didn't have long ter wait when I drapped in an' I woulden' fool yer. Time she hit th' water somethin' snapped it like a snake, an' foamed aroun' with it. I coulden' pull 'im out fer fear uv breakin' th' line, so I sorter played 'im aroun' till he got tired an' led 'im up ter th' bank an' slipped mah fingers in 'is gills, an' blame if twuzent a trout what 'ould weigh ever' bit uv 6 pounds. In a half hour I had a plenty, so I throwed th' balance uv th' worms ter th' fish an' went ter scalin'. It wuzn't near as much fun cleanin' 'em as it wuz a ketchin' 'em, an' I wuz beginnin' ter wish I hadn't caught so many when I heerd somethin' a blubberin' an' a splashin' 'round th' bend uv th' crick, where th' bushes hung over, an' there come 2 ole otters a swimmin' an' a playin' along. I shore wished I'd brung th' gun, an' 'bout th' time I got through wishin' they seen me, er smelt me, an' they dove under, an' that wuz th' last I see uv 'em. I could hear someone a choppin' at th' camp by then. so I hurried th' fish cleanin' an' tuck 'em ter camp an' they wuz all up an' fixin' ter cook breakfust. They sed I done well, an' Uncle Dick throwed a gob uv grease in th' pan an' went ter fryin' 'em, an' Mr. Sam cooked a lot uv pertaters in th' skillet an' we never et nothin' but fish 'n' pertaters fer breakfust, an' it wuz good enough fer anybody.

"Say, fellers," sez Mr. Sam, "I'm a gittin' in th' notion fer another bait uv deer meat. Less make a drive through that sand scrub we come by th' other day. It's plum tore up with deer signs." Th' rest uv us wuz in th' notion too, so we tore out fer th' scrub soon's we'd done eatin'. We put buckshot in ar guns, 'ceptin' Mr. Sam; he had 'is Winchester. Pa sez:

"Look out fer snakes. I reckon there's ole rattlers in there big 'nuff ter swallō a dawg."

We got 'bout a hundred yards apart an' went inter th' scrub tergether, Pa ter th' right, me nex', and then Mr. Sam an' Uncle Dick.

"Bud," sez Uncle Dick, "if yer kill yer a deer afore yer git home I'll buy yer th' purtiest 32 Winchester yer ever see, soon's I sell that bunch uv beef steers."

I made up mah mine ter git that gun er bust a trace. Th' scrub wuzn't so powerful thick, but it wuz tolerble sorry walkin', an' I kep' thinkin' 'bout them big ole snakes an' a lookin' fer 'em, an' first I knowed a rabbit jumped outen 'is bed right at mah feet, an' scared me so bad I mighty near hollered 'fore I thought. We hadn't gone far when a big ole doe jumped up ahead uv Mr. Sam an' went a sailin' through th' scrub, an' Mr. Sam cracked down on 'er an' never hit 'er, an' it didn't s'prise me much, 'is missin' 'er, fer she wuz jest a hittin' th' high places an' I woulden' fool yer. She never give th' rest uv us a chance, but it wuzn't 10 minutes till one jumped up in front uv Uncle Dick an' run by me, an' I tore loose at 'er an' missed 'er clean, an' 'bout that time Pa told 'er howdy an' rolled 'er over th' purtiest I ever see. 'Fore we could git to 'er she got up an' wuz a makin' off, but Pa wuz ready an' give 'er th' other bar'l, an' that time she hit th' dirt fer good. Pa bled 'er an' we hung 'er up in a spruce pine an' cleaned 'er 'fore you could fix. She wuz as purty an' fat as I ever see, an' look like she wuz own sister ter th' one Mr. Sam shot at.

The weather wuz tolerble warm an' Pa sed we'd better not kill no more'n we could take care uv, so we pulled out fer camp; Pa'n Mr. Sam a totin' th' doe on a saplin' pole. I reckon I see as many as a dozen fox squir'ls on th' way ter camp, but we never shot none. We hit camp 'bout noon, an' it didn't take long fer us ter bake some biskits an' fry enough steaks look like ter feed a saw mill. It didn't look like 4 humans an' a dawg could eat as much as we did an' live ter tell it, an' I reckon it couldn't be done 'ceptin' in camp.

We stretched out th' deer hide an' driv pegs through it ter keep it in shape an' then we lay down an' rested an' played seven-up ter see who had ter wash th' dishes an' pans. It wuz Pa 'n' Uncle

Dick agin me 'n' Mr. Sam, an' they wuz 5 ter ar 3 on th' last game, an' they wuz a laffin' at us an' a sayin', "Oh, yes, yer will play th' ole timers, will yer?" Uncle Dick wuz a dealin' an' it wuz my beg, an' as he took his last 3 cards he held 'em sorter high, an' I see they wuz spades, an' he turned spades trumps. I made a beg on th' ace, tray an' 10 spot. He had th' king an' a couple uv tolerble low trumps, an' give us one, an' we made high, low, gift an' th' game an' out. I jest squalled, an' Uncle Dick sez, "Doggone yore little heart, I've a mind ter feed yer ter th' 'gators." We laffed at 'em an' told 'em when they played with us ter keep their hands down, an' they swore they'd git us nex' time. We lay 'round th' balance uv th' day an' broiled a big mess uv fat deer ribs over th' coals fer supper an', gentlemen, they wuz shore fine. I went ter bed tolerble early, fer me 'n' Mr. Sam had it made up ter go inter th' hummock soon in th' mornin' an' kill a mess uv squr'ls.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HERBERT K. JOB.

NEST OF YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Premo Camera.

"All of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of her small pupils.

"Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie, "is it a lie if nobuddy finds it out?"—Ohio State Journal.

AN HOUR IN THE WOODS.

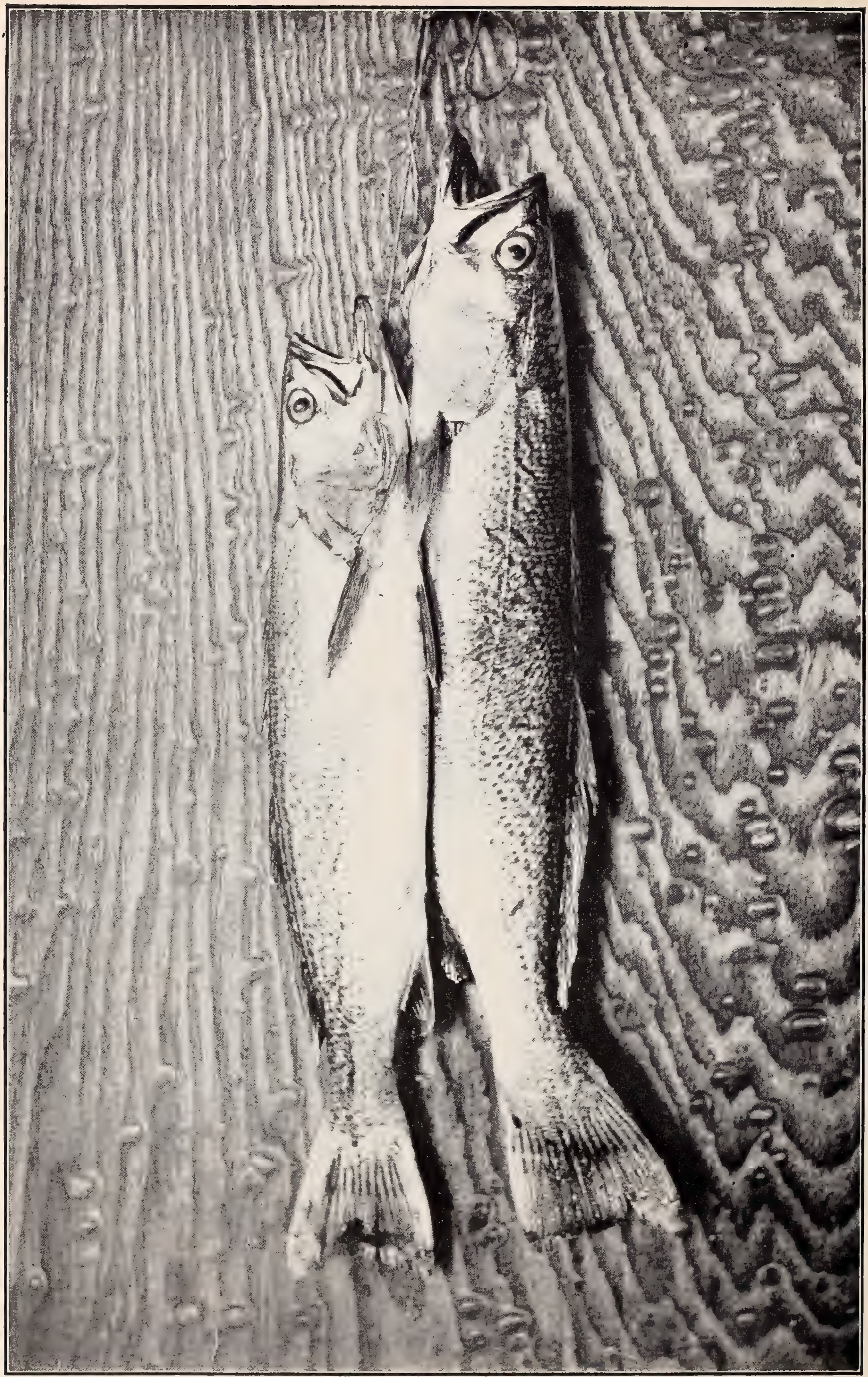
N. H. COVERT.

Last fall I was of a party of lovers of the forest and the stream, who believe camp life the perfection of happiness, at least for a short time. In September we camped on the left bank of the Little Beaver, a few hundred rods from the small village of Achor, Ohio. It was an ideal camping place, as well as an historical spot. Our tent was placed on a grassy mound which sloped down to the level of the stream, beyond which were the woods. They covered a high hill, the side facing us resembling an African jungle. The level top was covered with large timber having little or no underbrush. This made an ideal wood in which to hunt. It was there, the natives told us, the first white man had built his cabin. The early settlers were surprised one night by an Indian attack. They sprang from their beds, secured their muskets, rammed them through the crevices in the walls, and eagerly waited for the Indians to get well in range. The savages came down like a tornado, a very unusual Indian manœuvre, but they knew they outnumbered the settlers 10 to one. As they neared the cabin a bright light appeared in the heavens, a streak of fire was seen to emerge from the clouds, and a meteor fell within 100 yards of them. Before the settlers could realize what had taken place, not an Indian could be seen. They had retreated as swiftly as they had come, at the appearance of the terrifying phenomenon.

On our first morning out I arose early to have a few hours' hunt before breakfast. I shouldered my gun, and as the first ray of the September sun shone above the Eastern horizon, I entered the woods. The silence was broken by the rustle of leaves, the cutting of the grey and pine squirrels, and the deceptive drumming of the ruffed grouse sounding so far and yet so near. I was startled by the dropping of a piece of hickory nut from the branches of a large tree under which I stood. In an instant all the hunting blood within me was aroused. I picked up the piece of shell and on examining it, found it to be the cutting of a grey squirrel. As I stood perfectly still other pieces fell, and by looking at them I satisfied myself that a grey was on the tree. I stepped back a few yards to get a better view. In the top of the tree I saw a small black object swaying in the wind. I was not positive it was a squirrel, and to get a better view I started toward the other side of the tree. I had taken but a few steps when right at my feet there was a flutter and a whirr. A grouse arose and darted away in rapid flight. I quickly drew my double barrel on a level with my eye, touched the trigger, and away sped 3¼ drams of No. 7 shot, in close pursuit. It caught the bird just as it was about to disappear behind a clump of dogwood. Through the smoke I saw a few feathers leave the grouse, which struggled hard to set its wings as it fell to the ground and died. It was a large one. After placing it in my game sack I again looked up at the black object on the top of the hickory tree and I clearly saw the outlines of a grey squirrel, lying close to the swaying branch, with his tail gracefully curled up over his back. I pointed the gun at him, touched the trigger, and it snapped. I had forgotten to load the right barrel after shooting the grouse. But there were not many seconds between the click of the right and the roar of the left barrel. The squirrel left his aerial swing and lay dead at my feet. As I picked him up and placed him beside the grouse in my game sack another sound greeted my ears. The boys were calling me to breakfast by hammering on a skillet, with a potato masher.

The Cannibal Chief—You say you are going to give me a batter pudding today for dinner?

The Cannibal Chef—Yes, your excellency. We found a stranded baseball nine near by yesterday.—Yonkers Statesman.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY HERMAN MAYLATH.

A DINING-ROOM PANEL.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Rochester Camera and Zeiss Lens.

A COON HUNT

E. E. EDWARDS.

We had 2 shepherd dogs that we believed could be taught to hunt coons. Several nights we had taken them out and failed to start game, and we determined to try a hunt at daybreak.

Quite near the house we discovered 6 coons coming out of a buckwheat patch. Then there was a warm time. Coons, dogs and boys squealed, yelped, yelled and ran. In jumping a log I tripped and fell head first into a mud hole. I got the mud out of my eyes in time to see Charlie tearing himself out of a briar patch near by. We agreed right there to go slower and keep cool thereafter, even if we started a wagon-load of coons.

The dogs were barking in the distance. We found one at the foot of a large basswood and the other farther on by a hemlock stub; but not a coon was in sight. Then we pounded the trees and decided they were both hollow. Charlie said he would go for an ax if I would stay with the dogs and watch the trees. To be better prepared to stand off an attack from the coons I looked for my gun; but look where I would, it was not there. Nor could I remember having had it since my tumble. Charlie offered to lend me his gun until his return, but cruelly stipulated that I should tie it fast to my neck.

He handed me the gun and went away, after cautioning me not to shoot the dogs. After he had gone I happened to look up into a bushy tree and saw a large coon. Now, thought I, I will have a little fun at Charlie's expense. I got a club, climbed into the tree and put the coon to sleep. I carried him into another tree, placed him on a crotch in as natural a position as possible, and then went back to the dogs.

When Charlie got back with the axe we went at the basswood and soon had it down. There was one coon in the top and my dog disposed of him in short order. The rest were in a large hollow limb which had split off when the tree fell. Charlie said he wished I would hold my dog and let his dog, Shep, show how quickly he could kill a coon. So I caught my dog, while Charlie cut a hole in the limb above the coons. Shep thrust his head into the hole. Out it came in an instant, wrapped up in a coon whose teeth were deep in the dog's neck. The dog yelled murder; the coon didn't waste any breath, but just scratched. Finally, the coon let go and started up a tree, and Shep left for home. Charlie grabbed the coon by the tail and the animal fell right into his hand and positively refused to be dropped. Charlie called for help. Then I separated the contestants and my dog killed the poor coon.

We got 2 more out of the basswood and one out of the hemlock. Finally Charlie saw the one I had planted in a tree. He thought that an excellent opportunity to show me what a hard shooting gun he had. Backing off 50 feet, he tried his best barrel first, but the coon never winked. Then he fired the other with no better success. He tried 2 more shots and then said his loads were too light for coons, anyway, and he was going up the tree to punch that brute's head. Before he came down I bargained with him to say nothing about it if he would not tell how I lost my gun.

LAKE PEND D'OREILLE

L. E. HOLMES, M.D.

Lake Pend d'Oreille, my mountain lake!
Lovely thy crystal waters break!
  The morning sunlight on thee shining!
  While on thy breast my bark reclining
Leaves lingering ripples in her wake.

The fringing trees around thee make
A Naiad's bow'r for Love's own sake;
  And in thine ooze a duck is dining,
    Lake Pend d'Oreille!

Now creeping shadows measure take
Of day; light skips thy foamy flake;
  The breeze shakes out thy silver lining;
  My swelling sails cease their repining—
Farewell to thee! The night winds quake,
    Lake Pend d'Oreille!

THE DEER OF OTTER SLOUGH.

A. E. BRADFORD.

Breakfast was over, and I sat viewing the smutty, greasy kettles and spiders with dread and disgust. It had been my duty, ever since we had been out, to wash those dirty spiders, and greatly I disliked the job. I did not think it best to complain, for my only companion in camp was an old hunter, whom I regarded with much awe and respect.

Our camp was on a little lake, in the wilds of Northern Wisconsin. Before starting on the trip my guide and companion had promised me a chance to kill a deer. He had certainly performed his part of the contract, for the day before I had seen one, but failed to bring it down. To be sure, the skin of that same deer was nailed on the side of our camp, and a goodly portion of the venison served for our morning meal; but it was no credit to me and both sight and taste only reminded me of my failure. In short, I was in fit condition to strike, and had resolved never to wash those miserable spiders again when my usually silent companion spoke.

"Well, boy, I reckon you've got enough huntin' ter last yer over ter day, so I guess yer'd better go ter Cable arter the mail. What der yer think?"

Of course, I thought so too. I never disagreed with him.

"I'll take yer up ter the head of the lake, and yer can hoof it the rest of the way. I've got some berries to pick and some lookin' 'round ter do up thar, and I'll be ready to come back 'bout the time yer back ter the head of the lake."

I set about preparing my rifle and the canoe, and we were soon off, he as silent as ever, and I congratulating myself on having escaped washing those spiders. After a paddle of about an hour, we reached the head of the lake, where we were surprised to find a camp inhabited by an old man.

"Ugh," said my companion, as we came in sight of the camp; "I thought so."

I suspected something unusual was in the wind, but knew it would be useless to ask questions.

"If I h'aint here when yer get back, just fire 3 shots and I'll be here in a jiff."

This I knew was my signal to depart, so I started up the well beaten track to Cable. It was about 4 o'clock when I returned. No one was in sight, so I fired the 3 shots as directed. Almost immediately the canoe shot from a small bay on the other side of the lake and came slowly toward me. Besides my guide, it contained the old man from the camp near by. As the bow grated lightly on the sand the old man stepped carefully out and I took his place. After a friendly farewell we departed.

"The old rascal," said my companion, after a few minutes' silence; "thought he was mighty smart, but it don't swallow, no how."

After persistent questioning, I learned that the old man made a living by killing game out of season, and that it was his custom at that time of year to kill the young deer which came at sunset to the edge of the lake to feed on the tender grass along the shore. In that way he not only broke the law, but ruined the shooting for honest hunters. Suddenly my guide said,

"He pretends to be pickin' berries, but I see through it in a jiff. I ain't goin' ter have this country spi'led fer honest men, not if I kin help it."

Our plan was to paddle straight to our camp, and after changing canoes to hasten back to Otter slough, the principal feeding place of the deer. The task was to reach there by sunset; the reward, another chance to kill a deer. After a long, hard pull in silence, we finally reached the camp, and soon were on the way back in a much lighter canoe. It seemed hardly to touch the water, so swift was its motion, yet to me it appeared an age before we reached the narrows which led to the slough. There we stopped for my final direction. I was assigned a position in the front of the canoe, with my rifle resting across my knees.

"Arter we git through the narrers, we'll come to a small bay. There won't be anything in that bay, but ahead of yer ye'll see a long p'int o' land. Look sharp when we go 'round thar, for ye'll see a deer sure, way down t'other end of the slew. Now, when we go 'round that pint and yer see that deer, pint the muzzle of yer gun at him, but leave it lyin' on yer knee. Yer can move it up an' down if yer want ter, but don't move it an inch to the right 'r left. If yer do the deer'll see it sartin, and away he'll go. Now, remember, don't get shaky, sit still, don't look at me once, and, above all, don't shoot till I say 'Now!' "

We entered the narrows, reached the bay, and there before me lay the point of land. As we approached this, all noise of the paddle ceased, yet we glided as if by magic nearer and nearer the point, which seemed to stretch itself farther and farther into the bay. At last we were around it, and there before me was a sight

I shall never forget. At the farther end of the slough stood a deer. The rays of the setting sun fell on his sleek and shining sides, and his shadow was reflected in a golden frame on the water.

A slender foot was raised, a cloud of spray glistened a moment in the sun and then fell slowly on his reddish sides. There was not a ripple on the water as the canoe crept noiselessly forward. Suddenly the deer raised his head, shook his great antlers, and looked curiously at the canoe, which instantly became motionless. For a long time his great, inquisitive eyes rested on us. Every moment I expected to see him wheel about and dash into the bushes. At last he seemed satisfied that the strange object would do him no harm. He lowered his head, and again the canoe stole noiselessly forward. The nervous strain was intense. I counted the prongs on his antlers and watched the swinging tail, but it was no use. I was shaking like a leaf. Suddenly he lifted his head, stepped carefully to the bank, and threw his nostrils to the breeze.

He had winded danger and would soon be off. "Now!" sounded on my ears, as if miles away. I raised the rifle. The sights seemed playing tag up and down the barrel. I looked for the deer, but could not see beyond my rifle. A bank of mist appeared to shut me from the shore, and my gun shook frightfully. The buck fever was upon me. Manv disconnected thoughts chased one another through my brain; then I thought, What will my companion think of me? That was the remedy. The curtain of mist disappeared as if by magic, the sights braced themselves on the barrel, and I smiled with confidence as I felt my hands grow steady. It was a long shot, but I felt equal to it. The sights hovered a minute on his great neck and then settled on the white spot just back of the shoulder. Bang!

"Yer've got him," said my companion. With one bound the deer disappeared among the bushes.

"There," said I, "another chance gone, and I thought the aim was perfect."

I felt disheartened when we landed, but after a few minutes' search we found him in a bushy ravine, with a bullet hole through his heart. After dressing him on the runway, so as to scare away all deer from the fatal slough, and spoil the old hunter's illegitimate sport, we loaded the prize into the canoe and started for camp. I was then the proudest and happiest boy in the land, and I still have in my room a beautiful buck's rug and antlers to remind me of my first deer.

ANSWER.

A good story and well told, but Mr. Bradford seems to go lame in his ethics. He intimates he killed this deer in the summer season, when, of course, the law of Wisconsin prohibits the killing of deer; yet he condemns the old hunter for doing or attempting to do the same thing. This is wrong. Neither man had any right to kill a deer or to hunt deer in close season, but if Mr. Bradford saw fit to violate the game law, he certainly had no cause to criticise the old woodsman for doing or attempting to do the same thing. Neither had his guide any right to object to his neighbor killing as long as he was aiding his guest in doing so.—EDITOR.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. S. MERRILL.

COLUMBIAN GROUND SQUIRREL. *Spermophilus Columbianus.*
Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

A CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH A BUCK.

F. D. FANNING, M.D.

In February, about 1856, when the country was all new and wild in St. Joseph county, Mich., John Hazlett, an agile and strong young man, was working with 2 other fellows, clearing a piece of land. There had been a heavy fall of snow a few days before, and after a slight thaw the weather had turned cold, making a strong crust under which the snow was 2 feet deep. As the 3 men were going to work one morning they came to where a deer track crossed the trail. The deer's feet had cut through the crust at nearly every step, while a man could easily walk on top. After inspecting the track Hazlett determined to get the deer. He retraced his steps to the cabin and loaded the old double barrel muzzle loading shot gun with bird shot, which was the largest on hand. Coming back to the track, he followed it. He had hardly gone 30 rods when a big buck jumped up just in front of him. As he sprang up he seemed to be stiff and did not move quickly. Hazlett fired, the shot striking the animal in the side of the head, staggering him. At the second discharge of the gun the buck wobbled again, but made off, bleeding profusely from the head. After going a short distance he lay down and waited until Hazlett came up before he jumped again. This occurred a number of times, but each time the distance grew less. Finally the buck refused to be driven any farther. Hazlett gathered clubs and sticks, and, hurling them at him, succeeded in moving him along farther, but aroused his ire. Hazlett pelted him hard, and thought for a while he could knock him over, but the clubs were broken branches and not heavy enough. Each time the buck was hit the hair on his neck and shoulders would rise and turn forward; and, finally, when Hazlett was within 10 or 12 feet of him, he lowered his head and charged. The snow was too deep and the buck too close for Hazlett to get away, so quickly dodging to the right and throwing out his left arm, he encircled the buck's neck with it and the battle was on. Fortunately, the buck had already shed his horns for the season. The animal reared and plunged. The only weapon Hazlett had was a jack knife in his trousers' pocket. This he got out and opened with his free hand as soon as possible. All that time the buck was trying to strike with his feet, but on account of the deep snow, could not do much. As soon as he could Hazlett jabbed the buck in the neck with the knife. Then, for the first time since charging, the buck wanted to get away; but Hazlett was afraid to let go then for fear the deer would turn and kill him. He hung on like grim death. When the buck made a leap Hazlett swung himself up on to its back and grasped the animal's right ear with his right hand; and when they would land Hazlett's weight would force the deer to its knees.

Every time Hazlett's right hand was free, he would use the knife. The buck's struggles began to diminish, and after 15 minutes' battle he was down. Hazlett was a sight to behold. He had on a pair of heavy trousers and a pair of overalls, and from the middle of his thigh down the legs of both were gone. He was completely saturated with blood, and his legs were cut in 30 or 40 places by the buck's hoofs. He dragged the animal to the cabin. There his wounds, painful yet not deep, were dressed. An examination of the buck's legs disclosed the fact that they were badly cut, showing that he had been run hard by dogs on the crust. This accounted for his stiffness when first getting up. This fellow, after getting away from the dogs so successfully, deserved a better fate; but he served to demonstrate the pluck and agility of Mr. Hazlett.

"How large a permanent population has Crimson Gulch?" inquired the tourist.

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "we've got about 407 living here. But with so much hoss stealin' an' brace faro goin' on, I wouldn't allude to anybody as bein' particular permanent."

THE PHANTOM FISH OF SAYNER'S BAR.

E. E. HICKOK.

Long before the white man's foot had marked a trail through the pathless woods of the Northland, a village of Winnebagoes stood on the Southern bank of one of the loveliest lakes of Northern Wisconsin. Overhead Norway and white pine trees towered 100 feet without a limb, their canopied tops giving protection against the summer's sun and winter's snow, while under foot the fallen needles of ages formed a carpet soft as velvet, and the sandy soil removed all moisture and made this an ideal dwelling place.

Immediately in front of the village landing place the water went off quickly to a depth of 70 feet; but extending diagonally to the right was a bar, or shallow ridge, on which, at 100 yards from shore, the water was scant 10 feet deep.

There grew up the maiden We-ne-wan-ta, "Light of the Waters." The only child of the chief, she was, from her earliest days, petted and spoiled, every whim being a law to the entire village, As she grew in years she excelled all others in their sports and easily distanced those of the opposite sex in her skill with the bow, paddling the canoe or swimming. At 18 she was imperious, self willed, obstinate, capricious and as arrant a coquette as ever lived. Of lovers she had the young men of the entire tribe at her feet, and ruled them with a rod of iron, alternately favoring and ignoring each in turn.

The elders of the village thought she gave most encouragement to the son of the chief of the village a score of miles away, "Win-a-que-sa-gon," but even with him she was as changeable as the skies of April.

One summer evening, in a mood more gracious than usual, she met him at the landing as his canoe touched the shore and bade him go with her out on the lake. The twilight had fallen, but the lingering light of day still colored the clouds which hung on the horizon at the lower end of the lake, 3 miles away, a gorgeous picture. No ripple curled the water, and no sound was heard save the occasional hooting of an owl in the dense forest across the lake, or the plash of some leaping fish.

Win-a-que-sa-gon again pressed his suit, earnestly and eloquently, but the maiden's mood had changed, and she scornfully refused to listen. He then informed her that unless she at once promised to be his she should never reach the shore alive. She replied that she would have none of him and defied him to do his worst. "Then we die together," said he, and with a bend of his body the frail craft was overturned. Left to herself, there was no danger to the maiden, as she could swim to shore, but as the canoe capsized he seized her in his arms and sank to the bottom, where, with one hand holding her and the other grappling the weeds, their bodies were found the next day.

Great was the lamentation, and imposing the ceremonials with which the body of the maiden was laid away on an island in the lake. The body of her slayer was chopped to pieces and these burned to ashes, so that even his last resting place should not be known and that he should never enter the happy hunting grounds of his fathers.

Time passed, and the tragedy was being forgotten. It was noticed by some of those who, during the dark of the moon in August, went fishing on the bar, that often the primitive tackle which they used was not strong enough to land the fish which had taken the bait. At one time a stalwart young fellow of the tribe prepared a stronger tackle and when the fish fastened he held on. The fish proved the stronger, and, overturning the canoe, dragged the angler down. Search for his body was unavailing. The older squaws, remembering the crime which had been committed and that each year at its anniversary was the time when the gigantic fish made its appearance, said, "It is the spirit of 'We-ne-wan-ta,' which is permitted for this brief time to revisit the scenes of her early triumphs, and again to play the coquette with those who come near. She does not take the hook, but simply seizes the line and draws it down hand over hand, until it either breaks or the man holding it is drawn under."

This finally came to be believed by all the tribe, so that the bar was shunned by all during the month of August, except in the light of the moon, until finally the white men came and the tribe left the lake.

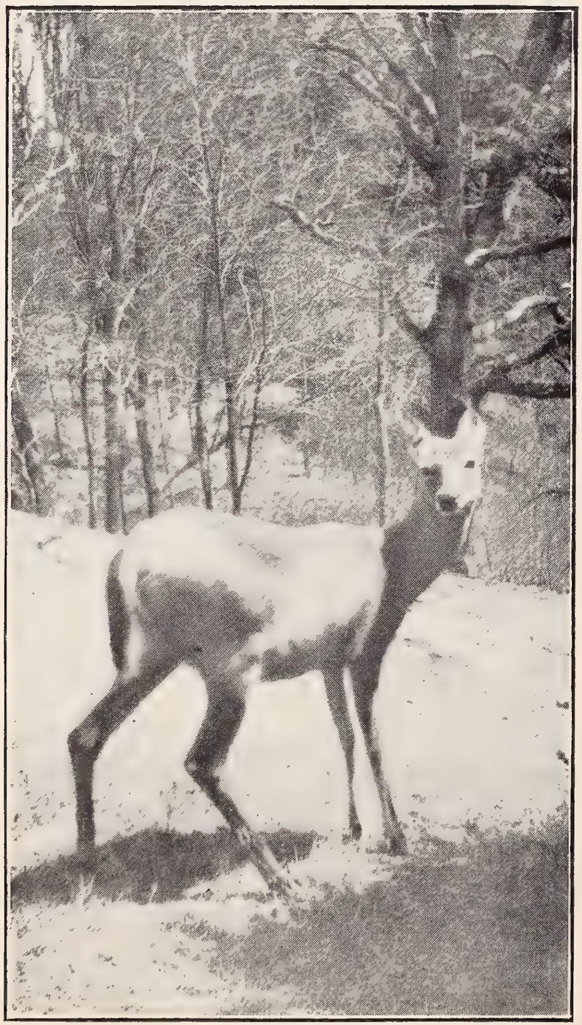
Thus runs the tradition as told substantially by an old, old Indian woman in Northern Wisconsin last summer. She said she lived on the identical ground once occupied by the village of the legend.

The surroundings of the place seem to conform to the story. The same tall pine trees are there; the same beautiful sunsets close the day; and the bar extends out from shore as it did on the day of the tragedy.

Many of the visitors at the lake have had experiences with a fish or something, whatever it is, on this bar. They leisurely pull in after a day on the lake, when the line is seized and held half an hour or more, despite all efforts to haul it in, and then it is suddenly let go, as if the fish had broken loose from the hook.

Those unacquainted with the legend believe it to be a monster fish, but the knowing ones say that the muskalonge of these regions always leap out of the water on being struck with a hook, and therefore this is not a muskalonge.

The mystery, perhaps, will never be solved; the spirit of the fickle Indian maiden will always visit the place at the appointed time, and the winds that murmur through the tops of the pines will sing ceaseless requiem to the memory of the once happy maiden, now the Phantom Fish of Sayner's Bar.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. D. COCHRANE.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Highly commended in RECREATION'S Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

A CALL FROM THE WILD WOODS

COLIN MCKAY.

Ye have beaded your land with towns,
Ye have ribboned it round with rails,
While the White Man's lodge or factory frowns
O'er the last of the Red Man's trails.

Ye have hewn down your forests of pine,
Ye have planted and tilled the land;
While of moose and deer there is seen no sign
Near the spots where the hamlets stand.

Ye have harnessed the winds and waves;
Ye have tunnelled the mountains through.
Ye have made of yourselves poor slaves,
Ever searching for something new.

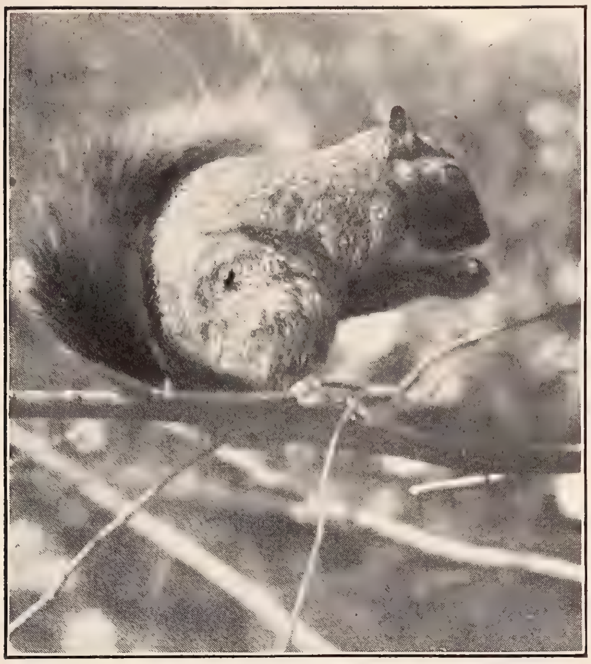
But ye follow a foolish quest,
In sorrow, and toil, and strife;
And the fruit thereof is unrest,
And weariness of life.

Get away from your city streets,
And go out in the woodland cool;
Where the streamlet the river meets,
And the trout swim the crystal pool.

Where all day the bird carols flow,
And at evening the whip-poor-will sings;
Where the wind, as it pipes soft and low,
A comfort and happiness brings.

There learn of fair Nature her lore;
Her lessons she'll gladly impart.
Then back to the woods and the shore!
'Twill ennoble and gladden your heart.

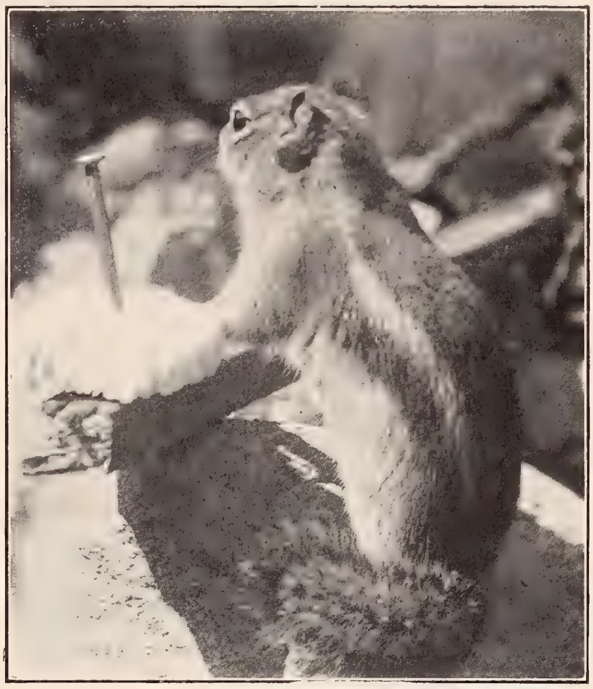
A BABY SHOW.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. L. PRINCEHORN

INKIE'S UNCLE.

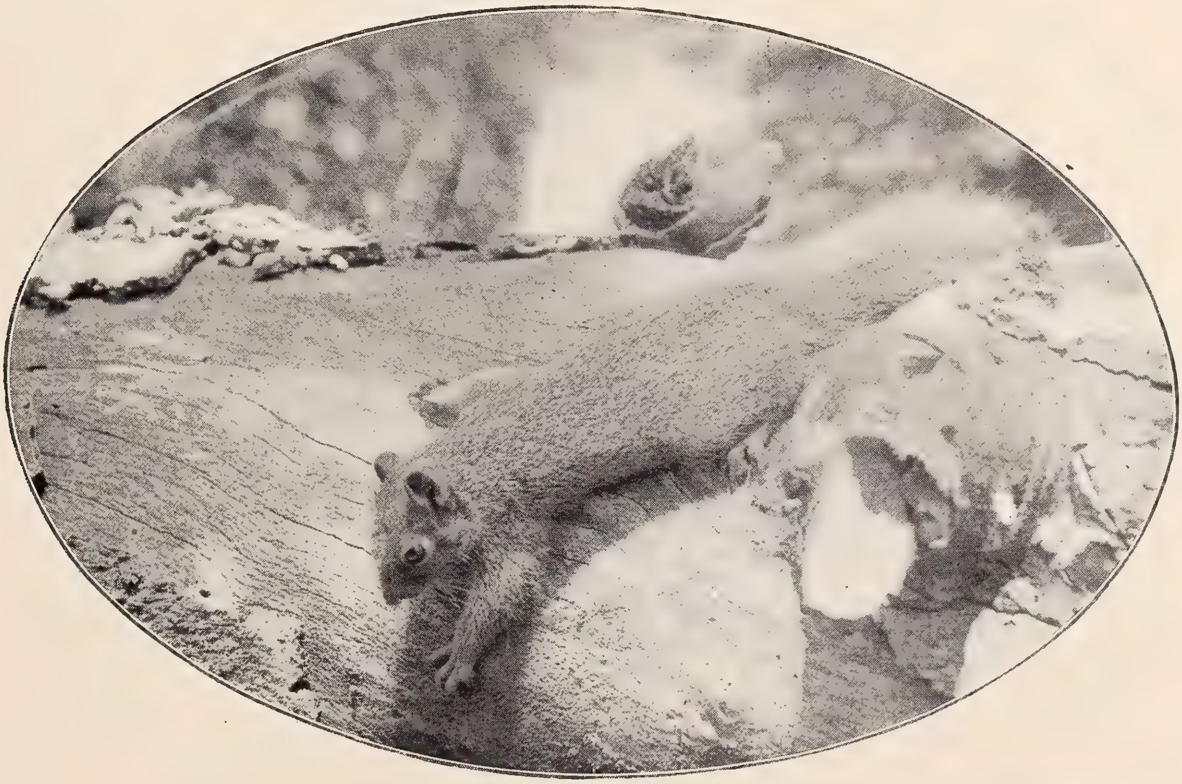
Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Rochester Optical Lens.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY EVAN LEWIS.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Wizard Camera, Nehring Portrait stop, Eastman Dry Plate.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY ANDREW EMERINE, JR.

HALF GROWN FOX SQUIRREL.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

A RIDE THROUGH THE LAND OF THE NEZ PERCES.

MAJOR JOHN BROOKE, U.S.A.

General Howard, with the column of the right, had gone off on the Lolo trail, in hot pursuit of young Joseph and his murderous band. The column of the left was ordered to go Eastward by the Mullan road, look after the Columbia river renegades and malcontent Indians, keep the peace if possible, and then, like the right column, set out for Missoula, Montana.

After the most rapid transfer of troops then on record in this country—13 days from Atlanta, Georgia, to camp at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater, in Idaho—we pulled out from the latter place August 1st, 25 years ago. We tramped along, past stockades hastily built by frightened settlers, through deserted farms and by great fields of magnificent wheat.

Our onward march terminated at Spokane Falls, where there was a long potlatch with the Columbia river renegades, old Moses and his band included. The ceremony was opened by a devout prayer by a pious Indian, which concluded with the usual promise to obey the Great Father at Washington, and refrain from lifting the hair of those of his children who might wish to plant the rich prairies with wheat and potatoes, instead of raising camas and Cain. The powwow over, we slowly marched back to Lewiston, and thence, while awaiting further instructions, to encamp in the valley of the Lapwai, a short distance above the post.

Ages ago the Lapwai was a broad and deep river. Its former bed is now a smooth valley, winding between high hills, with here and there deep ravines running down from the tablelands beyond. The river is but a little stream, winding between low, shady banks, with here and there quiet pools, where little trout love to lie. In this valley we passed September, a month of such physical delight as few could understand without the experience. In the mornings I rode through the ravines, over the hills and across the tablelands beyond. The afternoons were passed in the alder shade, trying to lure the wily trout. When shadows began to creep over from the hills I took my gun and wandered to where chickens most did congregate, and killed enough to supply the wants of our mess the following day.

All this was ended one day by an order directing me to proceed to Camp Howard, the temporary camp of the reserve column, near Mount Idaho. I started in the afternoon, taking with me a man to serve in the double capacity of packer and guide. The duties connected with the former function were limited, the pack consisting chiefly of a government case of surgical instruments. The distance was about 70 miles, and we started in time to reach by nightfall a logging camp 15 miles away, where we intended to pass the night.

After seeing the animals sheltered under the thickest pine tree I could find, for a drizzling rain mixed with snow was falling, I turned in and shared the little old fashioned A tent of the officer in charge of the camp. At daylight we were on our way down the farther slope of the mountain, with 55 miles to make by night. It was raining, the trail was slippery, the animals were shivering with cold, and progress was decidedly uncomfortable until we struck the open prairie.

Camas prairie is a beautiful, rolling plain lying between the Salmon and the Clearwater, and stretching across from Craig's mountain to the spurs which come out from the Bitterroot range. It is a portion of the immense tract of fertile land which Joseph claimed for himself and his band. The rich soil must not be cultivated, for their ponies must graze there, and their squaws dig camas; probably a squaw and a pony to 1,000 acres.

Old Noah, with many others of the Nez Percè tribe, was living peaceably on the reservation. They had comfortable houses, had their own land, which they cultivated profitably, and lived altogether in a manner which, for Indians, might be regarded as luxurious. Every effort was made to induce Joseph and his band to give up their nomadic life and settle peaceably on their reservation. Agricultural implements, seeds, material of which to build their houses, everything which the department could supply, was promised.

"No!" said Joseph. "The earth is part of my body, and I never give up the earth. We will go where we please and do as we please."

Several councils were held at Fort Lapwai, and Joseph was informed that he must go on the reservation. At the last meeting he promised he would gather his band, and in a month from that date quietly come in, and give no more trouble.

The cavalry at Fort Lapwai was largely made up of raw recruits; men who were far from proficient in the management of their horses and the handling of their arms. During the meeting of the council, Joseph one day rode out on the hills and watched the troops drilling in the valley below. When he went back, he remarked to a reservation Indian, "I'm not afraid of them." Meanwhile, the members of his band who were with him at the conference had been quietly gathering all the ammunition they could find. The council ended when Joseph pledged his sword he would come in a month from that day. The Indians then mounted their horses, rode quietly up the hill, turned, looked back on the valley, gave a wild yell, and galloped away.

The month which followed was one of great anxiety to the settlers and the troops at the fort, for they were few in numbers, and there were grave doubts of Joseph's sincerity. When, however, the time had almost passed, reports came that the Indians were quietly preparing to move to the reservation. The anxious faces relaxed, for the cloud seemed to have passed by.

Suddenly the storm burst. A man rode wildly into the village of Mt. Idaho with news that the Indians had broken out on the Salmon, and had already murdered 11 settlers. A nam named Day volunteered to ride to Fort Lapwai, over 70 miles away, to give the alarm to the garrison. When he had ridden some 30 miles across the prairie, he was attacked and severely wounded. He turned back to Norton's ranch, where he found 9 persons—men, women and children. Norton abandoned everything, and all started for Mt. Idaho. The fate of the party is best told by General Howard:

"They set out with a wagon with 2 on horseback, about 10 p. m., and had gone about 10 miles when the Indians came up and began firing on them. Soon Norton and Moore, the horse riders, were badly wounded, and compelled to abandon their horses and get into the wagon. The team was, however, soon shot down and the wagon came to a halt. Miss Bowers and little Hill Norton got out of the wagon and made their escape unharmed. Mr. Chamberlain, his wife and 2 children attempted to escape in the darkness, but had gone only a short distance when they were discovered by the Indians. Chamberlain and his little boy were killed. The boy was murdered, according to the mother's statement, by having his head placed beneath the knees of a powerful Indian, and so crushed to death. The other child was torn from its mother and dreadfully wounded, a piece of its tongue being cut out and a knife run through its neck. Mrs. Chamberlain was repeatedly outraged by the Indians, and received severe injuries. The remainder of the party sought shelter between the dead horses. There Norton was struck by a ball and killed. Moore was shot through the hips, Day through the shoulder and legs, and Mrs. Norton through both legs. The Indians kept up a desultory firing until daylight, when they withdrew. Miss Bowers having in the meantime reached Mt. Idaho, the alarm was given, and several men started for the scene of the massacre. The wounded were brought to town. Day died the following afternoon. Moore lingered 6 weeks and then died. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Chamberlain and her child in time recovered."

The fiend who was responsible for all this was lauded by many at the time as a humane Indian, fighting for his rights, and one who waged war after the manner of civilized men. Not long ago, when the great men of the land assembled to dedicate the tomb of the hero at Riverside, Joseph posed in the streets of New York, when his bones should have been rotting in a murderer's grave.

A troop of cavalry reached Norton's July 2d, and the next day 2 scouts, who were familiar with the country, were sent out to ascertain if there were Indians near. Soon one of them came riding rapidly back, and said that they had been jumped by Indians, and that his companion's horse had stumbled and thrown his rider. Finding they could not catch the animal, the dismounted man told his companion to hurry back to camp and give the alarm, and that he could easily find shelter in the timber near by. Lieutenant Rains was at once sent forward with 10 picked men and the scout. Firing was soon heard, and the entire command moved rapidly forward, only to find 13 dead men.

To return to our ride. A few miles across the prairie we came on 2 little mounds of fresh earth, close by the wayside. They were the graves of the scouts. Farther on were 3 others, the graves of some of Rains' men. I rode off to a cluster of low rocks which cropped out on the prairie a short distance from the trail. Behind these 7 men had made their last stand, only to be shot down. The rocks were literally covered with marks of bullets. Farther on, in a little depression of the prairie, Lieutenant Rains' body was found.

Norton's was soon reached, and our animals unsaddled and put in the immense barn, which was filled to overflowing with hay and grain. Near by was the house, once a large and comfortable structure, but now the picture of desolation. It was commonly known as Cottonwood House and was the only stopping place on 50 miles of the route between Mt. Idaho and Fort Lapwai.

We soon had a roaring fire on the hearth, warmed the coffee that was in our canteens, and proceeded to feast on dry bread and cold pork. By that time it was pouring rain. In the house it was comparatively so comfortable that I told the guide we would better stay there all night, especially as we could not reach the camp until long after dark. Somewhat to my surprise he objected strongly; whereon I said we would saddle up and see in what condition the animals were. They moved out in good shape after their rest, so we kept on. I then asked the guide why he did not wish to stay at the ranch over night.

"Well," said he, "it's kind of lonesome around there. A good many of the fellows are buried on the hill back of the house."

A short distance beyond the Cottonwood the road was strewn with broken wagons, fragments of boxes, bales and bags, the débris of wagons loaded with goods for merchants at Mt. Idaho, which had been abandoned on the appearance of the Indians. For all the property thus destroyed Uncle Sam had to pay a good round sum, simply because he treats as irresponsible wards a class of human beings who, at this day, understand the rights of persons to property and the value of human life, as well as do their civilized neighbors.

A short distance farther on, Norton's wagon was standing in the road, the horses lying beside the pole where they had fallen. It was long after dark when we saw, through the drenching rain, the lights of the camp. I made my report, found an unoccupied tent, and a goodly bunch of dry straw. In a few minutes I was as oblivious of young Joseph and Moses of Spokane as though they had been Joseph of old, and the Moses who was cradled in bulrushes.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. J. W. NDERSON.

SUPPER TIME.

Highly commended in Recreation's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Poco Camera and New York Plate.

A DREAM HUNT.

C. D. COOPER.

"Of course," remarked my host, as we sat on the veranda after tea, "an explanation is due you."

Indeed it was, for I was completely mystified. In 1892 I visited New York after an absence of 3 years, and, having a week or so to spare, had decided to look up my old friend Hal. He had given up business, and had gone to spend the summer and fall in the Adirondacks. Knowing him well, I felt sure my coming, unsolicited and unheralded though it was, would be none the less a pleasant surprise. So I had boarded the train and had been whirled through the State to be dropped at W——, and met by Hal's coachman and trap.

"You see," explained Hal, "your little surprise would have been complete had it not been for a dream I have had these past 2 nights. In my sleep I pictured your coming and that you and I would go hunting for an old buck famous hereabout, and that I would kill him from this very wheel chair at a place some 15 miles from here. I know the spot well. I hunted there before I became paralyzed, and I feel confident this buck will fall a victim to my rifle.

"I admit this sounds fairy-tale-like, and I must further admit I was superstitious enough to send Quimbo after you. But you, on your part, must agree that my dream has been verified so far. If you consent we will seek game tomorrow, and then, according to the result, you may either laugh at my superstition or marvel at my prophetic dream."

The following morning Quimbo placed the guns, camp equipments and my friend's wheel chair in the light farm wagon, and by 6 o'clock we were off. We reached our destination about noon, and after lunch Quimbo and I got the camp into shape. At 10 o'clock we drew down the back of Hal's adjustable chair and, having seen him settled for the night, we turned in.

At 5 the next morning we were off to try our luck. Hal was lifted upon the horse, I walked by his side and Quimbo followed, partly wheeling, partly carrying, the chair. A mile took us to the spot of which my friend had dreamed. Small trees grew in clumps all about, and a blasted oak, 50 yards to one side, was a conspicuous feature; but no runway was in sight.

After Hal was seated in his chair, with a forked stick driven by its side, on which to rest his gun, I started for the lake with the dogs. It had been agreed that I was to hurry back if 2 shots were fired in quick succession. I had not traveled far before the dogs struck scent and were off. A half hour later, while I was walking quietly down a promising looking runway, the hounds gave tongue, apparently coming my way. However, they switched off and started for the lowlands in another direction. In an hour they returned to their starting point; they had lost the track and were back to try again.

I was watching the dogs and wondering if our hunt was to end in failure, when a slight sound back of me attracted my attention. There, not 100 yards from me, was our game, making his way through the woods. I fired and missed clearly, but started the buck, and away he went.

It was useless to follow, and I was on my way back to Hal when 2 shots rang out sharply on the still air. It was our signal; and I pushed on, wondering what could have happened. As I broke through the underbrush, Hal pointed to an object I had failed to notice.

"How's that, Charley?" he shouted; "how's that for a dream?"

Sure enough, he had bagged a buck weighing 196 pounds and having 20 points.

Wife—How do you like my new hat?

Husband—The idea of paying big prices for——

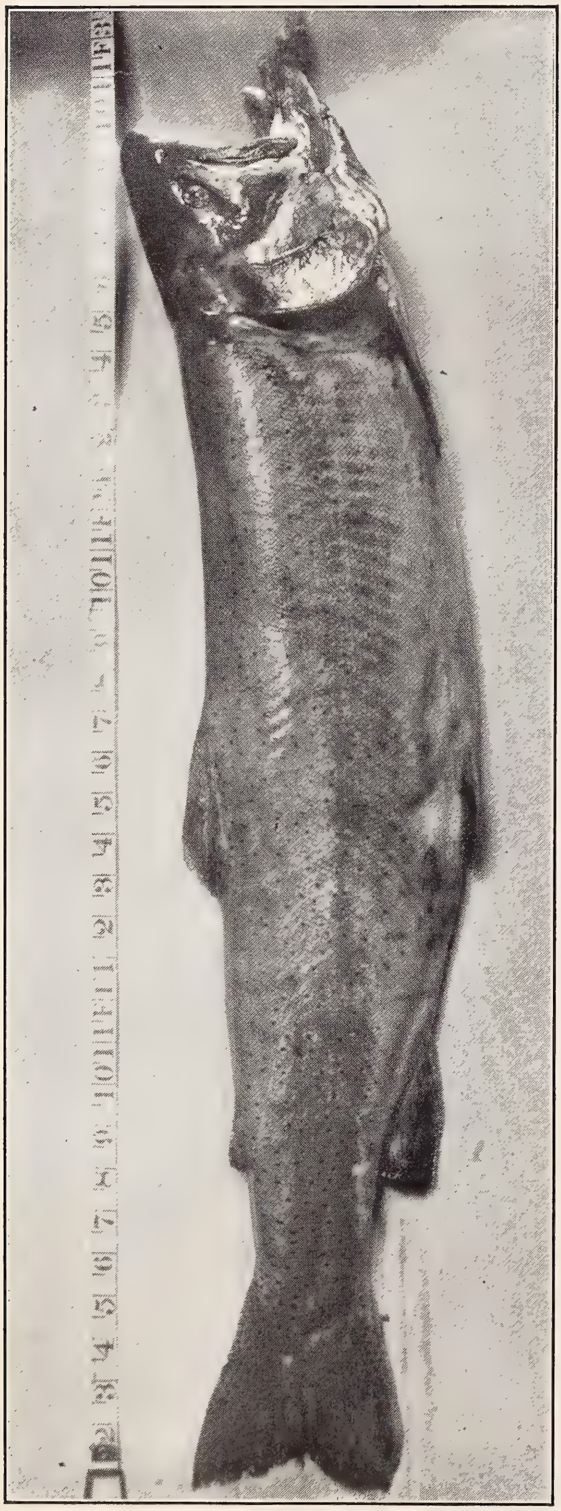
"Big prices! Why, I made it myself."

"Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!"—New York Weekly.

A SILVER TROUT.

Enclosed find print of trout caught at the opening of season in the Truckee river, a few miles below Truckee, California, by a friend of mine. I had the pleasure of taking the picture. You will see the trout is nearly 3 feet long, and it weighed nearly 12 pounds, dressed. There perhaps are larger fish in the Truckee, but this is the largest one I have seen. I prize the picture because I took it myself and know it is genuine.

M. Sanderson, Sacramento, Cal.


AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. SANDERSON.

In their "Fishes of North and Middle America," Jordan and Evermann recognize 2 different species or subspecies of trout as inhabiting Lake Tahoe and its tributary streams. The first of these is the Lake Tahoe trout, Truckee trout, or Henshaw Trout, *Salmo clarkii henshawi*, which is the ordinary trout of that basin. It is locally known to fishermen and anglers as pogy and the young as snipe. It is said to attain a weight of 3 to 6 pounds, is dark in color, with coppery sides, and ascends streams in the spring to spawn.

The other form is the silver trout of Lake Tahoe, described in 1898 by Drs. Jordan and Evermann as *Salmo clarkii tahoensis*. This is a large robust trout whose usual home is the deep water of the lake, in which it probably spawns. It is said to reach a weight of 10 to 30 pounds, and is a much larger fish than the common Tahoe trout. The example on which Jordan and Evermann based their description was 2 feet 4 inches long, and weighed 7 pounds. It was caught near Tahoe in September, 1894, by Mr. A. J. Bayley, of Tahoe, and was presented by him to the museum of Leland Stanford University. The largest example of this species on record was caught at Tahoe in 1876. It weighed 29 pounds, and was sent as a present to General U. S. Grant. The fine specimen photographed by Mr. Sanderson was an example of this species, the silver trout of Lake Tahoe.

For detailed descriptions of the 2 species see Jordan and Evermann's "Fishes of North and Middle America," pp. 493 and 2870.

EDITOR.

THE BROOKLET.

(From the German of Goethe.)

REV. E. L. TIFFANY.

You brooklet, clear and silver bright,
You hasten past me, day and night;
Pondering I stand on your brink, and would know,
Whence do you come? Where do you go?

"I come from the lap of yon dark rocks, yet
My course is by moss bank and violet.
Upon my mirror gently floats
The azure heavens' fleet of boats.

"Therefore my child mind is free from care,
I run along, I know not where:
He, I think, will be my guide
Who called me from the mountainside."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY T. H. BOWEN.

A LESSON IN DEVELOPING.

Highly commended in RECREATION's Fifth Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HERBERT K. JOB.

MURRES AND KITTIWAKES ON BIRD ROCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

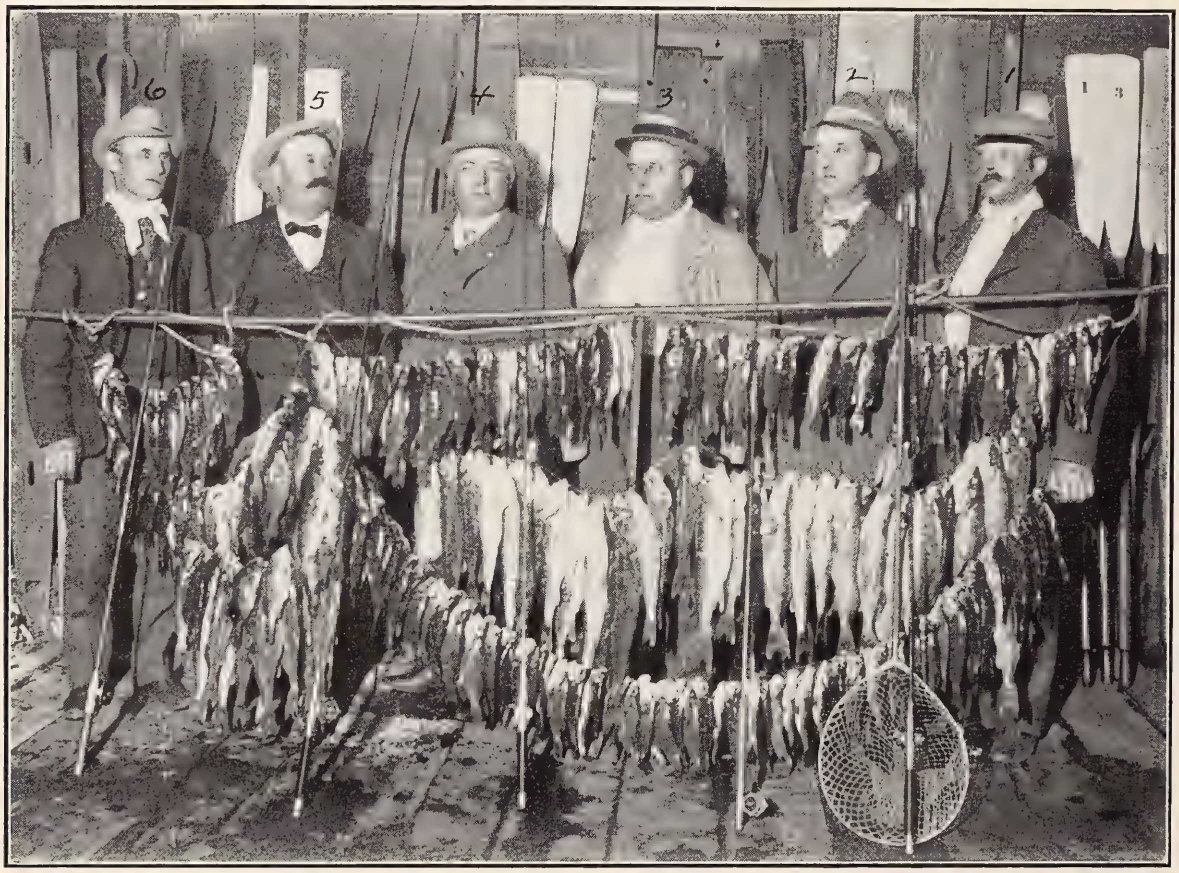
Highly commended in RECREATION's Fifth Annual Photo Competition. Made with Premo Camera.

ANOTHER MINNESOTA HERD.

I have been a resident of this great Northwestern hunting and fishing ground 15 years and have seen some big killings made, but the following newspaper account and accompanying picture will convey to you some idea of what I consider the rottenest record of modern times.

> Judge C. J. Fisk and G. A. McCanna, of Grand Forks; T. A. Sullivan, W. H. Pringle and J. R. Johnson, of East Grand Forks, and A. E. Sheets, of Lakota, N. D., spent Monday here fishing, and in half a day caught 500 fish, mostly pike. They intended to spend a week here, but their luck was so good they left on the next train.

It is strange that these biped, cornfed, swellhead, beer soaked grangers should have quit with a mere boat load of fish. Strange they did not stay till their money gave out, or till the people of Bemidji drove them out. That's the usual course of the genuine bristleback. If this herd had not had themselves photographed with their loot one could almost have forgiven them; but when they parade themselves before the camera, surrounded and hemmed in by the slimy corpses of their victims, one can only regret that the ornery cusses were not caught in a squall and all drowned early in the morning.—Ed.



Thus do the fish conspire against the hotels of Bemidji.—*Pioneer.*

Hog No. 1 is W. H. Pringle, of East Grand Forks, Minn., cashier of the bank there.

Hog No. 2, T. A. Sullivan, East Grand Forks, Minn., real estate man.

Hog No. 3, C. J. Fisk, Grand Forks, N. Dak., Judge of the District Court.

Hog No. 4, A. E. Sheets, Lakota, N. Dak., editor of a newspaper.

Hog No. 5, G. A. McCanna, Grand Forks, ex-State Senator.

Hog No. 6, J. R. Johnson, East Grand Forks, wheat buyer.

A Sufferer,
Bemidji, Minn.

THE STRONGER SEX.

"Ah," he said to himself, as he finished the last paragraph of his magazine article, "I think the world will have cause to thank me for this. In these pages I have worked out a reasonable solution of the servant girl problem. After this there can be no——"

"Henry," his wife cried, as she rushed excitedly into his room, "Hannah has just notified me that she's going to leave, and here we have the Buchanans coming from New York next week. What on earth shall we do?"

He fell back helpless in his chair and gave it up.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE MONROE COUNTY SKUNK FARM.

M. L. MICHAEL.

Figuring from the premise that 200 female skunks in 6 years of captivity would increase to 1,228,800, led me, in company with W. W. Blanchard, Ira M. Taylor and F. W. Blanchard, all of Newark, N. J., to buy the Samuel Michael farm, in Middle Smithfield township, Monroe county, Pa., October 2d, '91, for $6,500, for the express purpose of experimenting in growing skunks.

We obtained a charter from the State, and the corporation styled itself The Monroe Farming Company, Limited. We opened an office near the farm, November 2d, '91, for the purchase of live black skunks. By vigorous advertising and sending a few expert trappers into districts where the animals were numerous, we soon obtained the required number. We bought one male to 10 females, paying usually $2.50 to $3 for fine black specimens. A black skunk is one having no white back of the shoulder excepting the tip of the tail. A temporary pen 80 feet by 120 feet was constructed, in which to keep the skunks till spring. Early in April, '92, a trench 3 feet deep was dug around a 20 acre piece of hillside land sloping to the sun. In this ditch were set posts 8 feet apart, to which we stretched and stapled galvanized wire netting 8 feet wide with one inch meshes. This, placed with one edge at the bottom of the ditch, made a tight fence 5 feet above the surface. The trench was then filled and tamped hard. Next a 12 inch hemlock board was strung along the tops of the posts inside and out. This was to keep the skunks in and other animals out. Then we turned to the construction of numerous dens throughout the park, as this enclosure was called.

These dens were made of heavy oak planks, or of stone, of various patterns and styles, but the prevailing size was 4 feet x 10 feet, placed below frost line. A hall ran the whole length of the den, with openings into rooms 2 feet x 2 feet x 2 feet. Each den had leading to it a tunnel 12 to 15 feet long and 12 inches square, so inclined as to give gravity drainage to the interiaor. Over the mouth of each tunnel, as cold weather approached, was placed a thick cloth, to exclude the cold; and many other minor matters looking to the comfort and safety of the inmates received our attention.

When all was completed, about April 20th, the big park received its fragrant population, about 300 skunks. Previous to that we had discovered they were partial to a meat diet, and especially to poultry. Beef, lamb or pork would be discarded at any time for chicken. Fish were also popular food. Occasionally thawed frozen apples would be lightly eaten during the winter; and now and then in summer a dessert of berries or wild plums. Bugs, crickets and grubs of all kinds were chosen delicacies on their bill of fare, and in search of these they kept their 20 acre inclosure as thoroughly plowed over as any farmer could have done it. As a rooter the skunk is equal to the pig, and spends the whole night overturning flat stones, chips, bark, rooting in the toughest sods and digging in old logs for insects and larvæ. He is strictly a nocturnal animal, and if seen abroad in daytime there is generally urgent cause.

The young are born in May or June in this latitude. A warm, open winter will bring this about 30 days earlier. Old skunks anticipate the young in these events. The young of mature skunks have finer, better fur than the progeny of younger animals, and their pelts are larger and more valuable. The females bear but once a year, their litters numbering 6 to 16; 70 to 80 per cent. of these being females. In buying our stock originally from the trappers, although we had not specified the proportions desired of males to females, the results did not vary much from the above average.

The first year brought no increase in our stock, but rather a falling off, by natural deaths. This was entirely unexpected. We looked for 2,000 in '92. No reason could be assigned for it, but we decided to keep a closer watch in the spring and summer of '93. This revealed the fact that the skunk is a cannibal. Though we kept them abundantly supplied with the choicest food, and conducted water from a cold mountain spring through iron pipes to their dens, we found that the males, particularly, destroyed the young as fast as born. It was a common thing to see a mother rush from her nest carrying her baby in her mouth, pursued by other members of the family. This was a startling discovery.

Our hopes of gathering a fortune by rearing this valuable little animal in captivity began to sink, but still the sanguine ones in the enterprise proposed another endeavor to regain our lost ground.

It was certain that the males were the chief destroyers of the young. Why not separate them from the females after the breeding? The suggestion was so reasonable that it was adopted. March 20th, '94, the dens were opened and the females segregated in a spacious enclosure specially prepared for them.

In due time the young were born. Then the females ate one another's children. One had been placed by herself and she brought forth 9 young, which she successfully reared. We figured, however, that it cost us $30 to raise that brood.

Skunks are born with closed eyes, which do not open till 21 days after birth. The epidermis at birth is white or black, plainly indicating the color which maturity will bring. Emasculation was practiced on a sufficient number of young males to prove that the eunuch becomes ¼ to 1-3 larger than the natural male. They were fatter, sleeker and carried the finest fur we had ever seen on a skunk. The removal of the scent sack did not appreciably affect the growth of the animal, but seemed fatal to many, and beyond a doubt affected unfavorably the general appearance, the furring, and, consequently, the value; thus proving that gland a necessary part of the animal's anatomy.

During the winter, when the mercury falls to 22 to 24 degrees the skunk lies in a torpid state, in a burrow below the frost line, several usually inhabiting the same burrow. At zero they quickly freeze to death.

We never knew one to use his scent except in self defense. When 2 of them fight the battle is on the General De Wet plan, a rear action, and the location of the battlefield can be determined by the direction of the wind.

The following illustrates the maternal instinct and intelligence of this little animal. One night I bought a female and her 7 babies, 2 or 3 weeks old, and enclosed them in a wooden box. In the morning they were gone. The mother had gnawed through the corner of her prison. Knowing that the young, unable to walk, had been carried by their mother, I called a dog trained to trail them, which at once led off, I following closely. A mile away the mother was located in a burrow. My men dug and there we found her with her 7 children. By noting her tracks across a freshly harrowed field we discovered that she had made 4 trips, bearing, necessarily, 2 each trip except once, when she took but one, making 9 miles in all.

To return to my original theme: After an expenditure of $25,000, and a thorough system of experimentation, we demonstrated that skunks can not be propagated with success in captivity unless each female be provided separate quarters during the period of gestation, which would involve more expense than the value of the animal and its progeny would justify.

HUNTER JOHN AND HOUND-PUP JIM.

F. C. COWPER.

Oh! but he loved his dog!
  Oh! but his dog loved him!
Whither went hunter John,
  Thither went hound-pup Jim.

Up the steep mountain side,
  Off and away they went,
John, and Jim, and a gun,
  Till daylight long was spent.

They loved the free, keen air,
  They loved the rabbit's track,
They loved the smoking pot
  And hearty welcome back.

They loved their friends so true,
  They loved the night's sweet rest;
But know we all right well,
  They loved each other best.

So here's to hunter John!
  And here's to hound-pup Jim!
And here's to all and each
  Whose chums so stick by him!

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman.

COOKING FOR HUNGRY CAMPERS.

Editor RECREATION: Butte, Mont.

About Christmas, my friends, M. and N., and I began to plan a camping trip for the following August, when the open season for deer begins in the coast counties of Northern California. First we agreed to make notes of everything we thought of during the week, in the line of outfit. Every week we met, compared, rejected and accepted propositions and began to manufacture such camping things as came within our range of abilities.

One of the first articles was a large knife made from a broken bandsaw, 16 gauge, blade 12 inches long by 1½ inches wide, rounding upward at the point, with fine sawteeth and with good set on the back. The handle was made of 2 slabs of yew wood, riveted on each side. The natural saw temper was left in the blade, and with a small file, which was part of the outfit, ground smooth on one side for finishing the edge, the saw was kept in good condition.

A good ax was also to be carried along. The next novelty was 3 boxes, 23 x 18 x 7 inches, made of light ½-inch pine, with 4-inch wide canvas straps securely fastened, knapsack fashion. On the front side was a piece of oilcloth about 20 inches wide and long enough to be brought over the top of the box, which was open at the top. In one of these boxes everything was carried that might be needed at a moment's notice, such as a hasty lunch, snakebite remedy, etc. When *en route* it was comfortable to carry the gun on top of the load, for a change, so as to have both hands free, if desired.

Next, we arranged a hammock apiece, made from 32-inch burlap, to be left in the woods. We also carried a blanket, rubber poncho, change of underclothing, 4 pairs of socks each, and a quantity of matches in the 3 different loads, the tobacco question to be solved individually.

The arsenal consisted of 2 38-56 Winchesters, one 22-caliber Winchester, a 12-gauge shot gun and a Stevens pistol. A suitable quantity of ammunition for each gun was carried.

The fishing tackle consisted of one Japanese telescopic bamboo rod, length when collapsed 30 inches. The other rods grew in the woods, the streams being so brushy that a 7-foot pole was long enough.

Of dishes, we had 2 frying pans, a stew pan, a coffee pot, a 3 x 8 x 12-inch sheet iron pan, tin plates, cups and a knife, fork and spoon apiece.

In the line of provisions, we had 15 pounds of flour, a small quantity of corn meal, a small ham, 5 pounds of lard, a roll of butter, 2 pounds of split peas, 2 pounds of salt, a can of black pepper, some dry mustard, one dozen Chili peppers, 2 pounds of dried apples, a can of baking powder, 3 pounds good coffee, 5 pounds sugar, 2 cans tomatoes, a few large potatoes and onions, one dozen lemons, 2 cans condensed milk, 2 small bottles of vinegar and oil, and a bar of soap. Total weight of pack, 175 pounds.

The latter part of July we were ready to leave. We had been working all night, and at 6 a. m. caught a logging train and rode some 20 miles into the woods. From the last logging camp we followed the river 10 miles and forded it 46 times by actual count; but the greatest depth was only a little more than 2 feet. We arrived at our chosen spot about 2 p. m. and proceeded to build a brush hut, a serviceable bake oven of flat stones and mud, and a hanging cage to keep food out of the way of coons and mountain lions in our absence from camp.

Our first supper in camp consisted of newly caught trout and flapjacks. After a smoke we had a sleep such as one can only have in the woods after a 30 hours' vigil and a hard tramp.

Next morning we made the proposition that the first man to bring in a deer was to have the choice of camp duties. Cooking, of course, was the most onerous, and—I did the cooking in that camp. For our next supper I served venison, *a la chasseur,* a fine, fat buck supplying the main ingredients. After supper, I put 3 red peppers to soak in lukewarm water and left them overnight. In the morning I carefully scraped the fleshy part from the shell and put it in a tin cup. Then I put 2 big spoonfuls of lard in the frying pan. When it was quite hot I put in about 3 pounds of venison, cut in cubes, and browned it a little. Meanwhile I had half a can of tomatoes heating in the stewpan, and leaving the lard in the frying pan, I put the meat into the hot tomatoes. Then I put the Chili into the frying pan and let it heat gently. After the lard had acquired a rich golden color, I put the whole thing into the stewpan and let it simmer gently about 20 minutes. At the end of that time it was the real *vinado con chili a la Mexicano,* and was pronounced fit for Nimrod himself.

The next gastronomic surprise was watercress salad, the raw material growing in abundance along the creek. Well cut up, treated with a pinch each of sugar, salt, dry mustard, black pepper, and a little vinegar and oil, it was ready, after mixing, to serve. Next morning we built a big fire over the oven. When it was almost red hot I mixed thoroughly about 3 pints of flour, 2 spoons of baking powder, a little salt, enough cold water to make a fairly stiff batter, and dropped big spoonfuls into the well greased sheet iron pan. Then I put it in the oven, sealed it with a flat rock and heaped the coals all over it. In about 20 minutes we took out biscuits that tasted almost like those "mother used to make." While the biscuits were baking, we fried some venison cutlets, well doused in flour, and these with good coffee, made a royal breakfast. A sufficient quantity was prepared to make a cold luncheon for a fishing trip we had planned for the day.

After a 3-mile tramp up the river, we ate our luncheon, though it was only 10 o'clock, and trusted to Providence for our next meal. We began fishing at an old dam and were well rewarded. The most peculiar thing was that with live grasshoppers for bait we could catch only the big fellows. The water was 15 feet deep and clear as crystal, so we could see everything that was going on below. As soon as a hopper touched the surface a big fish would make a tremendous rush, and he was ours —sometimes. Our appetites began to cause considerable trouble, when Nick suggested that we eat some of the fish. I can not say I am trained to raw fish. You don't have to be. Just wait a while and build a good sized fire. Nick got a big chunk of wet clay and enveloped several fish in it, put it in the fire and heaped the coals around it. It is rather difficult to time the process of baking, but half an hour gave good results. Quails and grouse can be prepared in the same manner and it is not necessary to remove all the feathers; only the entrails. The feathers, down and skin will stick to the clay and leave the meat clean and juicy. Season to taste.

After we had had our fill of fish and fishing for the time being, we returned to camp in time for Nick to nab another buck at sunset. Nick was sitting at the entrance to the hut, with the rifle in his lap. A young buck was standing across the river, about 75 yards away, looking around to see if it was safe to take a drink. It wasn't, and he graced our larder with his presence that night. The liver I salted in the stewpan. In the morning I dissolved a few spoonfuls of condensed milk in water, cut a few slices of onions, put a little lard and venison fat in the frying pan and fried onions and liver a few minutes. I then added the milk and let it simmer a little longer. With coffee and hot biscuits, we had a better meal, to our tastes, than we could have had in any restaurant in the country. For our dinner, I put the saddle of the first buck in the sheet iron pan with some fat, onions and a small clove of garlic finely chopped, salt, pepper and a sprinkling of flour. I browned it lightly over an open fire, added a pint of water and then transferred it to the oven, which was very hot, so I had to turn the meat frequently. It was hot work, but the result was gratifying. While this was going on, Mike took a turn at peeling potatoes, cut them in strips about ¾ of an inch square, and dropped them into some hot fat in the stewpan. When they had the proper color, he fished them out with a forked stick, and when the meat had been in the oven about 35 minutes we had a delicious meal.

Of the ham, only a small knuckle remained. That I put in boiling water a few minutes, changed the water and then put in some of the split peas. When they were well cooked we had some passable pea soup, with ham knuckles and toasted biscuits. Flapjacks were almost a daily thing in that camp. The only precaution to take in their manufacture is not to mix too great a quantity of batter; that is, when you use baking powder. Use only the coldest water.

After 2 joyful weeks, we decided to break camp and return to the humming world again. During those 2 weeks we saw no human being except our own trio. Money would have been useless to us except for sinkers, and why should it not be that way always?

G. E. Kastengren.

WHY RECREATION EXISTS.

Brockport, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

I shall never give up RECREATION as long as it and I exist. I never take less than 2 copies. I am at home very little, and always buy a copy at any town where I chance to be at the end of every month, besides having a copy regularly kept by my bookseller at home. One copy I have bound; the other I generally give away or cut out the best pictures for my natural history scrap book. I do not join the L. A. S. because I am a naturalist and not a sportsman. I am a lover of bird life. I fail to see that creating a vast army of men with guns and dogs will assist in preserving our fast disappearing game. I am in the Western States a great deal. I notice that every man who joins a sportsmen's club thinks it his duty to have a few days' shooting every year. Some have humane feelings on the subject and act decently; but I see plenty who do not. You kindly invite correspondents to give their opinions on the preservation of game as well as on other subjects, so I will say a few words. I think most of the animals and birds coming under the head of game could be easily restored to their former abundance if something like the following laws were enforced, for all are prolific:

Selling dead game should be prohibited everywhere in the United States at all times for a period of 10 or 12 years.

All birds of the pheasant, partridge, grouse and quail family should be shot or taken during one month in each year only; that month to be arranged in each State in accordance with the climate and the habits of the species of game birds located there. Rabbits and squirrels should be taken in the same month only.

No wading or swimming birds of any kind should be killed or taken between March 1st and November 1st in each year. This would virtually protect all the snipe, woodcock and shore birds, also swans, geese, ducks, gulls, tern and the numerous tribes that suffer so much on our shores and waters in early spring. Perhaps the time would require altering for the Pacific and Gulf coasts.

A license costing at least $1 yearly should be required by each person carrying or using a gun for outdoor shooting. Failure to produce the license when required should involve forfeiture of the gun.

All notices posted by owners of property, or by their properly accredited agents, as to no shooting or hunting allowed in woods, forests, marshes and water or other places where game is supposed to exist should be respected by all; failure in this respect to be punished by fine for trespass, besides the fine for killing game, if out of season.

A tax of $5 yearly should be paid for every dog used for hunting or shooting purposes. Perhaps a clause exempting fox hounds might be inserted. Many dogs go hunting on their own responsibility every night and frighten and destroy many birds and small animals. I hear hounds every day in the woods near here. No wonder game is scarce.

I had almost added, all professional guides should be shot on sight.

As to insect eating birds and birds of plumage, nothing will ever bring them back to their former abundance. There are too many agents preventing this.

David Bruce.

ANSWER.

I thoroughly appreciate your loyalty to Recreation, and the fact that you continue to read it regularly.

You do not really understand the purposes of the League. Its object is not to make sportsmen by any means. The men who created it simply recognized the fact that we are confronted with a condition and not a theory. There were, and are, hundreds of thousands of men in the country who own guns and dogs, and who, up to a few years ago, regarded the man who could kill the most game in a day as the greatest sportsman. I said to a few of my friends, "This must be stopped. These men must be taught that it is not all of hunting to kill game." So we organized this League. We knew that in order to reform these men we must get in among them and work; that we could not hope to reach them effectively by standing back and throwing arguments at them. Please read the declaration of principles on the first page of the constitution and by-laws of the League and see if you do not agree with them.

The League immediately went to work to educate sportsmen on the lines indicated in this preamble. We set our forces to work to secure the enactment of laws limiting the number of birds and animals which a man might kill in a day or a year; also to secure the enactment of laws prohibiting the sale of game, and the wearing of plumage of birds for decorative purposes.

We have made wonderful strides in this work, as you have doubtless learned through Recreation. You can learn more of it by reading my annual report and the proceedings of the annual meeting of the League. Even these do not tell one-half of it. It would require 1,000 pages of type of the same size as that used in this page to give a detailed statement of all the good accomplished by this League in the past 3 years. You say you are a naturalist, and not a sportsman. This is also true of W. T. Hornaday, Ernest Seton-Thompson and Dr. C. Hart Merriam, officers of this League. They have been identified with the movement from its start, as naturalists. I doubt if any one of them has fired a gun in the last 3 years. If he has, it has been for the purpose of securing a specimen of some bird or mammal for scientific purposes. When you consider the attitude of these men toward the League how can you or any other naturalist or lover of nature refuse to aid in this work?—Editor.

GAME AND GAME HOGS IN TEXAS.

Karnes City, Tex.

Editor Recreation:

Game of all kinds was more plentiful the past season than for many years. Deer were almost extinct in this vicinity, but a few were killed last fall, and considerable sign was seen. They are increasing, and luckily were not hunted much. Turkeys are entirely gone, but Bob White, our mainstay, is here in countless numbers. Last spring saw the greatest increase I ever knew, and in spite of heavy shooting they are still plentiful. Doves are abundant; jack rabbits are numerous on the prairie; and the chaparral is fairly infested with cottontails.

During the last 3 years there has been a great change for the better in sentiment here regarding game protection. The circulation of RECREATION is growing in our community. This, and the constant preaching and practice of 2 or 3 real sportsmen, have educated the shooters, particularly the younger ones, in a way that is surprising. The young men have quit potting birds, have taken to wing shooting, and are satisfied with reasonable bags. They put up their guns at the close of the season, and are talking protection and observance of the law.

Until recently, the observance of close season on game in Southwest Texas has been almost unknown. The laws have knocked out market hunters on native game, by strictly prohibiting its shipment, though some marketing is still done on the sly. But the slaughter of migratory game still goes on ruthlessly.

This immediate section has been greatly troubled lately by a nuisance that threatens to undo much of the good that has been accomplished among our young shooters. We have been infested by visiting hunters, mostly from San Antonio, and some from out of the State, who came in and slaughtered all the game they could hit. They carried it away in their grips and game bags, the courts having decided that the carrying of game by hand as personal property is not illegal.

Few of these people show any courtesy to the residents here. Most of them bring a full outfit for one or 2 days, usually Saturday and Sunday, stay their time out, and take their game away with them, saying "Thank you" to no one. They usually bag 25 to 100 birds, the average being about 40.

But it was left for 2 men from abroad to play game hog to their hearts' content. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., and C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., came with all necessary tools for their business—portable dog kennels, shells by the case, etc. They said they were going to have a good time in their own way, and they had it, despite outspoken protests. They were warned that visiting hogs were in bad repute, but that made no difference. They had permission from someone, and hired a hack by the day, and used both hack and permission to the limit for 10 days. I am told they averaged 60 quails a day. One day they got 35 quails and 72 doves, "and that was not a good day." They had 83 doves the day they left; how many quails, I do not know.

They went from here to Corpus Christi. Returning a few days later, one of them boasted of having killed, if I mistake not, 60 ducks in 3 hours. They put in 3 or 4 more days of slaughter here. When leaving, one of them, Powers, I think, said they "had not done much shooting here; they had frequently done more in other places." He proudly exhibited a photo of himself with 170 geese he killed in 2 days in some Northern State.*

In view of such raids as the above, our boys are discouraged. They say it is foolish for them to deny themselves and save the game, when others can come in and reap the reward of their self denial.

We have laws sufficient for such cases, but they are not enforced. There is a law providing that all enclosures of less than 2,000 acres may be posted against hunters at the will of the owner. This would apply to almost everything contiguous to the railway, but landowners do not take advantage of it.

There is also a stockmen's law that applies only to a part of the State. That prohibits hunting in pastures of any size whatever. That gives some relief; but is one sided and class legislation, placing the entire control of the game in the hands of the stockmen. The effect of this law is not good, in that it frequently shuts out the men in the towns, who are most active in game protection, while it allows strangers with permits to come in and slaughter everything.

I will cite 2 cases in point: One man in an adjoining county—the father of the pasture law—has enclosed a large extent of country. He keeps a man posted in the county seat to report by 'phone all hunting parties, and keeps men riding to expel local hunters, but he lets in his selected friends. One party of these select friends killed 18 deer in one hunt. Another man who owns a large ranch above here instructed his manager to post his pasture and stop all hunting. The manager followed instructions and shut out his own friends and neighbors. Shortly a party came from the city with written permits, and killed everything they could. The manager became disgusted and told the local shooters to help themselves; he would not see them.

These are only sample instances. When we consider that the greater part of Southwest Texas is included in pastures of 10,000 to 200,000 acres, the hardship to the non-landowning sportsman is evident. This county is not now within the scope of this law, but an effort is being made to have it included. While many of us do not like it, nothing better offers and we will not resist.

I do not wish to create the impression

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*I would gladly pay $5 for a copy of this photo.—ED.

that our sportsmen are altogether down on visiting sportsmen. Any man who will be content with reasonable bags, and show a disposition to be social, will be made welcome and royally treated. We will take pleasure in sharing with him the best sport to be had, and show him that Texans have not forgotten how to be hospitable. But we don't want any snob game hogs.

Long may RECREATION wave, and keep its gridiron hot.

R. S. De Loach, L. A. S. No. 1596.

AMONG THE DUCKS ON LAKE THOMPSON.

Sterling, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

Lake Thompson is in the beautiful Big Sioux valley, South Dakota, and is one of a chain of lakes and sloughs, nearly 100 miles in length and 40 in width. The heavy snow of the winter of '96-'97 left the lakes and sloughs well filled, and the following fall the waters were covered with plump ducks.

I arrived in Preston, 5 miles from Lake Thompson, in good season, and chose as my shooting companions Fred Look, Bert Stoddard, Leon Stoddard, and John Zeiber. Mr. Zeiber was a tenderfoot like myself. Mr. Look and the Stoddard brothers were considered the best shots in that section. As my hunting partner I selected Mr. Zeiber as about my equal in skill.

With an abundant supply of black powder, machine loaded shells and plenty of good things to eat, we set forth in a big lumber wagon, which we hoped would hold all our ducks. I was as tickled as a 12 year old boy to think I was going with crack-a-jacks who would kill birds where there were none. We soon were rolling along the prairie roads, through wheat fields, extending as far as the eye could reach. In an hour we reached the lake, a body of water dotted with rushes and covering several thousand acres. A half mile or so from the water's edge was a former boundary of the lake, a steep bank 20 to 50 feet high. The flat ground between that and the lake was covered with tall wild sunflowers. It took us some time to find a place where we could get the wagon down the bank. Before we were ready to shoot, we heard a terrific fusilade on the other side, and a cloud of ducks, snipe, hawks and even bitterns, rose from the water.

It was agreed that the party should separate, each man choosing his own position. I fancy the others were afraid Zeiber or I might get rattled and shoot more than ducks, and wanted to get as far from us as possible.

I took a straight cut through the sunflowers to the water, so if I killed any birds I would not have to carry them far. I came out on a little point that extended about 50 rods into the lake, which was simply covered with waterfowl. They were too far away to be reached by my little 16 gauge and No. 6 shot. The sunflowers grew sparingly on the point, and I decided to sneak through them and get the greatest shot of my life.

With cocked hammers and finger on trigger, I started. When I thought I was close enough to shoot, the weeds were too thick to see through. While I was pondering the situation, shooting began not far from me.

I could hear birds going over me in all directions, a confusion of ducks, geese and pelicans. I crept down to the shore and waited for some of them to alight on the point, but none did. How was I to get any ducks if they wouldn't alight? I wondered.

Just then I saw one and then another drop out of a bunch that passed close to shore. That reminded me that birds can be shot flying if one knows how to do it, and I determined to try. I crouched in the weeds until a nice bunch of blue wing teal came along. They flew, as I judged, about 10 yards over me, and I let them go by. Then I put the sight on the bill of the leader, pulled, and down he came. No. 2 next received my attention, and he followed his leader to the ground. When I retrieved them I was surprised to find they had fallen nearly 50 yards from me.

Guns were then booming all around the lake. Ducks in endless number were moving everywhere, many of them coming my way. When I put the sight on a duck's bill, something dropped almost every time, I was proving to myself that I could shoot on the wing as well as anyone. I determined to shoot at blue wing teal only, finding that if I fired at everything that came, I could never carry my game out.

After awhile Zeiber came to me. He had fired all his shells and crippled a duck with nearly every one, but they either flew away or dived under water. He had not a bird to show for his work. By that time the firing around the lake ceased. We gathered up my ducks and started for the wagon. I told Zeiber he had spoiled the greatest chance of my life, but I was satisfied with an even 2 dozen to my string; the more so because at least 2 million were left for future use.

As each man came up, he laid out his game. For the 5 guns we had 104 ducks, of all kinds, from ruddy to mallard. We could have killed 500 as easily.

U. S. Smith.

SOME OHIO LAW BREAKERS.

Toledo, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION:

Monday, April 22, 1901, at least a dozen hunters shot ducks on the Maumee river.

Toledo, Ohio. Season closed April 10, 1901. At least 6 of these men had decoys out within the city limits.

Men are now with drag nets taking all sizes of black bass on Maumee rapids, above Maumee, as they did all last summer, unmolested, to my personal knowledge. The nets, instead of conforming to law, are strung across all the widest portion of the river, and thus these men take their half in the middle.

Rail shooting is prohibited until November 10. All last fall the rag-tail brigade shot rails, while the law-abiding sportsman never touched his gun. No one was arrested. At least 2 markets sell quails as pigeons and owls, feathers and heads off, as long as they can get them. The hotels have in the past served them, regardless of season, and probably will in the future.

The netting laws allow a certain percentage of undersized fish to be retained. I know of cases where 75 per cent. of catch was undersized, but by telling each dealer that he got the allowed percentage of small fish, the law was evaded.

The remedy for these evils is concerted action by genuine sportsmen, and absolutely prohibiting the sale of game wherever killed. Don't let the crooked members of Legislatures dictate. Let the sportsmen of every town decide on their most sportsmanlike sportsman and in the fall hold a convention. Simmer down this convention to a half dozen good, honest gentlemen who will hear arguments pro and con and recommend a game law which will protect the game and be in harmony with Nature's laws and with those of surrounding States. Make this a zone law, if you wish. Insist that the Legislature pass this law. Then appoint well known men as wardens and have them push to the limit every offense. Every sportsman should consider it his duty to report violations. Get the sportsmen to join the L. A. S. and punish the violators. To call them game hogs does not hurt them. They are hogs and know it. My plan would be, not to call names, but to arrest. One season of watchfulness would be enough. They know when game wardens are in earnest and when not.

I am not going to furnish names, but if any man who really wants to enforce a game law will come to me, I will see that he is fully informed. To give names and write the offenders is wetting your gunpowder. They will thank you for the warning and keep on violating the law, only more quietly. I suggest Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, as the chairman of a meeting of sportsmen to take this matter up in Lucas county. If the L. A. S. will do it, we will all join it. A call can be made any time, and should be throughout the State. I should like to have you, through your journal, take this up.

W. H. Snyder, D.D.S.

ANSWER.

I am not around trying to hire people to join the L. A. S. I have done a great deal of hard work and expended several hundred dollars of my own money in your State in the interest of game protection. Mr. L. H. Reutinger, Chief Warden of the Ohio Division of the League, is also working hard to enforce the laws, but no man can do everything at once, and especially when handicapped as we all are for want of funds. It would require $100,000 and a force of 1,000 local wardens to police all of your State thoroughly, and to absolutely stop all violations of law. I published in June RECREATION a synopsis of Mr. Reutinger's annual report, by which it is shown that he has convicted something more than 200 men in the past year for violating game and fish laws. This is probably as good a record as any man could have made with the small appropriation Mr. Reutinger has, and the few wardens allowed him by law. The League will go right on doing everything possible to enforce your laws and to protect your game, whether you or friends join it or not.—EDITOR.

GAME ALONG THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Banff, Alta.

Rat Portage, Manitoba, is the center of a grand country for camping. The lakes are dotted with islands placed in accordance with the most artistic and approved methods of landscape gardening. Big game comes within a few miles of the city and fish abound in the lakes and streams. Within a run of 145 miles of Rat Portage the trains have hit and killed 6 moose since April 1. A cow moose was killed by the engine near here 2 or 3 days ago. Wolves and bears lend interest to the camper's life and their skins adorn the shacks of the settlers.

At Field, B. C., we met an interesting young man who is collecting live mammals found in the Canadian Rocky mountains, M. G. W. Fraulin. He is working with Mr. Whymper's exploration party. Fraulin has a splendid young bald eagle which he took from the nest last spring. The bird is tame and intelligent. Mr. F. has some Richardson squirrels, golden chipmunks, striped chipmunks and an assortment of pack rats, gophers and other small mammalia. The pack rats had a fight the other day and, much to the young collector's dismay, one devoured the other. Mr. Whymper is an eccentric man, of about 60 years, famous as a daring mountain climber and author of several books on Alpine work, including the Swiss Alps and Greenland.

Parties returning from the Yoho valley report numerous signs of silver tip bears. Mr. H. W. DuBois, of Philadelphia, is doing some great mountain climbing and glacier work on his own hook. His name is on almost every peak within tramping distance of the C. P. R.

From the car window we saw one solitary antelope, just East of Moosejaw. We saw several prairie wolves and thousands of wild ducks, geese and gulls parading along the shores of the ponds or floating on the water. The big lake trout at Devil's lake, Banff, had ceased to bite when we reached that wild sheet of water, so we went down the canyon and caught a mess of cutthroat trout from the dark boiling waters of the outlet of Devil's lake.

Mr. Stanley Washburn, of Minneapolis, came in from a 200 mile journey with pack horses, while we were at Lake Louise. He reports that the Indians are rapidly exterminating the sheep and goats North of there by locating herds of them and then, as night draws on, surrounding them and firing until there are none left. He says the Indians kill both males and females and regularly collect the wild ducks' eggs as fast as they are laid. The Canadian government allows the Indians to leave their reservations for this purpose.

This morning I discovered a goat trail on the saddleback overlooking the hotel, and saw plenty of goat sign.

The trout in Lake Louise are small, fat and hard to catch, although there appeared to be plenty of them.

Grizzly bears are reported within a few miles of Field, and good fishing at Desolation valley, in Marine lake, about 14 miles from there. This section, Desolation valley, is newly discovered and not yet ruined by the man with a gun.

Dan Beard.

ON THE WATER OR ON THE WING?

I have been reading RECREATION for some time and like it exceedingly; but occasionally I come across an article in it that makes me weary. For instance, I tire of the constant abuse of the repeating shot gun. Again, why should not a man sneak to the bank of a creek where he knows ducks are and give them one shot on the water and 5 more when they rise, if he is able. He is out to shoot ducks, is he not? One would suppose from the way some men write that it would be the proper thing to run up a flag and ring a bell before firing at a duck.

I have been in Idaho the past 2 months, deer hunting. Had been using a '73 model 38, but found it did not amount to much at over 100 yards; so I bought a 30-30 and am well pleased with it. I found that if I got a fair shot with it, the deer was my meat. The first deer I shot was not over 20 yards away; she fell in her tracks. She looked as if it would have taken a ton of hay to put her in shape to sell. I don't see much sport in deer hunting. I would rather any day shoot over decoys from a blind, with a good pump gun, than wait on a runway for some poor buck that has just shed his horns, and is so poor he is not fit to eat.

F. E. Barry, Hampton, Ia.

ANSWER.

You ask why a man should not sneak to the bank of a creek where he knows there are ducks, and give them one shot on the water, and 5 more when they rise. That is exactly the method of the market hunter and the pot hunter—men who have no regard for the future supply of game, but who wish to destroy it as fast as possible. No gentleman ever shoots a duck on the water, unless it be a cripple. A true sportsman would no more think of firing into a flock of ducks on the water than he would think of ground raking a covey of quails.

If you know there is a bunch of ducks in a creek at a certain point, the proper method would be to walk up to within, say, 20 or 30 yards and flush them. Then, when they are well on the wing, single out a bird or 2 and kill them if you can. It is not against the rule of sportsmen in general to use decoys, yet many of the more advanced shooters have discarded them. The day will soon come when no one but market hunters and pot hunters will use them. We must adopt every possible means for favoring the game, or all species of it will be exterminated within a few years.

From what you say of the doe you killed, and of waiting for some old buck who has just dropped his horns, it would seem you have been hunting deer in spring. This is all wrong, and I trust you may never do so again. Apparently, you did not mean to violate the rules of good sportsmanship, and no doubt when you have thought over these things you will agree with me, and with all other men who think we should save some game for the next generation, instead of wiping it all out ourselves.—EDITOR.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GAME?

How often we hear the question, What has become of the game? or, Where have the game and fishes gone?? That they have gone is a fact which cannot be denied. But why and where? A few years ago the mountains were full of deer, elk, grouse and other game, and our streams were full of trout. We had but few game hogs and no market hunters.

Let us take a trip to the game range, and the reason for this disappearance will soon appear.

We have reached the mountains, where the deer used to feed and the grouse to nest, and the air was filled with the melody of thousands of birds. Everywhere we see bare earth. Not a blade of grass, not a flower nor living plant, where a few years ago all was life and beauty. Instead of the fragrance of flowers, the air is filled with the pungent odor of sheep corrals.

It is noon; we will go to a beautiful glen to rest and eat our luncheon. Alas, the same desolation! The banks of that once beautiful stream are dusty and bare, made so by the thousands of sheep that have been watered there.

But the water is surely the same. Rippling over the pebbly bottom, singing as merrily as ever, surely we can quench our thirst there. We kneel and taste and start back in surprise. What can be the matter?

Once so cool and sweet, it has now a brackish taste and is unfit to drink.

What can be the cause? We go up the stream to find out if possible and at last come to an old corral. The mystery is solved.

As far as the eye can see the same desolation. It is no wonder the game has gone. It could not stay.

When I think of the destruction and desolation spread through the game regions of Washington my blood boils. Is it any wonder our game is gone?

Our beautiful lakes and streams are polluted by the drainage of hundreds of corrals along the banks. Government timber reserves, like other lands, are pastured by the Sheep Kings, and every year the game is being driven farther and farther away, as the herds move farther into the mountains for grass. Not only this, but the herders deliberately set fire to the forests, under orders from their employers, that more grass land may be provided for next year.

What can we do to save our game?

L. A. S., Brikelton, Wash.

ANSWER.

Do as the Montana and Wyoming people are doing. Serve notice on the sheepmen to quit. If they refuse—well, you have the remedy in your own hands. Meantime see that your Legislature enacts a law requiring sheep owners to keep their sheep at home under fence, just as you would be required to keep a sheep-killing dog locked up. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.—EDITOR.

BOSTON DUCK SHOOTERS.

We have, right here within the limits of Boston, the worst game hogs in the United States. From the moment the season opened until the ice stopped their operations these fellows were busy at their task of exterminating the ducks in Braintree, Quincy and Weymouth bays. They killed for the sake of killing; and their thirst for blood will not be quenched until the last bird within range of their guns has been riddled with shot.

Their dirty work is made not only possible but safe by their possession of money. With money they buy or lease every bit of water front where it is at all likely a bird will pass. With money they erect blinds on the most promising spots and hire men to mow down, with 8-gauge guns, every bird that comes within range. With money they bar sportsmen from their domains, and, presumably with money, influence legislation.

Through their efforts a law was made preventing any person from shooting from a boat or floating device of any kind, in the above mentioned bays. Thus their victory is complete. They claimed the birds fell an easy prey to boat shooters and were being exterminated by them. The fact is that in a singe volley from one blind of the game hogs, more birds have been killed than any boat shooter of my acquaintance has bagged in an entire season, and I know most of them.

Considering the scarcity of game in this vincinity, the scores some of the stands have made, and of which their proprietors boast, are alarming. The birds are given no show for their lives. Bunched within easy range, they are mowed down by the score. One of the hog's delights is to cover the side of his barn with birds, which hang for weeks until cut down to make room for new victims.

Here is a chance for the L. A. S. to get in some good solid work. If something is not done at once there will soon be no use for the League in this part of the State.

Wessagussett, Boston, Mass.

DODGING MR. DODGE.

In August RECREATION Harrison H. Dodge needlessly defends his whilom host against an accusation which he assumes was implied in my remark about hearing the baying of hounds. That remark was intended solely to emphasize the unfrequentedness of the Saranac woods. It was also, however, a statement of fact which can be fortified with affidavits. Several times during my stay at Saranac in '99 hounds were heard trailing deer, and the sound was in the direction of the Blagden camp. That, of course, does not necessarily connect Mr. Blagden with their running; nor afford a reason why I should have refrained from stating a probable fact.

My "illegal fishing," about which Mr. Dodge makes moan, does not weigh heavily on my conscience, since it occurred before I knew the pond was preserved.

I regret I can not recall Mr. Dodge as the man who saw me miss a deer at 20 steps; probably because I have never yet been lucky enough to get such a chance. The man who scored that miss is 6 feet high, a yard wide and weighs 180 pounds; while I, alas; am not so husky. That I do not here dilate on the wickedness of "implicating innocent persons" is because I hate twaddle.

I think Mr. Dodge will be on the right track if he recalls me as the chap who met him when he was carrying a combination gun and the hind quarters of a fawn. Even after his touching exhortation against the sin of making statements, I can not keep from saying that it was a mighty small fawn. As I remember, he told me he had missed the little beast, standing, with the rifle barrel, followed it into the brush and blistered it, again standing, with buckshot. Or perhaps he missed with buckshot and scored with a rifle ball; I am not positive on that point. Anyway, it was a glorious achievement, and doubtless warrants Mr. Dodge in assuming the lofty moral tone he so freely uses.

G. A. Mack, Pleasantville, N. Y.

A PATHETIC REMINDER.

Weatherford, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

I have a letter from you addressed to my husband who is not here. He is in the State Legislature. I will answer it for him. We are getting RECREATION in a club through an agency. You need not waste time urging us to subscribe, for we shall take RECREATION as long as we have a dollar.

I do not belong to the L. A. S., but I have always tried to protect the game, as my father did. He could stand in his door and kill his deer, yet he predicted, then, that it was only a question of time when the countless herds of buffalo and deer would be gone. I have stood in a street where I could see over a mile and was not able to see either end of the wagon train loaded with buffalo hides. That was in the early 70's, when our Western plains swarmed with wild animals that are now gone forever.

I do hope you may have the strength to fight for what are left. I never bought a stuffed bird for adornment in my life, and I hope to see the time when no woman will.

Mrs. H. S. Moran.

The fact that you are a woman does not bar you from the League, by any means. We have many members among the fair sex and would like to have thousands more. I take the liberty of handing you herewith 2 blank applications for membership and trust you may fill out one with your own name and the other with that of your husband and send them in.

We are working up a strong division in your State, of which Prof. S. W. Stanfield, of San Marcos, is chief warden. We should have had 1,000 members in that State long ago if the sportsmen there had done their duty by us, but we have less than 60.

I am proud to hear you say you have never worn bird plumage for ornament, and wish all women could say so.—EDITOR.

BIG GAME IN AFRICA.

Can you give me any information in regard to big game shooting in Northern Africa? Are there lions in that part of the country? Could I run over from Europe with a probability of shooting one in a 4 or 6 weeks' trip? Can you give me an idea of the expense of a trip of that kind? Is any other part of Africa considered preferable for big game shooting, and, if so, how much time must I allow for a trip?

C. B. Tiley, New Haven, Conn.

ANSWER.

I think it might be barely possible to find lions in Northern Africa in a 6 weeks' trip, from Europe, reaching Kassala by the new British military railway through the Soudan, to the Nile, the one built by Lord Kitchener. This whole country is well described and pictured in James' "Wild Tribes of the Soudan." (Dodd, Mead & Co.) I think, however, the Soudan is a poor country to hunt in, for many reasons; expense, heat, little game, no fine scenery. A much better hunting country can be reached in a few more days' travel by steamer, by going to Beira, and up the new railway which now runs to Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. That road taps excellent hunting country. See W. H. Brown's "On the South African Frontier." Animals obtainable there: Buffalo, sable antelope, eland, sasseby, zebra, duyker, wart hog, black rhinoceros, lion, leopard, hyena. Nowhere else can a good game country be reached so easily; but it will not last long! For a trip after big game to the Beira country, I think 4 months should be regarded as the minimum time in which it could be accomplished.—EDITOR.

MOOSE MEAT SOLD IN BOSTON.

I notice an article by Mr. Geo. H. Nicol on quail shooting. He states that he killed 13 dozen quails in 2 months. Suppose all the sportsmen in this country should kill half as many each. Then the land that knew the cheery voice of Bob White would know it no more. I haven't killed that many game birds in 10 years. The fact that Brother Nicol did not sell his birds does not excuse him any more than the fact that I secured mine with a rifle excuses me. If we sportsmen are to reform the feather wearing woman, which one of us is to cast the first stone? Now, friend Nicol, in your next season's shooting just lop off a few dozen from your score, and if you find that the lopping process interferes in any way with your enjoyment let us hear from you.

Moose meat was exposed for sale in Quincy market, Boston, this month. Is this according to Hoyle?

W. L. Skinner, Cambridge, Mass.

ANSWER.

I doubt if Massachusetts has any close season on moose or any law prohibiting the sale of it. I know it has no law prohibiting the sale of venison, and probably moose can be sold without hindrance. It is, of course, an unfortunate condition and you should amend the law at the next session of your Legislature, so as to stop the sale of all game at all times, but at least during the close season for shooting these animals in Maine and Canada. Probably the law of Maine or some Canadian Province was violated in shipping out the moose, and if we could get that information we would certainly get after both the dealer and the shipper.—Editor.

TWO GOOD OREGON MEN.

Deputy Game Warden Henry Prettyman a short time ago arrested 4 persons who were hunting deer with hounds on Silver creek, 16 miles from Silverton, and took them to that town, where 3 of them pleaded guilty and were fined $25 each. Yesterday he received a note from R. C. Ramsby, the Silverton Justice, informing him that the fourth man, Matt Burnett, had entered a plea of guilty and been fined $25. These 4 violators of the game laws are said to have been the most persistent hunters of deer with hounds in Marion county, and it is hoped the rough jolt they have received will break up the gang.

There is some question as to whether Mr. Prettyman has not laid himself liable to punishment in connection with this affair. It is clear that he participated in the chasing of a deer, being near when it was killed and arresting 2 of the men while in the act of skinning it. The fact that he was not seen by the other hunters may clear him. Two of the men eluded arrest at the time by slipping away into the brush, but as a boy went for them next day Mr. Prettyman went up the creek a few miles and lay in wait for them as they were coming back to town, and nabbed them. One was inclined to be ugly, but Mr. Prettyman was armed and said he meant business, so the fellow gave in. The wagon driven by the boy came along behind them and was found to contain the carcases of 4 deer.—

That was a splendid piece of work on the part of the game warden, and both he and the justice are entitled to a free pass up the golden stairs. The talk about the game warden having been a party to the killing of the deer is pure bluff. Many a thief makes such threats when apprehended in his crookedness, but no upright judge ever considers such for a moment. I am sorry the editor of the Oregonian did not give the names and addresses of the lawbreakers in order that I might have had the pleasure of putting them on record. Can any reader of Recreation in that vicinity supply this information?—Editor.

FOUR MOOSE AT CLOSE RANGE.

Game was exceedingly abundant here last season. Deer were seen daily by everybody, and in some places the animals did serious damage to crops. While Mr. F. D. Asche and Mr. F. D. Van Nostrand, of New York, were here on a 2 weeks' fishing trip, I paddled them within easy range of 10 deer in one day. Of course, no shooting was done, as it was during the closed season.

While paddling with the boys around the lake one evening, we turned the point of a small island near Beaver brook, and found ourselves within 50 yards of 4 moose. The largest, a bull, did not see us until we were within 100 feet of him. Then he put for the shore and, reaching it, stopped and looked at us. In the meantime I had run the canoe in ahead of the other moose, a cow and 2 calves. When the bull saw what was going on, he plunged, bellowing, into the water and came rapidly toward us. I backed the canoe as he came on, not daring to turn until we reached deep water. Then we drifted away, leaving the bull snorting defiance and the other moose holding their places with serene confidence in the prowess of their champion.

Three times during the following week we attempted to go up Beaver brook to fish, and each time were faced and challenged by the old bull. The boys and I agreed that we had no business there, and gave it up.

James Harlow,
Dead River, Me.

I wrote Messrs. Asche and Van Nostrand to inquire as to the truth of this story, and they both replied that it was absolutely true in every detail.—Editor.

POT HUNTERS IN MINNESOTA.

Executive Agent Fullerton, of the State Fish and Game Commission, returned to-day from Walker, where he succeeded in convicting 4 pot hunters of killing deer. The party had gone seventy miles into the woods from Little Falls, and had killed one deer. They were fully equipped for slaughtering deer and curing the venison. They had teams, a boat with a large headlight, a liberal supply of provisions, and a number of dogs and guns. The parties were fined $500 each, and, in default of payment, went to jail for 60 days. The game wardens confiscated their outfit.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Fullerton is a crackerjack. When he strikes the trail of a game law violator the same might just as well come in and throw up his hands, for Fullerton is sure to run him to cover sooner or later. The money these fellows were going to make by selling venison and skins will not buy each of them a pound of crackers after he gets out of jail; and the diet of bread and water which they will have to live on meantime will put the men in good, healthy condition for earning a living by honest work hereafter.—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

I believe in having a gun law with nominal fee, but requiring applications to be advertised and protests allowed the same as is done with liquor licenses; all carrying of firearms without license to be illegal; no license to be issued to an inveterate game hog nor within 5 years after the discovery of offense by any game law violator; any violation of game law to include in the penalty, besides the fine, the forfeiture of license and weapons and a term of imprisonment. Make a legal limit, so that a game hog would also be a law breaker.

Sunday shooting I am not in favor of. Almost any one can get off for at least a day or 2 in the season, if at all anxious.

Let the shooters try trap shooting on English sparrows in place of pigeons, and they will make sparrow shoots a regular thing, sparing the pigeons, getting better practice and helping to exterminate the sparrows.

L. A. S. 4022, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the last session of our county grand jury, Judge Barton S. Higgins, of the Circuit Court of Boone county, called the attention of the jury to the destruction of birds and the consequent injury to the farmers of the county, and quoted the law of Indiana on the subject. Since that time there has been no complaint by the farmers of the county, and the Judge's course has been universally commended.

C. D. Daily, Lebanon, Ind.

Another Daniel come to judgment. The great movement instituted by the League 3 years ago is still sweeping over the country, and in the near future every judge and every law maker in the country will be a game protector.—Editor.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, and 3d Vice-President of the League, has in press a pamphlet giving dates of open and close seasons on game of all kinds in all the states, and including a great deal of other information of value to sportsmen.

The information given in the pamphlet is summarized in a series of tables which are the most complete and convenient ever published on this subject. These tables have required months of hard work, and I am sure the pamphlet will be thoroughly appreciated by thousands of people. It can be had free by addressing the doctor at Washington, D. C.—Editor.

Fish and Game Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth and Detective Ezra Martin, of Hudson, went to Stoddard, Monday, to look up some complaints made about the violation of the game laws. H. E. Messenger, chairman of the board of selectmen of Stoddard, and A. A. Barnes were each arrested and fined $50 and costs for poisoning a fox. John Dubois, of the same place, was fined $10 and costs for shooting a black duck. Charles Sholbert, Leonard Needham and Fred Veno were fined $50 and costs for shooting 2 blue herons.—New Hampshire paper.

It seems this is a bad year for pot hunters in New Hampshire. Commissioner Wentworth is a painstaking and conscientious officer and sets a hot pace for other State fish and game commissioners and wardens. They should all follow—Editor.

In the opinion of the Attorney-General of this State, Section 10 of the new game law, which covers the open season on grouse, quails, woodcock and spruce hens, is unconstitutional, and the old law covering these birds is continued in force, thus making the open season on these birds the same as last year, viz: October 20 to November 30, both inclusive.

Frank M. Morse,
State Game Warden, Portland, Mich.

Anybody can keep on shooting all day, but it takes a gentleman to quit when he gets enough.

Already many thousands of people are wondering what they are going to get for Christmas presents. Other thousands are wondering what they are going to give their friends. If you wish to make a present to a man or boy who is interested in shooting, fishing, amateur photography, or nature study, give him a year's subscription to Recreation. Nothing you can possibly buy for $1 would give him so much pleasure as 12 issues of this magazine. Come early and avoid the rush.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black, June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner crab. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs sand worms clams. Tide and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and time: Daytime; not affected by tides.

MY FIRST BASS.

I suppose I was about 14 years old. Up till that time my idea of fishing had been to dig a few worms, take my long hickory pole, with its line of black linen thread, go down to the creek and patiently fish for red-eyes. On one occasion, however, I determined to try for bass, several miles down the river from my customary fishing spot; so borrowing my brother's jointed rod and reel, without asking for them, I set forth.

I knew I required other bait than worms for bass fishing, but as I knew of a little stream near the fishing grounds where minnows were plentiful, I relied on catching a few of these with my hands, as I needed them. After a walk of about 4 miles I arrived at the river, and was soon after the minnows. After about 5 minutes spent in grabbing at them, I had the water so muddy I could no longer see them. At that point a good natured, middle aged man drove up in a buggy, and asked me what I was doing. I told him of my troubles and he laughed. Then he got out of the buggy and took from under the seat a net made of a large coffee sack, with a barrel hoop in the mouth of it to keep it open. He tied his horse under a big oak tree and we went back to the stream to try for minnows again. I soon found that his scheme was the more successful, for in a few minutes we had about 25 good minnows. My friend put them into a minnow bucket which he also took from under the buggy seat, and when I saw him jointing up a bamboo rod I concluded he was going to join me in fishing. When we got to the river he showed me how to put the minnow on the hook and we waded into the stream. I let my line run down with the current, and had not been in the water 5 minutes before I felt a sharp tug and the line began to run rapidly out. I checked it and tried to lift my fish out by simply raising the rod, as I had been accustomed to do when catching red-eyes, but found I could not even get this fish out of the water. My friend had been shouting directions to me ever since the fish was hooked, but I was so excited and afraid of losing my prize that I could not hear what he was saying. Finally he came over, took the rod from my hands, and after a few turns of the reel landed the bass. It weighed only 2 pounds but I was as proud as if it had been 22. It was the only fish I caught that day, and indeed I have never caught any since, but the first chance I have I intend to go back to the same place and see if I can not raise my record.

Walton,
Bristol, Tenn.

AN UNENVIABLE RECORD.

Fishing is better at present than it has been for years. Several good catches have been reported. One day last week Elmer Foote caught 183 fish in less than 2 hours.—Paris, Ky., Bourbon News.

I asked Foote for his version of the above and here is his reply:

It is a fact that I caught 183 fish in 2 hours. This is the largest catch I have ever made. Have been an angler all my life, but never before have I landed more than 60 fish in one hour. I use a fly rod altogether, and I tell you I was a busy fellow during the 2 hours I speak of. I catch lots of fish, but this is my record. If you have any record of an unusually large catch, I would be much pleased to have a copy of same.

Elmer S. Foote, Paris, Ky.

ANSWER.

Yes, I have plenty of such records as yours and have branded some hundreds of the creatures who made them as fish hogs of the most ornery possible sort. It is strange that a man with your apparent intelligence should have lived as long as you seem to have lived without learning that such hoggishness as you have displayed in this case is held in contempt by all decent sportsmen. If you had been a charcoal burner or a moonshiner or a barker living in the mountains of Kentucky it would not have been surprising that you should have groped around in ignorance; but inasmuch as you are a business man connected with a big corporation, living in a live town, your action is unpardonable. Instead of boasting of your shameful work you should have gone and hid yourself in the Ohio river swamps until the mosquitoes could have had time to suck the bad blood out of you.—EDITOR.

GIVE THEM THE LIMIT.

Frank Drumheller, a Hazleton fisherman, was arraigned before Judge Shovlin yesterday on the charge of catching trout less than 6 inches in length. Drumheller, it appears, paid no attention to the notices placed along Hays creek by the Freeland Game and Fish Protective Club, but took everything that came along in the shape of trout.

The club had him arrested, and the evidence at hand was so conclusive that Drumheller was only too glad to compromise the case by paying $58. His violations had made him amenable to a fine of over $1,000, but as his was the first case to be brought to the attention of the club, the officers agreed to be lenient.

Hereafter, it is said, no mercy will be shown to violators of the game laws and the full penalty will be demanded in all cases.—Freeland, Pa., Tribune.

This is another case of misdirected leniency. The fact that everybody had been warned as to the provisions of the law and as to the intention of the club to enforce them should have been sufficient notice, and Drumheller should have been soaked to the full extent. In that event if he could not raise money enough to pay his fine he should have been required to serve out the balance in the county jail. We occasionally find a man who publicly defies the game or fish laws, who makes his boast that he will kill game or song birds or take fish when or where he pleases. This man, having seen notices posted along this stream, was acting on these lines. Whether he had ever made such a boast or not he should have been dealt with as a deliberate and intentional law breaker. Still, he paid a good round price for his trout, and it is possible he will be content in the future to observe the law when he goes fishing.—EDITOR.

FISHING IN LAKE CHELAN.

In spite of the difficulties of travel and the necessary lay-over at Wenatchee, Chelan is rapidly becoming a popular resort. There is considerable game in the mountains and good fishing at the upper end of the lake and in the tributary streams; but this will not last long. In May and June, while the trout are seeking their spawning grounds, the people from Great Bend, Wenatchee and the crew of a trading steamer take great quantities of fish and salt them down for future consumption. I am told that a ton and a half to a man is not considered hoggish.

A famous Alpine club of this State, I was told by one of the mountain men, offers $2 apiece for goats in and out of season. I saw campers last week with guns and game bags apparently full of game, although it was the closed season. RECREATION is well known in the neighborhood, and at Lakeside and Chelan there are members of the L. A. S. and a local gun club, which shows signs of activity. I can procure plenty of guides on the lake who will promise me a shot at a goat in and out of season, but the guides are not the ones to blame. At this season of the year the goats are all in inaccessible places along the snow line and rapidly decreasing in numbers. There is a good hotel and good fishing at Moore's Point, on the lake, but no tenderfoot need try for these fish. A rougher fishing ground I never traveled than that of Fish creek.

Dan Beard, Spokane, Wash.

TROUT WASTE IN UTAH.

Replying to your letter: It is true a vast number of trout are destroyed in this State by being let into irrigating ditches. I have been wrestling with this problem for years, apparently without success. For 6 years, ever since I have been fish and game commissioner, I have urged the passage of a law compelling the screening of ditches and canals. But as most of our law makers are agriculturists, they are loath to legislate themselves out of a nickel or 2.

Under the present law it is optional with the County Commissioners of each county whether the irrigation water ways within their jurisdiction shall be screened. Year after year I have entreated the county boards to take action in this matter. A few try to do something, but most pay no attention whatever. No one knows better than I how great is this needless drain on our fish supply. I have done everything I could to have conditions bettered, and have visited every important part of the State and investigated the question thoroughly. It is the same all over the State; but though I look on with an aching heart at the destruction that goes on every year, I am powerless to find a remedy.

John Sharp,
State Fish and Game Commissioner,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE HORTON ROD SATISFACTORY.

In June RECREATION I notice mention of Bristol steel rods. I have used a double grip Bristol rod 2 seasons on weakfish and caught over 600, few of which weighed less than 3 pounds. All had to be pulled in 150 feet against a strong tide. Last fall I struck and landed safely an 8 pound weakfish, which I had to bring in 350 feet, with about 15 pounds of seaweed as well, against a tide running 4 to 5 miles an hour. The fish was caught at Barren island drain, a favorite spot for big fish. I have had to have the tip replaced, but otherwise the rod is as good as new. I think these rods positively the best that can be obtained. In ordering one specify that the ends of joints be left open, so they can be cleaned and oiled. My method is to melt vaseline and pour into the joint until full. That once done will last 2 seasons at least, and the rod will never rust. I prefer the nickel plated rod, and after fishing I wipe dry and rub a little vaseline on the outside. The Horton guarantee guarantees. They promptly and without question made me a new tip when a slight flaw in my old one caused it to break.

J. A. Hogg, New York City.

BUFFALO FISH AND CARP.

What is the difference between buffalo fish and German carp? We have fish known locally by those names, but I can hardly distinguish them.

John Robinson, Jr., Fairmont, Minn.

ANSWER.

Carp and buffalo fish belong to different, although somewhat related families. The buffalo fish reaches a larger size than the carp. Both have the same general shape, but the mouth of the former is smaller, more fleshy and more distinctly overhung by the snout, and the eye is nearer the end of the snout. The back fin of the carp has a stout, more or less free, spine in front, the posterior edge of which is furnished with 2 rows of teeth. In the buffalo fish this spine is more slender, is connected with the rest of the fin and is not serrated. There are a number of other differences which it is difficult to explain without using technical terms.—EDITOR.

A GOOD HAUL OF NETS.

Cleveland.—Game Protector Travis, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, took 12 large trap nets, valued at $300, from the South shore of Oneida lake. A large net was strung up at Sylvan Beach to show how quickly the lake could be got rid of fish at the rate nets are being used. The 12 were burned at Sylvan Beach.

On Thursday and Friday, between Sylvan and Shackletons, Mr. Travis took up 17 large nets, valued at $425. They were burned at this place Friday evening.

In the last 2 weeks Protector Travis has taken 38 large trap nets, and every one has been from the South shore. In answer to a claim that fishing with trap nets is indulged in extensively at Cleveland, he wishes to state that the North shore of the lake, from Brewerton to Sylvan, has been as thoroughly dragged as the South shore, and not one net has been found.—Chicago paper.

Eight or 10 years ago this was one of the finest fishing grounds in the State, but the rivers have been dynamited until there are hardly any fish left .

T. L. N., Emporia, Kan.

NIBBLES.

This is the most beautiful spot to fish that it has ever been my good fortune to see. There is a series of wild rapids and picturesque falls all the way between here and Nelson. The water of the river is clear and of that peculiar bluish green color so noticeable in the Columbia river. The scenery is wild and romantic, and the rainbow trout come out of the cold water glistenling like silver; but Ah! There it is! The market fishermen are here, 9 in number, and they tell me they have averaged 100 pounds of fish a day since the season opened. This statement is endorsed by all parties consulted, and this morning's train took 5 boxes of magnificent fish to Nelson. Anyone wishing to enjoy the fishing here must make haste, for the end is in sight.

Dan Beard, Slocan Falls, B. C.

Near the source of the Yakima river, just below a series of lakes, a dam has recently been built. As it is not provided with a fish ladder, salmon and other migratory fish can no longer reach the head waters of the river. Many residents of this region would like to know if the exclusion of salmon from the lakes will result in an increase in the number of trout in those waters.

J. W. Gales, Easton, Wash.

ANSWER.

The United States Fish Commission, to which I referred your question, is of opinion that the prevention of the access of salmon to the lakes mentioned will have no material effect on the supply of trout in those lakes.—EDITOR.

Any one desiring to spend a few days fishing for black bass can find no better place than the Delaware river. The bass caught often weigh over 5 pounds and are extremely gamy. The water is usually clear as crystal. The best fishing for bass is found 7 or 8 miles above the Delaware Water Gap. Board may be had at farm houses on the river, with boats thrown in. From the middle of July until the middle of August fishing is excellent. It is also good throughout September if the river remains clear. Small catfish that never reach an edible size are the best bait, and are found abundantly in all small creeks along the Delaware.

M. L. Michael, Calno, N. J.

I have a pond which I wish to stock with salmon and trout. It is now full of pickerel. If I should put black bass into it would they clean out the pickerel? And would they be likely to molest the trout and salmon?

W. W. Burlingame, Berlin, N. H.

ANSWER.

While the black bass would no doubt destroy many of the smaller pickerel in the pond, they would probably prove even more destructive to trout and salmon. Bass will range the entire pond, preying on everything they meet; while pickerel will be more likely to confine themselves to the shoaler water in the neighborhood of vegetation.—Editor.

I spent a week last season on the Delaware river around North Water Gap and found fishing poor. Two pounds is a big bass there nowadays. Little attention is paid to the law regarding size. Many keep every bass, whether 6 inches or 16. A farmer near Buttermilk falls showed me "how we catch fish in Warren county." He had a weir right on Buttermilk falls and any fish that didn't like to tumble over the falls could navigate down that sluice to his death. I felt like putting in a complaint against the man, but could not find a game warden. Plenty of quails and some ruffled grouse there this fall.

E. W. Newcomb, New York.

The Massachusetts law on black bass is abominable. The open season was formerly July 1st to January 1st, which was satisfactory. Under the new law it is June 1 to December 1. The change was made, I suppose, for the benefit of those who could not catch enough to satisfy them without fishing on the spawning beds in June. I had not been fishing for 5 or 6 years until last fall. It was formerly my custom to put back all fish under 2 pounds, and I seldom failed to get as many big fellows as I could use. Last year in 6 or 7 trips I caught only about 15 bass, and but one of them was a 2-pounder.

W. H. Johnson, Whitman, Mass.

I've had my try at ouananiche and landed 4, but this is their dull time o' year, and they didn't furnish the trouble I expected. There's plenty here, however. The woodcock, with which Warner has had some success, prove their title to the king of game birds as far as I am concerned, for no daintier dish ever spoiled in front of me. We have also had ruffled grouse, black and wood ducks, jacksnipe, plover, sandlings, rabbits, pickerel, and frogs, the latter big and plentiful.

Louis Akin,
Grand Lake Stream, Me.

We scooped in 2 young men for spearing bass. The judge remitted their fine because of their youth. We arrested them because they persisted in spearing after being warned.

F. S. Merrill, Spokane, Wash.,
Chief Warden, Wash. Div., L. A. S.

Possibly the boys will take a hint now. If they do not, I trust chief warden Merrill will take them into court again and that the judge may not be so charitable toward them next time.—Editor.

Dr. W. S. Leavey, while fishing last June in Mill brook, which runs through Boonville, caught a brook trout 5 pounds in weight and 25½ inches long. The fish was taken on a 7 ounce rod and landed after a half hour's fight. It was the largest trout ever taken in this vicinity.

C. H. Cook, Boonville, N. Y.

Striped bass are still biting and it will soon be time for red drum. The latter we catch by standing in the surf and casting. It is good sport, but not so exciting as bass fishing. The drum run 5 to 50 pounds.

A. S. Doane, Waterlily, N. C.

Are you beginning to think what you can give your friends for Christmas presents? What could be more desirable than a yearly subscription to Recreation? It is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year and would make him happy 12 times a year.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can keep on shooting all day, but it takes a gentleman to quit when he gets enough.

THE 25-35 AS A DEER GUN.

From seeing the effect of the Winchester 25-35 both on game and on inanimate objects, I made up my mind that it was the gun I wanted for my next season's deer hunt. So during the summer of 1900 I bought one. Two friends who were planning to go with me tried the gun and read everything RECREATION had to say on the subject. They each bought a gun. Other friends said the articles in RECREATION were inspired by the manufacturers; that we would find so small a bore would not kill a deer, and while we might wound one, there would not be enough blood to track by. Old deer hunters told us our pop guns were good enough for rabbits, but no good for deer.

We organized our party and joined the rush during the first days of November to Michigan upper peninsula. On the boat crossing the Strait we were told of the experience of one of our fellow travelers who, the year before, with a 30-30 Winchester had "drawn a bead on a big buck at 6 rods, had seen the hide draw up where the buck was hit over the heart, and was charged by the maddened animal." That proved to him the small bore would not kill a deer. Arriving at our station, we found 2 hunters who had used the 25-35 and discarded it as too small for deer. They carried 45-90's and were going to get their deer.

With all this in mind we went into camp still determined to try the small gun. We killed 10 deer and wounded 3. One of the last was hit by a member of the party who carried a 38-55 Marlin. He did not get the deer nor did he get any others. The other 2 wounded were hit by 25-35's. One was cut on the front legs just enough to draw blood; it was almost a complete miss. The other I hit on top of the shoulders so that blood trickled down, yet he could jump over logs 6 feet high and made jumps of 25 feet. That, also, was almost a miss, and was caused by my holding too high in trying to allow for the great distance.

Now for the record of kills. Deer No. 1 was hit behind the shoulders, went down like a log and was dead by the time it was reached. No. 2 was a big buck and was hit in the region of the left kidney; he went down like a log; he bled a great deal and was still struggling when he was reached. A second ball in the head ended his suffering. No. 3 was hit in the neck and never knew how it happened. No. 4 was hit behind the shoulders and promptly laid. No. 5 was hit in the nose and dropped at once. No. 6 was hit in the hips as he jumped out of his nest. He went about 25 feet. No. 7 was hit in the region of the heart, the heart being torn to ribbons. He ran about 25 rods, dropped his flag, turned around, walked 20 feet and was getting stiff by the time we reached him. No. 8 was a small buck and was riddled from stern to stem, the ball entering his flank and coming out at his nose. No. 9, an old doe, was hit on top of the shoulders by 3 balls from the same gun, the balls being in a row and about an inch apart. Two hit her as she was going down, and, of course, after she was done for. No. 10 was a small fawn, which stood facing the gun. The ball struck him in the side, cutting 3 ribs. He turned and ran, but we found him at the end of a bloody trail about 20 rods long.

As to the penetration of the soft nosed bullets in the carcass of a deer, I will say that deer Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 8 were perforated through and through. In the case of No. 2 the ball lodged in the opposite hip, much the worse for wear. No. 5 received the ball in the upper end of her vertebral column and stopped it. No. 9 stopped all 3 balls in her shoulder bones. No. 10 did not stop the ball, neither did it go through; it simply tore a chunk out of his side and went on. The oldest deer hunter of our party said he had used a good many guns and had all kinds of experiences with them; but for a gun to paralyze deer he had never seen the equal of the 25-35 Winchester with soft nose bullets and smokeless powder.

L. P. Munger, M.D., Hart, Mich.

Why kill so many deer? Two for each man would have been plenty. The fact that the law allowed you to kill 5 each does not justify you in doing so.

Why kill an old doe and a small fawn when you already had 8 deer in camp?

I am glad Michigan has amended her deer law so as to prohibit deer hunters from making swine of themselves.—EDITOR.

NOT SUITED WITH SMOKELESS AMMUNITION.

For several years I have been using and reading about smokeless powder and smokeless powder rifles. I am sure these guns are far from perfect, particularly in reference to the ammunition used. At first 30 grains was thought the correct load for the 30-30. That charge stripped jackets, swelled chambers and ruptured shells, and it was decided to reduce it.

The bullets, however, were not changed, and with the reduced velocity of a lighter powder charge many of them keyholed. Because of the keyholing the bullet was changed and the weight of powder still further reduced. My last .25 caliber smokeless shells from the U. M. C. Co. contain only 17 grains of L. & R. 30 caliber powder; and the 30-30, about 21 grains. Of course the makers claim to be maintaining the original standard of velocity and penetration, but it will require no argument to convince a man who loads a 30-30 shell with 30 or 32 grains of L. & R. 30 caliber and compares it with the late makes of factory ammunition that they are not. Much of this imperfect ammunition, made while these guns were being improved, is now on the market. Dealers and makers are trying to sell it, to the detriment, I think, of their reputations. I should much rather read opinions on these points than the mere statement that somebody has a 30-30 that is a smasher. What accuracy do you get? What per cent. of your bullets keyhole at a given range? How do you load, and what can you do with lead bullets? are some of the questions I should like to see answered. Mention every fault you see and suggest a remedy for it if you can.

Lead bullets in these guns have given me a world of trouble. The jacketed bullets have long points and the tool makers have, in order to simplify the matter of reloading, produced lead bullets of the same shape and have classified them as the standard bullets for the given caliber. Such a lead bullet is not well balanced, and in most cases can not be given velocity enough to keep it point on without leading the barrel. I notice G. W. Harris tells, in December RECREATION, of his fine record with the 110 grain bullet in the 25-36. If he refers to the bullet advertised by the Ideal Co. as regular for that arm I should like to know how he loads. I am certain it can not be so loaded as to carry point out from a 25-36 for any number of consecutive shots. I note also what Q. E. D. says about shooting this bullet. I have tried his load and every shot keyholed, though fired from various rifles of this caliber. If you want to use lead bullets in the 25, the 25-20 96-grain bullet will suit you. For the 30 caliber use Mr. Beardsley's bullet, No. 3086, in the Ideal system, but avoid the long point style unless you use only the light bullet for miniature loads.

A word about the price of low pressure smokeless powder. I do not believe users of black powder rifles will pay $2 a pound for powder when they can buy that which will give as good results for 16 cents. The manufacturers seem to think that by putting it up in ½ pound cans and advertising them as bulk pounds, shooters will not realize they are paying $2 a pound. The makers will find in time that the sale of low pressure smokeless will never yield much profit until they put up a can containing 16 ounces by weight and sell it for $1 a can.

I would suggest to writers when mentioning nitro powder charges always to state whether measured or weighed. The information might save someone from blowing off his head.

A. W. Smith, M.D.,
Rural Grove, N. Y.

GOOD QUALITIES OF THE MAYNARD.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

The failure of the Massachusetts Arms Company was due, not to the manufacture of an inferior rifle, but to their failure to advertise their product. The Maynard was one of the best rifles ever made in this or any other country. The older models of that arm, made and chambered for ammunition of ancient pattern, were worthless for sporting purposes; but their model 1882 rifle, adapted to the standard modern black powder cartridges, has never been excelled by any other single shot rifle. The Maynard was a true take down rifle. That is, its take down features were a part of its regular action; and no separate device, complicated and short lived, was required for the purpose of separating the barrel from the stock.

When several barrels were used on one action, there was no need for changed extractors and other portions of the action, as is the case with the Stevens and other so called take down rifles. Each barrel contained its own extractor, and a barrel could be replaced on the action, by another barrel, in 10 seconds without the use of any tools except the hands and fingers. The Maynard is the only tip-up action made, to my knowledge, which does not become shaky and loose with wear. The springlike quality of the link and lever serve to keep the barrel always down close to the receiver.

Many of the finest scores recently made, the perfect one by Mr. Bert Wentworth, for example, were made with old Maynard rifles. I cite this only to show that the old prejudice against tip-up rifles for target shooting is not well founded. For convenience of manipulation and general handiness, the tip-up barrel action is superior to all other single shot actions. Few people know that the Maynard action was one of the strongest ever made. The lug which forms a part of the barrel was fitted up against the shoulder of the slot in the frame and practically none of the stress caused by the recoil was felt by the lock-ing parts. If made of fine tool steel, this action is of ample strength to withstand the breech pressure of the most powerful modern smokeless cartridges. I allude to the English 40 caliber sporting smokeless cartridge, which is far more powerful than any of the modern military cartridge.

If the Stevens Arms and Tool Company would build a fine rifle on the Maynard plan, and fit and chamber it for the modern cartridges, both black and smokeless, they would find a ready market for the weapon among gentlemen who appreciate a fine arm and who are able and willing to pay for it. I should be glad to place my order in advance for a rifle made up as follows: Tool steel properly proportioned Maynard action; nickel steel barrel rifled and chambered for the 40 caliber smokeless English sporting cartridge; half octagon, 32 inches long, checked English select walnut stock and fore arm, rubber shot gun butt plate, weight 8 to 8¼ pounds; Lyman sights.

It would be well to arrange the action so double or triple set triggers can be added at small cost. Equipped with a heavy barrel and triple set lock the Maynard-Stevens would soon be the foremost target rifle of the world. G. L. Lehle.

A LONG RANGE 12 BORE.

Oroville, Cal.

Editor RECREATION:

A. R. D., Joliet, Ill., inquires as to the best long range 10 or 12 bore gun for ducks. With guns whose weight is in proportion to their bore a 10 mill kill farther than a 12. For ordinary duck shooting a gun similar to one I own is without doubt an excellent weapon and is equally useful for other shooting.

My gun is a 12 bore, hammerless ejector, weight 7 pounds 12 ounces, with Whitworth fluid compressed steel barrels, thickness at breech .1513 inch, chambered to take a 3 inch shell. It will shoot with perfect safety 50 grains Schultz powder and 1½ ounces of shot.

Such a gun will kill ducks as far as an ordinary 10 bore. With 40 grains Schultz and 1 or 1⅛ ounce of shot one can shoot quails, etc., with this gun.

I doubt whether A. R. D. will be able to get a similar weapon in America. Last spring I wrote to several gun manufacturers and asked for a price on a 12 bore gun, 7¾ pounds, that would shoot with safety 50 grains Schultz powder. They all declined to make one. I bought my gun in England. It cost me $200, including duty and express charges, but I consider it worth the money.

A. W. K. in November RECREATION suggests that the shot gun be prohibited. J. B. in the February issue seconds the motion, giving as a reason that as the killing circle is 2 or 3 feet wide the tyro may be as successful in getting game as the expert. J. B. is talking through *son chapeau.* Makers and users of guns have for years been trying to make them shoot close. A choke bore will average 86 per cent. of the charge within a 10 inch circle at 10 yards, a 20 inch circle at 20 yards, a 30 inch circle at 30 yards, and so on.

With exceptionally close shooting guns there is, at 40 yards, a killing circle of 26 inches; *i. e.,* any bird within that circle will be killed. If the aim is 15 inches off a bird at 40 yards it will prove a miss. The nearer the bird is to the shooter the closer must be the aim to ensure getting the bird. Men who have used shot guns realize that it is extremely easy to miss a bird on the wing.

Make a target at 30 yards with the ordinary charge of 1 ounce No. 8 shot with a choke bore gun. Then draw a 2 foot circle around the center of the charge of pellets, and see how many plucked quails could be put inside that circle without touching any shot marks. Even in a 15 inch circle you will find several places where a quail would escape.

With a rifle A. W. K. and J. B. may be able to shoot the head off a sitting grouse at 25 yards, but if they had to live on birds they shot on the wing with a rifle, they would never grow fat. R. L. M.

DEFECTIVE MARLIN GOODS.

Columbiaville, Mich.

Editor RECREATION:

I am in receipt of a circular from New Haven, Conn., and suppose it is from the Marlin Arms Company. I do not fully understand the nature of their suit; hence this letter. Do the Marlin people want damages or an injunction restraining you from publishing articles unfavorable to their make of arms?

I have nothing against the Marlin people. I like the hang and the shooting of their guns, but I do not like the action. If the principle of their guns is all right, then they are not subjected to as rigid inspection as they should be, before leaving the factory.

I recently bought a new Marlin shot gun, and, as is my custom, I looked it over closely to see if all parts were in perfect working order before using it. I found the hammer could be snapped regardless of where the bolt was, whether locked or not. I wrote the Marlin people stating the case and they replied that if I would send them the gun they would put it in shape for me free of charge; a generous offer, as the expressage on the gun would be $2.20. I did not approve of this outlay, for their carelessness, so I took the gun apart, found the trouble and fixed it.

I then sold the gun, and in about a week it came back because it would not eject the shell, while the second one would come up in carrier block. I took out the extractor, bevelled off the side where it fitted the block, and the gun worked all right. Such defects should be found at factory if properly inspected, and not left for the buyer to find when in the woods with nothing to repair with. I have also had trouble with Marlin rifles. A deer hunter of this town had to walk 4 miles to camp to get a stuck shell out of his rifle. Two deer walked past him en route. I have had cartridges stick in a 25-20 Marlin, while out target shooting, and have been nearly an hour getting the gun in shape, as I had few tools at hand.

Not another Marlin shot gun has been sold in this town since the one mentioned above. I handle all the guns sold in this place. Last fall I sold 14 rifles, but not a Marlin in the lot. Easily half of them could have been Marlins had I cared to push them. No doubt the trade of the Marlin people is falling off and they blame Recreation. They probably realize the power your magazine has among sportsmen and go to court for redress; but I believe they will find they are barking up the wrong tree. C. M. Vermilya.

SOME SPECIAL LOADS FOR THE SAVAGE.

F. A. Old's article in January Recreation, relative to reloading Savage ammunition, is good. However, he says nothing about reloading shells for big game shooting, and I venture to add a few suggestions.

Should you want to make your own bullets, get an Ideal adjustable mould for patch bullets and an Ideal mould for miniature bullets. Use 1 part tin to 10 parts lead. See that your mould is hot before commencing to pour. Put a small piece of tallow in the melted lead, then skim the surface and begin pouring. Adjust your mould until you get a 175 grain bullet.

Dampen each end of your patch, and roll the bullet thereon and crimp the bottom. For this size bullet use 10 grains Savage smokeless No. 1. Place your shell in resizer so as to admit the bullet snugly; then place in chamber and do not crimp tightly. You will find this a desirable load for target or rabbit shooting and good for 250 yards.

Mould a 190 grain bullet same as above; load with 22 grains of same powder and patch. You will find this a fine cartridge for a range of 800 yards. It will kill deer nearly as well as the soft points, yet does not tear so badly.

For soft point 186 grain bullet use 22 grains Savage No. 1 smokeless, and crimp well in chamber. Be careful not to jam the shoulder of your shell; you can adjust it properly by putting in a factory loaded shell first. Use U. M. C. shells; I find them best for reloading.

The miniature 100 grain bullet should be lubricated before using. Do not wash black powder shells with smokeless shells. I use smokeless powder only. Black powder is too dirty, and results are not so good as with smokeless. Use 6 grains powder for above bullet, and 10 to 12 grains for the metal patched miniature. That load makes the best cartridge for 100 yards target work of any I have tried. I do not advise anyone to shoot black powder soft bullets in a Savage, as the twist is so great as to make the cleaning of the barrel difficult.

M. L. Duncan, Amethyst, Colo.

SHOT GUN OR RIFLE?

In February Recreation J. B. advocates the prohibition of shot guns for birding, and especially for grouse shooting. I have hunted grouse since I was old enough to hold a gun and have been a rifleman an equal length of time. I have used a shot gun always for birds and have never killed more than 5 in one day, nor have I, in years, killed a bird except on the wing; so I am hardly a game hog.

J. B. compares the use of the shot gun to snaring, trapping, etc., intimating that it is unsportsmanlike and only necessary to the tyro. In most of the grouse cover of the country the hunter will not see 5 per cent. of his birds until they take wing. Then a club would be more effective in the hands of the average sportsman than a rifle. He would not get one bird in 100.

In a few sparsely inhabited localities, as Northern Maine, for instance, the birds are more tame. In those localities I should not consider it difficult to decapitate grouse with a rifle at 10 to 25 yards. To shoot them through the body would be pot hunting, as a man with shaking palsy could hit the body of a grouse on the ground or in a tree at 25 yards.

The best sportsmen will not kill a sitting bird, either with a rifle or a shot gun. It is no more difficult to kill a grouse on the ground with a rifle at 15 to 25 yards than to kill a chicken in a farm yard at the same distance. I should hardly call that sport. It requires skill of an infinitely higher order to kill grouse on the wing with a shot gun than it does to shoot them sitting with a rifle.

J. B. writes on a subject with which he is entirely unfamiliar. If he will take a shot gun and a good dog, go after grouse, flush his birds and try to kill them on the wing, he will find it much harder than potting birds on the ground with a rifle.

I have read RECREATION from its first number. It is doing a much needed work. I would sacrifice every other periodical I take rather than be without my favorite magazine. W. E. Stevens, D.D.S.,
Windham, N. Y.

REMINGTON GUN IS BEST.

The Remington E. E. grade gun has the fewest defects of any American gun made, and for closeness of pattern and penetration it is inimitable. I have a 12 gauge Remington E. E. N. that will put 68 per cent. of No. 6 chilled shot in a 24-inch circle at 45 measured yards from the muzzle of gun when loaded with 3½ drams powder and 1 3-16 ounces No. 6 shot in a 3-inch shell. The ejection in these guns is the most positive and best timed of any make of ejector gun I have ever seen, and my experience is general, as I belong to some and shoot with many clubs, both at trap and in the field, from British Columbia to San Diego, Cal.

The new U. M. C. 22 caliber smokeless cartridge is the only accurate 22 caliber smokeless on the market. I have shot on a 75-foot range some 6,000 of them from a Stevens barrel with a Sidle telescope attached, rest shooting, of course, and it is the only cartridge I have used that will put 25 consecutive shots in a ¼-inch center. The U. M. C. long rifle comes the nearest to it in accuracy. The Peters cartridge, 22 long rifle, both smokeless and semi-smokeless, is a failure; at least in any rifle I have seen adjusted to do fine telescope work. My belief is that the bullet is too small, both in weight and diameter. The statement in your journal concerning the rim of Peters shot gun cartridges is correct, so why should that company kick about it. I have 2 fine English guns, in both of which I have found the Peters shell slips past the extraction. Neither the Eley, the Winchester Leader nor the U. M. C. smokeless did this in either gun. I have never shot the Peters in an American gun.

John C. Cracknell, Oakland, Cal.

PETERS SHELLS MISS FIRE.

Mr. Radcliff's letter was mild compared with some things I can truthfully say of Peters' shells. Last fall I had some of their shells, bought from one of their jobbers. I had fully 25 per cent. misfires with their semi-smokeless shells and 2 or 3 out of a box of 25 of their smokeless. I have often read letters commending their goods in RECREATION, and felt as if you were imposing on your readers in leading them to believe Peters' ammunition as good as that of other makers. Our dealers handle Peters' shells because they are cheap. In an experience with them for 3 years, only buying them when I could not get other goods, I have always been disappointed with them. Tell the Peters Company if they wish to have a growing trade, they must not only advertise, but must put out goods of a better grade than any I have ever used.

B. G., Bellefonte, Pa.

I see the Peters Cartridge Company has fallen into the ways of the Marlin Arms Company, which I think is very bad for themselves, as several of your contributors put it, in the July number of RECREATION. I am satisfied these companies are hurting themselves badly, in not continuing to advertise in the best sportsmen's medium in the United States. I trust they may soon see the error of their ways, and come back to the market.

Jos. J. Ogden, New Orleans, La.

PREFERS 12 BORE.

A year or more ago I asked the readers of RECREATION for information about repeating shot guns, and since then the discussion has gone on merrily. I have owned and used 6 repeaters and would feel qualified to say something if the ground had not already been so well covered. To sum up: Repeaters are strong, safe, durable, convenient for special purposes, and are excellent shooters. Double guns are stronger, safer, more durable, and are more pleasing to the eye, probably because we are more accustomed to them. One is no more a game hog's gun than the other; it all lies with the shooter. I can not choose between them, and so am willing to let each choose for himself. I thank t e brethren who kindly gave information and spoke a word in my defence when some others were inclined to say ugly things about all users of repeaters. I am always interested in the Guns and Ammunition department, and read that first. The small bores threaten to become a fad. They are nice in their places, but can never compete in general usefulness with the light 12 bore. I have had 2 16 gauges of first class makes, but I would not give a light 12 for all the others.

G. R. Rucker, M.D.,
Checolah, Ind. Ter.

GOOD WORK WITH 38-55.

I take great pleasure in reading your gun and ammunition department, but notice there is little said about the 38-55. I have a 30-40 Winchester and a Savage. I prefer the 38-55 to either, though its penetration is not so great as that of the 30. I think it a much better all around gun. I have shot deer with the 30, and on several occasions they ran hundreds of yards after being shot through the body. Last fall I killed 4 deer with my 38-55, and only one of them required a second shot.

Another point is that the ammunition for the 30 is entirely too expensive for target or small game shooting, while the 38-55 shells can be reloaded at a cost of 1¼ cents each. I use the Ideal No. 3 tool and load with 27 grains of Laflin & Rand's sporting rifle smokeless. That gives a flatter trajectory and less recoil than the factory ammunition.

Owing to the work of the L. A. S., game is increasing rapidly here in Virginia.

S. O. S. Graham, Williamsburg, Va.

LIKES THE STEVENS FAVORITE.

Three years ago I bought a Stevens Favorite No. 17. It has been shot several thousand times and is as good to-day as when I got it. I shot it against a 32-40 and a 38-55 Winchester, a 38-40 Colts and a Marlin. The distance was 132 yards and the target a 3-inch patch. It won 5 turkeys and 2 ducks, beating all other guns there. The Stevens Favorite is the simplest, safest and most durable 22 rifle I know of. I use 22 shorts for small game and for target practice. The 22 long is effective in this gun. Last year I used the 22 long rifle for woodchucks and hawks and found it a powerful cartridge.

Will some Recreation readers tell me the good as well as the weak points of the repeating shot gun? Are they durable? Do they get out of order easily? Which is preferable, the Winchester of the Marlin? I want a shot gun good for all kinds of hunting and game.

Glenn McGowan, Lawrence, Mich.

SMALL SHOT.

I find it impossible to keep the rust out of my rifle. I always keep it in a dry place, well coated with oil. Have tried neatsfoot, sweet oil and camphor gum, and 3 in 1 oil, but none of these give satisfaction. In less than 2 days after I clean the gun the inside of the barrel will be covered with a sort of black rust, which will wipe out easily unless I leave it in the gun for a long time. Then it eats into the metal. Harry Cranston, Columbus, Ohio.

ANSWER.

One way is to cork up one end of the barrel and fill it full of melted mutton tallow. Then cork up the other end and put it away. When you want to use the gun warm the barrel and the tallow will drop out. This method usually proves successful under all conditions.—Editor.

In looking over old copies of Recreation I have taken particular notice of what has been said of high power rifles for hunting big game. Of course we all know the long range and great penetration of those guns, but why do we need powerful weapons? Is it because we want to exterminate the game of this country? I fail to see any sport in shooting at deer or larger game half a mile away. What I call sport consists in matching your skill against the cunning of your game. It makes no difference what sort of rifle you have, as long as it carries a ball heavy enough to do the work. It is better to work to within 50 or 100 yards of your game and kill it, than to take long shots and perhaps only wound it. Recreation is worth its weight in gold.

E. Chaney, Pishon's Ferry, Me.

I wish to add my testimony as to the reliability of U. M. C. ammunition. I served a campaign in the Philippines. We were supplied with 30-40 ammunition of various makes, and, as usual, could rely best on the U. M. C. In many of the others the bullets would slip back into the shell, often by pressure of the end of the bullets in the belt on the hips in marching. This, of course, shortened the general length of the cartridge, causing it to jam in being forced from the magazine into the barrel of the Krag. We had to sort our cartridges regularly on that account, but out of a consignment of U. M. C. ammunition we got not one shell that gave trouble in that way.

C. W. L., Springfield, Vt.

There has been so much said against Winchester pump guns I would like to offer evidence in their favor. With a '97 model, full choke, and U. M. C. Acme shells loaded with 24 grains of Ballistite powder, and 1⅛ ounces 7½ shot, I put 258 shot in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards. In a 20 inch circle at 30 yards I put all but 2 or 3 pellets of the charge.

T. H. Mastin, Midland Park, N. J.

I have a Winchester repeater, '90 model, 22 caliber take down, and do not want a better gun for small game. It takes the extra long U. M. C. black powder cartridges. I killed a hawk 85 yards distant with it, and have killed squirrels, woodchucks and rabbits. It shoots just where held. F. E. Mills, Middletown, N. Y.

The can of Laflin & Rand powder you sent me as a premium I have compared with Schultz's, and find the former superior in pattern and quicker. If further tests prove as satisfactory as ones made shall certainly use it in future.

J. F. Tusdall, Utica, N. Y.

Will some of your readers kindly inform me as to the advantage, if any, in using chilled shot in place of the ordinary soft shot in hunting feathered game?

Sage-hen, Miles City, Mont.

NATURAL HISTORY.

When a bird or a wild animal is killed, that's the end of it. If photographed, it may still live and its educational and scientific value is multiplied indefinitely.

DO GROUSE DRINK?

A. F. RICE.

In the most famous book published in recent years on the subject of animated nature the author speaks of a mother grouse leading her brood to the brook to drink and pictures them in the act of sipping the water, as we all have seen domestic fowls do. I was sitting one evening with this author, the Director of the Zoological Park, the editor of the most widely read sportsmen's magazine published in this country, a professor of Columbia College, and one or 2 other men, all well versed in bird and animal lore, and I asked this question: "Did any of you ever see a grouse drink?" The author answered quickly in the affirmative, stopped and thought a moment and then, with characteristic frankness, corrected himself.

"No, on reflection, I have never seen grouse drink, but I have followed their tracks to the water's edge, flushed them on the margins of brooks, and know, of course, that they, like every other bird, must drink." None of the other gentlemen were able to contribute testimony any more exact, although they thought with the author that there could be little doubt as to the matter. Since that time I have asked many people the same question, and have yet to find the man, woman or child who ever actually saw a grouse drink. By drinking I mean, of course, dipping the bill into the water as hens do. I repeat this inquiry to all the readers of RECREATION and shall examine with much interest the replies that are certain to be made.

My reasons for setting this inquiry on foot are that, personally, I do not think grouse take their liquid nourishment in the manner above described, and that I consider nothing in the life and habits of the wild creatures too unimportant to know about with absolute accuracy. Perhaps there are few things more satisfactory to the lover of animal nature than the knowledge picked up by actual observation; the resolving of doubts into certainties by witnessing with his own eyes the strange things that are constantly happening in the woods and fields; the acquisition of direct evidence, that establishes a fact or proves the fallacy of what had previously been considered a fact. It may happen that once in a lifetime a man is privileged to see the snake shed his skin or the buck his antlers; to catch a sight of the grouse drumming or the cuckoo laying her eggs in another bird's nest; but the chances are he will never see these things at all and has to take his information on faith. Now, faith has been described as "the evidence of things unseen," and being in no position to prove the contrary, it often happens that he accepts without question the erroneous notion of others and thenceforth he himself becomes a vehicle for spreading false theories. Perhaps he has succeeded in convincing himself that the porcupine can throw its quills at its enemies; or that the beaver has human intelligence; or that the eagle follows armies to gorge himself on the slain; or that the serpent has power to charm a man and draw him within reach of his fangs; and so there comes to be a confusion between the strange things that are true and the strange things that are false. Exceptions and half truths do not constitute general facts. Let us therefore have " a cloud of witnesses" and settle all these questions beyind a doubt.

Returning to the grouse: I do not affirm that they do not drink, and the fact that I can not find any one who has surprised them in the act does not prove anything; but my reason for thinking so is this: I have heard of a case where a man captured a full grown grouse and put it in a cage in the hope of taming it. He placed food and water before it, and after a time the bird ate a little; but as far as the man could see the grouse did not touch the water, and soon began to droop. After a day or 2, in attempting to change the water, the man spilled some on the top of the cage and it trickled down the bars. The grouse immediately showed animation and greedily plucked off the drops. Evidently it had been accustomed to take its water in that way, in the form of dew or rain on the leaves and grasses. As long as the bird remained in captivity I understand water was given to it in that way, and it would never drink otherwise.

I am aware that I have not proved my case, and I am not trying to; I am merely in search of information for myself and others, and I expect to get it through RECREATION. A few years ago a discussion was started in one of the sporting magazines as to whether or not deer ate lily pads. I was sure they did, because my wife had killed a buck with a lily pad in his mouth, and because I had seen in remote ponds, where no cattle could ever go, acres of pads, the stalks of which had been nipped off Nevertheless, it was astonishing how many men were willing to declare positively that deer do not eat lily pads. These gentlemen were finally silenced, if not convinced, by one party to the controversy and feeding them to the deer there. The taking of some lily pads up to Central Park and the avidity with which this pabulum was chewed and swallowed left no room for further argument.

I hope this question of the grouse drinking can be settled no less decisively. It may be that it will require a jury to decide after the evidence is all in; but it will be worth all the trouble it involves to learn whether this noble and beautiful bird satisfies his thirst by pecking distilled dew-drops from plants and grasses or whether he sips his nectar from forest rills and moss lined springs, lifting his head thereafter in thankfulness to the Giver of all good things.

DO COONS CHATTER?

In September Recreation I read, under the head of "Coon Chatter," what is said about coons making a noise. I will state a few facts about the so-called coon noise. I have spent a great deal of time in the hills of New Hampshire and Maine, and all sportsmen know there are plenty of coons in both these States. All one has to do is to start out with a good coon dog and a lantern and he is sure to return in a few hours with a coon. But unless you have the good dog you might just as well stay at home for Mr. Coon will lead you such a chase you will never want to go coon hunting again.

I have satisfied myself and a number of others, that the supposed coon call is nothing more than the chatter of the common red screech owl. This I have proven to be the case many times when the farmers who lived in the locality where I was hunting declared it was sure enough a coon. I have taken these men into the woods, and as near as possible to the spot from whence the sound came. Then I have begun to whistle, making as nearly as possible the same sound as that which they said was made by a coon. After 5 or 10 minutes I have been answered. The noise has seemed to be as far away as it was before we went into the woods. It would first sound say on the North side of us, then on the South. The farmers then thought there were 2 coons. I have said to them, "Now, if you want to see the coon, look up and you will soon see him."

It was usually quite dark in the woods, but, on looking up through the trees, we would soon see a small bird flying over. I would keep on whistling at short intervals. Presently one of the men would say:

"There is some kind of a bird flying back and forth over us."

I would now have them mark the direction in which he flew, and see when he answered my call if it did not come from that direction. After some little time they would agree with me that whatever the bird was, it was him that was making the noise instead of a coon.

A friend of mine, Dr. McDaniels, who now lives at Keeser Falls, Maine, owned one of the best coon dogs I ever hunted over. He never failed to start a coon if there was one in the country. Many times I have taken this dog and started out to hunt a coon by the noise, which the farmers assured me was made by a coon; but in every case I failed to find or start one in the locality whence the noise came. In a number of cases, however, I have started the owl. Young coons, when fighting for their lives with a dog, will make a noise which sounds very much like the screech of a monkey. They will also make noises similar to a dog's growl, when fighting or at play.

It takes a good dog to kill a large male coon, and a good gun to bring one of them out of the top of a 75-foot pine tree.

I could write you a great deal more about coons and their habits, as well as about other animals and birds; but I am afraid I am now trespassing on space which is more valuable for some one else. I hope to hear from others about coon noises.

F. W. Allard,
Atlanta, Ga.

Please give us all the information possible about wild animals and birds. I would much rather have such than stories of killing them.—Editor.

AQUARIUM HINTS.

I have been much interested in the articles in Recreation on aquariums. I have a small aquarium with gold and silver fish, newts, snails, plants, etc. Have had much trouble in keeping the newts and snails alive. I feed the fish the prepared food which comes for that purpose. The newts do not eat it, and as yet I have found nothing that will keep them alive more than a month or 2. I should appreciate any suggestions in regard to this subject; also on salt water aquariums. Are there 2 kinds of tadpoles? I have had some that grew to a large size, but never became frogs. Can water bugs and water spiders be kept in aquariums through the winter?

A. H. P., South Dartmouth, Mass.

ANSWER.

The probability is that the newts and snails died from lack of proper food. Snails feed almost entirely on vegetable matter, especially greenish algae, which form a scum on the sides of aquaria and on foreign bodies in the water. Occasionally they will eat small particles of meat, but apparently do not thrive on it. The newts should have a resting place, on which they can climb out of the water. There should be no difficulty in keeping them alive on worms, small insects and tadpoles or finely chopped meat held in front of them on a broom straw. There are several kinds of tadpoles found in Massachusetts, some of which undergo their metamorphosis during the first year of their lives, while some pass through the winter in the tadpole stage. The latter grow to a large size and eventually produce the bullfrog and the large green frog. Some kinds of water bugs can be kept in aquaria all winter.—EDITOR.

A MUD WASP'S VOYAGE.

Your interesting magazine visits our office and I read with especial pleasure the articles in the natural history department.

Few persons seem to know that all carnivorous animals are born with their ears as well as their eyes, closed. The ears open to sound when the eyes open. Puppies see and hear on about the 14th day after birth. So do the young of cats, wolves, lions, tigers and that class of beasts.

One evening just at sunset I was fishing in a lake in Louisiana. The lake is about 400 yards wide, and the water was smooth as a mirror. While I was sitting on the bank something came from the opposite shore in a straight line to where I sat, the ripples spreading out in its wake. At first I supposed it was a snake, but as it came near I saw it was a small steel blue mud wasp sitting complacently on the back of an exceedingly large gray water spider. The wasp's wings sent the craft swiftly over the water. The long hind legs of the spider, dragging straight out behind, acted as a rudder. The little sailor landed about 10 feet from me, and I left him tugging at his prey to get it out of the water. I don't think he succeeded, as the spider was 4 or 5 times his size and was apparently dead.

Edwin T. Guice, Terrell, Tex.

DO EELS MIGRATE?

I have always been interested in the eel problem, and have reason to doubt the claim of the writer of the article in June RECREATION that eels go to salt water to breed. I am surprised to find that so high an authority as the Century cyclopedia makes the same statement.

Facts with which I am familiar seem to upset that theory. In August eels congregate in bunches, or rolls, as we call them here, and come to the surface in a writhing mass, with their heads toward the center. They can be approached with a boat and caught in a dip net by the score, but their flesh is inferior for food at that season. In the winter eels go in the mud here and may be taken with what we call a blind spear, made with one barbed tine in the center and 2 leaders.

We are 3 degrees of latitude from Havre-de-Grace, which is the only approach to salt water from this section. In the outlet of the lakes there is an impassable dam, yet we have always had plenty of eels. In Keuka lake there are also eels in abundance, though there is a State dam in the outlet that would check their return.

I am no scientist, but I am a student of nature, and to me the idea of eels multiplying in salt water seems absurd.

E. M. Wixson, Wayne, N. Y.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In stocking with quails, I have never lost any by desertion. The birds are secured from as nearly as possible the same latitude they are to be set out in. Charles Payne supplies them very well and ships direct to the nearest point available to where they are to be liberated. At dusk, or a little later, take peach baskets or small boxes, break out from each, part of a stave for a doorway, put in 4 or 5 hens, and an equal number of males, cover bottom and doorway with a piece of bagging, and take the baskets out to where you are going to liberate the birds. Set the baskets up like coops and sprinkle buckwheat or other feed in front of each and up to the opening. When the birds have quieted down remove the bagging as quietly as possible and go away. Let basket remain undisturbed 2 more nights, a total of 3. Then in the forenoon remove it, leaving a small pile of brush in its stead. The birds are sure to stay around and feed as if the place was their home.

L. A. S. 4022, Philadelphia, Pa.

Can any one tell me how a trillium can be yellow and yet not be wilted?

J. D. Armstrong, Ottawa, Ont.

ANSWER.

Yellow trillium is not common, but is occasionally met with. The normal color is purple. but this interesting species is variable, ranging through brownish purple, nearly black, to white, greenish and pink. This coloration is possibly of the same nature as the variation of roses, azales, etc. The purple indicates an advance in the evolution of coloration, and when a given stage has been obtained it often becomes easy to trace the steps that led up to this point. So in this case we find forms that by reversion show primitive yellow, white, green, etc. No one has yet separated these various forms, so we may hope that they may continue together as *Trillium erectum.*—EDITOR.

J. M. Baltimore asks, in February RECREATION, if young rattlesnakes ever take refuge in the belly of the mother. Rattlers were formerly numerous in Northern Illinois. When breaking prairie there my oxen were often frightened by snakes. Merely to catch the scent of the reptiles would fill them with terror. I remember one occasion when they bolted from the furrow and at the same time I heard a snake rattle. The sound came from a hole in the ground. Later I found the snake lying beside it, with her body greatly distended. Getting a stake I struck her with such force that she was torn open. From the wound issued 16 small snakes, 5 or perhaps 6 inches long and exceedingly lively. As all snakes I am familiar with lay eggs, this experience may answer Mr. Baltimore's question.

S. W. Norton, Wilbamiria, Ore.

I read in August RECREATION Dr. Sperry's query, "Do does lead?" I have done a good deal of hunting and have found that when watching a clover patch or a deer lick the doe would always come to feed 15 to 30 minutes ahead of the buck. The doe is more daring while the buck is more cautious and wary. I have hunted deer with hounds and have generally found when several deer were running in front of the dogs the doe was in the lead. When pursued by hounds the buck will always try to get out of the way. He will circle around sometimes on a point, 2 or 3 times, while the doe will go straightaway. I never saw a buck fight the dogs. I don't think a buck cares a snap for the doe as long as he can get out of danger himself.

Sierra Nevada,
Grass Valley, Cal.

I've noticed occasionally an article on the muskrat. I see C. W. Morgareidge has been trying a few of the animals on flesh and fish. They evidently change their habits in confinement. I have a distinct recollection of having a large and ambitious muskrat steal ducks I had killed, pulling them under water within 20 feet of the blind. I tore up one house and found feathers and a partially eaten duck. On one pond near Twin lakes, Ia., where rats were particularly plentiful, it was necessary to gather a duck at once to keep the rats from getting it. I once saw two rats devouring a duck I had shot the night before and had been unable to find. Muskrats are certainly carnivorous in Iowa, whatever they may be in Wyoming.

S. C. Quimby, Des Moines, Ia.

A lumber camp tender near Pendleton saw an elk, but would not shoot it on account of the close season. The elk treed him, gun and all, and kept him there for the night. In the morning the man's dog came looking for him, attracted the elk's attention and led it off, so the man was enabled to escape.—Exchange.

It is possible the first statement in the above report may be true. If so, I commend the lumber camp custodian to the tender mercies of St. Peter when the woodsman approaches the golden gates. The rest of the story is absurd. The elk is as harmless and almost as wild an animal as a deer, and he is not around seeking whom he may tree. Why doesn't the editor of this paper state whether the dog led the elk away by the nose, the ear, or the tail?—EDITOR.

Please tell me, if possible, from my description, the name of a bird about the size of a robin, with mottled brown back and wings. Near the tip of each wing on the larger of 2 birds, probably the male, is a tiny red dot, about ¼ inch wide. Above this is a cream colored streak 1½ to 2 inches long. The bird's breast is gray and white, and on its head is a crest of feathers projecting backward. There are more wild birds here this year than I ever saw before.

W. H. Ireland, Earlville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The bird may be the Bohemian waxwing, *Ampelis garrulus*, in immature plumage, but it is impossible to identify the species with certainty from your description.—EDITOR.

Which species of pheasant is the most hardy and the easiest to raise? Where can I find books on pheasant raising?

G. J. Bicknell, Humboldt, Ia.

ANSWER.

Among game pheasants the Chinese is the most hardy and the only one that thrives at large in this country. It is, however, the hardest to raise in confinement. Most of the aviary or fancy pheasants are hardy under proper conditions. The best small work on the subject, of which I know, is "Pheasant Keeping for Amateurs," by George Horne, published by L. U. Gill, 170 Strand, W. C., London, Eng. It treats principally of the English pheasant; and is reliable and helpful.—EDITOR.

Animals of the following species are wanted for the Zoological Park. Caribou, Moose, Mule Deer, Prong-horned Antelope, Grizzly Bear, Puma, Gibbons, Lemurs, Howlers, Hoary Marmot, Wolverine, Black Squirrel, Southern Fox Squirrel, Sewellel, and Beaver.

The Bear Dens of the New York Zoo Park now contain a series of American black bears which make an interesting exhibit of the variations of that species. The differences both in color and form are very striking. The localities represented are the Adirondacks, West Virginia, Florida, Colorado, Western Canada, Washington and the Cassiar Mountains, British Columbia.

I have read with much interest all the comments in Recreation in regard to the rattlesnake question. I, too, have found young snakes in the body of an old rattler. Once, when riding along the road, I heard a snake rattle, and on looking, found a prairie snake with a rattlesnake's tail sticking out of its mouth. A few days ago my nephew found a large prairie snake that had half swallowed another good sized prairie snake, head first.

Yes, Carey C. Waleman, a coon does make a loud noise. I do not know if it is a challenge to a rival or a call to its mate. It sounds something like "woo-oo-oo."

B. Kuhn, Bulverde, Tex.

In May or June Recreation I saw a question which I can answer regarding black and gray squirrels nesting together. In Soison Park, at this place, I heard 2 squirrels barking and saw that one was black and one gray. They ran into a hole in a tree near by. I plugged the hole and, getting an ax, cut the tree down and caught the squirrels. I kept them some time as pets, and finally sold them. The black was a female; the gray a male. The hole was plainly their den. I also saw young squirrels that I am sure were the young of the pair mentioned.

J. W. Miles, Connellsville, Pa.

While reading July Recreation I came across some interesting facts regarding the muskrat. My experience as a trapper leads me to believe that muskrats will eat flesh. I use no bait for these animals, except when they are scarce; then, I have used the flesh of muskrats with success.

S. Newhouse, in his valuable guide for trappers, says: "Their natural food is grass and roots; but they will eat clams, mussels, flesh, corn, oats, apples and many vegetables."

H. K. Davidson, Jr.,
Charlton Depot, Mass.

In answer to Mr. Carey C. Waleman's question, "Does a coon make a loud noise?" will say I never knew a coon to make such a noise as he mentions. During the rutting season the male makes a rather loud purring noise. They also make a noise while fighting, but that is a squall. I have had considerable experience coon hunting and own some fine dogs. Should be pleased to correspond with anyone interested in coon hunting.

L. E. Barnes, Charleston, Ind.

I have moved to this place for the summer's work. It is a fine upland plateau, partially open and covered with lakes and ponds, where great numbers of ducks and other water fowl breed. It is a grand place to study wild fowl, as they are as tame as the semi-domesticated ducks one sees in parks. I often have 5 or 6 kinds of ducks within 25 yards of me and through a glass I can see every feather. Allan Brooks,

150 Mile House, Caribou, B. C.

I note the letters in June Recreation in regard to rattlesnakes. The snake population of this county has decreased more than 1,000 since spring, as a result of a bounty of 50 cents being offered for rattlers. If A. W. King, who "is still waiting to hear of a *bona fide* death from rattlesnake bite," will send me his address I will gladly furnish sufficient evidence to relieve his suspense.

F. A. Barney, Soldiers Grove, Wis.

Our dove season opens August 1st. I have found dove nests containing eggs as late as July 18th. The dove is much hunted in this State. I suppose the bird hatches 2 or 3 broods during the Summer. August is to early to shoot them, I think.

S. L. Spencer, San Dimas, Cal.

My daughter has 2 tame crows that are a source of great amusement. In my opinion crows are exceedingly valuable to farmers, as their search for insects is continuous. They fully earn the little corn they pull.

A. S. Doane, Waterlily, N. C.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

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MICHIGAN MEN SHOULD HELP.

I wish to ask through RECREATION the assistance of all L. A. S. men, and of all other sportsmen in this State in enforcing our new game laws. Michigan now has the best system of game laws ever devised by any State. They were framed by our State game department, every man of whom I believe to be at heart a game protector. I know there are sportsmen who for political and other unjust reasons have made a fight against certain men in the State department, but I honestly believe our State has as good, honest and efficient men as any State has. I regret that so important a work should be controlled by politicians, but it is so, and we can not help it. Now let us, as L. A. S. members, do all we can to aid the State officials.

Our game laws are founded on L. A. S. principles. With but one exception—the spring shooting clause—we have nearly what we wanted. Our laws will protect if enforced, and they will be enforced if every man who knows of a violation will make a complaint. It is an easy matter to do this without in any way involving yourself. Give me, or any member of this Division, the facts by filling out a blank we have for this purpose, and I will guarantee your name will not be known to any one else than the State officers. I will also guarantee that arrest will follow, providing the evidence is strong enough to convict. It is convictions we want rather than arrests. To arrest and fail to convict is expensive, and weakens our cause locally, beside making violators bolder. We have an efficient lot of men; now let us give them all they can do by collecting evidence and placing it where it will be followed up.

I get hundreds of letters complaining of violations but no names, no evidence that will lead to conviction. I do not care to cause the game warden trouble and expense unless there is a fair show for a case. Please bear in mind the importance of proper evidence and witnesses.

Of course I am always glad to have the name of any one who violates a law. I add him to my list and in time we may round him up when he least expects it. Let us make Michigan a paradise for the true sportsman and a hell for the pot hunter. We can do it.

J. Elmer Pratt,
Chief Warden Mich. Div. L. A. S.,
Grand Rapids.

Mr. D. L. Pascal, of Grand Mound, Iowa, who was appointed a League warden some months ago, has recently, on my request, been made a deputy State warden under Mr. G. A. Lincoln, who is the chief fish and game commissioner of the State. Mr. Pascal now has both barrels loaded for law breakers, and it would be well for the pot hunters of that vicinity to quit. If there are any other sportsmen in Iowa who wish to be deputized as State game wardens, I should be glad to hear from them, and think I may be able to arrange with Mr. Lincoln to appoint them. It should be said in this connection that the State is only allowed a certain number of deputy wardens, and the appointments I refer to can only be made with the understanding that the applicants will have no pay from the State for any work they may do.

EDITOR.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford of the same institution.

It takes thirty years to grow a tree and thirty minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

POINTS OF VIEW.

At the annual meeting of the Laurel Hill Association, of Stockbridge, Mass., on Sept. 11, Dr. Fernow made the address, parts of which may be of interest to a large audience. The interest of the association lies in the preservation of the matchless beauty of the Berkshire hills and the æsthetic aspects of tree growth rather than the economic appeals to them. Dr. Fernow said in part:

The interest and spice of life lay in the great variety of its aspects, in the diversity of the points of view from which all things may be considered, and the consequent difference of opinion and action which this diversitv of view provokes. Each one of us has only a limited vision and horizon, has only a circumscribed range from which to view the world, has only a small experience by which to formulate opinions; and we all see different sides of the same object, and from our different experiences, have a more or less different way of looking at them. Hence the unending possibilities of discussion, hence the gradualness in evolving new ideas, hence also the difficulty of impressing others with the propriety of our opinions and the truthfulness of our knowledge and experience. There are only a few who have a wider range of view, a more extended experience, a more vivid imagination and quick perception, which enable them to appreciate readily the various points of view that any subject of interest may offer. The majority of us are apt to believe that what we see is all that is to be seen, and to act accordingly. And even those who have keen eyes and wits must of necessity, either as a result of their position, their vision, or of their personal interests, make one point of view the most prominent one, and while admitting the propriety of others, give to them secondary consideration.

There is nothing new in these thoughts, which must come naturally to anyone who thinks on the wonderfully varied development of human life. I offer them only as an apology and explanation for whatever views I may express at variance with those which I suspect you hold, as members of this association.

Standing on this elevation and casting my eyes over the peaceful hills, dales, groves, and meadows, interspersed with the solitary, graceful elms and the rugged, spreading oaks, the sere colors of autumn glorifying the accomplishments of summer, I do not wonder that you, who own this point of view, have eyes only for its beauty and have associated yourselves to preserve it. I am tempted myself for the day to make beauty not only "its own excuse for being," but the main object of meadows and trees everywhere. Yet you know, as well as I do, that elsewhere the necessities of life force us to take a different point of view, to recognize the fact that beauty must be sacrificed to usefulness, that the meadow must be turned over to grow cereals, that the trees must be cut to yield their wood to the use of man. And it is from this point of view, with special reference to tree growth, that I propose to speak, without desiring in any way to disparage any other points of view; without denying that the æsthetic sense in man should have its due recognition and satisfaction, although a reasonable consideration of all interests would sometimes subordinate beauty to use, and the reverse. For twenty years and more I have made it my business to point out and try to reconcile the different points of view from which tree growth may be viewed, while securing specially recognition of the point of view which the forester holds.

Trees are things of usefulness as well as of beauty; and judging from the extensive use of wood and the variety of its applications to the needs of man from the cradle to the coffin, not only is the wood material which trees furnish when cut, their most important contribution to our well-being, but so important is this material to our civilization that we may well say a wood famine would be almost as disastrous as a food famine. There is no one other material that we could so ill afford to lose as wood. Many of those æsthetic friends of ours, who are raving against the lumberman, the purveyor of this wood material, and who would stop his operations—at least wherever *they* are, whatever he may do elsewhere—these should study the statistics of our wood consumption to learn how foolish their point of view appears to the well-informed economist. They need to study relativity of importance and to realize that before the æsthetic sense can be gratified, the physical necessities must be supplied. They need to perceive that their beautiful oak-paneled rooms, their cherry and maple wainscotings, their birch and pine floors and ceilings, their mahogany and walnut furniture, and their cheerful, open fires are the result of the labors of the poor woodchopper directed by the lumberman, who, alas! may be devoid of the æsthetic sense that sees beauty in the living tree, and may see beauty only in the well shaped log.

Let us look at things from all sides and learn which is relatively the more important. Let us have all things and all emotions in their proper places. To the romanticist, the gnarled oak with short trunk and spreading branches appears beautiful; the logger calls out with admiration when he meets a long, branchless bole without taper, the crown high up and short, and he longs to cut it and make it useful; while the forester admires the thicket of young seedlings and his hand itches to secure them a chance to develop, by the removal of the damaging shade. A field of wheat waving in the wind is a thing of rare beauty, but who would stay the hand of the harvester? Let us enjoy it while it lasts but when the time comes for another point of view, do not let us regret the change which is the necessary accompaniment of life and progress.

The trees of the forest grow primarily to be cut for their useful material. All other uses and functions which they can fulfill become secondary in importance to mankind except under special conditions and in special situations, but if properly used, the forest can fulfill simultaneously all the functions which we desire and expect from it. It can protect the watershed, furnish cover for the game, satisfy the æsthetic sense, and yet give up its useful stores whenever needed. This is the forester's point of view. He sees not only the beauty of the leafy canopy, he appreciates not only the protective quality of the forest cover and has the true sportsman's love for the woods; but at the same time he knows that only by the removal and use of the tree is its final destiny fulfilled. He knows also that the forest need not be destroyed, that all its beauty and useful functions can be reproduced and maintained forever, that the trees may be cut, yet the forest persist. The possibility of propagating it, of using and reproducing it continuously, makes the forester. He does not, like the lumberman, merely harvest what Nature has produced and leave it to Nature to do as she pleases; but he provides systematically for a new crop. He, too, uses the ax and cuts his trees, but it is not only to secure the logs which he found ready grown. He cuts with the view of securing logs for the future, to establish and improve in its development a young crop of those kinds which are most useful. Forest utilization thus becomes forest preservation. As the human race and all other life are preserved by the removal of the old and growth of the young, so the forest is preserved by utilizing the old monarch and giving opportunity for the development of the seedling. Nature alone, unaided, would do this, the old trees decaying, thrown by the winds, burned by lightning or killed by insects, and new generations following. The forester only introduces into this process the economic point of view. He utilizes the trees before they have become useless, and sees to it that in the reproduction, the useful kinds have better opportunity than the weeds. For, in the arborescent flora, as well as among the lower forms, we have weeds; trees which answer no useful purpose from man's point of view. The forest of Nature is usually a mixture of useful and useless trees. To the layman, who looks only for shade or beauty or cover, there is a forest where trees and foliage abound, but the lumberman and the forester differentiate at once from the point of view of usefulness. Thus a large proportion of the woods of Massachusetts are stocked mainly with inferior or useless kinds of trees, the soil is occupied by treeweeds and the sooner they are replaced by a growth of better kinds, the more benefit will the forests be to coming generations. Again the forester differentiates farther than the lumberman. The latter is interested only in the log timber of the present. The forester's eye is not so entirely occupied with this as to be blinded to the rest of the vegetation. He sees the younger generations that are present, of what kind, in what numbers, and of what age and condition they are; for the future, the continuity and perpetuation of the forest is his point of view, and his operations in harvesting the old crop are influenced by the absence, or presence and condition of a young crop that is to take the place of the one removed Where the lumberman has culled the desirable kinds and left the inferior ones in possession of the soil, the aftergrowth of the former is also likely to have been reduced, or it may be absent altogether, and the forester must begin his operations by removing the weedgrowth and replacing it by planting with the useful kinds of timber. Thus in the Adirondacks, where the fires have swept over the old pine slashes, aspen and white birch occupy the ground. To secure this for useful occupancy, lanes may be cut through the aspen growth and in them pines and spruces planted, which benefit from the partial shade of the treeweeds.

The character of the aftergrowth, even of desirable kinds of woods, is determinative of the persistence of the forest. In Massachusetts woods and especially in the park reservations of the city of Boston, the aftergrowth consists largely of coppice sprouts from the stumps of older trees. Such material makes neither good trees for use nor for beauty. Especially when the stocks are injured by fire, as they generally are, they are rotten at the base and as they grow up they are liable to become unsightly and fall a prey to storms, rot and insects. Here the landscape gardener's and the forester's interest and point of view are the same; healthy growing trees subserve both the æsthetic and the economic needs. To the forester, they promise a valuable harvest, to the landscape gardener, persistence and symmetrical development.

The Federal Bureau of Forestry has issued a "Working Plan" for one of the townships in the Adirondacks owned by the State. It is an interesting pamphlet discussing the character, situation of the tract, and giving measurements of the contents especially in spruce, and predictions based on these measurements as to what the future may bring if some of the spruce is now cut. The gist of the plan is the advice to the State to cut the salable spruce from this virgin tract, conveying the impression that thereby no diminution in supplies and deterioration in the production will take place. This conclusion is by no means correct.

By removing the mature spruce while leaving the associated hardwoods, some of the smaller spruce now on the ground will, to be sure, develop into salable size, but as long as the hardwoods are favored by leaving them on the ground the reproduction will necessarily also be of them and not of spruce; in other words, if this policy is continued the spruce will be practically exterminated. If the State is in financial straits and needs the money there is perhaps no objection to this proposition which continues the policy of the lumbermen, proposing only to use more care in the removal of the spruce. Otherwise we should think a very different working plan for this particular township would be indicated.

Raquette lake, which is situated in this township, is surrounded by private camps, requiring a considerable amount of firewood. It would be better, therefore, to begin cutting out the old and decrepit hardwoods in a small way as needed and in this way prepare gradually for an improved composition of the forest when later an intelligent forestry system may be applied in its reproduction.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FORESTS.

The arguments in favor of systematic and scientific forest preservation within White Mountain territory seem to be gaining new recognition and stronger sympathy from the public each year. The road appropriations made by the State Legislature last year are the first practical indications that the State recognizes the value of its mountain possessions and is disposed to co-operate with towns and private capital in the work of their development. From roads it is but an easy move to the better protection of forests and streams within the same territory. These questions have long been moved by a minority voice which was powerless to effect visible reforms, and yet agitation is bringing about—slowly, perhaps, but surely—a more hopeful view of the matter, and I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that within a few years we shall have in practical operation a scheme of joint purchase by which the State and the towns within these northern counties shall gradually acquire thousands of acres of cheap mountain land to be held as public domain forever.

A SUCCESSFUL FORESTER.

One of the Special students of the College of Forestry, who took only one year of forestry studies, after a collegiate education, writes:

"It may interest you to know what has become of one of your special students.

"I have just taken a position with the Tombigbee Lumber Company, in Alabama. I hold the position known as woods superintendent. We have a dozen or more logging contractors and it is my duty to see that their work is done as it should be, see to the scaling and allot them sections to log on. We have 100,000 acres so I imagine I shall have my hands full. Then we have about 50 miles of railroad of which I am the superintendent also. I think myself a fortunate young man. My salary to begin with is only $75 a month, but prospects are bright for the future. The fact that I have made a study of forestry helps me considerably. While I have found some lumbermen who do not think much of forestry, I find others who do, and I know it was instrumental in getting me this place."

Already many thousands of people are wondering what they are going to get for Christmas presents. Other thousands are wondering what they are going to give their friends. If you wish to make a present to a man or boy who is interested in shooting, fishing, amateur photography, or nature study, give him a year's subscription to RECREATION. Nothing you can possibly buy for $1 would give him so much pleasure as 12 issues of this magazine. Come early and avoid the rush.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

OYSTERS.

Oysters and other shell fish resemble meat and food fishes in general composition. They contain considerable protein and a little fat and ash in addition to a fairly high percentage of water. Shell fish also contain a small quantity of carbohydrates. Oysters are the most important of the shell fish, judging by the relative number consumed. Speaking roughly, a quart of oysters contains on an average about the same quantity of actual nutritive substance as a quart of milk, or ¾ of a pound of beef, or 2 pounds of fresh codfish, or a pound of bread. But while the weight of actual nutriment in the different quantities of food materials named is nearly the same, the kind is widely different. That of the lean meat of codfish consists mostly of protein, the substance whose principal function is to make or repair blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain and other nitrogenous tissues. That of bread contains considerable protein, but a much larger proportion of starch, with a little fat and other compounds which serve the body as fuel and supply it with heat and muscular power. The nutritive substance of oysters contains considerable protein and fuel ingredients. Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food material as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients.

Apparently as the oyster grows older, at least up to a certain time, not only do the proportions of flesh and liquids increase more rapidly than the shells, but the proportion of nutrients in the edible portion increases also; that is to say, 100 pounds of young oysters in the shell appear to contain less of flesh and of liquids than 100 pounds of older ones, and when both have been shucked a pound of shell contents from the older oysters would contain more nutriment than a pound from the younger.

Considering the edible portion of the oyster, after it has been removed from the shell, the difference in different specimens is much greater than is commonly supposed. This is apparent when a comparison is made of either the meat or the liquor of different specimens, or the whole edible portion, the meat and liquor together. The percentage of water in the edible portion of different specimens of oysters which were analyzed in experiments conducted for the U. S. Fish Commission varied from about 83.4 to 91.4 per cent, and averaged 87.3 per cent. This makes the amounts of water-free substance, i. e., actually nutritive ingredients, vary from 16.6 to 8.6 and average 12.7 per cent. of the whole weight of the shell contents. In other words, the nutritive material in a quart of shell contents (solids) varied from 2 3-4 to 5 1-3 ounces.

With oysters, long clams, and round clams in the shell there is naturally a large percentage of waste, as the shell is a large portion of the total weight. The average of 34 specimens of oysters in the shell, for instance, shows only 2.3 per cent of actual nutrients. Clams and mussels show a somewhat higher percentage.

Where these various shell fish are bought as solids, that is, removed from the shell, a comparatively high price is usually paid. When they are bought in the shell, there is a large percentage of waste. The conclusion is therefore warranted that, from a pecuniary standpoint, oysters are not the most economical of foods for the consumer. On the other hand, they have a useful place in the diet in helping to supply the variety which is apparently needed to insure the best workings of the digestive system. Often flavor has value which can not be estimated in dollars and cents.

It is a common practice of oyster dealers, instead of selling the oysters in the condition in which they are taken from the beds in salt water, to place them for a time in fresh or brackish water, in order, as the oystermen say, to fatten them, the operation being also called floating or laying out. By this process the oyster acquires plumpness and rotundity, and its bulk and weight are so increased as to materially increase its selling value. The belief is common among oystermen that this fattening is due to actual gain of flesh and fat and that the nutritive value of the oyster is increased by the process. They find that the oysters fatten much more quickly in fresh than in brackish water. Warmth is so favorable to the process, that it is said to be sometimes found profitable to warm artificially the water in which the oysters are floated. Although oysters are generally floated in the shell, the same effect is commonly obtained by adding fresh water to the oysters after they have been taken out of the shell. Oysters lose much of their salty flavor in floating, and it is a common experience of oystermen that if the fattened oysters are left too long on the floats they become lean again. It does not seem probable that the oysters would secure food enough to make an appreciable gain in weight in the short time in which they remain in the fresh or brackish water.

It is known that when a solution of salts is separated by a suitable membrane from water containing a lesser quantity of salts in solution the passage of salts immediately begins from the concentrated to the dilute solution. This is practically the condition which exists when the oyster is transferred from salt to fresh or brackish water. The fleshy portions of the body, which are enclosed in a membrane, contain salt in solution. As long as the oyster stays in salt water the solution of salts within its body would naturally be in equilibrium with the water outside. When the oyster is brought into fresh or brackish water, i. e., into a more dilute solution, it might be expected that the salts in the more concentrated solution within the body would pass out and a larger quantity of fresh water would enter and would produce such a distention as would actually take place during floating. Careful experiments have shown that this supposition is correct; that is, the oysters actually gain in weight. This is due largely to the fact that they lose mineral matter and gain a considerable quantity of water. At the same time there is a slight loss of nutrients. When in their natural condition oysters contain 1-8 to 1-5 more nutritive material than when fattened. In the opinion of many consumers the improvement in appearance and flavor due to the removal of the salts more than compensates for the loss in nutritive value. It seems also to be a matter of common opinion that oysters keep better when part of the salts has been removed by floating. However, experience of the New Jersey Experiment Stations has shown that freshened oysters will not remain alive so long as those taken directly from salt water. Freshening increases rapidly the rate of weakening and decay, the life period being reduced one-half.

Frequently oysters become more or less green in color. There is a widespread opinion that greening is injurious. The color has been attributed to disease, to parasites, and to the present of copper. It is in reality frequently due to the fact that the oysters have fed on green plants of simple structure, which are sometimes found in abundance in brackish or salt water. The green coloring matter of the plants is soluble in the oyster juices and colors the tissues. The opinion of those who have investigated the matter carefully is that such green color is harmless. In Europe green oysters are more highly prized than others. The green color may be removed by placing the oysters for a time in water where the green plants are not abundant.

EARLY EXPERIMENTS ON THE DIGESTIBILITY OF EGGS.

Raw eggs, or eggs only slightly cooked, are said to be easily digestible, the idea being that they digest readily without giving rise to pain or other physical discomfort. The term digestibility has another meaning, and one which is commonly intended when it is used in the discussion of food values. This refers to the thoroughness of digestion; that is, to the total amount of material which any food gives up to the body in its passage through the digestive tract. Since only soluble or possibly emulsified matter can pass through the walls of the stomach and intestines and be taken up into the circulation to nourish the body, it follows that only material which is soluble or rendered soluble by the action of pepsin, trypsin, and other ferments in the digestive juices, is truly digestible. The original condition of food, the method of cooking, and the amount eaten at a given time, are among the factors which determine the quantity of any given material which can be digested.

Statements are frequently made with regard to the length of time required to digest different foods. Many of these are doubtless far from accurate, as the subject is not easy to study. By methods of artificial digestion, the length of time required to render different foods soluble has been frequently tested. It is possible to use in the experiments the same digestive ferments which occur in the body and to approximate body temperature, etc., but not all the conditions of digestibility in the body can be reproduced in the laboratory. The results obtained are interesting and often valuable, but it is worthy of note that careful investigators are much slower to make sweeping deductions from them than are popular writers on the subject. Some years ago Dr. Beaumont, a United States army surgeon, had an excellent opportunity for studying digestibility in the stomach. A healthy young man was accidentally wounded in the stomach by the discharge of a musket. In time the large wound inflicted healed, leaving a permanent opening into the stomach. This was ordinarily closed by a valvular flap made by a fold of the stomach lining, which could be easily pushed aside and the interior of the stomach examined or the contents removed, as desired. Strange as it may seem, this could be done without giving the subject pain or annoyance, nor was his general health abnormal after the wound had healed in this curious way. For many years after the time of the accident (1822), the man was under Dr. Beaumont's care and observation. Many experiments were made on the length of time required by different foods for digestion in the stomach, or chymification. Many artificial digestion experiments were also made, using gastric juice removed from the man's stomach. Although these investigations were carried on long before the theories and methods of physiological chemistry now accepted were known, so much care was taken in making the experiments, and in recording the experimental data, that the work has never ceased to be of great value as well as interest. However, it should not be forgotten that Dr. Beaumont studied only digestion in the stomach; his work throws no light on digestion in the intestines. This is of special importance in the case of starchy foods, as the digestion of starch, which is begun by the saliva, ceases in the stomach but is resumed in the intestines. The experiments reported include tests of the length of time required to digest eggs, hard and soft boiled, fried, roasted, and raw. The raw eggs were sometimes whipped and sometimes not. In all the tests fresh eggs were used. Hard boiled and fried eggs each required 3½ hours for digestion in the stomach, *i. e.*, for the formation of chyme; soft boiled eggs required 3 hours; roasted eggs, 2¼ hours; raw eggs, not whipped, 2 hours; and raw eggs, whipped, 1½ hours. When tested by the methods of artificial digestion followed by Dr. Beaumont, which approximated bodily conditions as closely as he was able to make them, the hard boiled eggs required 8 hours for digestion; soft boiled eggs, 6½ hours; raw eggs, not whipped, 4½ hours; and raw eggs, whipped, 4 hours. The 2 methods gave results which agree in the relative length of time required for the digestibility of the different samples, though not in the actual time required. Similar results were obtained by the 2 methods with the greater part of the large number of foods studied. One of Dr. Beaumont's general deductions was that most of the common foods require 2 to 4 hours to digest in the stomach. He says further:

"The time required for the digestion of food is various, depending on the quantity and quality of the food, state of the stomach, etc.; but the time ordinarily required for the disposal of a moderate meal of the fibrous parts of meat, with bread, etc., is 3 to 3½ hours."

As regards the time required for digestion in the stomach, it will be seen that in this investigation eggs compare favorably with other common foods. It must be remembered that digestion continues in the intestine, and that no data are furnished by these experiments for judging of that factor. This is an important matter, as food material which escapes digestion in the stomach may be thoroughly digested later in the intestine. This fact seems to have often been overlooked in the discussion of Dr. Beaumont's work.

SOLANIN POISONING FROM POTATOES.

Although under ordinary circumstances potatoes are a wholesome food for most persons, illness is sometimes caused by eating them. There are undoubtedly some persons in health with whom potatoes do not agree, just as there are those who can not eat strawberries without distress. This is due to personal idiosyncrasy and not to the harmful character of the food. Reference can not be made here to the conditions of ill-health in which potatoes or other starchy foods are forbidden, since this is a subject which pertains to the practice of medicine rather than the subject of diatetics. Cases of actual poisoning by potatoes are by no means unknown. As far as can be learned, the abnormal symptoms in such cases were caused by the presence of solanin in the potatoes. Several years ago, 357 soldiers in a battalion of the Austrian army showed symptoms of solanin poisoning. The potatoes used for food were examined. Those which were fresh contained a small amount of solanin, while those which had sprouted contained much more, still larger amounts being found in the sprouts than in the tubers themselves. The potatoes undoubtedly caused the poisoning in that case. Potatoes a year old, which have lain in a cellar and shriveled, and small potatoes which have sprouted without being planted, are considered specially dangerous, and should not be eaten. If perfectly fresh potatoes contain any solanin, the amount is so small that it does not cause harm.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	1901.
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	$3,903
February ..	256	693	2,151	3,267
March	300	1,049	1,919	3,710
April	342	645	1,570	2,760
May	292	902	1,377	2,303
June	307	770	971	2,016
July	345	563	854	2,000
August	306	601	1,262	2,245
September .	498	951	1,464	1,940
October ...	438	969	1,842	
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

September shows a gain of $480 over the same month last year. Paddy Marlin will tell you it isn't so, but if you will call here I will show you the 1,560 letters in which these 1,940 subscriptions came. And thus will I prove Paddy another kind of a liar.

THE FOOL WITH A GUN.

From Portland, Me , Press.

When will the vandalism of the people on picnics, the summer visitors and the loafers with guns cease? No sooner does a noble eagle soar over a neighborhood, where one of nature's most magnificent birds has not been seen for years, than some fool runs for a gun, and does his best to slay the emperor of the skies. Let a pair of sea gulls, tired for a time of the dashing of the waves, retire to the banks of some inland river, as the people of the inland rivers like to go to the sea, and the presence of the gulls will not be known there a day before every old gun in the community will be loaded for the innocent and interesting visitors. President Roosevelt's ambition to kill something big, indulged in civilized regions, would overcome every emotion of beauty or sympathy with the animal children of the Almighty. President Roosevelt practices his ambition in distant places where mountain lions may be spared with advantage to civilization; and he would scorn to rob a New England landscape of a lordly eagle, or break up the harmless domestic establishment of the sea gull. But all his imitators have not had his opportunities for reflection; and the only hindrance to the indulgence of their thoughtless vandalism is their general inability to shoot. Unfortunately, the party of tourists who distinguished themselves at Bennington, Vermont, recently included one, and that one a woman, who could shoot. She succeeded in killing the giant turtle of Lake St. Catherine, at Bennington. This placid inhabitant weighed 268 pounds, and a local scientist places his age at over 200 years. In a moment this living and marvelous relic of antiquity was wiped out. Of himself, and from the standpoint of intellectual attainment, the giant turtle was, of course, lacking in interest. So are many human beings who chance to survive 100 years or more, but we show great interest and solicitude for them always, not because of their intellects, or of what they remember, but because of the things of the past that they have looked on. The last man who had seen Bunker Hill battle was taken with great parade to see the Prince of Wales, not because the veteran remembered much of the battle except the smoke and noise, but because he had been there, and was a living reminder. Without for a moment intending to compare a glorious veteran of the Revolution with the self-centered turtle of Bennington, we nevertheless claim that the turtle was entitled, from what he had lived through and the stirring things he had seen and heard in his turtlish way, to some of the consideration we give to those human beings in whom the blood of life has coursed more than the allotted years. This turtle was 50 years old, and of mature judgment as turtles go, when the chivalrous Montcalm took command of the men of the Three Lilies in Canada, and sent the Algonquin savages howling down through Vermont. He was nearly a hundred years old, in the prime of a turtle's life, when the spirit of '76 awoke, and could not have failed to hear the clarion voice of Ethan Allen summoning the Green Mountain Boys to the taking of Ticonderoga. A few years later, when the tide of war rolled again that way, he must have heard the cannon of Stark and the musketry of the Hessians as they fought the battle of Bennington. And yet, blood that beat quicker at all these things, must be spilled entirely because some summer visitors had never seen such a creature before, and one lady could shoot well.

SHORT SIGHTED COMMISSIONERS.

A subscriber in Evansville, Ind., sent me a clipping from a local paper, stating that the County commissioners had caused a big ditch to be cut in order to drain a good sized lake near that city. The result was that tens of thousands of fish were left in a mass of mud and a small quantity of water. A crowd of greedy men and boys waded in and scooped up hundreds of these fish after the water had become so warm and so filthy that the fish were dead or dying. Many people were made ill from eating the fish, and an epidemic of sickness is predicted.

A farmer living near the site of the lake said to a reporter: "The commissioners have made another of their blunders. What they claimed was a good thing is a curse to us all. Their idea of draining is not practical, and $1,900 of the people's money has been squandered." The reporter spoke to several landowners in the neighborhood, and each declared the matter an outrage. The only man in the immediate vicinity who signed the petition admitted, when pinned down, that the draining would do no good on his farm, but "he didn't like the boys goin' through his field." Yet when the fish were being taken out he managed to get his hands on more good ones than anybody, and he got away with them, too.

It is easy to understand, now that it is too late, that a lake of good clear water adjacent to a city like Evansville was worth a great deal more money to the people than the small extent of farm land that has been obtained by draining the lake. This is another case of penny wise and pound foolish.

ANOTHER FERRET AD.

A man in a small village in Wisconsin writes me as follows:

> Dear sir. I like to advertise some Ferrits in your RECREATION. what will you Sharge me fore my advertisment. Please let me know at once.
>
> FERRETS. FORE. SALE
>
> young ferrets well bread and broke, redy fore wark $2.00 a peace.

The letter and ad are printed verbatim, in order to show the illiterate, unthinking quality of the man who engages in the detestible business of breeding and selling ferrets. I have omitted the man's name and address purposely. If I printed them in connection with his letter it is possible that some reader of RECREATION might buy some ferrets from him.

I want all the legitimate advertising business I can get, but I would not print this man's ad and his name and address if he would offer me $100 in cash for one insertion.

ACCUSE THE WRONG MAN.

I printed on page 120 of August RECREATION a letter signed E. Bowman, Goodell, Ia., in which the writer boasted of being a game hog, pot hunter, etc. He also claimed that he frequently acted as a guide for visiting sportsmen, and ridiculed the methods of such men.

Mr. E. J. Bauman, of Goodell, writes me that there is no E. Bowman living at or near that town, and that the readers of RECREATION therefore accuse him of having written the letter. Mr. Bauman is a well known merchant of Goodell and never acts as a guide. He is a law-abiding citiben, a thorough sportsman and an advocate of strict enforcement of game laws. His neighbors, therefore, have no grounds whatever for assuming that Mr. Bauman wrote the letter in question, and I am positive he did not. The signature to the letter is probably fictitious, and I have no knowledge of who really did write it.

I receive a great many anonymous letters complaining of game law violations or criticising State game wardens or airing some kind of a grievance. As a rule, no attention is paid to these letters. They go into the waste basket, which is the only proper receptacle for them. A man who has not courage enough to sign his name to a letter need not expect any attention from this office. In all cases when so requested I withhold the real name of the writer of any communication; but I can not act on anonymous complaints or reports of any kind.

I am in receipt of a letter from a man in Washington, signed "Spring Shooter," which is intended for publication. All intelligent men know that the editor of a reputable journal does not print anonymous communications. Signatures may be withheld on request, but must be appended to all communications intended for print as an evidence of good faith and moral courage. If "Spring Shooter" will rewrite his letter and sign his name to it, I will gladly print it, appending in place of his real name such *nom de plume* as he may choose.

Bromo Seltzer, a domesticated lynx formerly owned by George W. Mathison, of Chicago, died recently of pneumonia. The animal was a great favorite among the children in the neighborhood where Mr. Mathison lived and was a constant source of amusement for them.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has appropriated $9,000 for enforcing its game laws. This is the first appropriation that State has ever made, and we may now expect much better results from the efforts of the State Game Commission's work than ever before.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THEY FENCE THE WORLD.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., sends out the following remarkable statement regarding its business for the year ending August 31st, 1901:

> Another fence season has come and gone, and it has been a most wonderful one for us. It began in November, 1900, and there has been no let up since.
>
> We had anticipated something of an increase of orders over any previous season, and prepared ourselves for it as best we could by increasing our weaving capacity, employing more men, and putting every loom at work, both day and night; but this did not suffice. All through the season great piles of orders have loomed up ahead of us, and it was not until recently that we were able to catch up.
>
> At one time during the spring we were short over 1,400 miles of fencing, and even though we were weaving a great many miles every day, still the orders came so fast that we could not keep pace with them.
>
> In the spring of 1900 the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway shops, just opposite our factory, were shut down and abandoned by that company. Last Spring we took a lease of them and went to work mantling them with power, machinery and looms for building Page Fences.
>
> With this greatly improved capacity of our Adrian plant, and the many new looms set up in our Monessen mills, we believe that hereafter we shall be able to fill orders promptly.
>
> In all our history, we never before were obliged to run our looms both night and day in July and August in order to supply the demand; but this year we can not see how our men or looms will get a rest.
>
> It seems as though every farmer or stockman who had ever bought a roll of our fencing, wanted more this year; also that every one who had not used it, wanted to try it.

No better evidence than this of the growing sense of American farmers and business men, as to the improvement of their country homes, has ever been shown. Page fences are real luxuries. They are the best fences made, and while they cost a trifle more than almost any other style of woven wire fence in use in this country, they are the cheapest in the long run. But American people, and especially American farmers, have long made a practice of temporizing in the matter of fences, as well as in other things. They have been inclined to buy or build anything that would answer for the time being, or for the present year, only so it was cheap, and to take the chance of replacing it when necessary. Our people are now looking farther ahead. They realize that the best is the cheapest, and this is why the Page Fence Company has been compelled to double and quadruple the size of its plant, and to run its mills day and night. This is why these people have been left 1,400 miles behind their orders, in the busy spring season. Think of a single factory having orders for wire fence enough to reach from New York to Omaha, to say nothing of having filled in the meantime orders for enough fence to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again. This is what the Page people have been doing.

Think of the wonderful improvement that has been made in the country at large by the buying and putting up of thousands of miles of fence, which the Page people have made and sold during the past year. Think of the saving in the value of live stock that would have been killed or injured by being torn on barbed wire fences. Think of the saving of stock that would have escaped through temporary, cheap fences and have been lost.

Another phase of this subject and one which will appeal more directly to RECREATION readers, is the fact that more than 1,000 miles of this Page fence has been used for enclosing game preserves and zoological parks for preserving and propagating American wild animals. Over 1,000 miles of this fence have been used for enclosing poultry farms and kennel grounds, in order that domestic poultry and dogs may be made more comfortable, and in order that their breeding and propagating may be made more profitable.

Verily, the American people are progressing, and the Page Fence people have had a big hand in the progress. They have done more to educate the people in fencing and made more original research in woven wire fencing and its requirements than all other fence companies combined. Dr. Reynolds their advertising manager, tells me the Page Fence Co. has paid for advertising its name over one thousand million times within the last 10 years.

THE SOO HUNTING GROUNDS.

W. R. Callaway, G. P. A. of the Soo Line, Minneapolis, Minn., has issued a most novel and beautiful book entitled "A Hunting Trip," which describes the hunting grounds reached by the Soo Line and connections in upper Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and farther West. Mr. Callaway has adopted an entirely original and novel scheme for illustrating his book. He has had a lot of drawings made and printed on separate sheets in the form of a prairie chicken's tail, and these are tipped in among the reading pages. They are printed on clear white paper, while the text is on pale green stock. The cover is printed in 3 colors on a tan colored paper, and thus a most pleasing combination is offered to the eye. The drawings represent canvasback ducks, quails, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, brant, snipe, antelope, bears, Rocky mountain goats, caribou, plover, gray wolves, moose, deer and Rocky mountain sheep. I am sorry Mr. Callaway did not choose some other artist to make his drawings. The man who did the work is, no doubt, all right on some lines, but he is not familiar with the anatomy and the outward form of big game animals and birds. Still, there are some beautiful pictures in the book, and altogether it is well worth having, both for the information it contains with regard to hunting grounds and for its general artistic effect. Every sportsman who anticipates going anywhere in the West or North on a hunting trip should write for a copy of the book. When you do so, please say you saw it mentioned in Recreation.

THE INDIAN AND THE RAILWAY.

The Chicago and North-Western Railway Company has issued a new book entitled "The Indian, The Northwest," which is a valuable historical work. It contains a map of the United States showing the distribution of the various Indian tribes in 1600; also the routes of all the early explorers of this country. Following is a history of the red man and a description of his country as Marquette, Joliet, Champlain, Hennepin and others found them; the rivers and lakes with their Indian names, the customs, characteristics, legends and religion of the aborigines; their weapons, trophies, implements, ornaments, etc. Under a division called "The Second Epoch" are treated the wars which were waged between the tribes; also between the Indians and the white men. Then follows a brief but comprehensive account of the settlement of the great Northwest, including a history of General Custer's last battle, and many valuable tables showing the resources of the country traversed by the Chicago and North-Western Railway; also a map of the complete line. The book is lavishly illustrated from photographs and drawings of famous Indians, scenes, relics, pottery, ornaments, hieroglyphics, weapons, utensils, etc.

More can be learned about this interesting and important book by writing Mr. W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago and North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill., and saying you saw it mentioned in Recreation.

SHOES TO BOOT.

T. H. Guthrie, No. 33 William street, Newark, N. J., placed a small ad. in Recreation which ran during April, May and June. I called on him a few days ago and he told me returns from the ad. had been coming steadily through the summer and that he was ready to resume business with Recreation. Therefore his ad. appears again in this issue of Recreation, and will run through the winter, occupying a much larger space than before.

Mr. Guthrie makes the old time famous Thompson hunting boots and shoes, and he makes them right. They are built of the best leather that the tanner's craft can produce, and the materials are put together by the best workmen to be found in the boot and shoe trade. I am wearing a pair of Mr. Guthrie's make of shoes, and occasionally a pair of his hunting boots, whenever I have use for such foot gear. I can frankly and conscientiously recommend these goods as being first class in every respect. Any reader of Recreation who may order boots or shoes from Mr. Guthrie can rest assured he will get his money's worth, and he will order another pair when the first pair is worn out. Mr. Guthrie will send a measuring blank to anyone writing for it, with full instructions as to making measurements. When you write please say you saw it in Recreation.

NEW SAVAGE .22 AND CATALOGUE.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., has issued a new catalogue dated 1902. This is thoroughly in keeping with the progressive and enterprising character of the Savage people. The book contains descriptions and cuts of the Savage sporting rifle, military rifle, the carbine, the various sights that are in demand among sportsmen, the different styles of ammunition made for the Savage gun and a great deal of other matter that will be greedily read by sportsmen. On the last page of the book is an announcement of a 22 caliber magazine rifle which the Savage Company is making, and which it is said will be ready for delivery about March next. This new rifle is to be adapted to the use of the various 22 caliber cartridges now on the market. It embodies several new features and the mechanism is simple and practical. It is made in the takedown style and is to be a distinctly modern arm in every respect. The cover design of this book was drawn by Dan Smith, who has made a national reputation as a cartoonist and an illustrator, especially on the New York Herald. This picture alone is worth a dollar of any man's money. Write for the book and please say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

Mr. George G. Cantwell, well known to the older readers of RECREATION as an expert photographer and naturalist, and a clever writer, has been in Alaska during the past 5 years, where he has pursued his studies diligently. He has made a large collection of natural history specimens and has photographed everything of interest that he has encountered. He has recently published a series of about 100 of these pictures in pamphlet form. The book is entitled "A Klondike Souvenir," and copies can be had by addressing Mr. Thos. P. Cantwell, father of the author, at Puyallop, Wash. I do not know the price, but you can ascertain that by sending a postal card. The book is easily worth $1 a copy.

Many of the subjects of these beautiful photographs are especially interesting to sportsmen. Among these are full page pictures of caribou, Rocky mountain white sheep, saddle-back sheep, live white ptarmigan, Yukon trout, etc.

Write for a copy of the book and tell Mr. Cantwell you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

The Pneumatic Mattress & Cushion Co. has been reorganized witih new officers and ample capital. The factory remains at Reading, Mass., but headquarters offices have been established at No. 2 South street, New York City, where all correspondence should be addressed. As nearly all sportsmen know, this company makes an air mattress, which is a great luxury to a camper. The bed can be rolled up into a handy package, and when needed for use can be inflated in a few minutes, by simply blowing in a tube. Then the bed can be placed on the ground and is absolutely moisture proof. It is as comfortable as any hair mattress ever made, and is away ahead of a feather bed for all purposes. The company has recently issued a new catalogue giving full information regarding this mattress, and various other goods which are useful to sportsmen. If you expect to need anything of the kind it will be well to have a copy of this new catalogue. Please mention RECREATION.

Hemm & Woodward, Sidney, Ohio, are making a Wick Plug for guns, which is destined to prove popular among shooters. It is made on the same plan as a lamp wick, except that it is round. It is made in different sizes to fit the various gauges of guns. A hook is fitted to one end of the plug, to which a string cleaner may be attached, the weight dropped through the barrel, and then the wick, after having been saturated with oil, pulled into the barrel so as to completely fill it from one end to the other. Then the barrel may be closed and the gun laid away. It would seem impossible for a barrel to rust while filled with one of these plugs.

If interested write to Hemm & Woodward for a catalogue, and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

The Robin Hood Powder Co., Swanton, Vt., has issued 2 documents of great importance to all shooters. One of these is entitled "Powder Facts" and the other "Testimonials." The first gives the history of the Robin Hood works and some detailed information as to how the powder is made; some suggestions as to why it is made and full instructions as to loading it. The other book contains a large number of interesting letters from expert trap and field shots who have made careful experiments with Robin Hood powder and who state their conclusions. If interested write for copies of these booklets, and please mention RECREATION.

H. J. Putman & Co., 26 Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., are making a new line of hunting boots which are much lighter, more flexible and easy on the feet than the boots usually made for hunting. These are made with Bellow's tongue and with wide leather laces. The uppers are of special chrome tanned calf skin, with the grain outside, making the leather waterproof. These light boots sell at $7.50 and $8.50 respectively, according to height of leg. A circular with full description and illustration will be sent on request. Please mention RECREATION.

The Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., has recently issued a beautiful little book entitled "The Witch of Kodakery," and containing several bright, crisp poems, which have been printed in various journals, regarding the Kodak Girl. The book is a gem in the way of printing and the frontispiece is a photo of the Kodak Girl, who has called attention to the Eastman ads for a year past. You can get a copy of the book by writing the company and mentioning RECREATION.

The New Antlers Hotel, at Colorado Springs, Colo., soon to be opened, will prove a great attraction to tourists. Prof. Gus Stainsky, the well known furrier, taxidermist and curio dealer, of Colorado Springs, was one of many applicants for the curio privilege at the hotel, and has been awarded the desired space. He will have a completely stocked salesroom, with entrance from the main lobby. All sportsmen visiting Colorado Springs should see see his collection.

RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE

Pure Rye Whiskey

Direct from Distiller to Consumer

Four Full Quarts for $3.20

Express Charges Prepaid

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want **pure** whiskey our offer will interest you.

WE will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages; no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if not satisfactory, return at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 34 years' continual growth, until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure whiskey at the lowest possible cost.

SUCH WHISKEY AS WE OFFER FOR $3.20 CANNOT BE PURCHASED ELSEWHERE FOR LESS THAN $5.00

References: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any Express Company.

Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for **20 quarts** by freight prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

226-232 W. 5th St., DAYTON, OHIO **305-307 S. 7th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

Write Nearest Address.

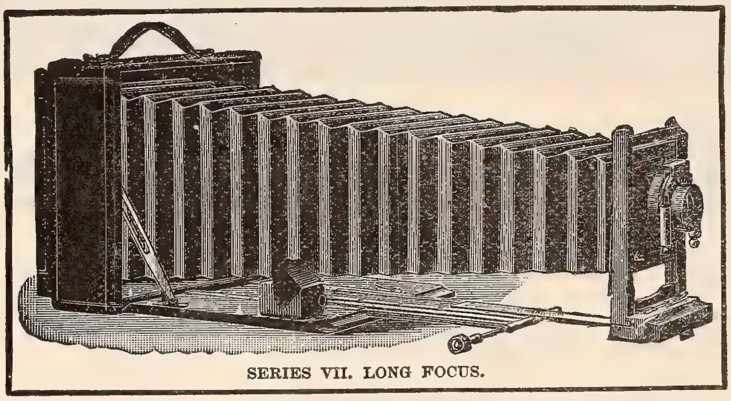
I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

IT'S ALL IN THE LENS!

Do you know that

Korona Cameras

are made complete, including lens shutter and every little detail, in the best equipped camera factory in the world, by one of the oldest lens manufacturing firms in the United States, whose **lenses have a world wide reputation?**



SERIES VII. LONG FOCUS.

The Turner-Reich Anastigmat

was the first ANASTIGMAT LENS invented and controlled in this country. There are no foreign royalties or import duty paid on them, in fact

THEY ARE HOME MADE

EXAMINE THE **KORONA** AT THE NEAREST DEALER OR SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE

GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

AND NOW COMES THE 6TH COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 5 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. The 6th opened April 1st, 1901, and will close November 30th, 1901.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded :

First prize: A Long Focus Korona Camera, 5 x 7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Goertz Double Anastigmat Lens and New Automatic T. I. B. Shutter, and listed at $61.50.

Third prize: An Al-Vista Panoramic Camera, made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12 x 16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $20.

Seventh prize: A Tourists Hawkeye Camera, 4 x 5, and made by the Blair Camera Co. Rochester, N. Y. and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8 x 10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5 x 7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4 x 5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of Recreation. Negatives not to be sent unless called for.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, Recreation, say, for instance:

No. 1 is entitled —— ——.
Made with a —— —— camera.
—— —— lens.
On a —— —— plate.
Printed on —— —— paper.
Length of exposure, —— ——.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

IMPROVING DEFECTIVE NEGATIVES.

Many negatives are thrown away by both professionals and amateurs because they are defective, and operators do not know how to utilize them. Having devoted a good deal of time to experimenting in that line, I give my experience.

Many negatives are wrongly treated. Thus, when amateurs have a negative which has a general fog all over, they treat it as a thin, flat negative, and intensify it, making the fog thicker, instead of clearing it. Fog is one of the greatest evils photographers have to contend against. There are 2 kinds of fog, plain and colored. The former is caused by some white light, other than that which enters the camera by the lens, affecting the plate, and the latter by the developer fogging the plate. Both these fogs may be entirely removed, providing the following methods are used: The first kind of fog may be prevented by carefully examining the camera. This may be done by taking the camera out in a strong light, placing the cap over the lens, and looking through, having well covered your head with a focusing cloth, so as to exclude all light from the back. If any white light comes through the bellows or any other parts of the camera, it should be stopped. A good plan is to cover the pinholes in the camera with strips of black gum paper, as used for binding lantern slides. Another frequent source of fogging arises from the blacking being worn off the inside of the camera and lens tube. This should be renewed at least once a year. An excellent dead black suitable for coating the inside of the camera and lens can be made as follows: Dissolve shellac in methylated spirit, and add dry lampblack till the mixture is the consistency of thin cream. It should be applied with a small camel's hair brush. Too much shellac must not be used, or the black will dry with a polish. Other sources for fogging are: White light getting in the dark room, and the ruby lamp not being safe. These may be tested by placing a plate in the dark slide and drawing the shutter half way, thus leaving part of the plate exposed. If on developing the plate there is a difference between the 2 parts, either the lamp or the room will be found at fault. A good plan is to have a strip of red flannel tacked all round the edge of the door. This will keep out both light and draughts.

Plates that have been fogged may be cleared by placing them in a slow acting reducing solution. A good formula is:

Sulphuric acid	1½ scr.
Hyposulphite of soda	8 ozs.
Sulphite of soda	1 oz.
Chrome alum	3 drm.
Warm water	31 ozs.

Dissolve the hyposulphite of soda in 14 ounces of the water, the sulphite of soda in 3 ounces of water, mix the sulphuric acid with 2 ounces of water and pour slowly into the sulphite of soda solution; add the hyposulphite, and then dissolve the chrome alum in 8 ounces of water, and add to the rest. The solution, when cold, is ready for use. The fogged negative should be placed in this solution, and left until the shadows are clear. It should then be taken out and washed.

Another good formula, which is also a reducer, is known as Belitzski's green reducer:

Potassium ferric oxalate	2½ drms.
Water	7 ozs.

When this is dissolved, add crystallized neutral sulphite of sodium, 2 drams; oxalic acid, 40 grains; hyposulphite of soda, 1½ ounces. This reducer must be kept in the dark, as the light affects it. If kept well corked, it will keep a long time, and may be used over and over until exhausted. The negative must be kept in this until clear, then removed and washed. Green, yellow, and red fog must be treated differently. Reduction will not touch the fog, as it is caused by a peculiar condition of the reduced silver; therefore it is advisable to change this latter into silver bromide, and develop it. The negative to be treated for colored fog should be placed in a dish of clean water, to thoroughly soften the film, then place in

Bromide of soda	1 drm., 15 grs.
Bromine	2 scrs., 5 grs.
Water	3½ ozs.

When thoroughly mixed, place the negative in the dish, film side up, pour the solution over and rock well. This must be done in the open air, as the fumes from it are obnoxious. The negative should remain in this bath until it is white right through to the glass side. It should then be well washed and developed with a hydroquinone developer. A good formula is:

A.—Hydroquinone	1 drm.
Sulphite of soda	4 drms.
Acetic acid	1½ drms.
Water	5 ozs.
B.—Carbonate of potassium	2 drms.
Water	2½ ozs.

For use, take 2 ounces of A and one ounce of B. The development should be carried on until the shadows are clear and the negative appears black or gray black by transmitted light. The negative must then be washed about 2 hours. If after developing, the negative shows signs of frilling, it should be immediately immersed in a weak solution of chrome alum for a few minutes, which will have the effect of hardening the film. Green fog may be removed by placing the negative in a weak solution of ferric chloride (perchloride of iron) until the negative is bleached; then place in a dilute solution of oxalic acid, wash well, and redevelop with the above developer. Another formula, slightly different from the above, is to bleach the negative in a mixture of equal parts of potassium bromide (20 grains to the ounce) and ferric chlorine (20 grains to the ounce), wash, and then develop with ferrous oxalate developer.

Yellow fog can be easily removed by the following thiosinamin formula:

Thiosinamin	5 drms.
Citric acid	2½ drms.
Water	1 qt.

The negative should be placed in the above, and allowed to remain until all trace of yellow is removed, and then well washed. If a piece of blue glass is placed in front of a yellow negative while printing, the resulting green light will give better prints than the yellow alone.

Harshness of negatives is another defect which gives the photographer a lot of trouble. It is usually caused by under exposure, and consists of dense high lights, clear shadows and but little half tones. Negatives that are harsh give prints that are very black and white, and are usually known as the chalk and soot process. These negatives may be modified by a great number of methods, so as to give more pleasing and less brilliant results. Harsh negatives may be divided into 2 classes: General harshness, that is, all over the negative, and local harshness, such as the whole of one side of an interior being dense and the other side thin and void of detail. One of the best methods of improving negatives of the former class is that recommended by Mr. T. N. Armstrong. The negative to be modified by this method must first be bound. This is done by placing a clean glass against the film and binding the edges together by means of lantern slide binding slips. When set, the glasses should be carefully cleaned, so as to remove any finger marks or dirt. Then flow over the glass side of the negative a little gelatine chloride print-out emulsion. The negative should then be laid flat in a dark place, free from dust, to dry. When dry, place in the ordinary printing frame, with the glass side out, and the P. O. emulsion against the back of the frame, close the spring of the frame, and clean the glass. Then put in a brilliant light to print. This should be carried out till it is judged to be about the depth of a finished print. All that then remains to be done is to fix it. This may be done by going over the emulsion several times with a flat camel's hair brush dipped in a strong solution of hypo. When it is judged to be fixed enough, it should be quickly washed under the tap, and brushed over with alum solution, again washed, and placed to dry. Care should be taken that none of the above solutions are allowed to go through the binding and touch the film. The negative should then be unbound and placed in the frame, the original film side in. On the glass side of the negative will be found a positive image. If the light is allowed to pass through this while printing, it will considerably harmonize the result.

Another method, not so complicated as the above, will give equally good results. Wash well in water the negative to be treated, and then place in a solution of

Bromide of potassium	1 drm.
Bichromate of potash	30 grs.
Water	6 ozs.

It should be left in the solution till it is bleached through to the glass, washed, and redeveloped with hydroquinone developer. Any good formula for developing plates will do, but the following is recommended:

A.—	Hydroquinone	1	drm.
	Sulphite of soda	4	drms.
	Acetic acid	1½	drms.
	Water	5	ozs.
B.—	Carbonate of potassium	2	drms.
	Water	2½	ozs.

The development should be carried on until the details in the shadows begin to appear. By holding it up to transmitted light, the results can easily be judged.

When the high lights and shadows harmonize, the negative should be taken out, washed, and placed in an ordinary fixing bath for negatives. By this method either a soft or a plucky negative may be obtained. Another formula for harmonizing negatives is:

Potassium bichromate	30 grs.
Alum	150 grs.
Hydrochloric acid	2 drms.
Water	8 ozs.

Negatives placed in this solution require the same treatment and development as detailed above.

Negatives may also be stained so as to harmonize the result. The only objection to this method is that it takes longer to print the negatives. The negative requiring treatment must first be placed in a solution of—

Bichromate of potassium	2 drms.
Water	8 ozs.

for 5 minutes, after which it should be taken out and dried in the dark. When dry, it should be placed, face down, on a piece of black cloth, and exposed to strong daylight for 10 minutes, after which it should be well washed. The light has by that time influenced the high lights in such a way that they will not soak up any color, and the half tones and shadows will soak up in proportion. The negative must then be placed in a weak aqueous solution of some pigment—blue or green, or a mixture of both. It will absorb the color in proportion to the silver reduced in the film. If too much color has been absorbed, it can be reduced by careful washing under the tap. Another good method, which will answer as well as the above, though it is rather tedious, is to coat the back of the negative with matt varnish, or to cover it with a sheet of tracing paper, and with a stump and some Conte chalk go over the thin parts. Black lead will do as well as the chalk.

Tissue paper will also do in the place of tracing paper, but the high lights must be gone over afterward with a brush dipped in vaseline so as to render them transparent. Negatives dense on one side and thin on the other may be improved in printing by stretching across the printing frame a piece of tissue paper, covering only the side that is thin. Negatives sometimes show clouds which will not print out because of the density of the sky. These clouds may be obtained in the print by covering the lower portion of the negative with a piece of cardboard until the clouds are a satisfactory depth, then removing the cardboard and allowing the lower portion to print.

—Osborn Thornbery in The Amateur Photographer.

THE VERDICT.

Here is a list of the votes on the question of delivering the first prize in RECREATION'S 5th annual photo competition to Mr. Balch:

YES.

Chas. Alfred,
American Bank,
J. S. Barnes,
Mrs. R. T. Bartlett,
Otto E. Bernhardt,
G. T. Breitling,
Jno. S. Bridges, Jr.,
Thos. G. Budington,
Mrs. G. R. Burtt,
E. M. Carter,
H. N. Chase,
Tristram F. Coffin,
G. M. Dame,
F. H. Elliott,
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F. C. Hammond,
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Harry G. Higbee,
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Edward Hommel,
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Robert Hunter,
Lloyd O. Ingalls,
Chauncey Ketchum,
Halliwell King,
A. R. Landis,
Glum McGowan,
W. E. Mack,
W. A. Mason,
Mystic Club,
N. G. Nilsen,
A. O. Palmer,
C. Patrick,
Ralph J. Pickering,
C. E. Prescott,
Arthur E. Roberts,
G. Edw. Schulz,
Robt. W. Selleck,
J. M. Smith,
D. F. Sperry,
Sam. T. Stevens,
J. W. Storer,
R. W. Stout,
A. L. Vermilya,
E. V. Wilcox,
L. N. Wright,
D. E. Wynkoop.

NO.

H. Ackerman,
Perry Archibald,
Angus Ballard,
Chas. H. Bentley,
George J. Bicknell,
L. N. Black,
Alex. W. Blain, Jr.,
G. A. Bock,
Hank Bogert,
J. Brackman, Jr.,
J. B. Brokaw,
C. E. Butler,
C. E. Codd,
Chas. B. Corson,
C. C. Curtis,
B. W. Davenport,
R. E. Dawdy,
E. W. Dearborn,
Byron Dickson,
R. L. Distler,
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Edward A. Gicker,
L. L. Goodrich,
Dr. Zane Grey,
W. D. Gruet,
C. L. Hart,
K. C. Heald,
Ellie J. Heath,
H. V. S. Hubbard,
Carl A. Jacobson,
J. E. Jenner,
G. L. Johansson,
W. H. Jones,
Jos. Keller,
J. E. King,
W. O. Kinsolving,
Chas. Latham,
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J. A. Limage,
W. D. McBride,
Joseph McKee,
W. W. Mackey,
F. Will Mallet,
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W. S. Mead,
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A. H. Middleswart,
James H. Miller,
W. J. Milligan,
A. C. Olsen,
P. H. Olwell,
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C. E. Pleas,
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E. C. Way,
J. C. Webster,
Ard Welton,
H. T. Whitmore,
F. B. Wilbur,
R. D. Wilson,
W. W. Wilson,
H. M. Wolf,
M. W. Zimmerman,

These names are all on my subscription list, and all were subscribers to RECREATION before January 1, 1901. The addresses of all will be furnished to anyone interested in this subject.

The vote stands 54 yeas and 80 no's; a majority of 26 against the award.

I am sorry the decision is against Mr. Balch. I have said many times since this controversy started that I wished he might be able to establish his claim beyond question, that the beavers were alive when the picture was made, in order that I might ship him the camera.

It is better that 10 guilty men go unpunished than that one innocent man should be unjustly condemned. However, I feel that the case has been thoroughly and impartially discussed; that the jury has discharged its duty conscientiously and that Mr. Balch has had a fair trial in every way.

The camera which would have gone to Mr. Balch is still in my possession and is hereby offered as a special prize in my 6th annual competition, for the best and most valuable photo of a live wild animal or bird, on condition that such picture shall not be awarded first prize under the general conditions governing the contest.

A FEW GENERAL HINTS ABOUT DEVELOPMENT.

C. O. LOVELL.

A normal or correctly exposed plate should begin to show the image 20 or 30 seconds after being placed in the developer, and should be completely developed in 4 to 7 minutes. If it flashes up too quickly, restrain by adding to the developer a few drops, one at a time, of bromide of potassium solution, made by dissolving one ounce bromide of potassium in 9½ ounces of water. If the image does not appear within one minute or so, add a few drops of the alkali solution, or dissolve one ounce of caustic soda in 9½ ounces of water, and add a few drops, one at a time, to the developer until detail begins to appear. Generally the alteration of the amount of each solution composing the developer will do all that is required. Keep your plate shielded from the light of your lantern during the first few moments of development. This will give you more brilliant negatives.

To reduce the density or hardness of a negative, immerse it in a solution made by mixing equal parts of the following:

No. 1.

Red prussiate of potash	1 ounce
Water	20 ounces

No. 2.

Hyposulphite of soda	1 ounce
Water	20 ounces

Several negatives may be reduced with the same solution. If but little reduction is needed, reduce the solution by adding water. Not necessary to wash before reducing.

FIXING BATH.

Hypo	2½ pounds
Alum	2 ounces
Water	4 quarts

Leave the negative a few minutes longer in the bath than is required for fixing. This is important, as the permanency of the negative depends on it. Don't use a flat tray to fix in; it causes spots and dirt. Use a grooved box.

The fixing bath used by Mr. M. R. Hemperley is strongly recommended. It hardens the film, clears the negative, and gives good color.

Thirty-two ounces sulphite of soda (hydrometer test 60), add slowly to this one ounce sulphuric acid and 8 ounces solution of chrome alum (hydrometer test 60), then add the whole to 2 gallons saturated solution of hypo, and it is ready for use.

When the negative comes from the fixing bath with plenty of detail, but is thin and semi-transparent, it can be improved by intensification. Negatives to be intensified should always be first thoroughly well washed. After fixing and washing, immerse in a tray containing the following: one ounce each of bichloride of mercury and potassium bromide, dissolved in 32 ounces of water. Keep in motion until the film is evenly whitened, then rinse and apply a solution of sulphite of soda, 1 ounce to water 10 ounces. For slight intensity, use above solution diluted to suit the case. —The Professional and Amateur Photographer.

PYRO DEVELOPER.

In response to an inquiry as to what developer we use, would say we are now using a developer that suits us better than anything we have ever seen for general results.

Of course, we have always been able to make negatives that were all right, *apparently*—they always looked to have plenty of strength, vigor, etc.,—but what we were after were negatives that would *produce prints*. We do not consider a negative of any value that will not yield a satisfactory print; therefore, we never decide on the value of a negative, in experimenting with developers, until we have the finished print from the negative before us.

We have tested, during the last 5 years, all kinds of developers. We have tested every new developer that has been put on the market. We have produced negatives with all that were beautiful to look at, but the majority we found useless when we came to get our prints out.

We finally concluded there is nothing like pyro, and we know the formula we have been working with a long time is an excellent one. We have found no other developer to equal pyro for all kinds of work and uniformity of results.

The formula here given, if properly handled, will give negatives of the finest printing qualities for Aristo Platino:

No 1.

Water	64 ozs.
Carbonate potash	2½ ozs.
Sulphite of soda crystals (hydrometer test 40)	10 ozs.

To develop: No. 1, one ounce; water 3 ounces; dry pyro, 16 grains. We use the pyro dry because we always get the full strength of it, consequently more uniform negatives.

We use 2 trays in developing, one of them containing the normal developer as given above; in the other tray, the same developer, but with double the quantity of pyro. We start our plates in the normal developer, and after the detail is well out, if it is not strengthening up properly, we immediately transfer it to the tray with the double quantity of pyro and keep it there until the proper density is acquired.

This developer works equally well on Seed, Cramer, Hammer, or Climax plates, giving clear, transparent shadows, high lights, with all the delicate half-tones, which do not print hard or chalky; and negatives strong but not hard, brilliant and full of detail.—The Professional and Amateur Photographer.

A PUZZLED PHOTOGRAPHER.

I am told the following is true. One can perpetrate such outrages on the photographer if he feels like it, but it seems to me a mean thing to do, and the fellow ought to be made to pay for the damage. I have long advocated the use of a moderate solution of quinine in the studio when certain ungovernable high lights had to be dealt with. True, it would require some practice, but the theory is all there and one need only work it out a bit. Anyway, here's the story: A man came to a studio to have his portrait taken. The photographer's assistant attended him. Two plates were exposed and the assistant went into the dark room to develop them. Presently he returned and asked for another sitting, explaining that 2 spoiled plates had been accidentally used. Two more exposures were made and the assistant, after a few minutes in the dark room, came out with a pale face and hurriedly went in search of the photographer. On his arrival he told the sitter that there was a peculiar mark on each of the photographs which his assistant had taken, and asked him to sit again, when he would operate himself. The sitting was granted, but with no better success. The photographer was in despair. He showed the plates, each of which bore the same blemish. It was a well defined skull and cross bones on the forehead of the sitter. The photographer said he was not a superstitious man, but that kind of thing frightened him, and he would not attempt to take another likeness of his patron. The explanation given is that the young man was a druggist and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white to the eye, but seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.—The Professional and Amateur Photographer.

FURTHER OPINIONS.

I have read with great interest all of the articles in regard to Mr. Balch's beaver photo, and have been much interested to see what the result of the investigation would be. It would seem to me that after carefully weighing all the evidence the photos would be pronounced a fraud; perhaps a clever one, but a fraud nevertheless. It does not ring true, nor does Mr. Balch's explanation of the several disputed points. I therefore vote emphatically no, and have no fear I am doing an injury to Mr. Balch.

L. A. S., No. 3619.

I hardly credit Mr. Balch's statement about beaver coming out of their tote road in the daytime. If not disturbed, they will come out in the afternoon after 4 o'clock, swim about, or venture not farther than 2 or 3 feet from shore; but in 30 years' experience I have never known a beaver to leave the stream until after dark.

Vic Smith, Fishtrop P. O., Mont.

SNAP SHOTS.

In toning, fixing and washing my prints the gelatine frills. Is there a formula for hardening the gelatine? I use Royal paper and tone and fix in separate baths. Is there another brand of paper that is less liable to frill in warm weather?

Phil. Montz, Cameron, Mo.

ANSWER.

Your trouble is a somewhat common one in hot weather. Use the following in your first wash water:

Formaldehyde	1 ounce
Water	10 ounces

For use, take one dram of the above to each pint of wash water. It will harden the gelatine and, in fact, make it perfectly insoluble. Albuma paper made by the New Jersey Aristotype Co., Rochester, N. Y., is excellent in respect to insolubility, and, as it is cheap, easy to work and reliable, you may like it.—Editor.

Will pyro that has been in a liquid state 10 or 11 months, kept in an amber colored bottle, tightly corked, be fit to use? Also sal soda crystals kept in a fruit jar tightly corked?

A. G. Gosney, Savannah, Ill.

ANSWER.

If the pyro solution becomes muddy throw it away. If a clear color it can be used. When kept so that the bottle is full nearly or quite to the cork no deterioration will ensue in the time you mention unless the cork leaks. Sal soda will keep for years in solution the way you have it.—Editor.

Can you inform me where I can buy a developing paper called Argo and where it is made?

I. E. Brackett, Newport, Me.

ANSWER

Argo paper can probably be bought of the Kelly Photo Stock Co., 115 Nassau St., New York. It is made in Rochester, by the Defender Paper Co.—Editor.

Are you beginning to think what you can give your friends for Christmas presents? What could be more desirable than a yearly subscription to Recreation? It is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year and would make him happy 12 times a year.

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No. 6. Size, 18 x 21. **"ME AND YOU." Live Coon Looking Out of Hollow Tree.** Winner of 28th prize. Published on page 95 of February RECREATION. **Price, $3**

No. 7. Size, 22 x 26. **Two Live Virginia Deer.** Winner of 37th prize. - - - - - - - - - . **Price, $4**

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ESAU BUCK AND THE BUCKSAW.

An old farmer of Arkansas whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles, for wood, and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard. The next morning the old man said to the hired man,

"Esau, I am going to town to-day, and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw. When Esau saw the saw he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw so he didn't saw. When the old man came home he said to Esau,

"Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said,

"I saw the wood but I wouldn't saw it; for when I saw the saw I saw that I couldn't saw with that saw so I didn't saw it." The old man went out to see the saw and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw Esau picked up the axe and chopped up the wood and made a seesaw. The next day the old man went to town and bought a new bucksaw for Esau Buck and when he came home he hung the bucksaw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

Just at that time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, and Esau stopped to examine the new bucksaw. When the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he made a dive for Esau, hit the seesaw, knocked the seesaw against Esau Buck, who fell on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw. When the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the seesaw and knock the seesaw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he picked up an axe to kill the old buck, but the buck saw him coming, and dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the seesaw onto Esau Buck, who was getting up with the bucksaw off the sawbuck by the seesaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw.

When the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw, he quietly turned around, went back and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the old man's cabbages.—Hartford Times.

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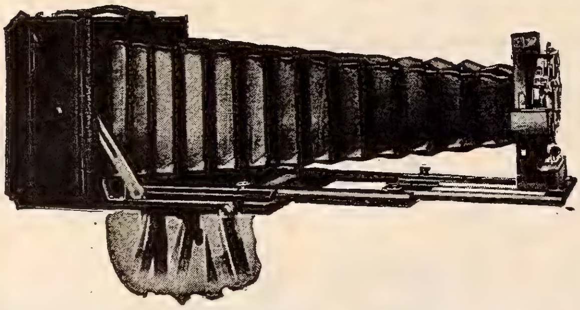

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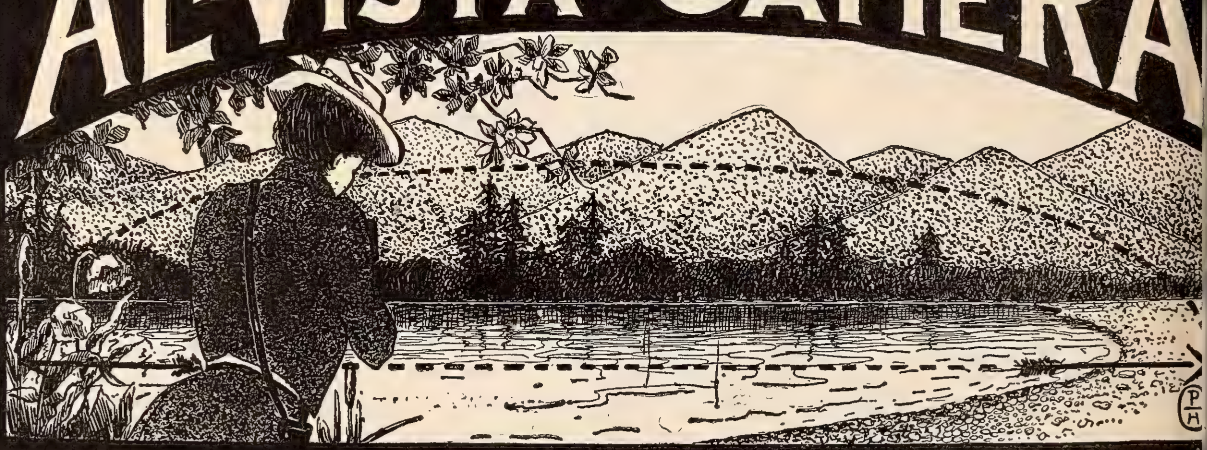

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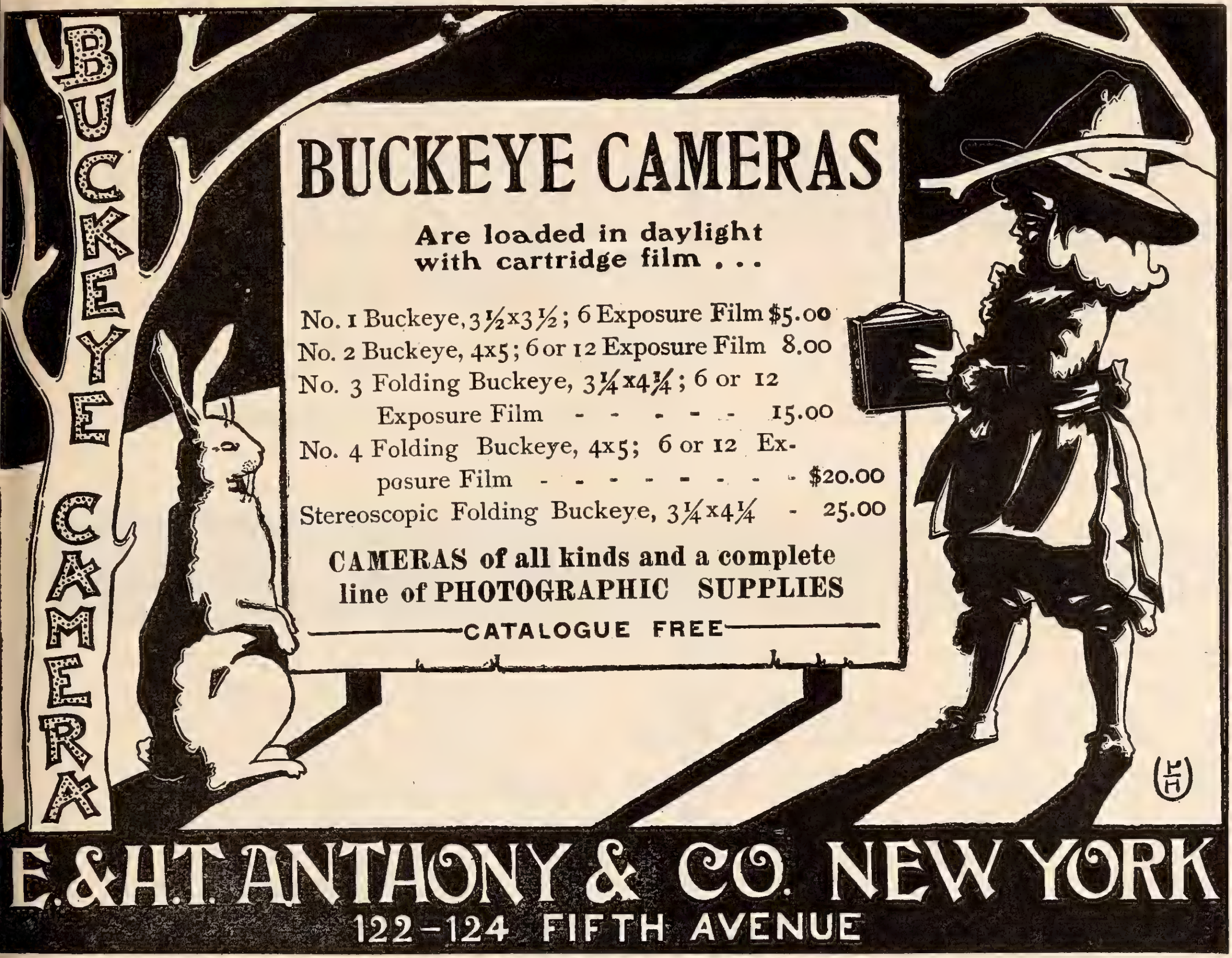

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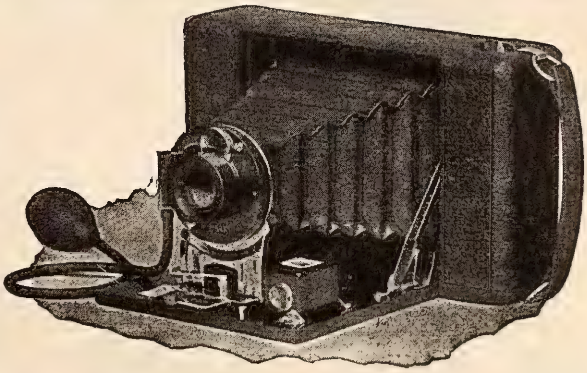

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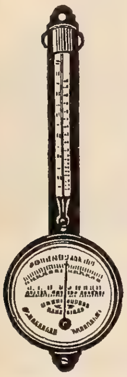

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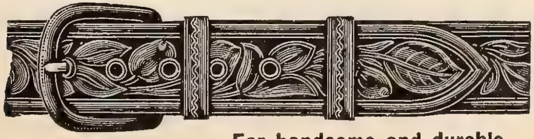

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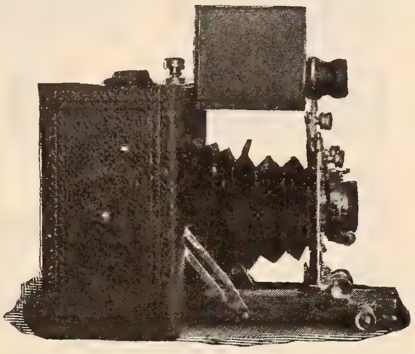

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Patent Applied For

MAY be attached to any Focusing Camera made, such as the Premo, Cartridge Kodak, Poco, Century, Graphic, Wizard, etc., and it will accurately register the distance, showing plainly whether the picture is in or out of focus. **It takes the place of the ground glass** and does away with the cumbersome focusing cloth and the long delay of focusing an object.

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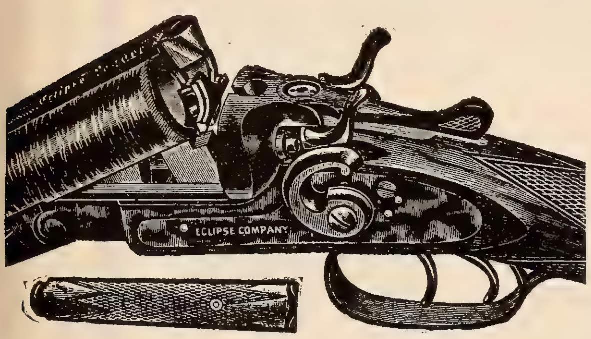

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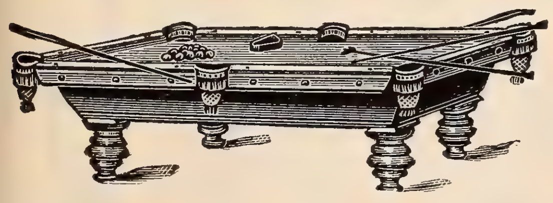

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Will you kindly inform all interested readers of your splendid magazine that the Binocular glasses advertised for sale in RECREATION have been disposed of. I have received over 200 answers to my advertisement, and as these letters continue coming each day, from all parts of the United States and Canada, I shall be obliged if you will mention in next month's issue that the glasses have been sold. Truly, RECREATION is a wonderful advertising medium.

E. A. Jackson, New York.

I received the Harrington & Richardson revolver you sent me as a premium, also the Recreation match box. The revolver is a dandy and shoots well. The match box is just what I have wanted for years. I thank you for your liberality in furnishing such valuable premiums.

E. C. A. Becker, Worcester, Mass.

Again let me thank you for the Abercrombie waterproof wall tent. It is certainly waterproof, as it had a test of a half day's continuous rain and did not leak. For only 8 subscriptions the premium is a most liberal one.

Jas. E. Heckel, Scranton, Pa.

I received the Wizard A camera, and am well pleased with it. It is a much better instrument than I expected. Please accept thanks for premium and for promptness in sending it.

Mrs. C. M. Cool, West, N. Y.

Your RECREATION match box to hand, for which accept my thanks. I am much pleased with it, and think every sportsman should have one to have a complete hunting outfit.

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Please accept my thanks for the Harrington & Richardson single shot gun you sent me as a premium. It is not only a little beauty, but it is a fine shooter.

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J. Church, Lynn, Mass.

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L. F. Chapman, Escanaba, Mich.

I thank you for the premium set of Nehring's ampliscopes. They work well with my Wizard lens.

T. W. Bonney, East Summer, Me.

The Stevens Ideal rifle you sent me for 10 subscriptions came all right and I am well pleased with it.

Chas. Beeson, Salem, Ohio.

The Shattuck hammerless received as a premium is a much better gun than I expected.

F. M. Kent, Eidenon, Pa.

The A1 Vista camera came all right. Accept my sincere thanks for it.

J. G. Hofstatter, Toledo, O.

The Horton rod is a beauty and the Carpenter tent is A1.

David M. Moore, Lisbon, O.

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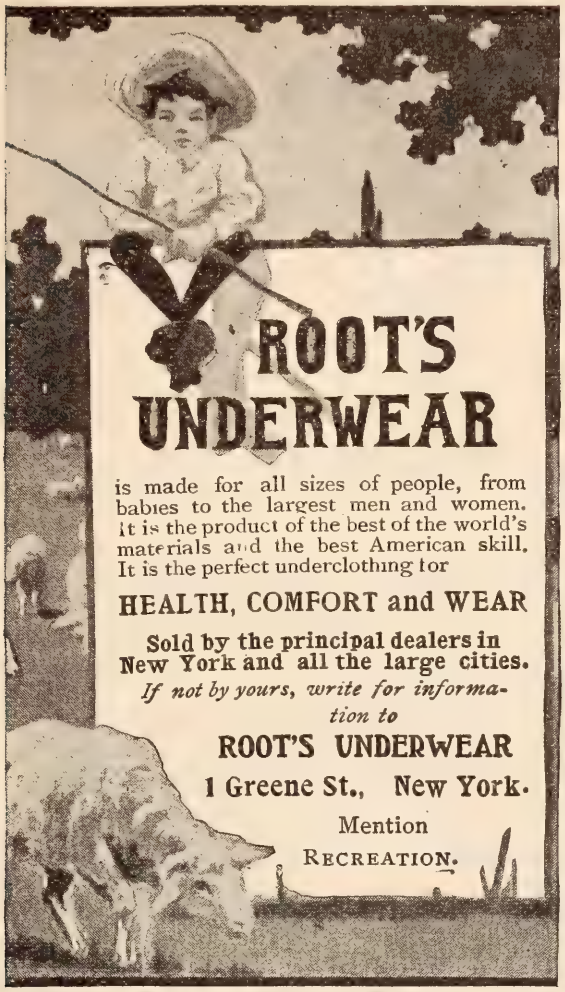

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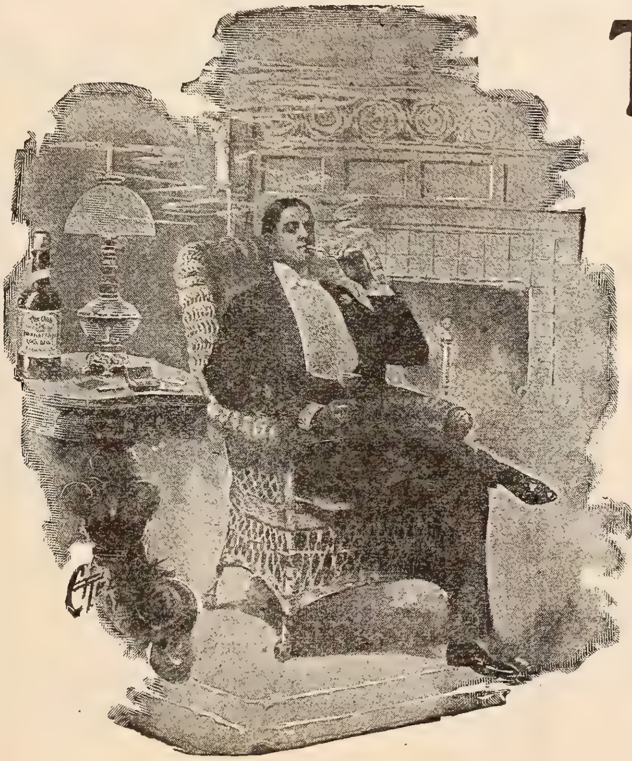

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THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3; or a dozen Chatfield Bass Flies assorted, listed at $2; or 4 dozen Carbutt plates, 4x5 or 5x7.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camp Outfits*, cloth; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4; or an Ideal Hunting Knife, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, listed at $5.50; or a Willsie Pocket Camera, listed at $5; or an Ideal Hunting Knife made by W. L. Marble, and listed at $3; or a polished Buffalo Horn Gun Rack, made by E. W. Stiles; or, a Wizard A Camera made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a Wixard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $14.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Korona Camera, Model I. C., made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $7.

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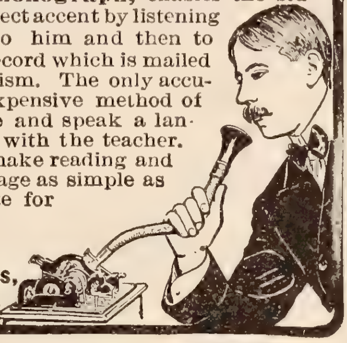

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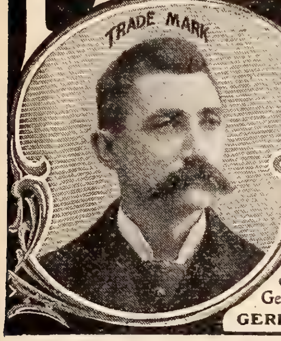

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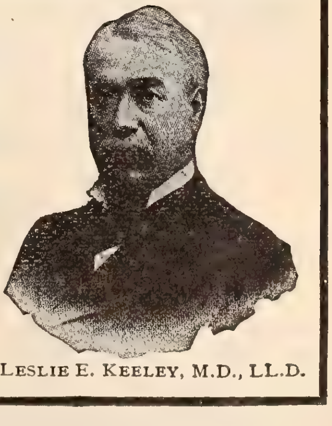

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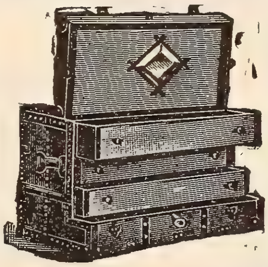
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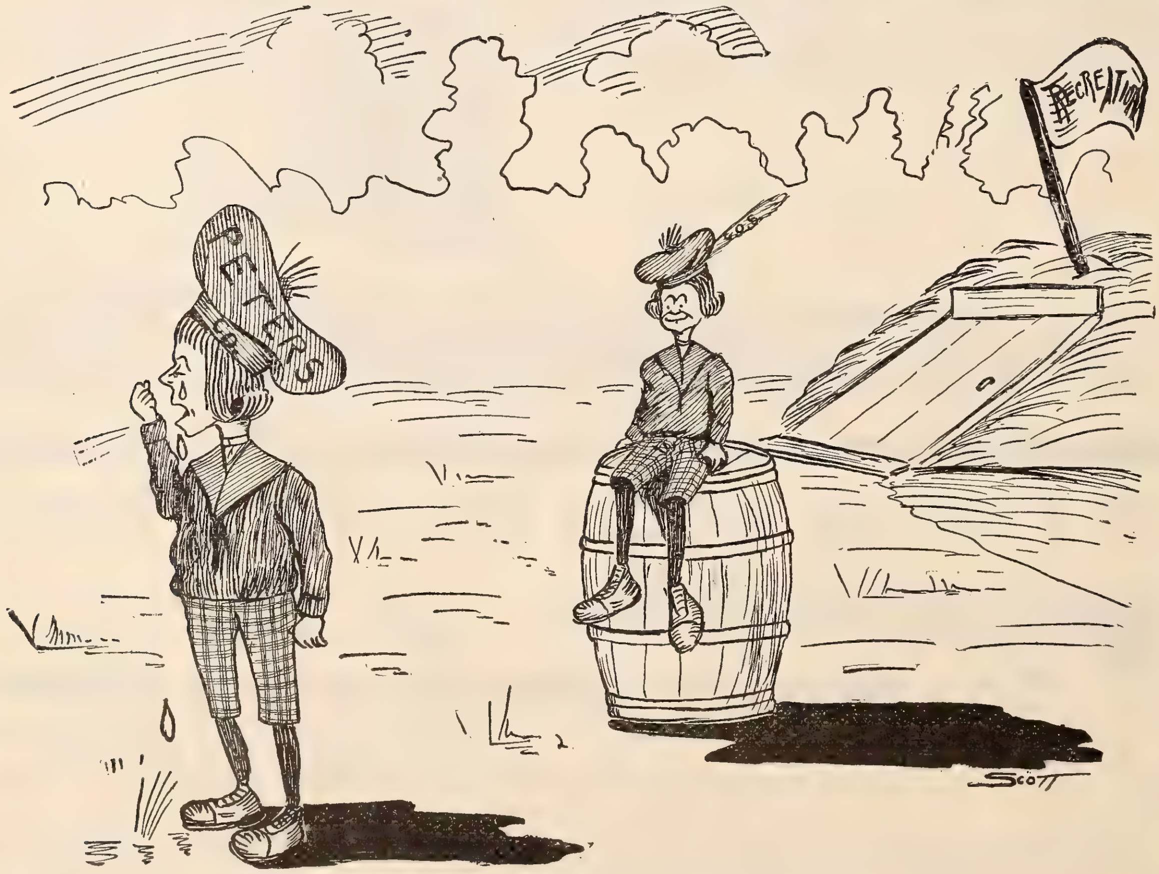
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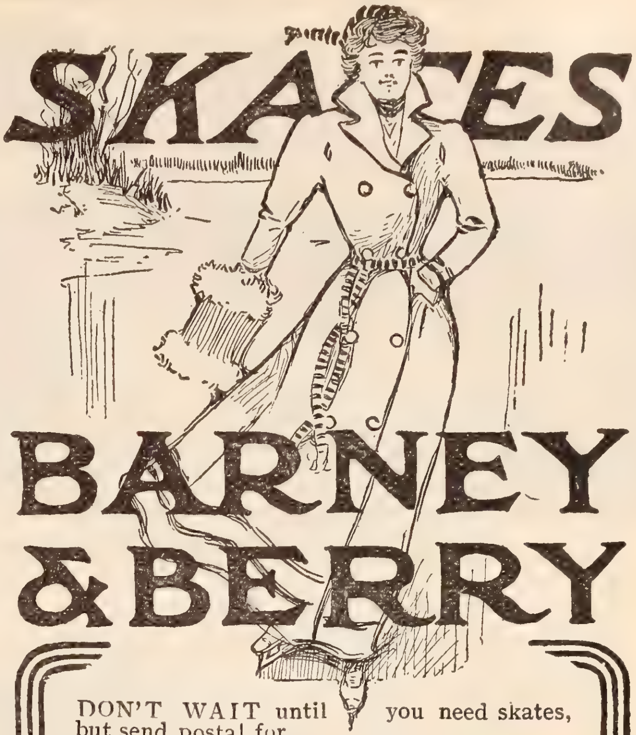

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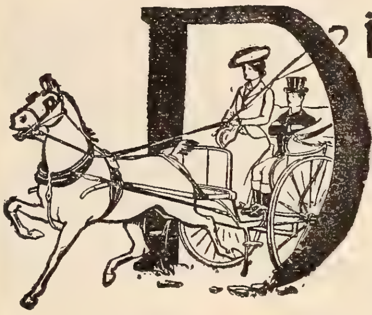

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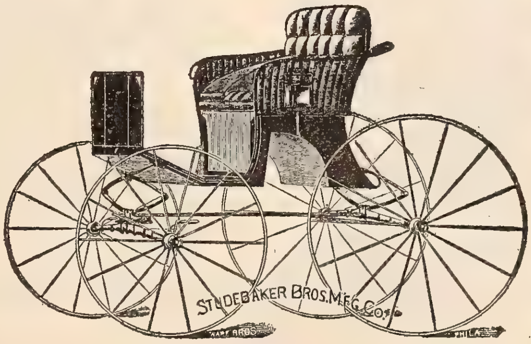

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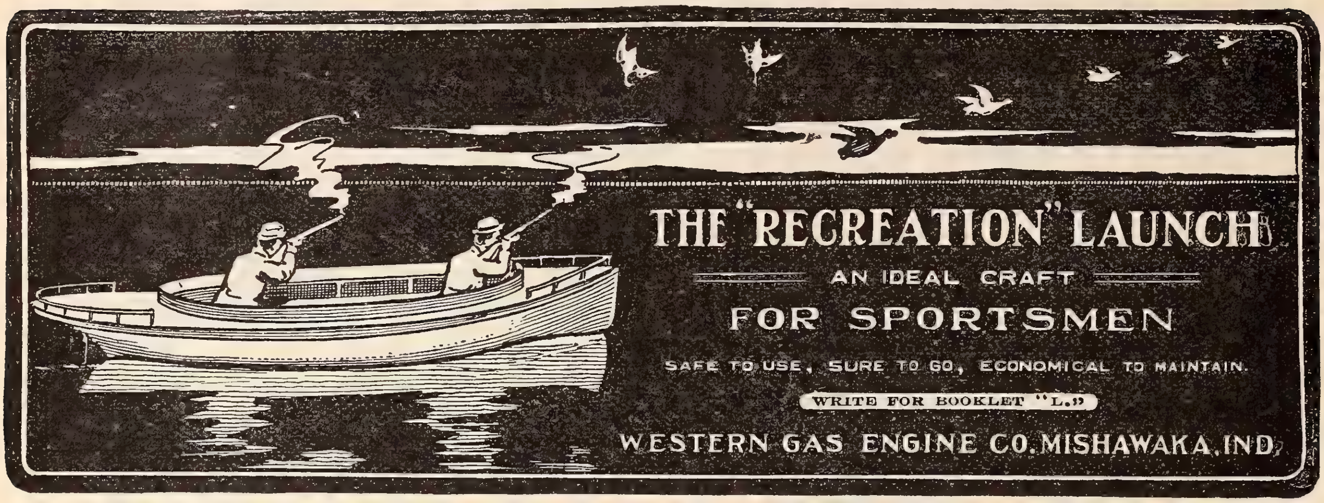

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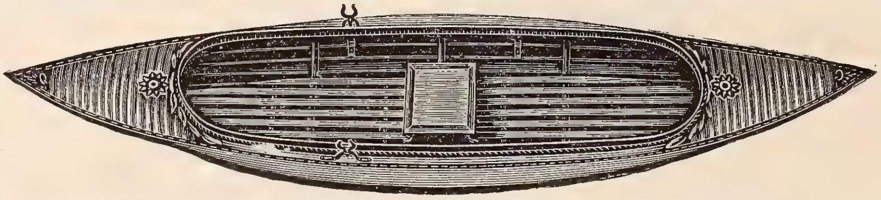

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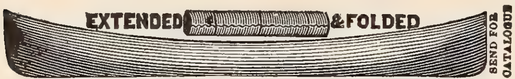

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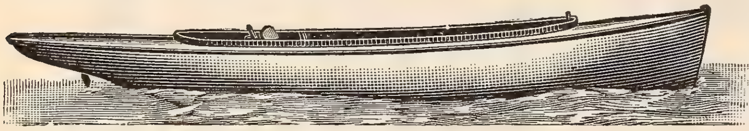

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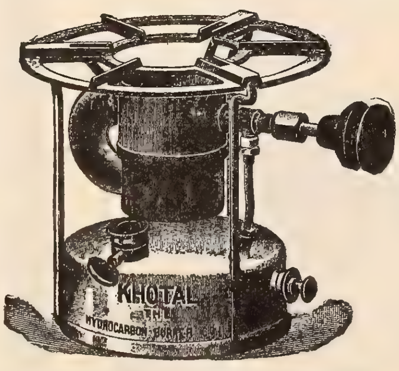

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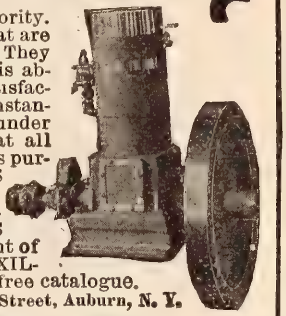

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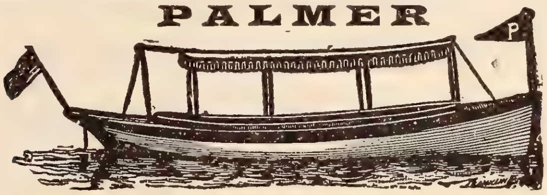

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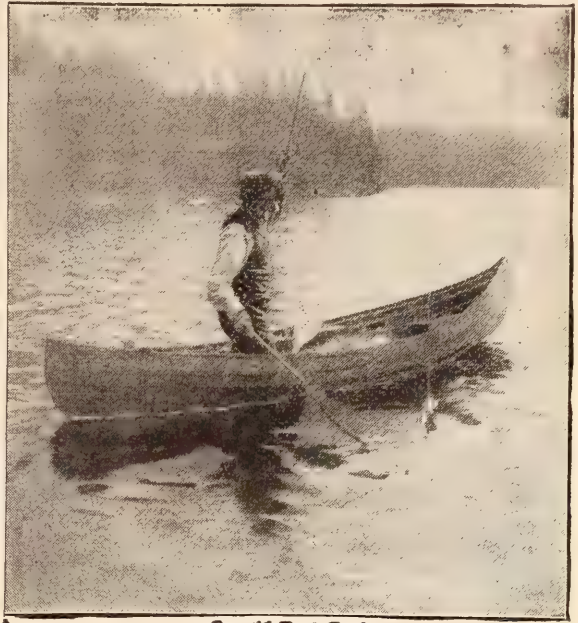

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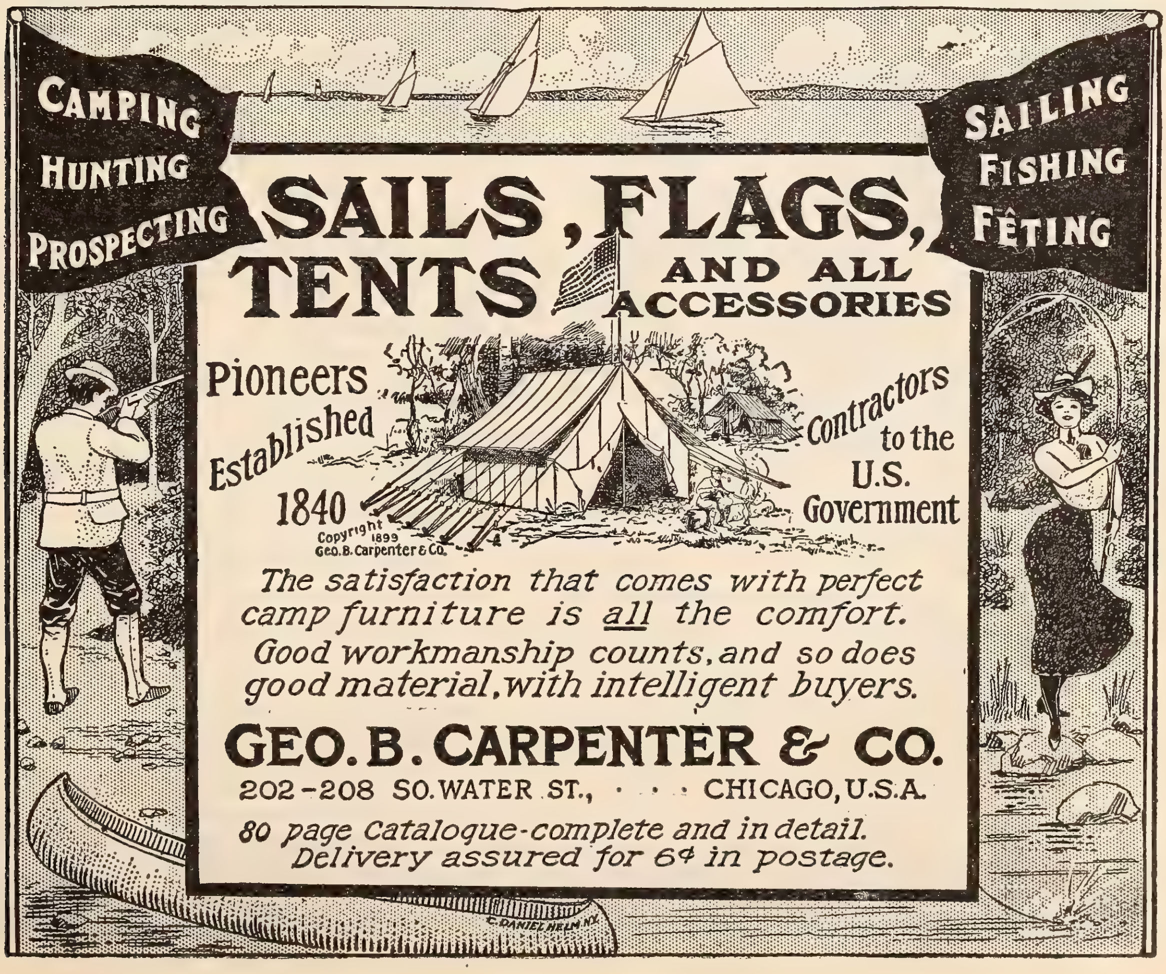

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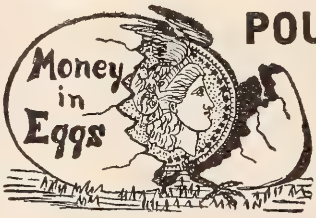

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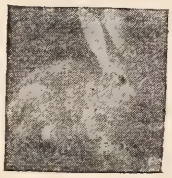

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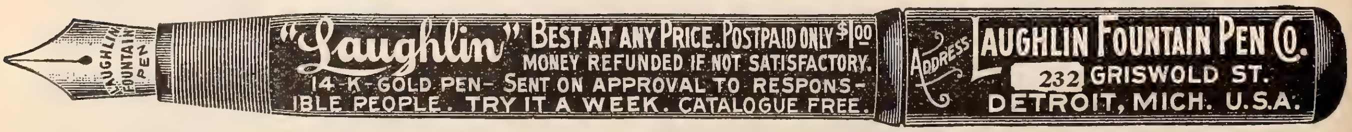
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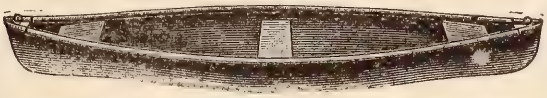

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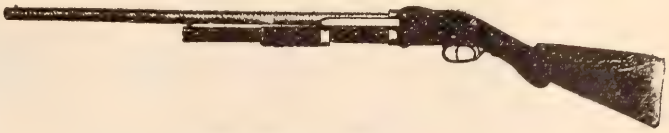

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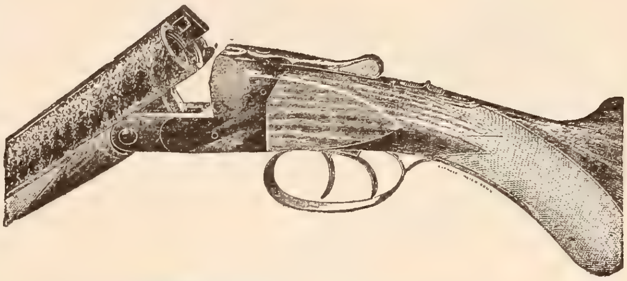

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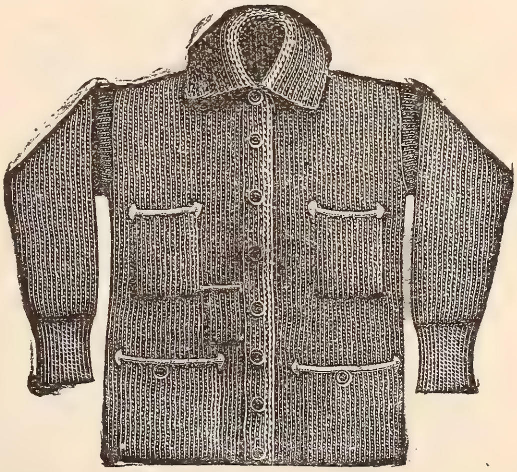

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Following are names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

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A. T. Leeds, Darby, ditto
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NEW YORK.

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Cecil J. Huntington, Parkman, elk bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
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S. N. Leek, Jackson, ditto
James L. McLaughlin, Valley, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
T. R. Wilson, Alta, Uinta Co., elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope grouse and trout.
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Dell Thomas, Jackman, B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
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I should be glad to correspond with a few sportsmen relative to the Apopka Mountain section of Florida. I have a very pleasant place; quails, turkeys, deer, black bass, etc.

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Dr. A. A. Mathews, Oak Park, Ill.

EIN DOG UND TREE ODER FELLERS

Dis is all about how Yim, Tuff und me vent duck hunting vonce. Und der dog vent, too, but he nefer hunt ducks. He vas not dot kindt of a dog. He vas vot you call sbecialist; shickens vas his line.

Yim toldt me dot Tuff haf a blace up in Minnysoda vere he haf been hunting yedt alretty, and vere dose ducks vas a blenty. So ve go mit der cars for dot blace und dose ducks. Ve arrife by dot Glenvood in Minnysoda und git a deam und drife oudt dose ducks to brospest a liddle.

Pye und pye ve come to a bond und dare vos ducks schwimming, but ven dey see us dey vly to der oder end of dot vater. Tuff und me git 2 poats und take Yim oudt to a mushrat house and tell him to sit on dot und vait till we drife dose ducks up. Den ve shase dose pirds all day und somedimes ve git von und somedimes Yim git von; but all dose somedimes vas too vide apart.

So next day ve go mit a vagon to Veaton, a long drife. I recomember dot drife shust like it vas to-morrow, begause of dot dog; but I haf not to dot dog got alretty. Ve go pye Starpuck und many oder towns, und eferyvare ve see ducks on bonds or vlying low ofer dose willages, und ve know ve haf in a goot gountry arrifed. By Veaton dare is a crick vat vool beoples call der Chippevay river. Dare is tain tousand duck in dot crick, und ve stay und haf fine fun und shoot plenty.

But I haf not Yim's dog toldt about. It vas a plack dog, und I dink it vas a nigger in soul dransmigration produced. Near dose towns Yim kept dot dog a string tied to, but in der gountry he ledt him oudt. I pet you a keg of peer to ein pretzel dot you nefer haf seen so goot a shicken dog. Efery liddle while he come to der vagon mit a shicken in his moudt; somedimes a hen, somedimes a rooster, but alvays a schicken. If dare var aroundt no beoples, Yim take dot shicken und wring its neck. If he see coming a feller mit a club he stop dot team und to dot enrached farmer fairy stories toldt. Somedimes he vould say dot his poor liddle dog vas born an orphan und had a Dominick hen for a foster-mütter und dot dog belief efery shicken is his half-brudder und dry to take it home to blay mit him. Or Yim vould say dot his dog so kind a heart haf dot he pring broken-vinged shickens to der vagen to haf dare arms in splints put up.

Und der furder ve drife der bedder dot dog vorkt. At efery farm house he stheal a shicken und den go back und get anoder. Ven ve arrife at Veaton ve haf a parrelful und sell dem to der putcher und pay our oxbenses.

You take my vord he vas a fine dog, und to a man in der shicken piziness vould be vorth more as a Klondike.

Senator Yones.

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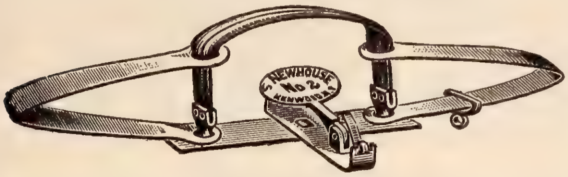

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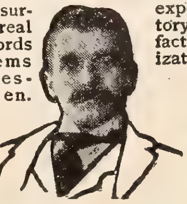

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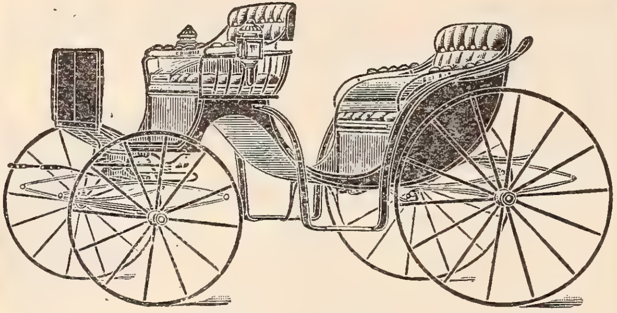

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SEE THIS LIST OF PRIZES.

Prizes	1 to 5,	Five Handsome Mastiff Dogs,	Price,	$150, each.	Total,	$750
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Total, 175 Prizes. **Total Amount, $6,680**

The prizes will be awarded in regular order to those making what we consider the best suggestions for the name of our magazine, complying with the easy condition we will explain. The first prize will be given for the best name, the second prize to the person sending the second best name, and so on, for the one hundred and seventy-five best names. If two or more people send the same name and we consider it one of the best, the value of the prize will be divided equally between those suggesting this name. Do not delay but think it over and send a name at once. You may win a prize, and the prizes are certainly worth trying for. The names of prize winners will be published in the first issue.

The magazine will be published on our breeding farm, it will be devoted to animals of all kinds, edited by expert animal breeders and trainers, telling how to rear animals successfully and care for them, either for pleasure or profit; how to make money raising, training and exhibiting, cage making, aquarium making, and interesting information about Birds, Fish, Reptiles, and Pet Animals of all kinds, handsomely illustrated and printed on fine book paper. This description of the scope and purpose of the magazine will enable you to suggest a name. Do not lay this advertisement aside to be lost until you have sent a name. This is certainly an easy way to win a prize that will be a source of great pleasure for years.

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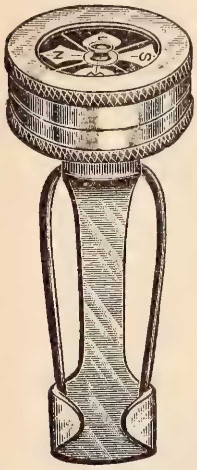

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Names and Addresses

of all such of your friends as are sportsmen, in order that I may send them

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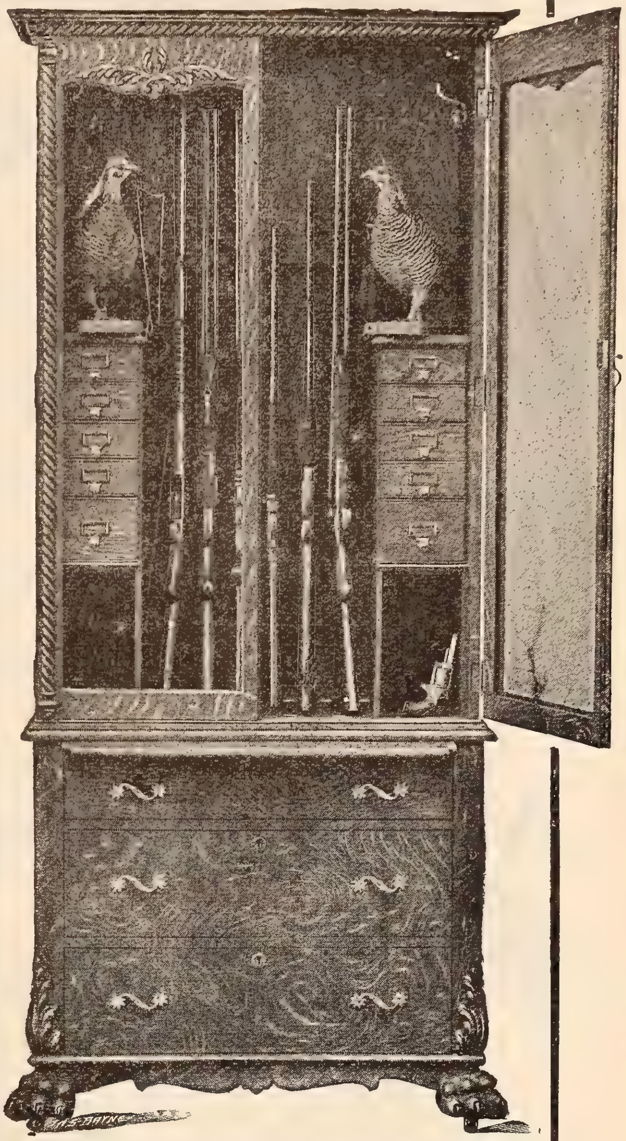

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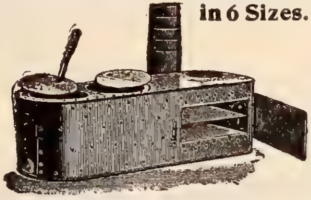

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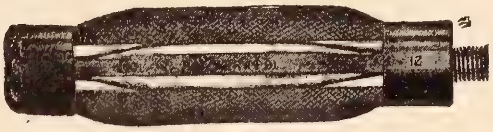

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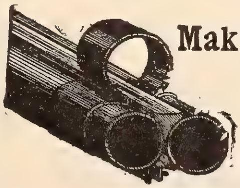

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Guarantee never to shoot loose with nitro powder?
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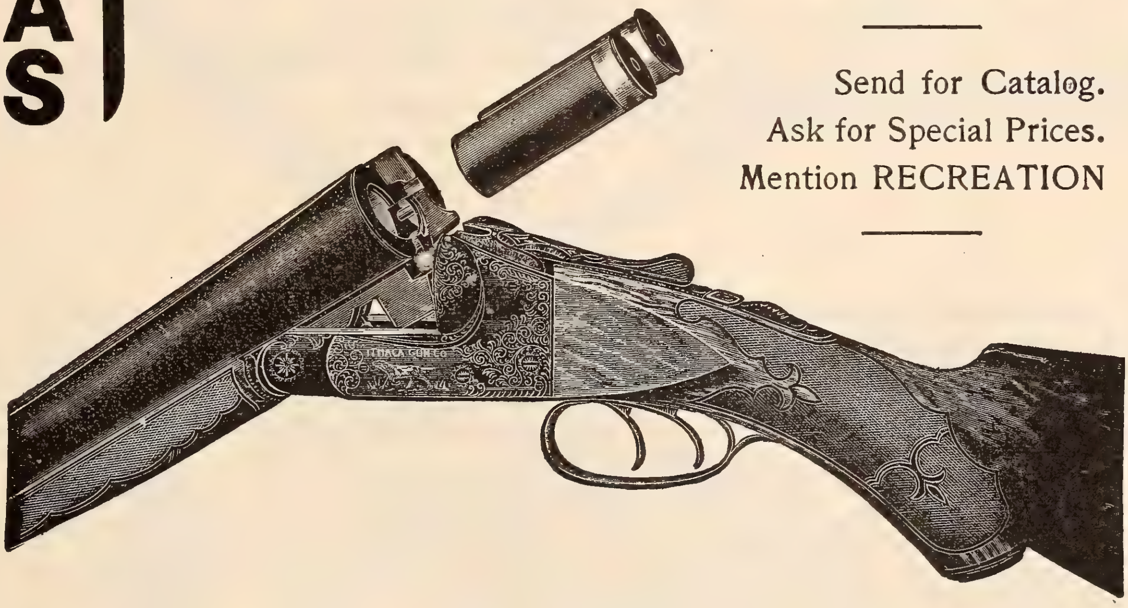
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THE OVERLAND ROUTE
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In traveling over this line you can see the wonderful achievements of the Union Pacific engineers over mighty chasms, lofty peaks, and through mountains of solid rock.
Be sure your ticket reads OVER THIS ROUTE.

E. L. LOMAX,
Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent,
OMAHA, NEB.

There has not been in a long time a better prospect for quails and turkeys. It was dry during nesting time, and there are many second broods. My brother saw a large covey last week that could not fly, and the early ones are not distinguishable now from the old ones.

In her drives my sister sees old and young turkeys, showing that there is a prospect of excellent shooting in that line.

My brother has hunting privileges which can not be easily secured hereabout, so any one who may come to this section will find the best facilities by writing me.

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Removed instantaneously by new, safe remedy. Guaranteed not to injure the skin. Sent on receipt of $1.00.
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Care RECREATION.

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Deer are becoming numerous, and recently I saw a pair of quails, the first seen here in years. The scarlet tanager, never seen here until 3 years ago, is now quite abundant. I saw 7 in an hour last summer. F. H. Bump, Benson, Vt.

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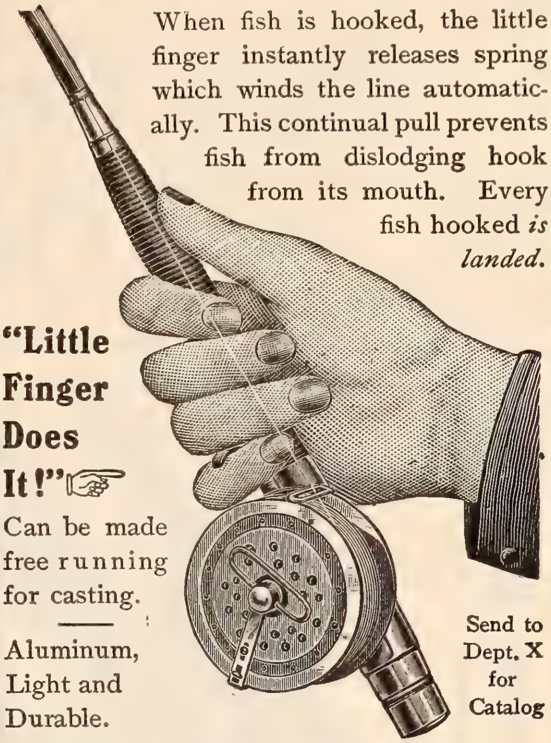

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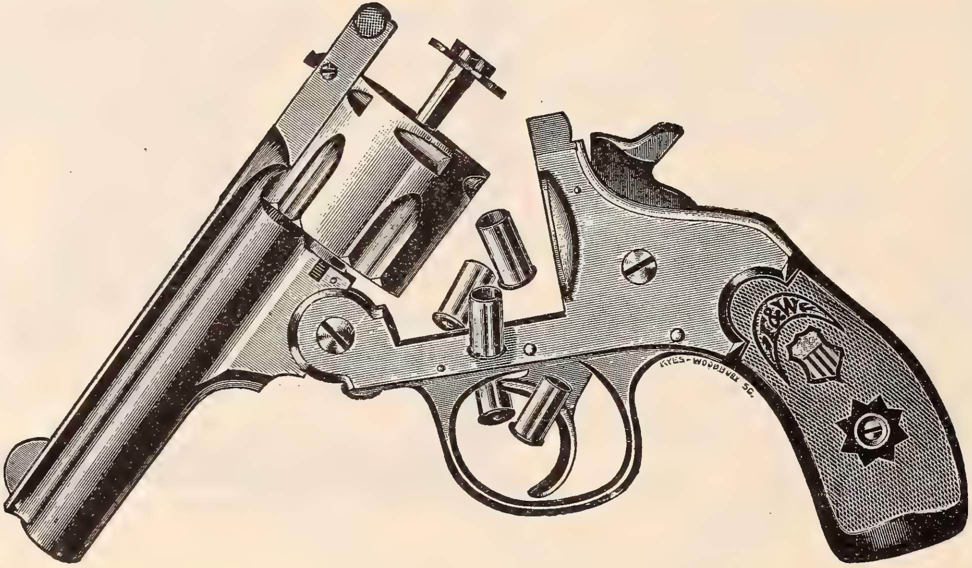

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We have ready for distribution now our H. I. advance list, containing new prices that you will find worth noting before you make purchases this fall. Write us for it.

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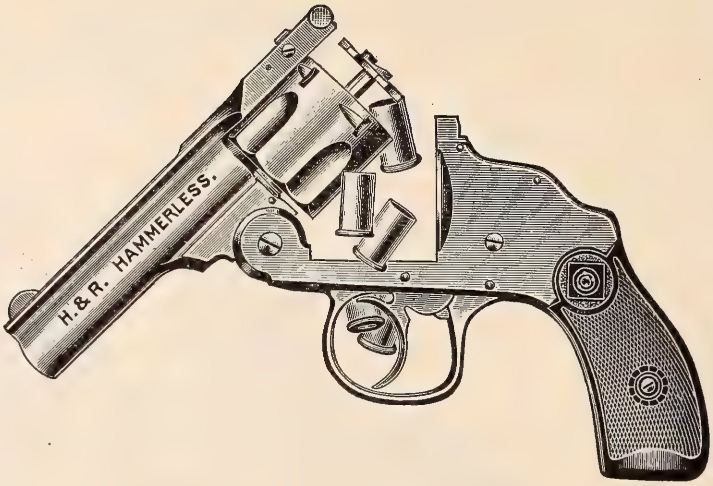
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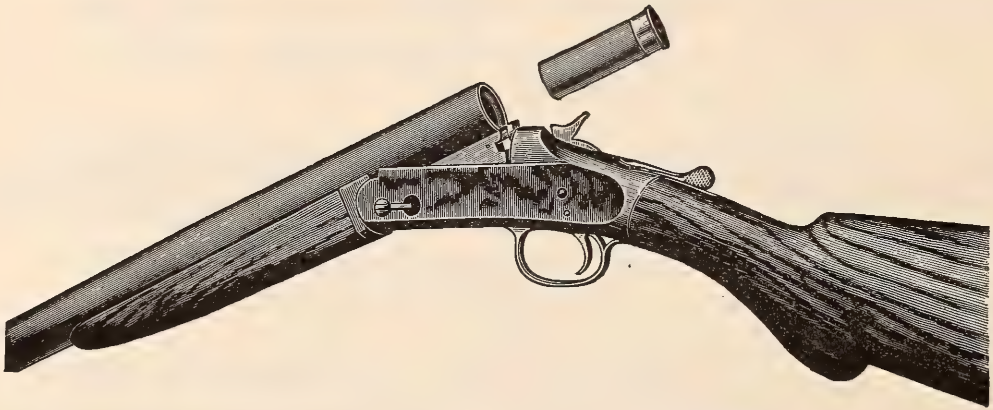

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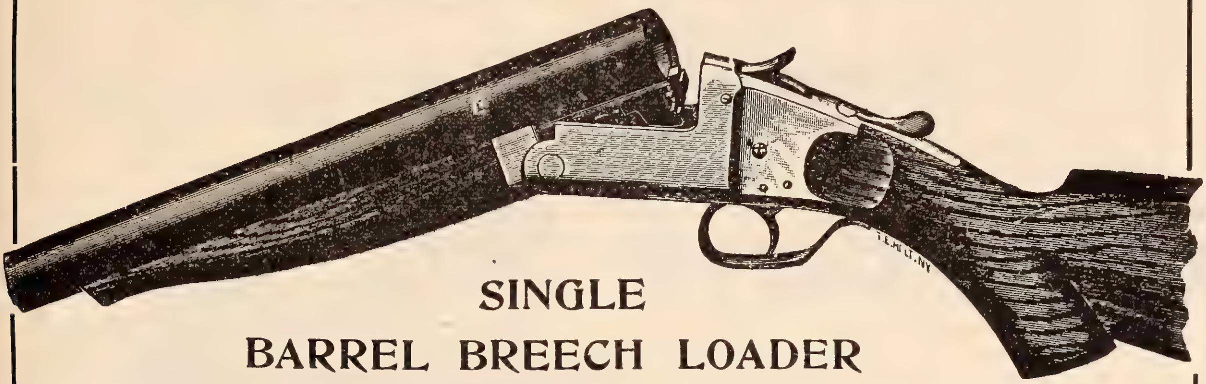

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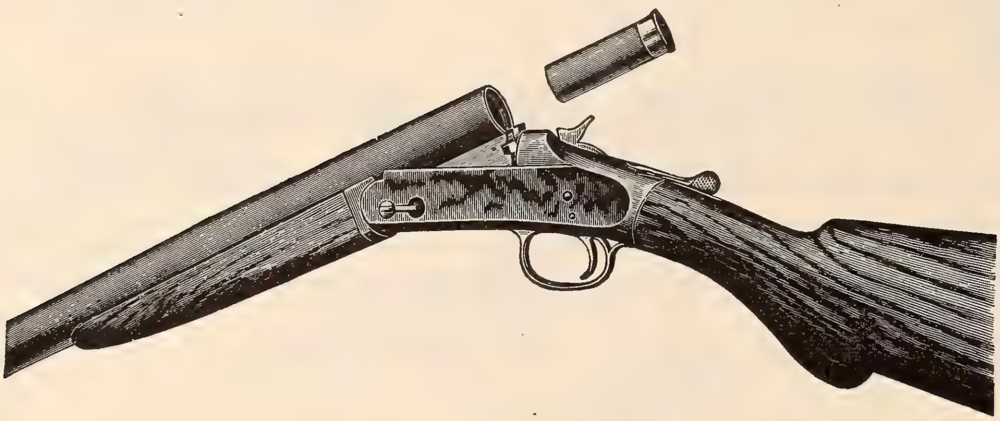

It is made by the *HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.*, and this means it is made of good material and that only good workmanship is put on it.

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50 CENTS BUYS THE

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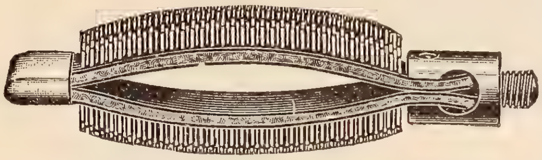

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I recently saw a notice posted on a tree beside the highway which struck me as being as remarkable as the famous tablet discovered by Mr. Pickwick. I reproduce it exactly as it appears on the board:

no Hunt. I
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You will agree with me that the wayfaring man, though not a fool, is likely to "err therein."

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Offers for a short time a genuine Ithaca gun, quality No. 1 special, with imported nitro steel barrels, black walnut stock, full pistol grip, nicely checkered; double thick nitro breech, reinforced frame and stock fastening; narrow skeleton rib, 6 ounces lighter than any other rib made. No. 10—12 and 16 gauge. List price, $40.00. No. 27 P. S. heavy gun case, waterproof canvas, leather bound, leather covered ends; pocket for cleaning rod, with outside luggage strap. No. 161 C. loading implement set complete, comprising closer, shell extractor, measure, recapper, loading and cleaning rod. All these implements are mounted in Cocobola wood, and there are none better. One box nitro loaded shells, loaded with Dupont's, E. C. Shultze, Laflin & Rand, or any standard powder. We will give this entire outfit for a short time for $25.00.

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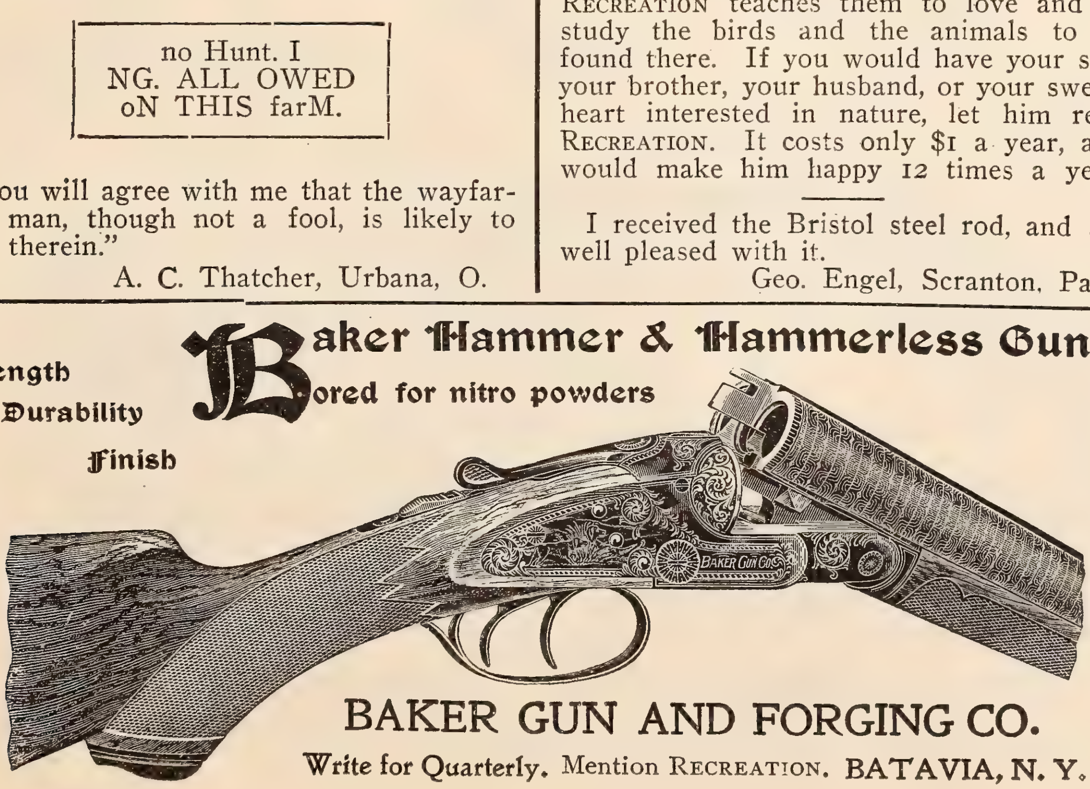
A yearly subscription to RECREATION is one of the most practicable and useful presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography. All boys instinctively love the woods. RECREATION teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature, let him read RECREATION. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

I received the Bristol steel rod, and am well pleased with it.

Geo. Engel, Scranton, Pa.

Baker Hammer & Hammerless Guns.
Bored for nitro powders

Strength
Durability
Finish



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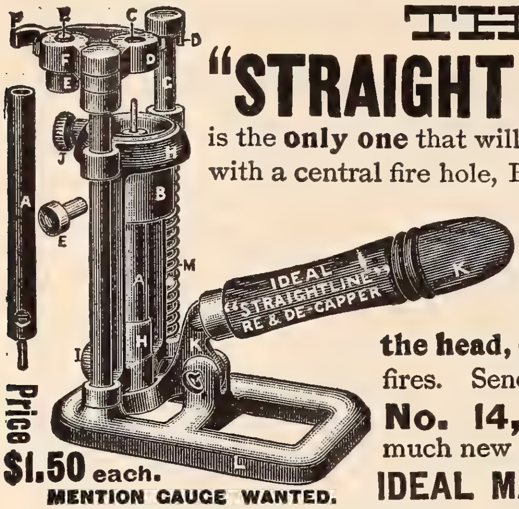
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When you write please mention RECREATION

POLITICAL PULL VS. GAME PROTECTION.

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

The upper Hudson valley is naturally one of the best bird hunting sections in the Empire State, but owing to circumstances over which no honest sportsman seems to have control, the ruffed grouse, which formerly flourished in this region, is becoming well nigh exterminated. And not only is that the case in this immediate vicinity, but also within a radius of 40 miles from here. Where a few years ago 5 or 6 birds could be brought to bag in an afternoon, it is now impossible in the legal season to flush more than one or 2 birds in an all day hunt.

The cause is the proximity of a noted Spa with its celebrated, or rather, notorious sporting or club houses. They are backed by political influence of such power that they can safely disregard the game laws. Within a year a county officer told me that at the instigation of a gun club in his town he had remonstrated with some hotel proprietors who were gentlemen and desired to do that which was right. While not admitting any violation of the law on their part, they said that if a certain club house was compelled to cease giving game dinners out of season they also would promise never to do so in future.

That officer further told me that he called the attention of the State Game Commission to the condition of affairs and offered to co-operate with it to cause the above mentioned establishment to cease illegal practices. He was directed to meet an agent of the commission on 2 or 3 different occasions, but a few hours previous to the planned meetings the agent was ordered to remote parts of the State. Finally, the officer, thinking he saw the earmarks of political influence in the matter, became tired and threw up the job.

In conversation recently with an old time market hunter I was told he had a standing offer from Saratoga people for grouse during July and August—the racial season—at $1 each. The birds are conveyed to market by various ingenious methods, usually in grips, hand bags and packages. An employee under the old Fitchburg management tells me that a package was put in his hands 3 or 4 years ago by a man named Moore or More, at Wayville Station, to be delivered to persons in Saratoga. On arrival in Saratoga the package was hurriedly picked up, came undone, and was found to contain birds killed out of season.

The shiftless bummer who follows the business of pot hunting belongs to a gang who each cast a vote as weighty as a decent man's. On voting days they are controlled by their district or ward boss, who in turn is answerable to the county or State representative. The latter is influenced—not controlled, of course—by the club house keeper, who will see that his pot hunter is protected. Where does the sportsman come in?

Apropos of politics in the deal, last November I was much surprised to receive notice of appointment as deputy game protector from the State Fish and Game Commission, with a beautifully engraved certificate of appointment. With it came a letter from an attache of the office assuring me of the support of the Commission in prosecuting violators of the law. I replied, giving facts as I knew them and stated my opinion that if the cause of the violation of the game law in this section was suppressed pot hunting would cease. I added that if I acted in the capacity to which they had appointed me, I should do business according to that idea, and named the club house I have mentioned as my first objective point. After a period of silence, and possibly of meditation and prayer, I was meekly informed by the august Commission that it had decided to revoke my appointment.

Under these conditions what can we do, who love sport for sport's sake? How in heaven's name can we hope to have the game law enforced by officers who hold their appointments by virtue of a pull? Come, ye of the L. A. S., over into Macedonia and help us.

W. B. W.

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All the Prominent English and American Makes.

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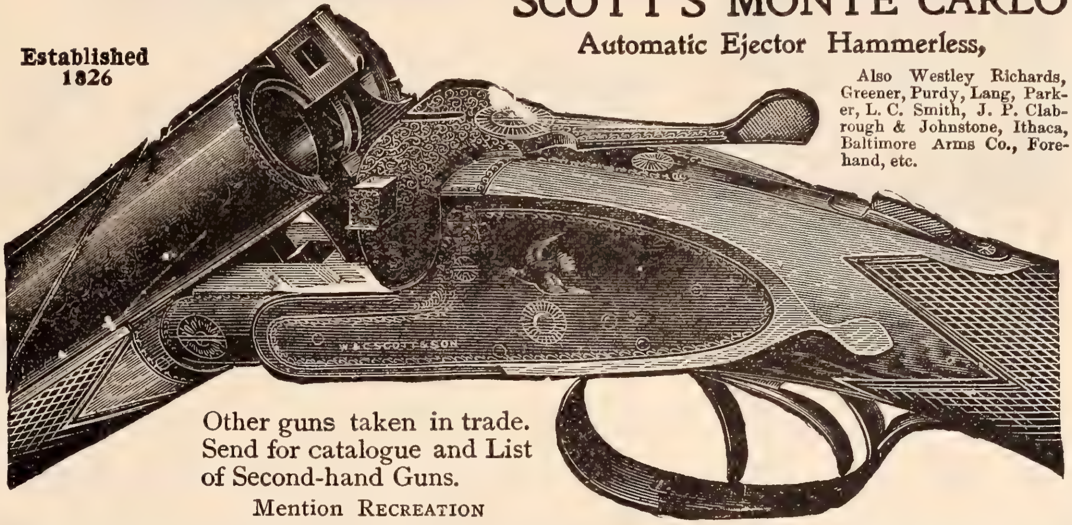

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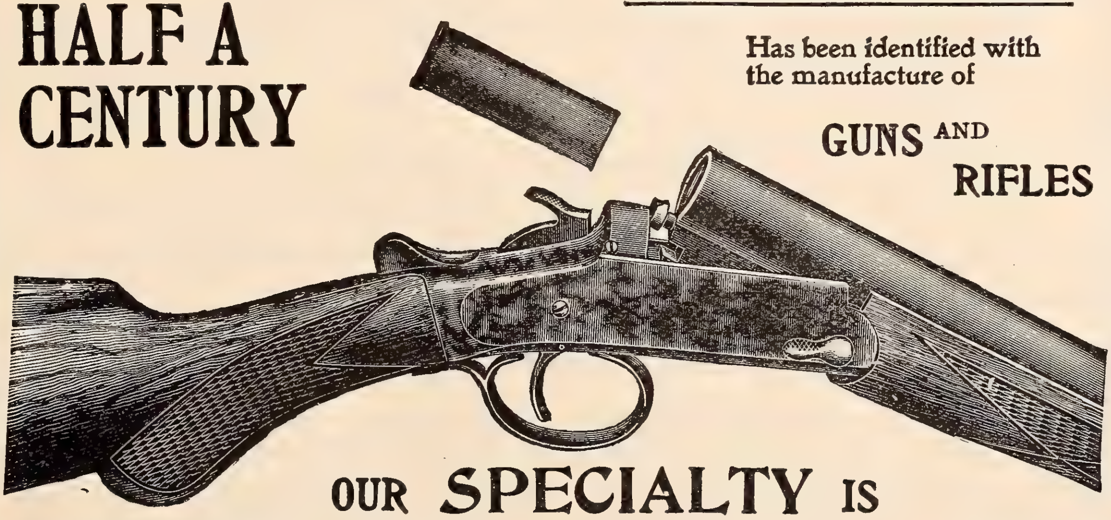

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There are Excellent Hotel Accommodations

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Meantime, you can take a string of black bass or monster maskinonge in the morning or evening, between your visits to the hunting grounds.

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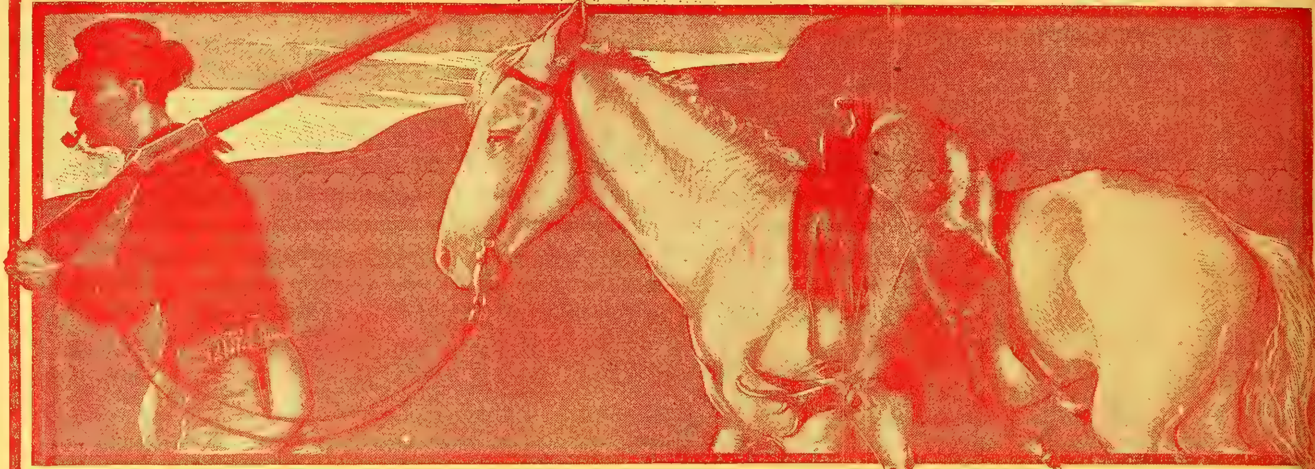

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IF COFFEE DIGESTS

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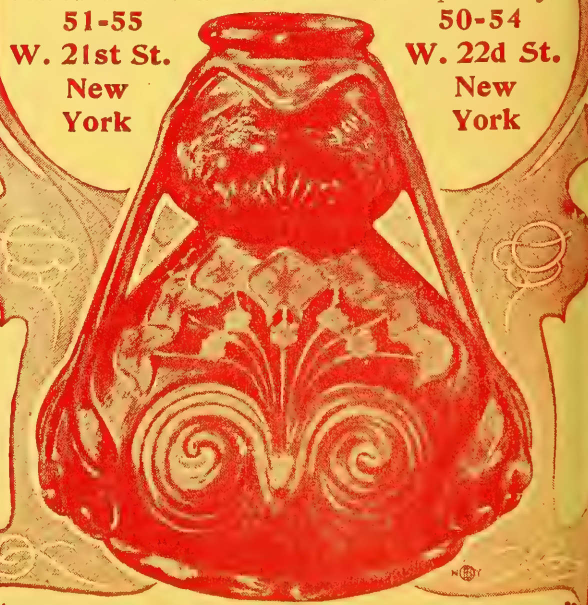

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VOLUME XV.
NUMBER 6

DECEMBER, 1901

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RECREATION

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23 WEST 24TH ST., NEW YORK

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

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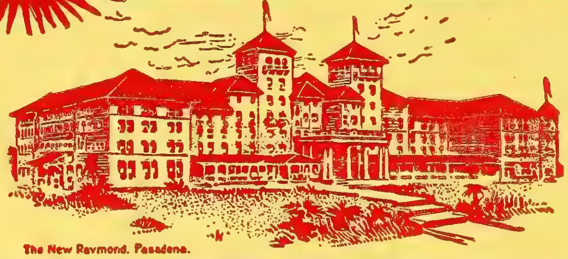
Protect the Game in Yellowstone Park; An Appeal for American Wild Animals.



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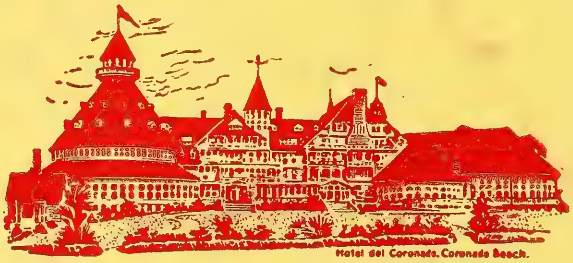

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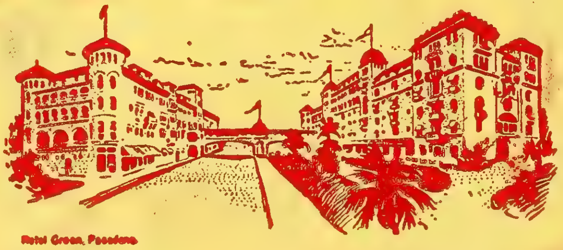

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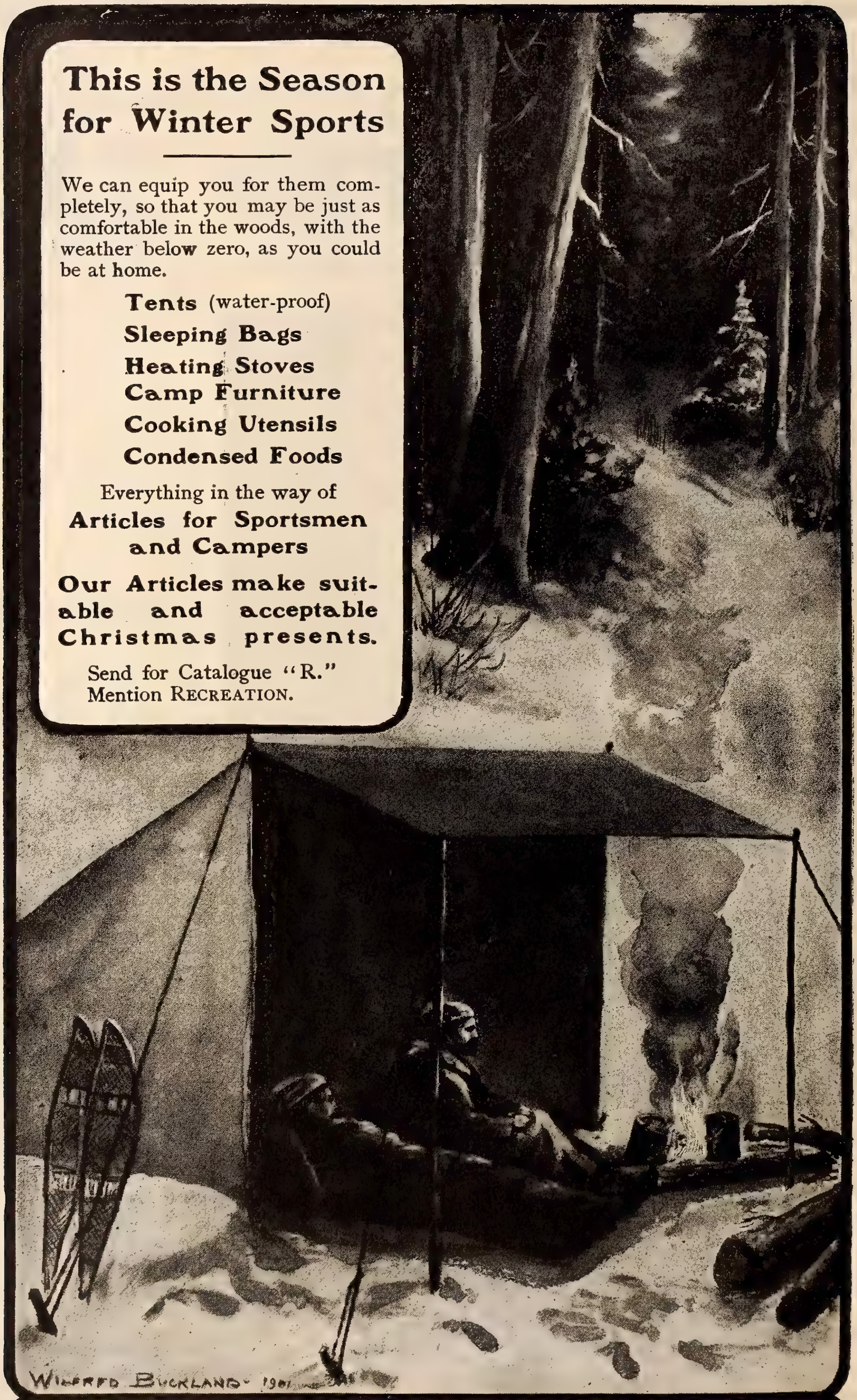

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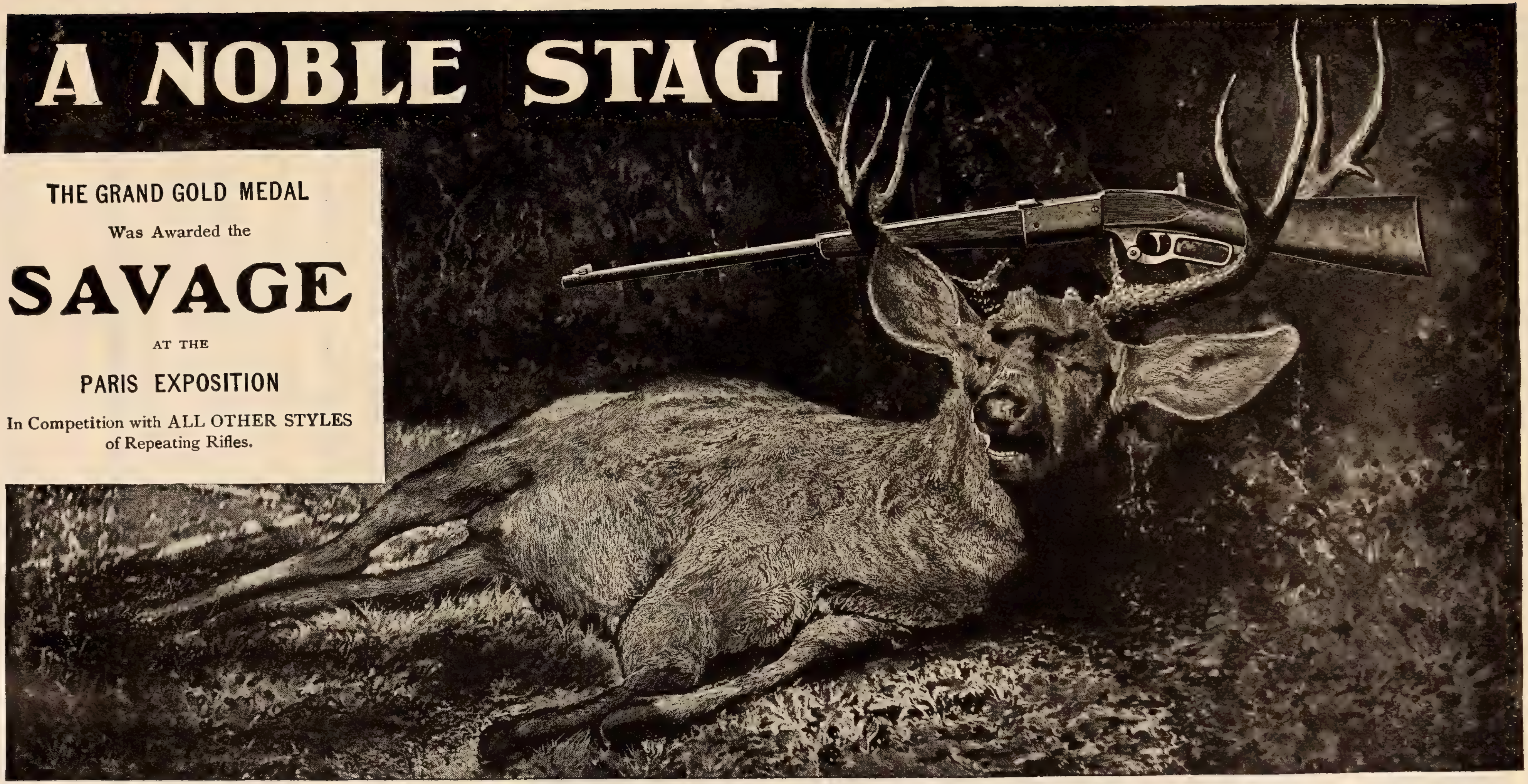

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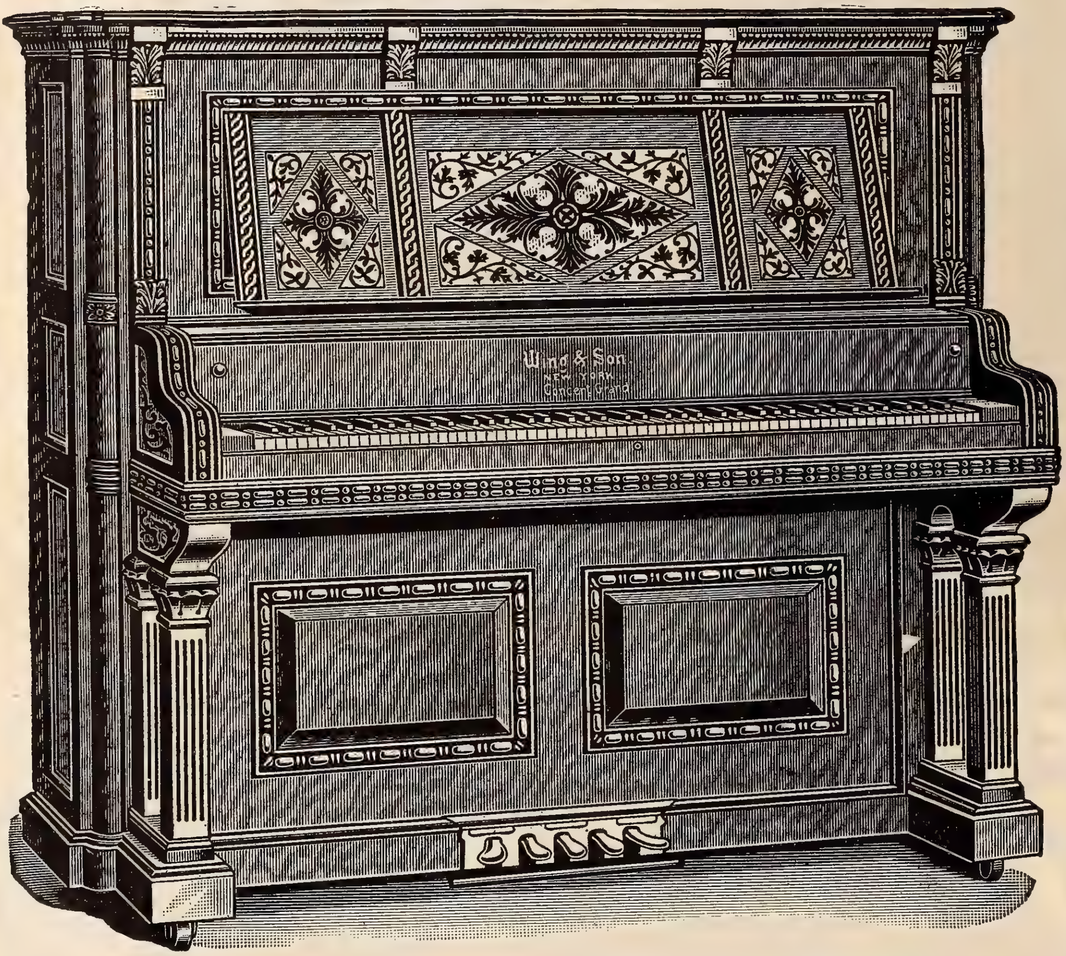

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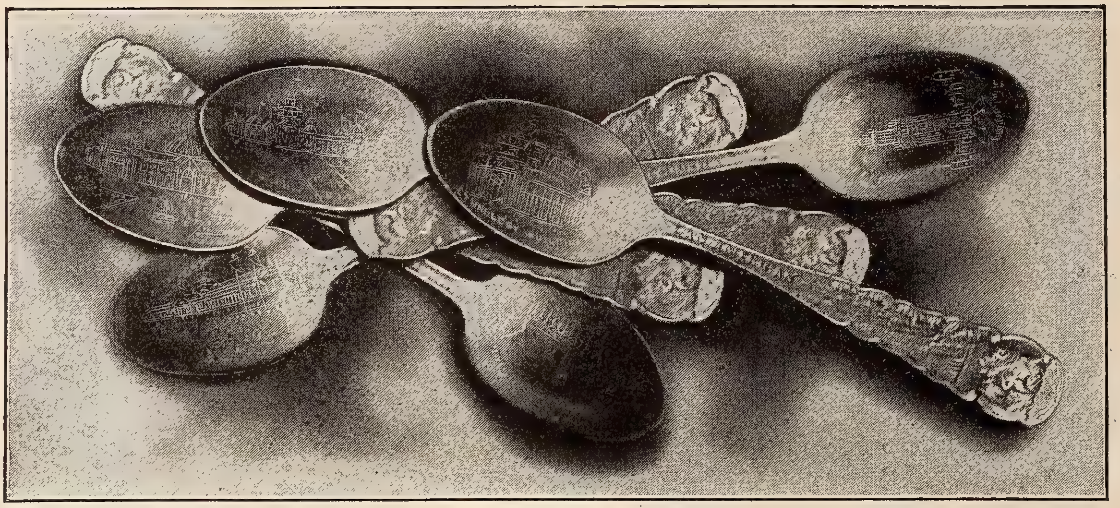

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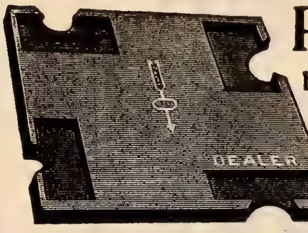

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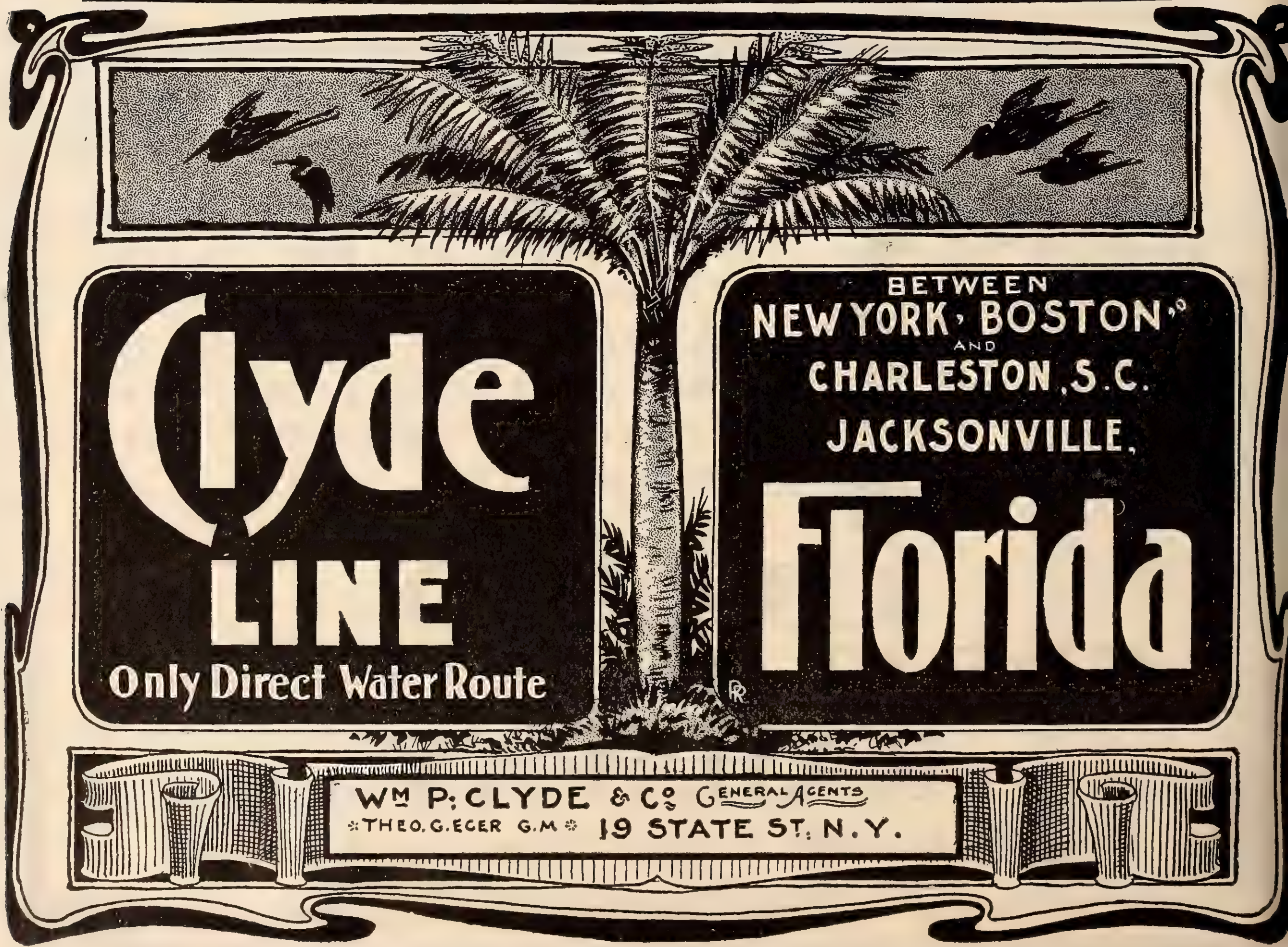
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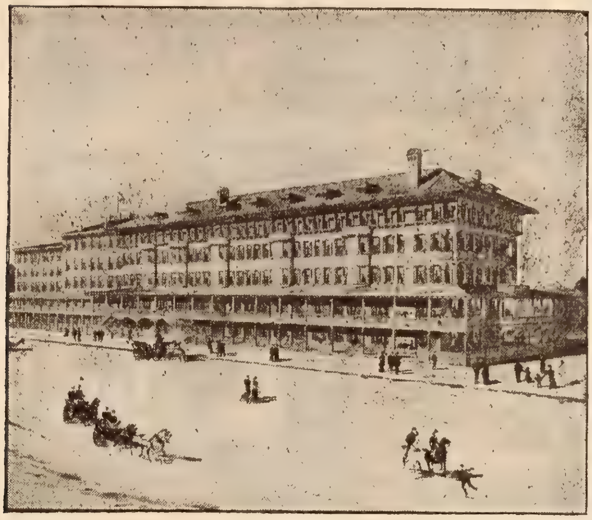

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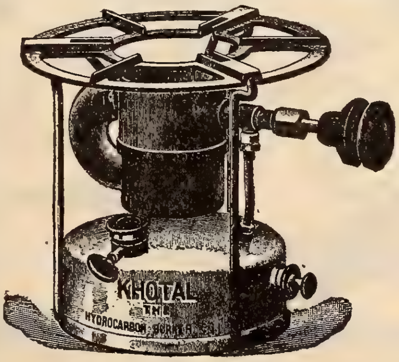

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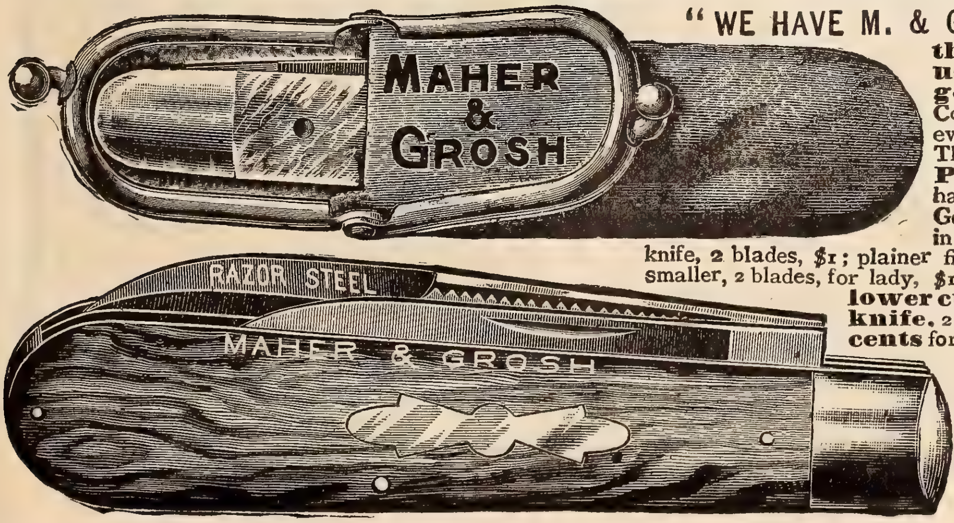

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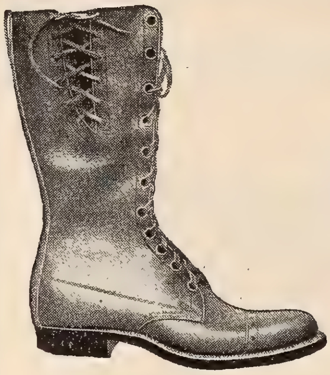

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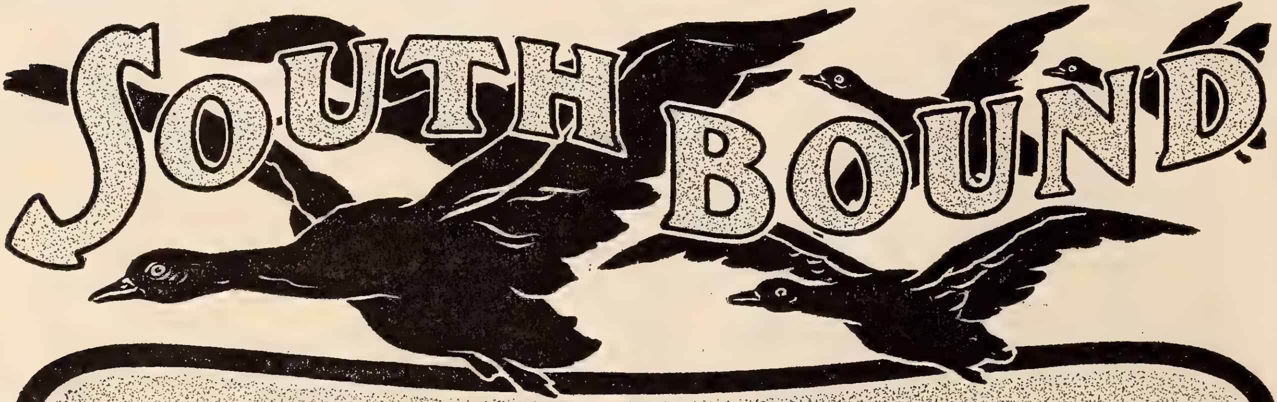

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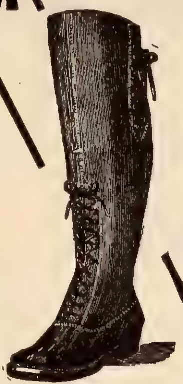

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When you find this brand on the bottle you have the very best beer that money can buy.

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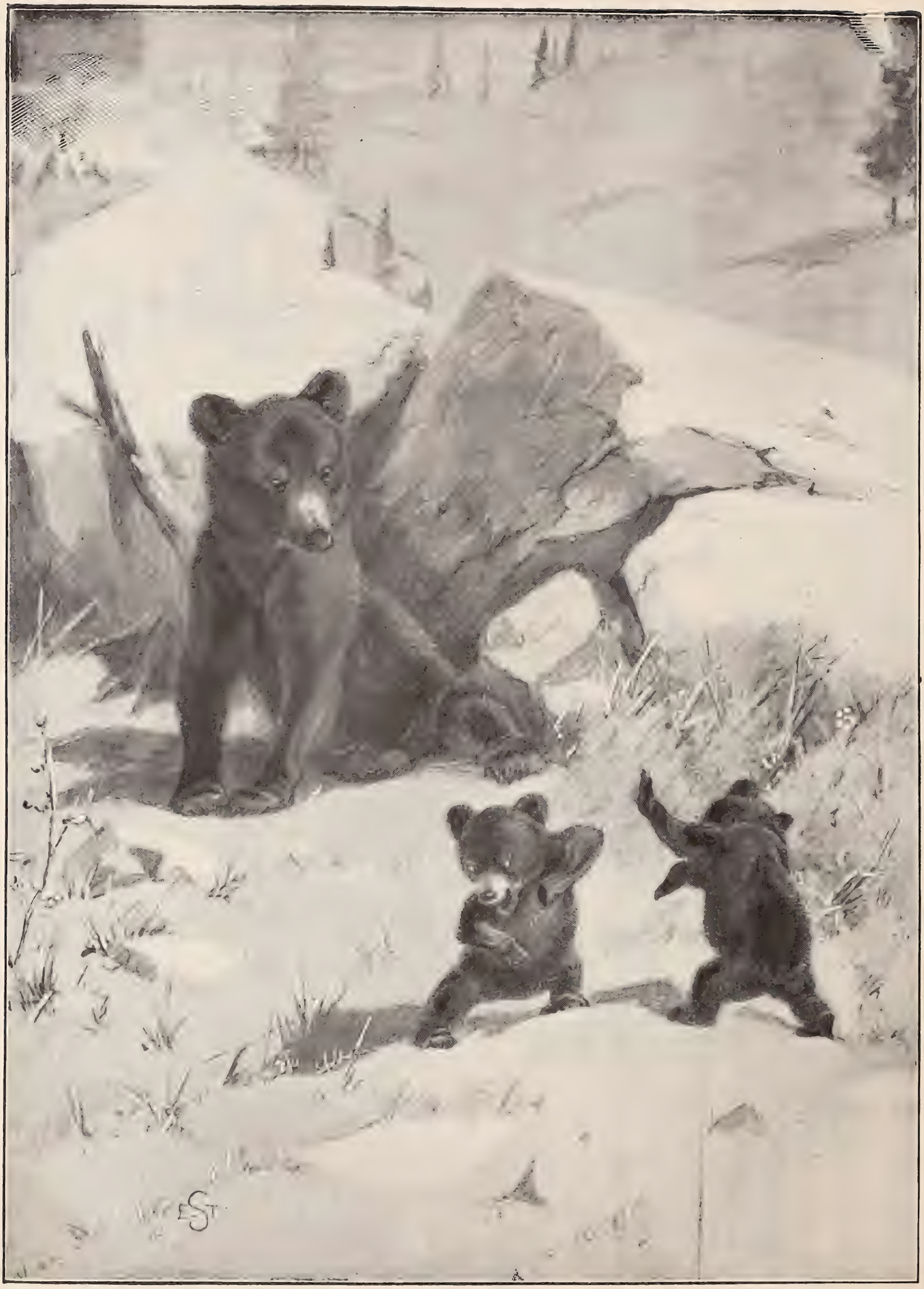
J. L. STACK



THE OLD LADY WAS TAKING LIFE EASY, WHILE THE CUBS WERE HAVING A BOXING MATCH.

RECREATION

Volume XV. DECEMBER, 1901. Number 6

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A BEAR AND SOME DEER.

S. M. COLMAN.

We had been prospecting all summer, in Routt county, Colorado, Pard and I, and now had driven up to Columbine to see some friends who were mining.

"Say, Sam," said Pard, one evening, "the boys are about out of meat, and our supply will not see us home; so what do you say to a trip over to Sand mountain? The bucks ought to be in fine shape just about now; and we might run across an elk or 2."

When there is a prospect for a hunt you will always find me ready. "All right, Pard," I cheerfully agreed; "we'll go over to-morrow."

Next morning I went out and caught our 4 horses, and we were on our way at noon. We headed for Sand mountain, which is covered on one side with majestic pines; on the other with quaking aspen. There are many springs and streams, so it is a perfect hunting ground. The trail is rough and leads nearly across the top. Our horses were well up in the art of getting over down timber, or we never could have gone through. However, about the middle of the afternoon camp was pitched under 3 big pine trees, near which a spring bubbled from the hillside.

The next thing was to take a look at our rifles, to see if they were all right. Pard had a 45-70 Winchester and I was armed with a 45-90, both of us being in love with big guns. Everything was in good shape, and we started out. A short distance from camp we heard the familiar "bump, bump, bump," and away went a family of does and fawns. As we never shoot them, they were watched until out of sight.

Pretty soon "crash, crash," came from the brush, and a buck went off through the timber. It was impossible to get a shot, so he escaped. A small park, a short distance ahead, was approached noiselessly. Looking through the timber, I saw a black bear and 2 cubs. The old lady was taking life easy while the cubs were having a boxing match. We watched them awhile and considered ourselves mighty lucky in being allowed to see a better fight than Jeffries and Sharkey, Sullivan and Corbett, or any other pair of human sluggers ever put up. Then we remembered that we wanted some rugs, so I drew a bead on the old lady and Pard lined up on a cub. At the report of the rifles Mrs. Bruin gave a howl and started off through the timber. Pard had hit the cub and I had winged my bird. We hoped the old one would come back after her infant; so we sat still and waited.

As she did not return, we went down to the cub. The bullet had hit him in the back, passed out at the throat, then into the lower jaw and out again through the top of the nose. He was in fine shape, so we hung him up on a tree. The track of the old one was then taken, but after following it

¾ of an hour and not finding her, we concluded she had not been hit.

We were then following the top of a ridge, and, continuing on it, we saw a number of does and fawns. Finally, a 4-point buck stepped out of a thicket. Throwing his head up, he was just in time to catch a bullet through the neck. Of course, he lay right down.

As it was nearly supper time, we turned toward camp. Crossing a little gulch, we climbed another ridge, which led right to camp. It was the feeding hour, and bunch after bunch of does and fawns were about. We had given up getting anything more that evening, when I saw a magnificent buck feeding. I sent a bullet through his heart with no trouble. He was so heavy we could not hang him up; so we slid him up a pole placed against a tree. As it was then nearly dark, we returned to camp.

"Well," said Pard, "2 bucks and a bear isn't such a bad evening's work."

Soon the fire was snapping and the coffee pot was sending out a delicious fragrance. Pard was frying some fresh liver, and it was my turn to bake the sinkers. The old Dutch oven was set on the coals, and in a few minutes the biscuits that came from it would have caused a housewife to weep in despair.

Now, my sportsman brother, you who are caged up in your office, in the hot city, and can't go hunting every time you want to, just get a reloading outfit, sit down here under this tree and help yourself. I know your mouth is watering for a taste of these sinkers, but not for the liver and coffee. No? "What! another cup of coffee? That makes 3 you have had. Oh, well. I know you are hungry, so pass your cup."

Now, if you have finished, get a seat near the fire, fill your old briarwood and we'll have a comfortable smoke. I'll tell again how I missed Mrs. Bruin this evening; perhaps you can give us a yarn about the big trout you didn't get, or the bear that treed you, or something else that happened on former trips.

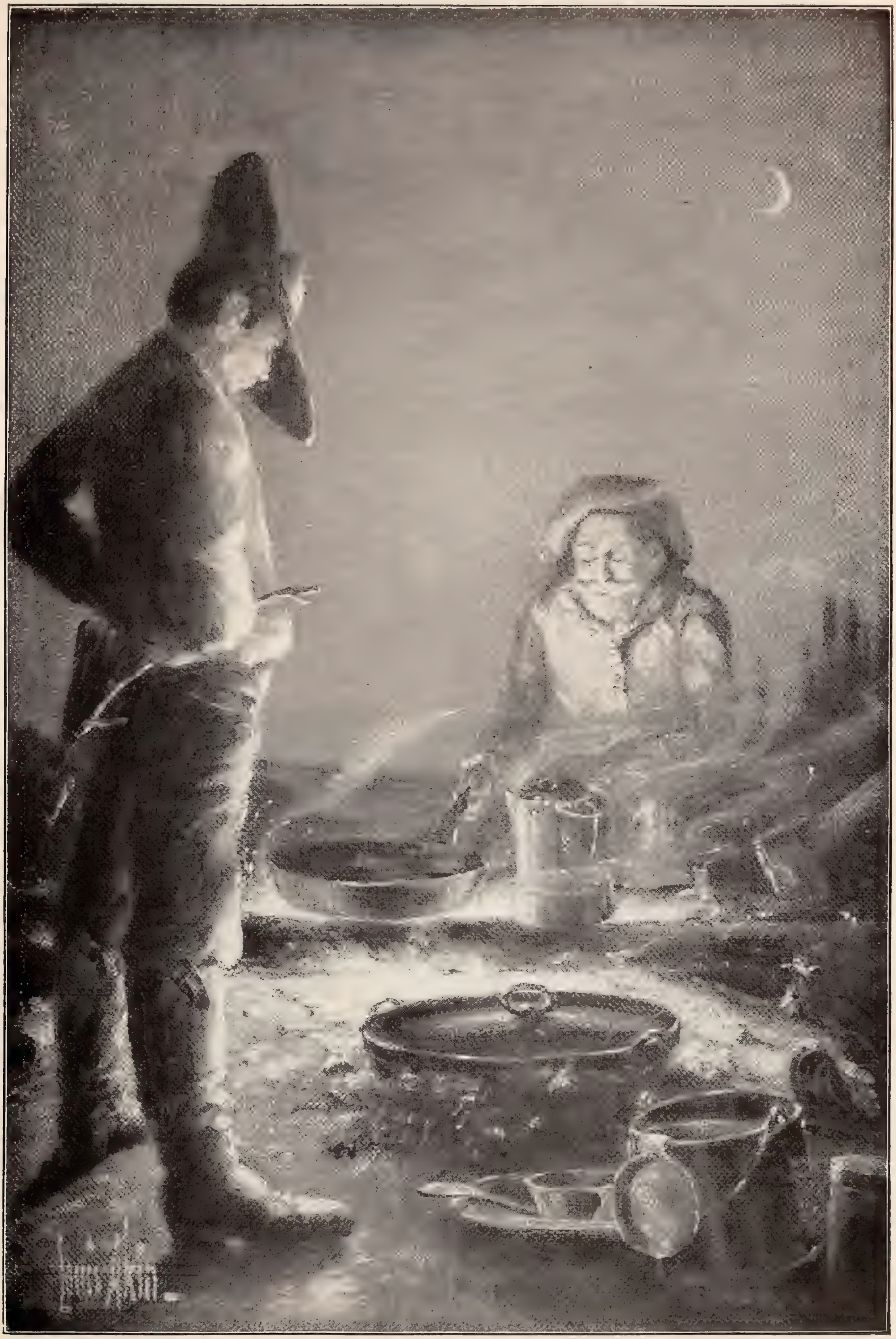
Long before daylight we were astir and soon ready for the hunt. Pard said he was going up on the range, while I determined to find the old bear, if possible. For 2 hours I hunted, but could not find any traces of her. I believe now she was lying dead near by. I did not fire a shot all day; just sat around on logs watching the deer. I can get a lot of enjoyment in merely looking at game.

Along in the afternoon I wandered back to camp, where I was smoking and dreaming when in came Pard. He wore a look of intense disgust. I knew something was wrong, but did not say anything.

"I wish you would kick me!" he at last exclaimed in doleful tones; and after performing that delicate operation with becoming cheerfulness, I inquired the cause of his grief.

"You know I went up on top of the mountain today," he began. "I saw some fresh elk tracks. There were lots of deer, and I could have killed a wagon load; but I said to myself, 'I'll get an elk.' I worked along the top to that big gulch, and then swung down through all that fallen timber. At a small park I saw 3 yearling bull elk, in the edge of the brush. They were feeding, and I had the best chance in the world to get any of them. So, picking out one, I pulled the sights on his shoulder. He looked as big as a house, so I thought I would break his neck for him. Then I aimed for the neck and fired." After a pause, he continued: "Well, we haven't any elk to take back with us." Then he kicked himself, and a deep gloom settled over him, until the soothing effect of a good supper restored him to his natural self.

In the morning we saddled up and went down to bring in our game. It was soon all packed, and we were on the trail for Columbine.



PARD WAS FRYING SOME FRESH LIVER, AND IT WAS MY TURN TO BAKE THE SINKERS.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY PERCY A. TAVERNIER

TOLD BY THE CAMP FIRE.
Highly Commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.
Made with a 4x5 folding Premo camera.

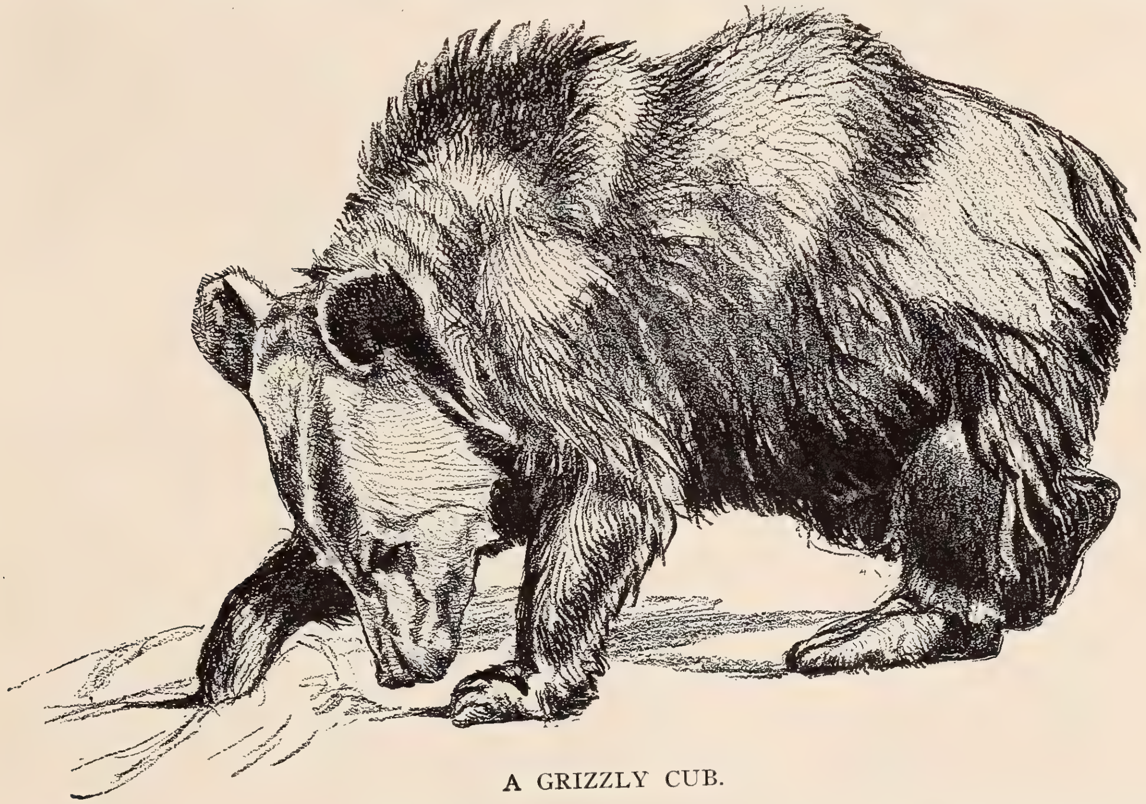
AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. M. REDFIELD

TOUGH WEATHER.
Highly Commended in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.
Made with home-made camera and Zeiss lens.

IN A WILD ANIMAL REPUBLIC.

DAN BEARD.

All day the July sun has been shining with tropical heat, causing the crystal mountain air to shimmer above the white, dusty roads; but now the fiery ball is sinking behind the Sofatara plateau, the lengthening shadows creep rapidly Eastward over glistening geyserite formations, and the coyote chorus proclaims the restful evening. In the gloaming the forests of pine, fir, and black spruce are extremely somber; the camp fires shed a ruddier glow; bats creep from the hollow trees and launch themselves on noiseless wings, and like a flitting shadow the flying squirrel sails by the camper's face. As the shadows deepen the small nocturnal mammals come from their subterranean homes and rustle among the dry grasses or the roots of the fringed gentians and Indian paint brushes. Fresh from the eternal snows of the mountains, the cool night wind whispers among the trees; objects near at hand become vague, and the increasing gloom materializes into moving forms which steal from the shadows and troop down the broad trail. These apparitions are no phantasms of the camp fire, but huge brutes, fierce and sullen. They are grizzly bears.



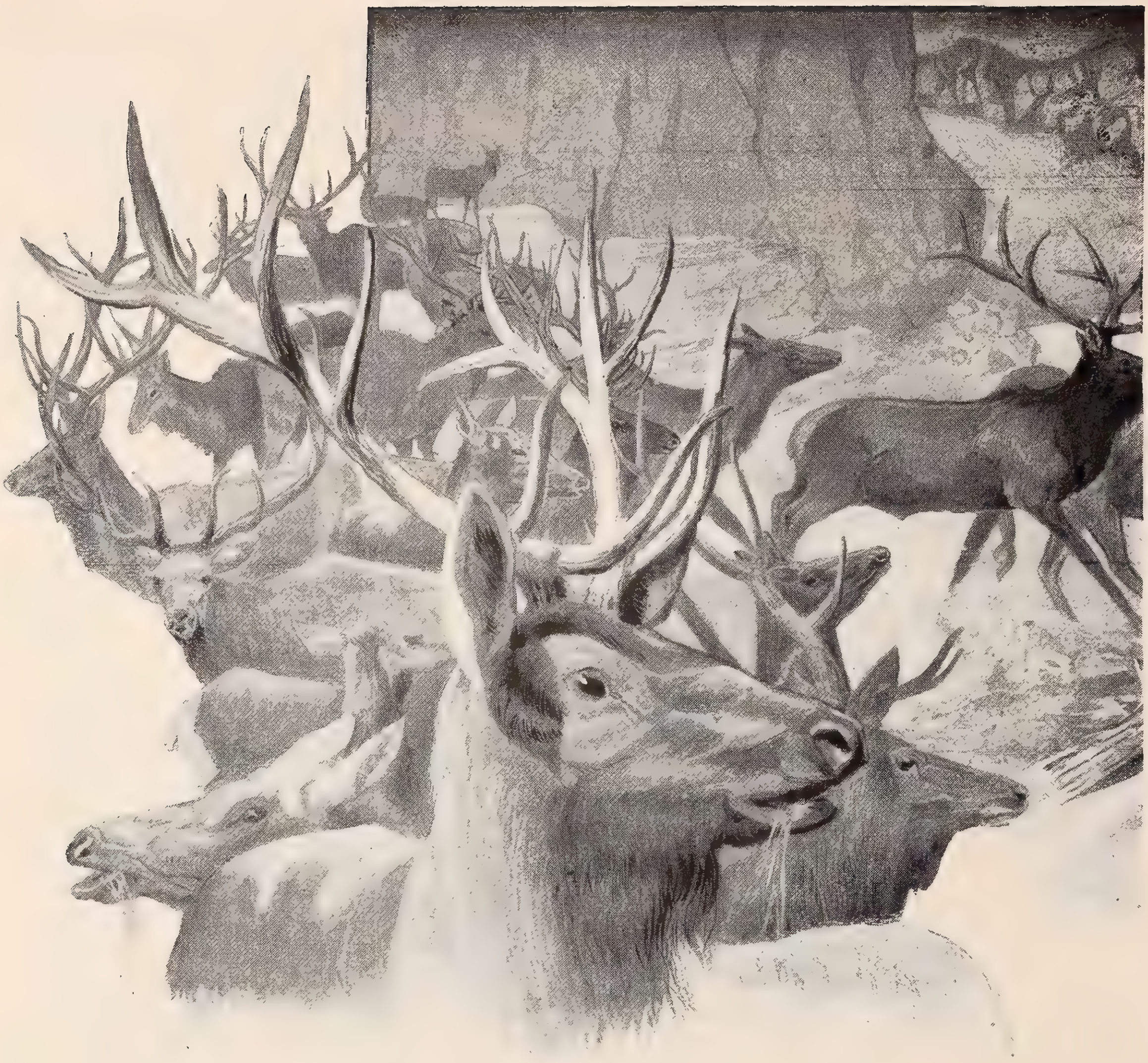
A GRIZZLY CUB.

The surprising nimbleness of these mighty animals is a revelation to one whose previous knowledge of *Ursus horribilis* is derived from the broken-spirited prisoners of the menageries. Gigantic strength, unbounded courage and astounding tenacity of life make the grizzly a most dangerous foe.

Freedom from persecution will hardly change the nature of an animal, but it will allow him to revert to the state in which he existed before his persecution began. It is plain, too, that the changed conditions will not affect all the fauna alike, and that though their wildness may be greatly modified, they will still retain their racial characteristics. One of the most interesting results of immunity from persecution enjoyed by the animals of the Yellowstone Park is its civilizing effect on the grizzlies, which, beyond a doubt, now recognize their novel position, and are loth to bring scandal on the animal community by acts of violence. Not only do they refrain from attacking man himself, but they seem to know domestic animals must not be preyed on. This does not arise from lack of opportunity on the part of the

Bears are the scavengers of the Park, as morning around the stables and open sheds where horses and cows are tethered, and where it is no uncommon sight to see little colts frisking about their dams.

Bears are the scavengers of the park, as hogs formerly were in our cities. A peculiarity of the grizzlies is the marked

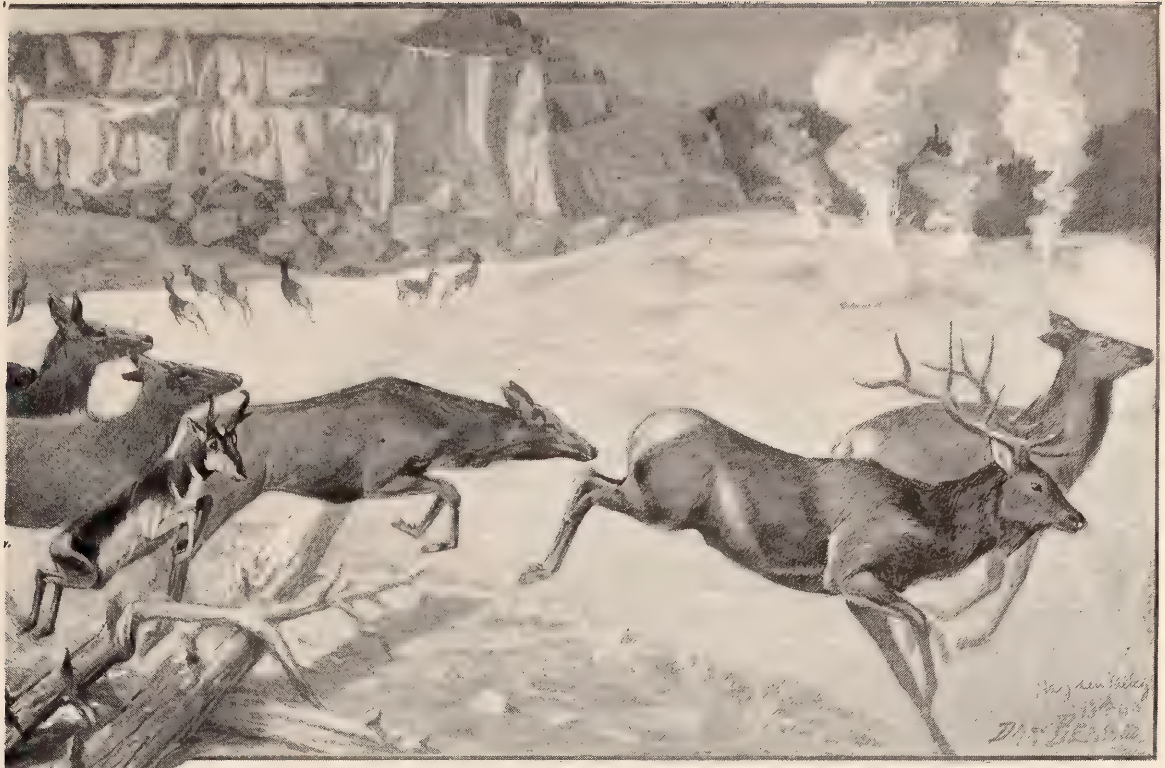


BIG GAME IN HAYDEN VALLEY.

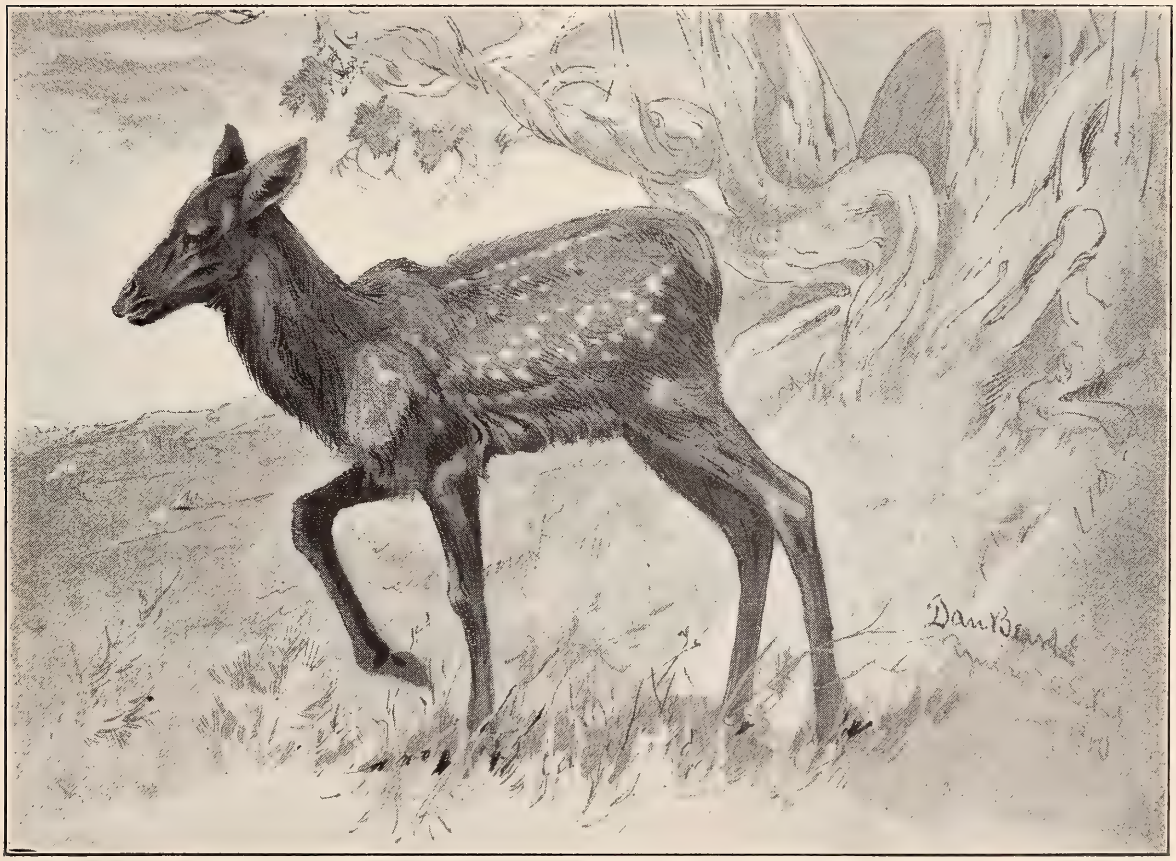
manner in which they avoid their black cousins, preferring to eat what *Ursus americanus* leaves rather than associate with him. When feeding, the grizzlies seem to wish no company outside their own circle, and if a traveler wish to see them at their dinners, he must seek the shelter of some choke cherry, bull berry or sage brush, from which to make his observations. While we were at the Thumb of Yellowstone lake the wind suddenly shifted and blew directly from our hiding place toward an old female grizzly busily engaged in helping a light gray cub and its dust-colored mate to clean up the meat cans on the refuse heap. Instantly the gray cub detected our presence. Rearing on his hind legs he sniffed the tainted air a moment, then said, "Ough-oo-oo!" This startled the other cub, which also stood up, and, after a whiff of the breeze, replied, "We-ee-e; we are watched. Oo-wee-ee! Yes, it is a man." Mother bruin then rose to her feet, in which position she closely resembled a stump, as motionless, till she, too, caught the taint of man. Then she made some low-toned remarks, which sounded like "oughed-oue-wee-oo!" Then all disappeared up the trail.

One night I was awakened by some animals sniffing the hem of our canvas house, and was not surprised in the morning to find the big, human-like footprints of a mother bear, mingled with the smaller ones of her cubs in the dust at the very door of our tent; but the only harm done was the stampeding of our cow. Proud of his name and family traditions, it may be *Ursus horribilis* sharply draws the color line among the tribes of bruin; but this in no manner affects the popularity of the black bear among tourists, with whom he is a great favorite.

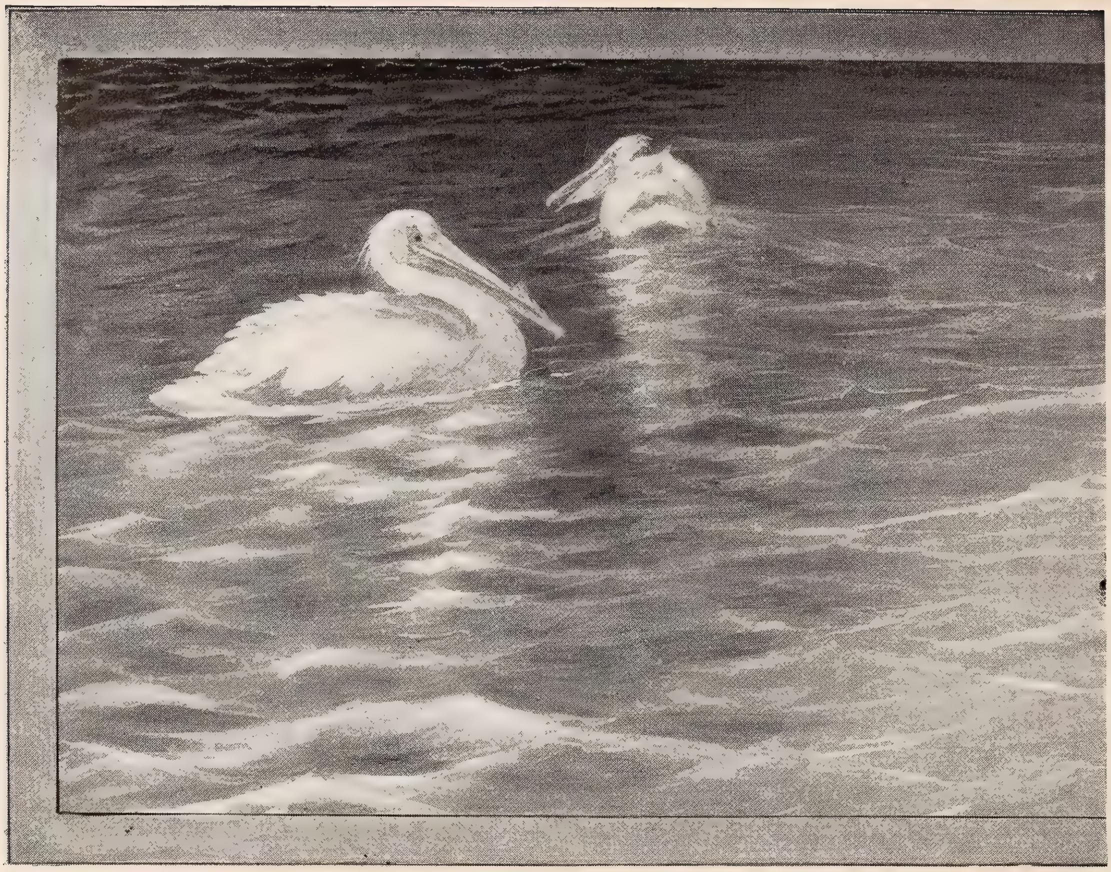
A few years ago, before the hotel at the upper geyser basin was burned, the guests of that hostelry were sitting around the big open fire, telling bear stories, when in walked a large, glossy black bear. Conversation died, and the guests sat silent and motionless as the petrified trees at Yancey's, till the bear, bored by such dull company, strolled leisurely to the front



door, looked out at the bubbling geysers, then quietly took his departure. At Norris I found the soldiers alternately swearing because bears had looted their tobacco and scattered it over the ground, and laughing at "Larry the lunch-stand man." This talkative Irishman thought he could protect his meathouse from bruin by erecting scarecrows at the 4 corners of the house, but when night came on the bears pulled the stuffed men to pieces. Bears, like dogs, have keen noses, and a thing must smell like a man before a bear will think it a man.



A BABY ELK IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.



FLOATING AS LIGHTLY AS TUFTS OF THISTLEDOWN.

Late one afternoon, as we were nearing the end of a long drive, an exclamation from my wife caused me to rein up my horses, and turn in my seat. At the side of the road were two camps of family parties located in a beautiful green glade, separated from each other only by a deep, narrow gulley. Seated in the bottom of this hollow was the largest, fattest, laziest-looking black bear we had seen in the Park. It was within plain view of the road, but concealed from the campers. A few feet from its hiding place children were romping and playing, unconscious of its presence, and the big brute paid no attention to the merry shouts and laughter of the little folks, but idly swayed its head from side to side with a comical expression of *ennui.* The purpose of the bear was evident. It was waiting for the campers to retire, that it might raid their kitchen wagons. We afterward learned that the noise it made in clambering into the wagon aroused the cook, who drove the fat rascal away by pounding its back with a tent pole.

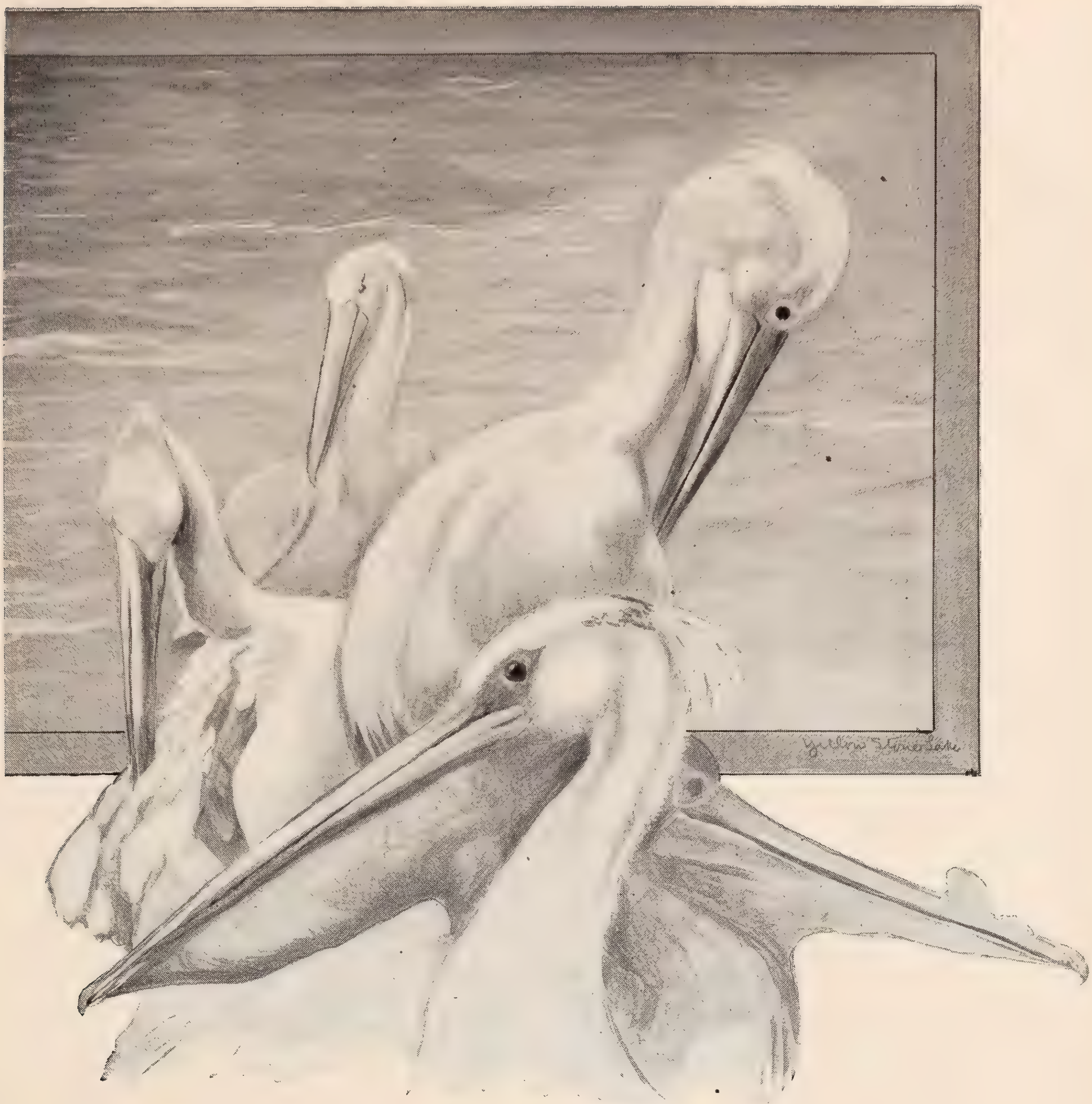
Yellowstone Park is to the birds and mammals of this country a place of refuge from persecution. It is indeed unique in being the only place where man has allowed the preamble of the Immortal Declaration to apply to his undeveloped brothers of the wilderness; and the only zoölogical collection, with the possible exception of Eden, where animals have been intrusted with self government.

It is astonishing what a remarkable difference there is in appearance between the healthy animals of the Park and the mounted museum specimens of the same creatures. Indeed, so great is the disparity, that it is by no means easy to identify many of the living birds or mammals from one's previous study of mounted specimens.

The healthy bodies of the citizens of the Wild Animal Republic, unlike many museum specimens, are not stretched out of all semblance to nature. No odor of camphor or other drugs emanates from them, and no printed labels give you their names, in a language as dead as the stuffed specimens. But with good, red blood coursing through their veins, the agile citizens of the Park are a surprise and a pleasure to lovers of Nature.

Instances are not wanting in which stage roads and even hotel lobbies have been visited by strange guests; but, as a rule, the animals must be sought in their native haunts.

Here the mountain lion (*Felis concolor*) prowls as he did before Columbus blundered on America. The lynx mounts a log, arches his back and gives forth calls that would make a domestic cat die of envy. The wolverine prowls in search of his dinner, feeling certain that his food conceals no cruel trap. The pine marten and the fisher no longer dread to crawl under a log for fear of displacing a trigger and being crushed. Bright eyed otters and minks look not for human enemies; muskrats and beavers build their winter homes undisturbed by the trapper. Several varie-



ties of foxes glide noiselessly through the low bushes, unscared by hounds and men. Badgers spread their wide bodies to catch the genial rays of the sun. Beautifully colored living marmots, or "rock chucks" (*Arctomys flaviventer*) run ahead of your team along the rocky roadsides, or peep at you from their fantastic castles, built of snowy geyserite deposited by geysers extinct ages ago. The yellow porcupine (*Erethizon expixanthus*) gnaws contentedly at his favorite food. Cotton tails, snow shoes and jack rabbits fear none but their natural wild enemies, and little chief hares abound in the slide rock. Along the dusty roads big golden chipmunks and little 4-striped chipmunks play and scold passing teams. These creatures are so tame they do not hesitate to enter your tent, and they live royally on grain stored in the Transportation Companies' stables. From the woods by the roadside the beautiful mule deer and rarer white tailed deer gaze with innocent curiosity at stage loads of tourists, never suspecting that, but for an intangible thing called law, these people would be their bloodthirsty enemies. Moose wander in the forest glades at the Southern boundary of the Park, and scattered over Hayden valley 30,000 to 60,000 magnificent elk roam free.

Recent discoveries of the remains of prehistoric animals, which once inhabited the far West, and which have been so beautifully illustrated by Charles R. Knight, should make us put a rare value on existing species. The 2-ton, 4-horned rhinocerus (*Unitathere*), the ungainly, water-loving *Metamynodon*, the strange, horse-like rhinoceros (*Hyracodon*), the diminutive 4-toed horse (*Hyracothere*), the giant pigs (*Elothere*), and the hobgoblin deer with tusks and 6 horns (*Protoceras*), are a few samples of the nightmare creatures whose grotesque forms populated the hills and plains of those remote days, the caricatures of our living species. Like any human child, Mother Nature's first attempts at modeling were crude affairs, compared with the refined work of her present art. It took ages of experiment to produce the dainty, swift, and graceful prong-horned antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) but it is a masterpiece of art. There are still about 500 of these gentle little citizens in the Park; but a fence is absolutely necessary for their preservation, and should be built to prevent them from straying over the Northern boundary, as they do, to be immediately killed by game hogs.

The bighorn or Rocky Mountain sheep (*Ovis cervina*) can be seen by climbing Mt. Evarts, or some other high peak of the Park. They have been so persecuted that it will be long before they will frequent lower ground. There are possibly 200 in the Park. With care this number can be increased. Inasmuch as both of these creatures will soon be exterminated elsewhere, it is to be hoped every care will be taken by our rich government to protect the survivors here.

We ask why the herd of Yellowstone buffalo (*Bison americanus*) has been so sadly reduced, and we are told that grizzlies and hard winters have destroyed them. For thousands of years grizzlies and hard winters were features of this country, and yet the buffaloes thrived and waxed strong.

Buffalo heads are in great demand. Fine ones command extravagant prices. Buffalo skins are eagerly sought by museums and wealthy people, and I was told last summer that in the neighborhood of the Park purchasers had paid as high as $2 a pound for buffalo steak.* The very bones of these animals are in demand, for anatomical specimens for museums; hence a wild buffalo is looked on as a small fortune walking around without an owner. Is it any wonder, then, that skin hunters, adventurers, and settlers have turned poachers at the sight of these poor beasts? These people had no sentiment to restrain them, and the slight penalties for poaching were easily evaded.

GULLS WERE PRESENT WHEREVER THERE WAS WATER.

In 1892 Captain George Alexander reported a herd of 400 bison in the Park, 20 per cent. of which were yearlings, and today there are but 29! By introducing some new blood among these 29, to counteract the evil effects of too close interbreeding, and enforcing the laws protecting them, no doubt these historic animals may be saved from total extinction.

Among the many strange sights one sees

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*Since writing the above the daily papers announce that a dozen more of the Flathead herd have been butchered at Helena, Mont. These were probably steers bred for the market.

in the Park are the hundreds of swallows twittering and flying around the cliff overlooking the boiling sulphur springs. Unmindful of the fumes of sulphur, the proximity of scalding steam, and the alarming subterranean noises, these little birds skim through the air and enter the queer holes and cracks in the cliff, as cheerful and happy as house martens in a farmyard.

At the sound of the rumbling of the Fountain Hotel wagon, which hauls garbage to the dumping ground, bears appear, and, along with them comes a beautiful, yellow coated, red throated Louisiana tanager (*Piranga ludoviciana*). This little bird moves unmolested among its big neighbors, seeking for dainties in the castaway food. Nowadays it is a surprise and a joy to see a bird of brilliant plumage alive and in its native haunts, instead of perched askew on a woman's hat.

On Yellowstone lake and Yellowstone river pelicans may be seen floating or sailing in the air overhead. The sight of free wild pelicans conveys an impression strangely different from that obtained by viewing the same bird in captivity, where its long beak, with its fleshy bag attached, gives the creature a comical, clumsy look, and little prepares us for the graceful bird seen in the Park.

Geese, ducks and sandhill cranes are numerous and tame. At one place wild geese marched along the bank of a stream within 20 feet of our surrey, and viewed us without alarm. The ducks only showed their distrust by placing themselves between us and their fluffy little broods. Swans are rarer and wilder. As might be expected, birds of prey are numerous and bold. The crags are crowned with their eyries, and every bit of open grass land has its hovering hawks, on the lookout for unwary shrews, moles, or gophers. Many varieties of grouse inhabit the woods and prairies, and in winter numbers of beautiful magpies. The hoarse croak of the raven can be heard at the Thumb, and crows are seen in all parts of the Park. The black headed jay, a variety new to me, and the Canadian jay, are not only tame, but mischievous. Having occasion to use my pocketknife. I placed it temporarily on a stump near camp, and after twice saving it only by shouts and mad rushes, I was at last compelled to put it in my pocket to prevent the jays from carrying it away.

While many of the smaller birds are either new or unfamiliar to Atlantic coast people, their old friend the robin makes his home in the Park. The interesting little water ousel inhabits the banks of the Gardiner and the Gibbon rivers, gulls are in evidence wherever there is any expanse of water, and kingfishers are common.

We have all read of ospreys, which, having struck fish too large for them to manage, unable to disengage their hooked talons, have perished, their bodies having been afterward found, still attached to the live fish.

I now believe these stories. One day we were driving along the shores of Yellowstone lake, and saw an osprey fall like a stone from the sky into the water near and disappear beneath the waves. Thinking it had been drowned, we were about to resume our journey, when the fluttering tips of the hawk's wings appeared. The bird slowly rose with an immense trout in its talons, but after 3 times clearing the water, only to fall back again, it dropped the fish and flew wearily away.

To understand the Yellowstone animals we must remember that brutes are direct and practical in their minds, and to what does not immediately concern the gratification of their desires they pay little attention.

Fear greatly influences the actions of man and beast, and creatures absolutely devoid of this governing principle would soon be exterminated. The presence of man has always meant disaster and death to wild animals, so that the taint of his presence in the air is enough to stampede a herd of 1,000 elk.

It is easy, then, to understand that "wild animals" are only animals which fear man; and when experience can show their fears groundless, they will no more heed man than they will any other nonpredaceous creature. This is the happy state which converts Yellowstone Park into an Eden for all lovers of Nature.

Long live the Animal Republic!

"I can't give you anything, my man; charity begins at home."

"All right, boss; I'm willin' to go home with you."—Life.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

W. H. NELSON.

An old man by his fireside lone
Sits musing over days long gone,
And in the firelight's fitful gleam
Dreams o'er again his childhood's dream.

The cramped and crowded city room
Expands, half lit and half in gloom,
And lo, a log-built cabin's walls
Up from the Past his memory calls.

The narrow grate, iron-ribbed, and black,
Widens and lifts, and at its back
Glows the great log; the crane swings free,
The kettle singing in its glee.

Soft, mingling with the bubbling rune
The spinning wheel drones forth its tune;
While beating time with slow tick-tock
Pulses the solemn wall-sweep clock.

On high the mantel lifts its shelf,
Embellished with the treasured Delft;
The corner cupboard yawns to show
Its burnished pewter, row on row.

The small folk munch their apples ripe,
The tranquil father smokes his pipe,
And by the lard-lamp's flickering reel
The grandame turns her stocking heel.

Full many a tale of Indian raid,
Or spell of witchcraft foully laid;
Full many a hunter's victory
Is acted o'er in mimicry.

And many a song in gladness sung
Trills its sweet notes from childhood's tongue.
Thus, Youth and Age with sweet content
Meet when the evening hour is spent.

'Tis the glad Eve when, legends tell,
The Shepherds heard the anthem swell
O'er Judah's hills and Jordan's plain,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Stockings are hung with anxious care,
And many an earnest, whispered prayer
That good Kris Kringle, passing by,
May fill each one with Christmas joy.

The fire is raked, the brands o'erspread
With ash, the quick beneath the dead;
And young and old, with sleep oppressed
Care free, betake them to their rest.

* * * * * *

The ashes fall. The dream is gone.
The dreamer sits once more alone.
He sighs, as droops his whitened head,
"Alas, all, all save me, are dead."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. B. PIKE.

TIRED OF SIGHT SEEING.

Snapped with a No. 2 Kodak, about 11 a. m., in Manufacturers' Building, Pan-American, Buffalo.

PROTECT THE GAME IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

L. R. FREEMAN.

Congress appropriated last year $118,000 to be expended in Yellowstone Park. Of this sum $113,000 was used in building new and improving old roads, leaving a paltry $5,000 for the protection of the game; and so for another year the badly needed outlying patrol stations will not be built. The project to purchase new stock to infuse fresh blood into the badly inbred and rapidly dwindling herd of bison must be given up, together with other plans, which, if successfully carried out, would have led to the fuller protection and the betterment of the condition of the animals in this, the world's greatest game preserve. Even the much needed 4 miles of fence across the Gardiner canyon, on the Northern boundary, will not be built. This leaves the antelope, the only game in the Park that is not known to be increasing, except the buffalo and possibly the mountain sheep, open to the indiscriminate slaughter that awaits it the moment it steps over the line, and only too often, before. These beautiful animals, particularly in winter, display a decided tendency to stray down to the lower levels of the valley of the Yellowstone, and as they wander in the night it requires the greatest vigilance on the part of scout and soldier to drive them back in time to save them from the watchful inhabitants of the valley. During the last winter they often appeared mornings, browsing along the streets of the little town of Gardiner, just beyond the limits of the Park, tame as sheep. But for the prompt and energetic action of Captain Goode, the commanding officer at Fort Yellowstone, in organizing there a citizens' protective club, pledged to assist in the preservation of the game, it is almost certain the antelope would have been exterminated.

PROSPECTING.

A number of elk were also killed last winter at Jardin, a small mining camp on Bear Gulch, just outside the line. The town is a hotbed of poachers, and it is not uncommon to hear a man boast of the game he has killed under the very noses of the scouts. Only a few days ago a Livingston pawnbroker showed me a beautifully colored and perfectly matched pair of elk's tusks. "From an 8-pointer," he said. "Having the horns cleaned and varnished over the way now. Bear Gulch miner shot him in the Park. Sold me the whole lot for $13.50. Tusks alone will bring $25, and the horns, unmounted as they are, as much more."

"But is there not a big risk in killing over the line?" I asked. "The penalties are severe."

"No chance of getting caught," he replied. "Only 2 scouts in the whole Park, and they don't get over that way more'n once a year. An' there's no peachin' among the boys," he added, with a smile of pride at the high honor standard of his customers.

A SNIFF OF GOOD GRUB.

The fellow pointed to the weakest link when he mentioned the insufficiency of the scouts. This shows another lamentable result of the pitifully small appropriation. The number of scouts for another year must be limited to 2, where there should be at least 10. Two men to patrol a mountain district with an area of nearly 3,500 square miles, over which the underbrush is so thick that in summer it is almost impossible to force a passage away from the beaten trails, and which in winter is covered with 4 to 20 feet of snow! Two scouts to protect from man and beast the 50,000 elk and thousands on thousands of other living creatures that inhabit the waters, forests, mountains and valleys of this vast territory!

AMATEUR PHOTO BY S. K. FISHEL.

MULE DEER.

"I can take you," said Scout Peter Holt to me last winter, "where a good trapper can make $50 a day catching beaver, and never a soul be the wiser; and I can take you to a thicket over along Pelican valley where a first-class marksman with a Mauser or a Savage can pick off the whole herd of buffalo in 2 or 3 days. The heads are worth $300 to $500, to say nothing of the hides, and he would stand a good chance of getting them out and away without being caught. I have covered on *skis* over 2,000 miles this winter," he continued, "and Morrison has done as much more, and it was months between the times we would be at some of the outlying points. There's that part of the Park bordering on the Jackson Hole country. They kill elk down there, both in and out of the Park, just for the tusks, these passing as legal tender, in trade or in gambling, at $5 a pair. There's only one soldier stationed on that side of the divide, and he can't begin to look after all that territory. There should be at least 10 scouts, and twice as many could be used."

AND ANOTHER.

To assist in the work of protection, there are, of course, the soldiers stationed at Fort Yellowstone and at the 9 summer and 6 winter stations at various points through the Park; but their work, while effective in its way, is not to be compared with that of the scouts who have spent a dozen or more years in the Park, as have those now on duty. Changed, as they have been, on an average of once in 9 or 10 months, the soldiers have neither the opportunity nor the incentive to learn the lay of the country, the haunts and habits of the game, and the districts most accessible and profitable to the poacher, as has the scout who is hired for a long term of years. Then, too, the scout is a picked man, especially adapted to the work in hand. The soldier may or may not be. Each has his own line. The scout may be likened to the detective, useful in locating the criminal; the soldier, to the policeman, useful in securing the criminal when located.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. R. FREEMAN.

YOUNG PELICAN ON PELICAN LAKE.

Along with the disappointing announcement of the small appropriation for protection came also the news that no action had been taken on a matter that has been most earnestly and persistently urged by every acting superintendent for the last 5 years; that of restraining the Transportation Company from cutting hay or pasturing its stock within the limits of the Park. Here we come to the root of the evil; political influence used for the furtherment of private ends. The Transportation Company, not satisfied with the valuable privileges granted it by the Government, which have made it by long odds the best paying business in the Park to-day, must

AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. R. FREEMAN.

RESTING AFTER A LONG RUN.

needs increase its gains by cutting hay and pasturing its horses in the 2 or 3 large valleys that are best adapted for feeding grounds for the game. When called to account by the acting superintendent the Company has calmly sought refuge behind the political influence of certain of its members in Washington, and dared the Park authorities to do their worst. When the time for the annual appropriation comes around the wheels are again set to work; and with what result? An appropriation of $113,000 for roads, to be maintained by the government and used for the profit of the Transportation Company, and $5,000 to protect the game. This $5,000 has to provide for the salaries of 2 scouts and the clerk of the Interior Department; for any hay that may be bought for animals in captivity; and for contingencies arising that can in any way be laid at the door of protection. Last year the expense of fighting a large fire near Shoshone lake would have caused a deficit had not the constructing engineer, Captain Chittenden, generously come to the aid of the fighters with a force of men from the road gang, thus saving the expense of hiring men from a distance to assist in the work.

Still, not satisfied with driving the game from the valleys and turning legislation to its own ends, the Transportation Company has used its Washington influence to set aside any and all who may oppose it, and for the last 5 years has accomplished the transferment of every acting superintendent who did his duty and tried to check the rapacity of the grasping corporation. To the honor of Captains Anderson, Brown and Goode be it said that with the certainty of removal from one of the pleasantest posts in America staring them in the face, they unflinchingly enforced the laws where they could, without fear or favor, and to their persistent effort for protection, in the face of insidious opposition, it is due, more than to any other cause, that the wild animals of the Yellowstone are to-day, with few exceptions, thriving and increasing. Let us hope that in the near future our Government, which has ever had the reputation of rewarding its servants who do their duty, may awaken to a realization of the true situation and aid, rather than retard, the enforcement of its own laws.

The most serious effect of the hay cutting is the driving of the buffalo from their old home in Hayden valley. The last winter's count of the buffalo gave only 8 cows, 5 bulls and 5 calves, with traces of but 2 or 3 more.

The bison is the only species of game that is on the decrease; and this decrease, it is confidently expected, will be checked

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. R. FISHEL.

A GOODLY BUNCH OF MULE DEER.

when an additional appropriation will make it possible to introduce a new strain into the decaying herd.

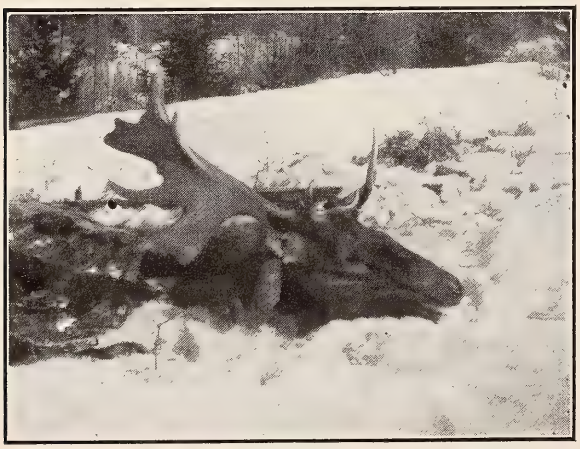
AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. R FREEMAN.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP ON MT. EVERTS.

Of the mountain sheep, on account of the inaccessibility of their haunts, little is known, and the picture here published was obtained only with the exercise of the greatest care and patience. They are supposed to be increasing, however, as their habitat on Mount Everts is an ideal one, and their only scourge is the mountain lion.

The antelope, to the number of 700 or 800, frequent the valley of the Gardiner river, near the Northern boundary. A few are killed by coyotes, but the construction of the Gardiner canyon fence, referred to above, would undoubtedly leave them in a position to thrive and increase.

All the other game is rapidly growing in numbers. Even the trout in the streams, despite the great numbers caught in years past, appear to be rising faster than ever this spring, and 5 and 6-pounders from the Madison and Firehole rivers are not a rarity.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. R. FREEMAN.

SCABBY ELK WITH ABNORMAL ANTLERS.

The elk are more numerous than any other animal in the Park. They are often seen in herd of 1,000 or more, and their aggregate is variously estimated at 35,000 to 60,000. Some of the young are killed by coyotes and mountain lions, and many of the old ones die from scab or are killed near or over the borders, without their numbers seeming in the least to decrease. Scab, a disease confined exclusively to the bulls, appears to be a sort of a skin affection arising from the animals taking cold in their wounds after fighting together. The scouts have orders to shoot on sight all so affected. The accompanying illustration of a scabby elk not only affords a remarkably good example of the wasting away of the body under the disease, but presents a curious freak in the way of a horn. The old fellow was shot by scout Morrison. The horn shown in the picture bears a close resemblance to that of a moose, while the other horn, ill shaped and undergrown though it is, is not very different from the ordinary elk horn.

GUESTS OF THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

Bears, both black and silvertip, are increasing and becoming quite tame. They are inveterate thieves, however, and it takes the strongest kind of nail-studded, iron-sheathed doors to resist their teeth and claws. Visitors to the Park who may want to see evidence of the work of these marauders will find it on the outer paneling and casing of the back door of the kitchen of the Canyon hotel. The accompanying picture was taken by flashlight from the kitchen window, the bears having been diverted from their work on the door by some pieces of corn-beef thrown on the snow before the window.

The deer, mostly blacktail, while much preyed on by lions and coyotes, are increasing rapidly and becoming remarkably tame. They are most numerous around Mammoth Hot Springs.

Moose are rarely seen, as they frequent the Wyoming border, away from the trails and roads. The scouts report those seen in splendid condition, and they are believed to be growing in numbers.

Beavers exist in the Park in large numbers, the present stringent national laws seeming to have deterred the poacher from operating here. The beavers have houses on the Gardiner river and at other points

INVESTIGATING THE HOTEL YARD.

not far from the road, but the wary little fellows are seldom seen by others than the most careful watchers.

The mountain lions and coyotes are, without doubt, responsible for the greatest slaughter among the game. Both are shot on sight, and their destruction is encouraged by a liberal bounty. The coyote is most effectually disposed of by poison, and a few are caught in traps. Their extreme cunning makes either means difficult. In trapping, the greatest care must be exercised to provide a light drag for the trap, as the desperate little beast never hesitates to gnaw off his foot and free himself when once he finds himself fast.

Since the advent of Judge Meldrum, Special U. S. Commissioner, in September, 1898, poaching has steadily decreased. Out of 19 cases brought before him for violation of the Protective Act, the records show 17 convictions and but 2 discharges. This prompt justice, together with the fact that several of the offenders went behind the bars of the Wyoming penitentiary, seems to have effectually dampened the ardor of the professional poacher, and outside the instances mentioned early in this article there has been little trouble from them.

The greatest obstacle to successful protection at present lies, as I have pointed out, in the aggressive, selfish and unscrupulous policy of the Transportation Company in its attitude toward the laws and the enforcers of the laws. This can last no longer than it will take to bring about the enlightenment of Congress on the subject, and it is the duty of every reader of RECREATION, who has an interest in the preservation of the game, to see that his Congressman has the matter put fairly and squarely before him. When this obstacle is cleared away and the money secured that will fully carry out the plans at present projected for protection, Yellowstone Park will become not only the climax of all that is wonderful and sublime in scenic beauty, but also what it was originally intended to be—the home and refuge of the last of our game, where they may breed, live and die in peace and contentment, beyond the reach of the murderous hand of the game hog and the poacher.

FLINT.

GEO. W. BEATTY, M. D.

In the late fall days, when the lights and shades
Drift over the autumn sky,
With my setter Flint, I roam the glades
For the long-billed Wilsons shy.
Flint is a hero, tried and true,
Feathered and flecked with brown;
And his deep, rich black shows a tinge of blue
From his feet to his glossy crown.

'Tis late on a cold November day
When we come to a brushwood dell,
And seek out a pool, nestled deep away,
Where the Wilsons love to dwell.
The wind may blow, in its autumn rage;
It may whistle with chilly blast
As it sweeps the tops of the browning sage,
And bustles rudely past;
But in the depths of that fairy fen,
Where the wild winds can not reach,
By a crystal pool, in that quiet glen,
The jacksnipe walks the beach.

Slowly, by thicket and bramble,
Through briers and bittersweet,
My setter and I still ramble,
When lo! from beneath our feet
With a "scaip" that makes me tingle,
Sir Jack whirls through the air.
A shot! 'tis a difficult single,
And the bird flutters down, right there.

Along through this pleasant region,
A region bewitchingly sweet,
With flush on flush from his legion,
Birds fall, one by one, at our feet.
No wonder I love the old setter,
And no wonder we two agree;
For there is no friendship better
Than that which the dog bears me.

And I scoff at the term "Transmigration
Of souls" into animal kind;
For than man, the lord of creation,
Dogs are often more true and refined.
Rather grant that the soul of a setter
May take its abode in a man;
Men would be, I opine, rather better
If souls changed about on that plan.

THE WOODPILE.

FRANK H. SWEET.

What a satisfaction it is to see a generous, whole souled woodpile! It gives one a better opinion of the world, and brings up a rich flood of memories and associations. One has no need to be told that the owner is the father of half a dozen boys and girls, and that the neighbors like to gather under his roof during the long winter evenings, when the snow and wind outside but emphasize the warmth and cheer within. One has no need to call on the imagination to see the great pile of extra logs in the corner, awaiting their turn at the fiery carnival dancing and glowing in the fireplace; or the half circle of merry story tellers gathered about the hearth, eating apples and cracking nuts, and exchanging experiences of farming and hunting with one another.

There is something wonderfully warm and suggestive about the great hospitable looking pile. Every log has a whole evening of cheer and hilarity bottled up in its taciturn depths; every stick and piece of rough bark has a story of its own—reminiscences of deep, silent woods, and of birds and animals it has helped to nurse and shelter.

And this cheerful, glowing blaze in the fireplace is a fit ending for the rough barked old tree that has passed its life in such ministering service. If one listen closely to the snapping and cracking he may almost distinguish the chirps and love calls of the birds, the chatter of the squirrels and the low, distant soughing of the wind through its branches.

No wonder the farm boy grows to have a fondness for the woodpile. It is replete with associations and memories. He helped to cut and haul and pack the logs; and he has stories to tell of the chestnuts and walnuts and wild apples which they once yielded. He may declare that he "hates the woodpile," and that "cuttin' wood's the hardest work ever was," but it is mere bravado. When his friends come to see him he always takes them to the woodpile, and each has his favorite perch among the logs. He eats his apples on the woodpile, and it is on the woodpile that he dreams his plans and castles for the future.

During the late fall months, after seeding and shucking and apple gathering and cider making are over, the teams go into the woods and bring home the logs, which have been mellowing and seasoning since the winter before. Load after load, they are brought and heaped up, until the pile rises above the eaves of the sheds and stables. Then the real life of the wood-pile commences.

Saws and axes are brought from the woodshed and sharpened, and the boys select a sheltered spot on the South side of the great pile. The older ones saw and the others split, and the merry music of their saws and axes rings out through the keen December air. Profiting by their preoccupation the blue jays make frequent trips to the corn crib, and even the more venturesome squirrels occasionally steal from the woods near by. Sometimes the boys see them, and there is a sudden abandoning of saws and axes and a chase which rarely results in capture.

During the first few days the dogs circle about the boys, whining and wagging their tails, and trying to entice them away to the woods; but after a time they seem to understand that such frivolous pleasure must wait until the work is done, and they slink off to some sunny spot behind the logs, where they sleep and dream, and make the short peculiar barks which only dreaming dogs know.

Day by day and week by week the great pile of wood passes under the saws and axes, and is thrown out on the other side, to await its summons to the kitchen stove. After a time the small boys begin their part, and the newly split wood is packed into huge, symmetrical blocks that shall rise above the drifting snow which will presently come whirling down from the North and Northwest. Sometimes the girls come out to help, and then there is a gay passing of snowballs and much laughter and merriment.

What an open, large hearted hospitality such profusion of wood suggests. It never occurs to one that the owner may be niggardly or churlish. Such a pile of wood can only belong to a man whose heart is large enough to take in the whole neighborhood.

But what a contrast is the woodpile across the way. A few sticks, that even the house dog refuses to sleep behind. No wonder the boys are thin and sickly and the girls weak and discontented. One can scarcely imagine a smile, or a bit of laughter, or a jest, passing through a door that overlooks such a pile.

"You say you have had your entire company vaccinated? Where did you vaccinate the fairies of the ballet?"

"In the wings."—New York Herald.

FROM NEW YORK TO HEAVEN.

MYRA EMMONS.

"If you can take but one Western trip in your life let it be through the Yellowstone National Park."

Thus Louise, who had just returned from an extended tour of the West; so Gertrude and I, who had been undecided where to spend a precious month, set merrily forth to do the great Park, unattended by gallant knight, unguided by masculine wisdom.

Our first pause was at St. Paul, where we stopped to offer greetings to Mr. Chas. S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific, whose road is the only one leading direct to the Park, and to Mr. F. I. Whitney, of the Great Northern, who cheerfully promised to forgive us for not traveling over his line if we would agree to make amends in future.

Our young minds were unhampered by any knowledge of geography. Gertrude had but one guiding passion in visiting the West, a fixed determination to see Pike's Peak. In vain her friends explained that she would not pass within a thousand miles of it. She had heard of the clear atmosphere of the West, and she met all their arguments with an unconvinced and injured gaze. Coquina finally appeased her by telling her that if she would keep quiet when crossing the Missouri river she might hear Pike's Peak; and I forgave Coquina, first because I was going away for a long vacation, where I could recuperate, and secondly, because his suggestion offered a hope that I should have at least one period of quiet on the journey.

West of the Twin Cities the prairie lies like a beautiful wanton, laughing up at her sun lover, her golden hair tossed back in the wind, the velvety gauze of her garments streaming close about her in greens and grays, yellows, browns and burnt reds of rapture. Who can find that ride across the prairie tedious has no soul for color. To eyes that see, it is a riot of joy and glory.

The Western cowboy is an old story, and we were prepared to accept him as a matter of course, rather than a novelty, but his first appearance was picturesque. When the broken and jagged tumult of the badlands began to greet our eyes we kept watch for Medora in the hope that a premonition of the joy of seeing us might bring Howard Eaton to the train. What to us were the semi-historic ranches of President Roosevelt and the Marquis di Mores compared with a visit from that genial spirit of the badlands! As the train drew into the station 3 flying horsemen, in full cowboy regalia, appeared from nowhere, dashed madly across our line of vision, and with joyous whoops wheeled up in front of our car, all unconscious, oh masculine subtlety! of our entranced gaze. What a group they made against the background of red buttes cutting a ragged line across the sky!

"Those are some of Mr. Eaton's cowboys," said the porter.

"Perhaps they would take your card to Mr. Eaton," suggested Gertrude.

A more helpless and pathetic picture than a cowboy with a lady's visiting card in his hand it is impossible to imagine. Subdued, quelled and dejected, he first tried sticking it in his hat. Then, apparently fearing that might be disrespectful he essayed his belt. That seemed equally hopeless, and not knowing enough about his attire to make suggestions, we saved him further embarrassment by returning to our car. We eventually decided he solved the problem by putting the card down his boot. When the train started all recovered their spirits, and gave us a farewell exhibition of horsemanship West Point can never hope to touch.

Two days and a night took us to Livingston, where a stop of 20 minutes gave us a chance to take a much needed walk up and down the platform. At the imperious "All aboard," we sprang up the steps of the nearest car and walked with light and airy tread through the train toward our sleeper in the rear. A porter looked at us curiously.

"Weren't you ladies going to the Park?" he asked with something more than friendly interest in his tone.

"Yes."

"Well, this train goes to Portland. Your car for Cinnabar was switched off here," he explained kindly, as the "North Coast Limited" sped joyously onward. The shriek that rang through that train might have stopped a bigger engine than the one which was rapidly bearing us away from our baggage and our rightful destination.

"Yes, yes, they'll stop it," said the porter soothingly, meantime regarding us with watchful eyes, that we should not hurl ourselves from the overland flier. Fancy the Empire State Express having a heart for feminine distress! But the long, heavy train of the Northern Pacific was gallantly brought to a standstill, and chances were taken on making up the time. We were helped off and for the first time in our lives we walked the ties. Walked? Rather ran, with an occasional flying leap, which I particularly recommend as a novel banting exercise. Not the least of our distress was that the Cinnabar train was already due to leave us, and as we fled over the cinders we waved frantic signals, which we hoped might be seen and heeded.

Fortunately for us, Major E. W. Bach, Secretary of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, was on the Cinnabar train and, as we were later to learn, the traveler who comes under the care of the Transportation Company is safe from all anxiety. The Park train waited; and every resident of Livingston was on the platform to enjoy the situation when we arrived. Breathless? Try running a mile at an altitude of 4,000 feet if your habitat is the sea level. During the subsequent short ride from Livingston to Cinnabar, Gertrude and I were objects of curiosity and interest to all our fellow passengers, who invented many and varied excuses for coming into our car to take a look at "those women who held up 2 trains." We could not help discovering after a time that the sightseers were disappointed in us because we did not furnish a fitting climax by dropping dead of heart disease.

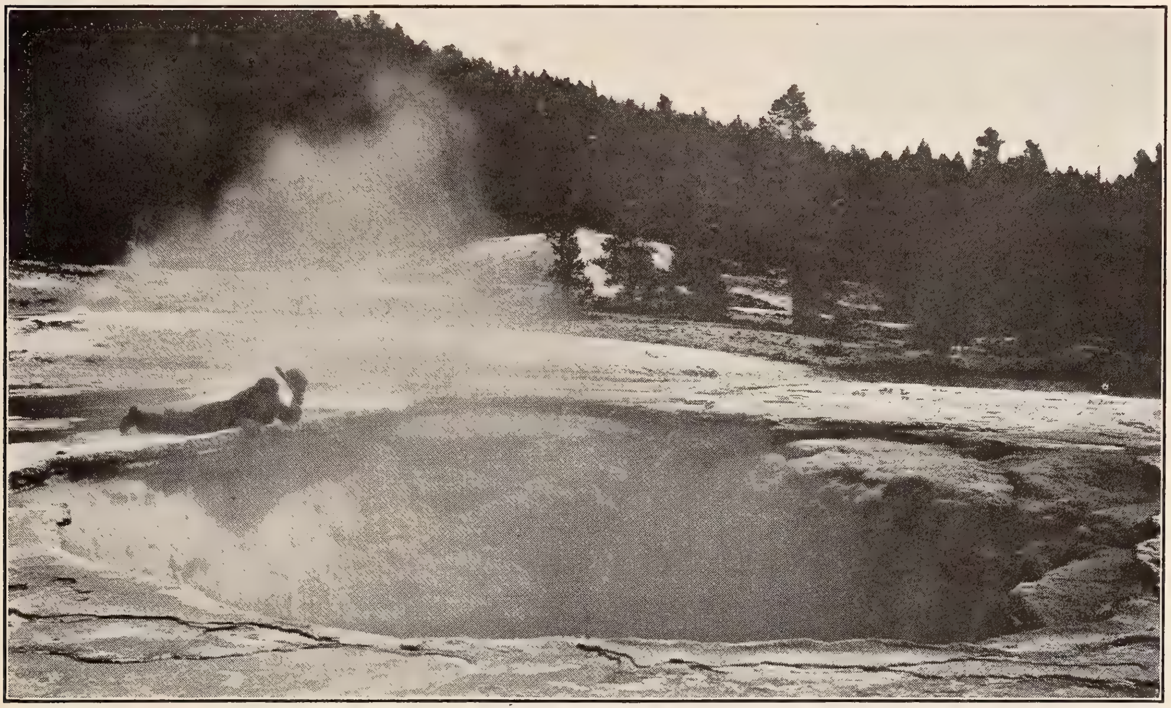
At Cinnabar the picturesque and practical are delightfully mingled for the service of the traveler. As the passengers alight from the train the great comfortable yellow stages of the Transportation Company promptly whirl down to the platform to gather them up. The weather-beaten drivers, in their soft slouch hats and dust-colored clothes, look the incarnate history and romance of the wild West. The company has already been advised by wire of the exact number of passengers for the Park, and has provided ample stage room. There Gertrude and I dropped all care of tickets, luggage, berths, meals and service on to the broad shoulders of the Transportation Company and gave ourselves up to sight seeing and joy.

It would never be possible to forget the emotions aroused by the drive from Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, as the warm dusk of the September evening crept up from the valley of the Gardiner river to wrap at last in its purple folds the towering crags above us. Gertrude and I had mentally all but defied the West to give our frazzled New York nerves a thrill. At the foot of the great hills it came to us and left us without words.

CLEOPATRA TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

That night we had dinner at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The trip from there through the Park can be made in 5 days. At each important point of interest commodious hotels and lunch stations have been built, and the drives between are of easy distances along a line of varying wonders. The hotels and stages are all under the control of one company. As a matter of convenience to himself the traveler pays his bills for the entire trip in advance, and the company does the rest.

The wise voyager will, however, make no such flying visit. We will tarry long at Mammoth Hot Springs, to clamber about the rainbow-hued terraces, to watch the moon rise with a new splendor behind the giant hills, to fall asleep to the sound of taps from the fort and to waken at the call of reveille. He will linger at the Fountain House to make venturesome plays with the bears that come each night and morning to the hotel garbage heap for food. He will refuse for weeks to depart from the Upper Geyser Basin, where he can have the pure joy of living in a tent, while at the same time surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of civilization. He will move not his feet from the Lake House, where the winds that sweep across the silver lake of Yellowstone bite and thrill like a first kiss. He will leave his happy home to take care of itself while he lives among primeval forces at the Grand Canyon until the early snows drive him forth, a rejuvenated, renerved, buoyant, vigorous being, ready to take up anew any battle of life that may come his way.



CRATER OF GIANTESS GEYSER, UPPER BASIN.

The perfect care which the Transportation Company takes of travelers is to me one of the wonders of the Park. They leave the tourist nothing to think of but the scenery; and that is enough.

On one point Gertrude and I were agreed and determined; we did not wish to acquire information. We declined to become an understudy for a guide book. It was vain for Major Bach to draw us neat little maps of the Continental Divide, showing where great rivers part to meet no more, flowing each to its own ocean. In vain to tell us there were more than 4,000 springs and 100 geysers in the 70 miles square of Park, and that the altitude of the Great Divide was over 8,000 feet. Gertrude would turn on her baby stare, before which no living man could confine his mind to cold facts. We were in search of rest, color and thrills. The Park furnishes all; pre-eminently color.

Standing on the great white and red and yellow and brown plateau of Jupiter terrace we had our first sight of the marvelous boiling springs and pools, and drenched our souls in color, which to Gertrude was turquoise, to me green, and which no man knoweth. From that day on we drove through miles of canyons, gorges, forests, mesas; past peaks and cliffs, lakes and streams; past hugh crevasses where giants at play when the world was young had piled boulders and crags in mad confusion; up and up; looking down on the tops of great mountains covered with the slim, spearlike firs of the Rockies; all a tumult and riot and joy of color. We were drunk with greens and purples, browns, blues, yellows and greys. Sometimes we stopped and guides convoyed us up and over white terraces, past boiling pools of green and gold and blue, past spouting geysers of silver and crystal and rainbows until we were dazed and dumb with wonder and awe. Why try to describe it? Send to Mr. Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, for a copy of "Wonderland," which gives facts and figures and views.

Mr. Child, President of the Transportation Company, kindly turned on a full moon in our honor, to crown the wonder of the scenes. He also turned on the Giantess, one of the hugest of the great geysers, which travelers do not always see in action, as the lady only disports herself at intervals of 14 days. We were specially conducted up on to the terraces which surround her and sat there several hours while the moon came up dimly over a mountain, behind a veil of mist, and shed a ghostly light on the weird white wrath of roaring water, steam and spray. When the eruption subsided we were led to the edge of the pit and allowed to look down into the ghastly hell, where with many roars, bellows, snorts, groans and shrieks the Giantess was churning up water and steam for another demonstration of her unspeakable rage. Gertrude looked around at me over her shoulder with large, apprehensive eyes and said, impressively,

"I'm going to reform."

Someone with a graceful and artistic imagination has had the naming of the geysers, pools, springs and other objects of interest in the Park; as witness Turquoise, Morning Glory, Emerald, Topaz and Electric pools, Rainbow lake, Chrome spring, Orange and Lone Star geysers, Angel terrace, Cleopatra terrace, etc. Picturesque also is the suggestive infernal nomenclature, Hell's Half Acre, the Devil's Ink Pot, the Devil's Frying Pan, his Thumb, his Elbow and other royal appurtenances.

One name I resent. It is Old Faithful; which, by the way, is always referred to as "she," while many of the other geysers are mentioned as "it." This sex distinction is unquestionably made because of the constancy of the great geyser; but is the lady wise to be so timely and reliable in her displays of her beauty? Not so. She has received in return only a contemptuous name and she is given far less attention than she really deserves, because she is always there. "Oh, we can go to see Old Faithful any time; she plays every 70 minutes," is the oft-heard comment of guide and tourist. "Let us look at something else first."

Ladies, is the moral clear?

One memorable day Gertrude and I were granted the privilege, much coveted by Park travelers, of sitting beside the driver of the coach. He was introduced to us as Doc Wilson, and we stared at him with respectful awe. He looked as gentle as a *debutante,* but to us he represented a dark and mysterious, perhaps a "bluggy" past. We were in doubt how to address him, not daring to venture the familiar "Doc" indulged by his acquaintances, and fearing he might resent with firearms the effete "Mister" of the East. After a hurried secret consultation we decided to skate over the difficulty as lightly as possible, to say "Mr. Wilson" if necessary, and to rely on our youth and innocence to protect us from his possible wrath.

The traveler who sits beside the driver is also perched on the insecure and perilous horns of a dilemma. He may ask questions and be guyed in reply, or he may sit silent and discreet. The wise tourist does the former. He has to stand the derisive jesting which the drivers feel it their privilege to bestow, with sarcastic smiles at "all them fool tenderfoot questions"; but he saves himself from being disliked. There is nothing a Park driver resents more than he does the tourist who by failure to exhibit his own imbecility deprives the driver of his rightful joy of guying. Besides, the inquisitive one gains rich and varied Western lore; as witness the story told us by Doc Wilson of the 2 road agents who held up a stage load of government officers; of the driver who robbed his own stage, which was carrying many thousand dollars of government money but no passengers; and of the 2 desperadoes, who, one black winter night, compelled 8 vigilantes, out in search of a horse thief, to throw up their hands.

The only wild animals we were so fortunate as to see in the Park were bears and chipmunks, though Gertrude assured me she caught a glimpse of a cottonwood rabbit, and kept an anxious lookout for a side-hill gouger, one of the guides having fired her imagination by his description of the same. Everyone knows the Yellowstone Park grizzlies, and there are said to be about 50,000 elk and many deer in the Park, but with unappreciated modesty they kept behind the range. Spring and early summer are, of course, the best times to see the wild animals, and to get in close touch with them one should spend many weeks in the Park, making headquarters at one of the comfortable hotels and taking short side excursions into the hills.

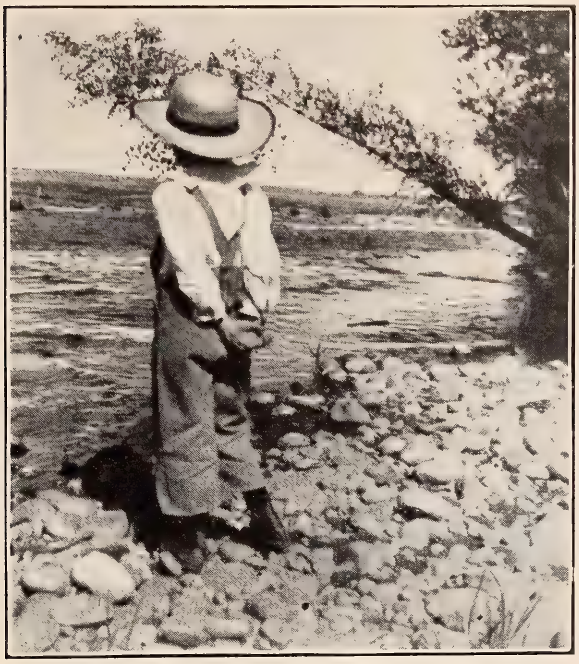
All other wonders of the Park but lead up to the Grand canyon and falls of the Yellowstone river. We reached them the afternoon of the fourth day, with thick heartbeats of anticipation. There was nothing to say. People do not talk much, looking down on the walls of eternity and the waters that leap from the Throne. We had wanted emotion. The only one of which I was conscious was a wish that my mother might stand beside me just then. What faithless friends are adjectives! We had juggled them all our lives, and they deserted us. A shirt-waist girl said, "Isn't it pretty!" Gertrude and I looked at each other in despair and tacitly admitted that one word would serve as well as another. "She hath done what she could," murmured Gertrude; which relieved the strain on my feelings.

It was a silent party that walked slowly back to the carriages, but in each memory was burned a picture of color and wonder and glory, never to be shared with another unless he also can say, "I, John, saw these things."

A HALF DAY OF RECREATION.

T. M. PIERCE.

The Gallatin river, locally known as the West Gallatin, heads in the Yellowstone National Park and runs North through and nearly the entire length of, Gallatin county, Montana, where it joins the Jefferson and Madison to form the Great Missouri. The Gallatin is about 100 miles long. It abounds in trout, whitefish and grayling and furnishes many a happy and exciting hour for the angler. Bozeman, where I live, is 7 miles East, and 30 miles from the mouth of the Gallatin. June, July and August are the best months with the fly, though an expert angler or a bait fisherman may have good sport in any month.



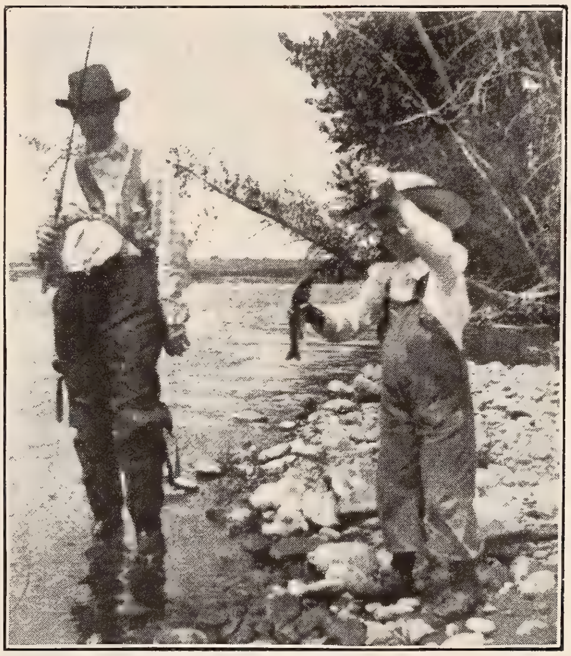
AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. T. M. PIERCE.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

On the evening of June 19 Mrs. Pierce said, "Suppose we go to the West Gallatin to-morrow morning."

"All right," I said. A trip down town myself for supplies, a visit to the dark room and the filling of a tin bread box by Mrs. Pierce and we were ready. Seven o'clock the next morning found Mrs. Pierce, "the boy" and me spinning along in a single buggy on our way to the river. It was an exhilarating ride.

We reached the river at 8.30 a. m. While Mrs. Pierce was arranging the camp, I adjusted my line and rod and stepped out to the edge of the stream to try the water. Casting downward, I was not successful until I had gone about 100 yards, when near the roots of a fallen tree, where a swift current ended in a deep pool, "swish" went the water, my line tightened and my rod began to bend. Holding steady I reeled in a yard or so of line and prepared for a fight. Suddenly, from an apparent standstill, my catch started up the stream. Just what I wished, to get away from the roots of the old tree. Twenty-five or 30 feet was all I desired, but my catch seemed to think otherwise, for on he went, with me on a trot over boulders, a close second. Up he went through a strong riffle into smoother water nearly 100 yards. Then he began to lag and I quietly pulled him to the water's edge, where he lay limp and completely exhausted. I stepped out and taking hold of the line lifted a 1½ pound trout from the water. Mrs. Pierce, who had witnessed the home stretch, appeared just in time to get a snap shot of the closing scene. I have had many a fight with a trout and many a play, but this was my first 100-yard sprint with one. The try of the water was satisfactory.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. T. M. PIERCE.

PAPA I VE GOT HIM.

Returning to camp, I donned my fishing outfit and we went to a point higher up the stream.

"Where are you going?" asked my son.

"To find a good fishing place," I answered.

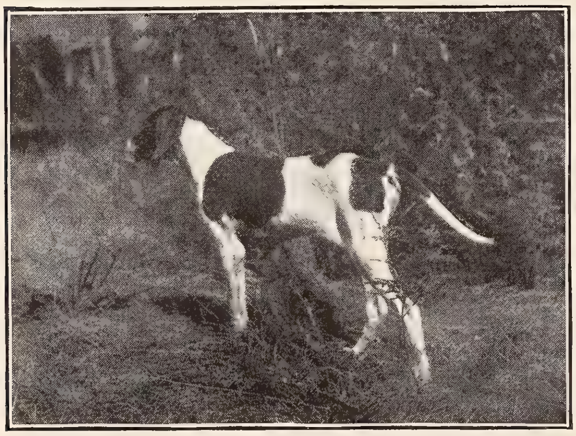
"I will find one," said the boy, running ahead. When we came out of the woods he stood on the brink of the river in a

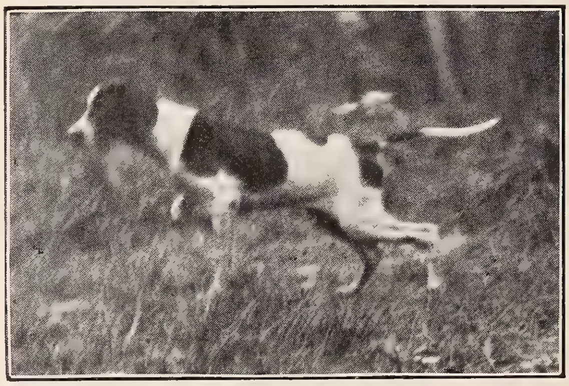
"What are the Wild Waves Saying" posture. He had found what he thought a good place. I cast well out, and in the second cast I landed a pound trout at the feet of the boy.

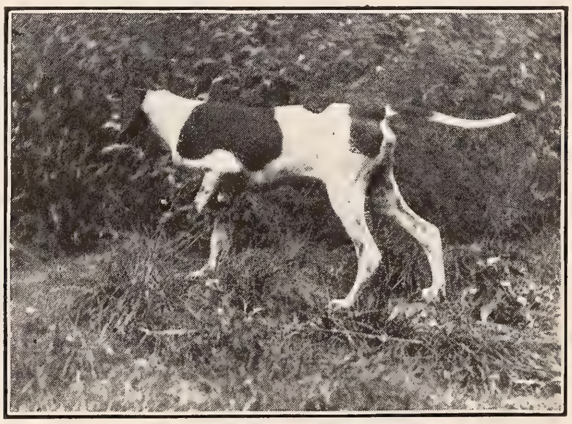
In about an hour I had landed 6 more, and began to feel that the light breakfast of the morning was long in the past. Mrs. Pierce having snapped a sufficient number of woodland scenes, we returned to the camp and were soon feasting on bacon-fried mountain trout, light bread and butter, washed down with good strong coffee, such as can only be made over a camp fire and enjoyed at an outdoor breakfast. At one o'clock we were at our home gate, somewhat tired, but feeling that our half day of recreation had been a success.

A CLEVER YOUNGSTER.

I send you herewith 3 photos of my 4-months-old puppy, King Cyro, out of King Cyrano, pointing at the word "steady," in my back yard. There is not a living thing ahead of him, chicken, cat or sparrow; nothing but weeds and grass. In No. 1 the wrong foot is up, and in No. 2 the focus was not right. No. 3 was the worst of all. At that point I picked him up short, and he did not have time to get a graceful pose. It takes lots of breeding to have a little puppy do this kind of work. This puppy is a handsomer dog than his father. F. M. GILBERT, Evansville, Ind.







AMATEUR PHOTO BY FRANK M. GILBERT.

She—So you lost your friend in the Klondike. Where was he buried?

He—He wasn't buried. He met a bear.
—The King.

A BOY AND A GROUSE

HARRY LEONARD.

It doesn't seem so long ago, but it must have been, for I was a small boy then. Our hunt began early Thanksgiving day. My father, uncle and I were to have a grand grouse hunt. I lay awake all the night before, getting up every hour or so to see what time it was. But I must have slept at last; for the next I knew I was pulled out of bed by the heels and told to hurry, which I certainly did. Such scrambling about, such a hurried breakfast; and then, after guns and cartridges were ready, we started.

It was a regular hunter's morning; not the kind you hear about, with the sun bursting into glistening radiance. Oh, no; it was a damp, foggy morning, with the grass sodden and squishy under foot, and every limb or leaf we touched ready to pour an icy rivulet down our necks.

A short walk took us to the woods, and we deployed in single column. I was ordered to the extreme right wing. This was thoughtfully given me, as I remember, because there I would be in less danger of getting a grouse. Stealthily, with Indian like tread, I moved along, so noiselessly, in fact, that in 10 minutes I was left so far behind the others I could barely hear them crashing ahead like a yoke of steers. How many sounds there were to investigate! At every rustle my gun jumped to my shoulder at full cock. After a half hour's practice, I had covered all the inanimate objects in sight, and began to realize I had not yet seen a grouse.

I soon came to a brook which I wished to cross. It was too wide to jump, so I followed it along some distance. Where it was a little narrower, a flying leap took me almost across. As I drew myself out of that icy water I could not doubt there were things in this world more enjoyable than a grouse hunt.

On I started again, timed by the regular swish! swash! of my soaking shoes. It began to drizzle, then it turned to rain, and how it poured! Not reflecting that I was as wet as I could be, I sought a big fir tree and got under shelter. I leaned against the trunk to think how I could get a grouse. I was soon awakened from my revery by becoming aware that trees leaked and that this one had a particularly bad puncture. Incidentally this had flooded my back and the seat of my trousers. Full of wrath at being so imposed on, I renewed my tramp, bound to bring some game to bag.

Soon I came to an old wall, and as I was getting over I saw game. There was no mistaking it. A gray squirrel was making a beeline for the top of a big chestnut tree. Ah, ha! here was my chance, or here would have been my chance if that squirrel had stopped on my side of the tree. I soon discovered, it made no difference which side I was on, he was on the other. Threaten and storm as I would, I could not induce him to show more than the tip of his tail. At that I fired; and as the stars paled and faded away I realized I had drawn first blood; not from the squirrel but from my nose.

That indeed called for drastic measures, and for 10 minutes I poured a regular Boer fusilade into that tree. Such a bombardment those woods never heard before, and probably never will hear again. As the smoke cleared, I saw victory perched on my banner. Most of the treetop was blown away and a bedraggled and ill used gray squirrel lay dead at my feet.

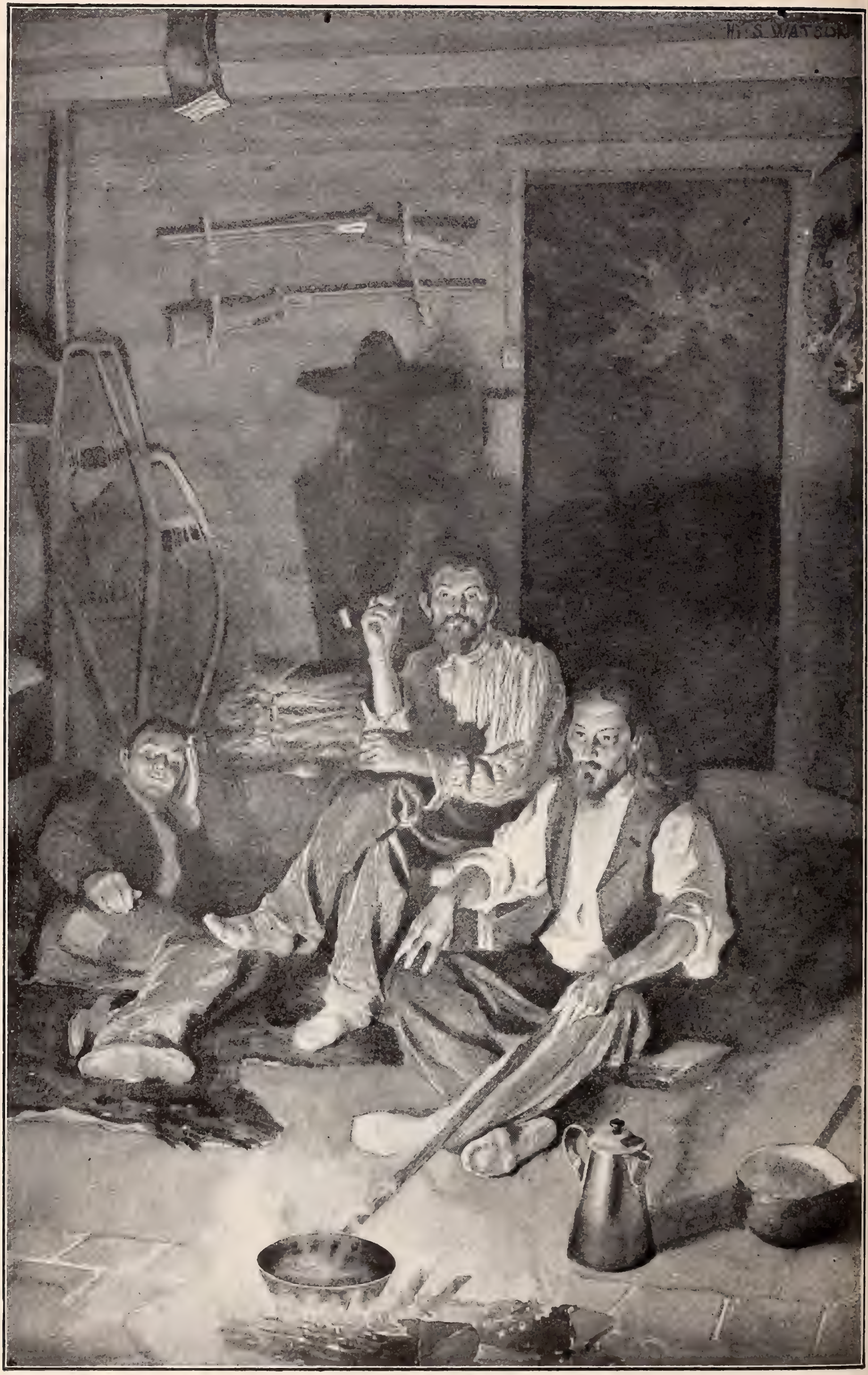
My stomach then struck for more work. Since that day I have often wondered why the rest of man so differs from his stomach. Having nothing to quiet those pangs. I gathered in my game, dumped it in my cartridge bag, which was nearly empty, and started for home. I had gone but a short distance when a bass drum and a pair of cymbals flew up from under my feet. Then the rest of a brass band got up all around me and let loose. When I gathered my scattered senses the last grouse was just sailing out of sight. I promptly raised my gun and blew a hole a foot square in a tree 40 yards behind him.

I then hastened in the direction they had taken, having made up my mind not to become rattled again.

In a short time I heard a soft rustling of leaves, and suddenly the ground around me seemed alive with grouse. I finally selected a bird that was running along with his neck stretched. I aimed just ahead of him and fired. Then there was music again! The air was full of whirring birds, but the one flapping on the ground was the only grouse in the world for me.

Dropping everything, I grabbed my bird with both hands, and he was indeed dead when I loosened my hold.

Happy? Look back, ye sportsmen, to the days of your first grouse, and remember the thrill that went through your heart when you picked up that bird. Gosh! wasn't it a buster?



"'TIS THE CRISPING OF THE BACON AND THE DANCING OF THE FIRE."

A CANINE CRIME.

A. A. FIELD.

"The wild creatures are human, with a wide difference. They have the keenest powers of perception, but they have little or no powers of reflection," says John Burroughs, who is one of the closest observers of animals. There are, however, too many illustrations to the contrary to justify affirming that animals or birds are devoid of the faculty of reflection. Possibly some animals have absorbed reflective reason through domestic association with the human kind, but that would be difficult to determine. The following incident, the truth of which is vouched, indicates that reflective reason was a strong agent in at least one dog's mind:

A short time ago a cat and a dog were happily domesticated in the same family, though, as was evident to a keen observer, they led a dual life in their relations with each other. Though constantly courteous in their associations when before the public eye, their mutual feelings of hate and aversion were manifest when supposedly alone or when they met around the corner. One day the whole family left the house for a short absence, leaving the cat and dog entirely alone on the premises. The dog met the family with effusive welcome on their return, but Mrs. Pussy was not in evidence. Her absence was unnoticed for a day or 2, as she sometimes took a furlough on urgent private affairs, until through accident her torn and mutilated body was found buried in a shallow grave which was unmistakably of doggish make. The body was completely covered with soft earth, which was carefully piled up over her. It seems that in the absence of restraining human tendencies the dog's hate had overcome his discretion. Meeting his enemy under favorable conditions he had made away with her and thought to hide his crime beneath the mound of sand. He must have determined that in case of the discovery of the mangled remains of the cat he would be mistrusted as the guilty party. Reflection told him that to hide the body was to hide his crime. His guilty confusion on being confronted with the dead cat was strong evidence against him as the party who committed the murder. His apparent shame or regret was perhaps more due to fear of punishment than to sincere repentance, as seems often to be the case with the human kind.

THE SPRUCE FIRE.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

When the traps have all been tended,
And the long, long round is done,
And the forest ways are filling
With the shadows, one by one,

Then we wake the somber cabin
With the lancing of the flame,
And our hearts know that contentment
Which our tongues can never name.

'Tis the silence of the forest
Crowding in upon our door;
'Tis the comfort of the bearskins
Lying wide upon the floor;

'Tis the languor, after tramping
All day long the twisting trail,
Through the alders and the spruces
And the naked maple swale.

'Tis the thought of work accomplished
Far from strife and vain desire—
'Tis the crisping of the bacon,
And the dancing of the fire,

THE CARPENTER'S CATCH.

W. H. TIPPETTS.

Carpenter was all the name he ever had. He got into so many scrapes while on the lake that he did not care to have his name known. He and Mace Stone used to have gay times fishing through the ice. One morning when the weather was mild the carpenter went for Mace to go trout fishing. He had a lot of perch he had caught through the ice in Heart bay, and as Mace was willing enough they started.

When they reached the big slide Mace chiseled out 3 or 4 good sized holes in the ice, for there was no knowing how large a fish they might catch. If they should hook a trout weighing 7 or 8 pounds and should have only a perch hole to pull him through there would be trouble. Mace cut the holes big enough for a whale. The carpenter sat down on the upturned bottom of his wooden pail and began to fish. Mace sat opposite, not 10 feet away. The perch for bait were in a milk pan on the ice half way between the 2 holes. Mace had taken with him plenty of good red liquor, and as the carpenter was partial to that kind of juice Mace let him have 4 or 5 nips before they had been there ½ an hour. It was strong stuff. Mace had bought it of Brodie when he opened that saloon and started in to sell the crowd straight liquor without watering it, with the result that all the bums in town were laid out paralyzed drunk. After that experience Brodie watered his whiskey.

But, as I was saying, the carpenter took 3 or 4 nips and then began to doze off. Then an idea hit Mace. He took that milk pan, turned the perch out on the ice, went over and pulled up the carpenter's line until he got the hook in his hand. All that time the carpenter was fast asleep.

Then Mace punched a hole in the bottom of the pan, tucked the hook through, fastened it, and by bending the pan a trifle managed to get it down into the water through the hole in the ice. When the line was all run out and the pan settled down to the bottom of the lake, where the water was nearly 100 feet deep, Mace went back to his own place and began fishing again. Then, all at once, he gave a haul at his line and an ear-splitting yell.

"Carpenter," he cried, "I've got a sockdologer!" and with that he began to pull in his line.

The yell so startled the carpenter that he began to tug on his line, and as the milk pan resisted and pulled back and kept skating off to one side and the other, the cuss thought he had, of course, hooked a big fish. Then there was a circus. The carpenter began to yell and pull in his line as though he was crazy; and the more he yelled and pulled the more the milk pan kept pulling the other way.

"Carpenter," yelled Mace, "won't yer go snucks? My fish has got away!"

"Not on yer life," said the carpenter. "I've got ther biggest trout on this line that ever came out of Lake George, and I'll land him if it takes a leg."

"Say, Carpenter," said Mace, "you and me is partners and it would be a square deal to go snucks."

But the cuss wouldn't listen to it. He pulled and he tugged. Then he looked down into the hole. Just then the sun came out.

"Great snakes!" he yelled. "He's a big one! I can see his eyes glarin' at me!"

That was too much! Mace rolled off his pail, speechless with laughter. Then the carpenter gave an extra jerk and up came the milk pan. He looked at Mace, sadly wound up his line, picked up his pail and started for Baldwin.

After that Mace had only to say "milk pan" and off the carpenter would scoot for home, saying never a word.

A WOODLAND TEMPLE.

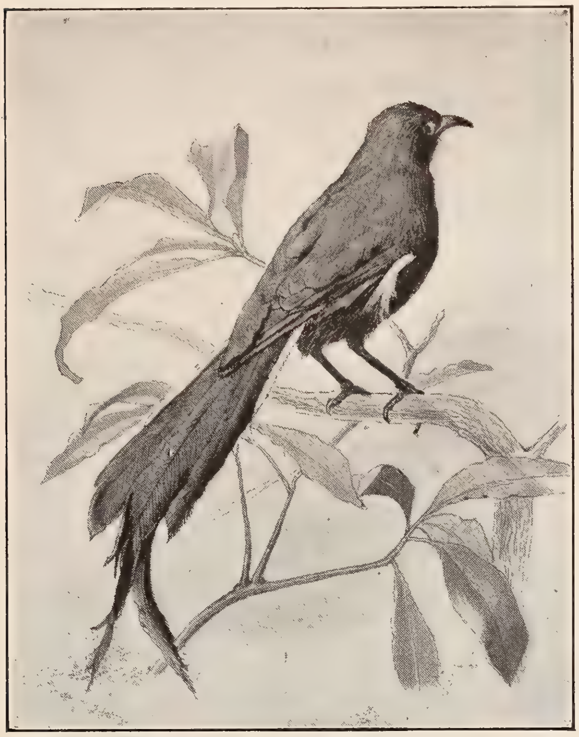
M. T. MALTBY.

Still aisles of snow through pillared trees;
Green boughs whose branches intertwine;
A gray rock altar, round whose knees
Cling Christmas ferns and running pine.

ROYAL FEATHER ROBES.

L. P. GRAY.

In Hawaii lives a shapely little bird, all black save a white strip on either side of the tail, and two tiny bunches of canary-colored feathers below the wings. It is not size, however, that always lends importance to the individual, for the small bird is no other than the Oö, or Royal Bird of Hawaii, noted for contributions to the wealth of the rulers of that country in time past. The wealth lay in the small tufts of yellow feathers, of great value, which the bird yielded to furnish material for the royal cloaks and mantles. The Oö was snared alive with great care and toil, and it is pleasant to relate that while the feathers were used for personal adornment, the bird was liberated, minus the little yellow tufts only. As the royal mantles were large and made almost entirely of these feathers, it will be readily understood what a long time it took to collect enough from this shy and comparatively rare bird to complete one garment. It was a custom of the kings to receive from their subjects a bunch of these yellow feathers in payment of a poll tax. The cloaks and mantles made of these feathers were considered the principal treasures of the rulers. The foundation of the cloak is a network of *olona,* or native hemp, to which the feathers (which overlap each other and lie flat) are attached by fine hempen thread, forming a smooth surface. The design is alternate figures, generally crescent shaped, either in red or yellow feathers. The upper border is corded with hemp and decorated with alternate tufts of red, yellow and black. The inner surface is without lining and shows the olona foundation and the quill ends. The red feathers used are taken from the neck and body of the *Drepanis coccinea,* the most abundant bird of these islands.



ROYAL BIRD OF HAWAII.

An extract from the Hawaii Spectator, a newspaper published in 1839, refers to one of these mantles in the following terms: "Kawkeaouli has the mams, or feather war cloak, of his father, Ta-mehameha. It was not completed until his reign, having occupied 8 preceding ones in the fabrication. A piece of nankeen valued at $1.50, was formerly the price of 5 of the yellow feathers. By this estimate the value of the cloak would equal that of the diamonds in several of the European royal regalia, and including the price of the feathers not less than $1,000,000 worth of labor was expended on the cloak, at the present rate of computing wages."

A mantle of this kind was exhibited in London at the International Fisheries Exhibition in 1883. This was presented by Queen Pomare of the Sandwich islands to Captain Thompson, for protection extended to her against the French in 1843.

In the National Museum at Washington, D. C., is a royal robe to which much interest is attached. It formerly belonged to Kekuaskalani, one of the noted chiefs of the Sandwich islands. In the year 1819, after the abolition of idolatry, that chief instituted a rebellion against the king and endeavored to reëstablish the ancient religions. The different factions met in a bloody battle, in which the chief was slain. The cloak, which he had on at the time, fell into the hands of the victorious party and thus became the property of King Kamehameha the Third, by whom it was presented to a captain of the U. S. Navy in 1840.

The time occupied in making one of these robes is estimated at 50 to 100 years.

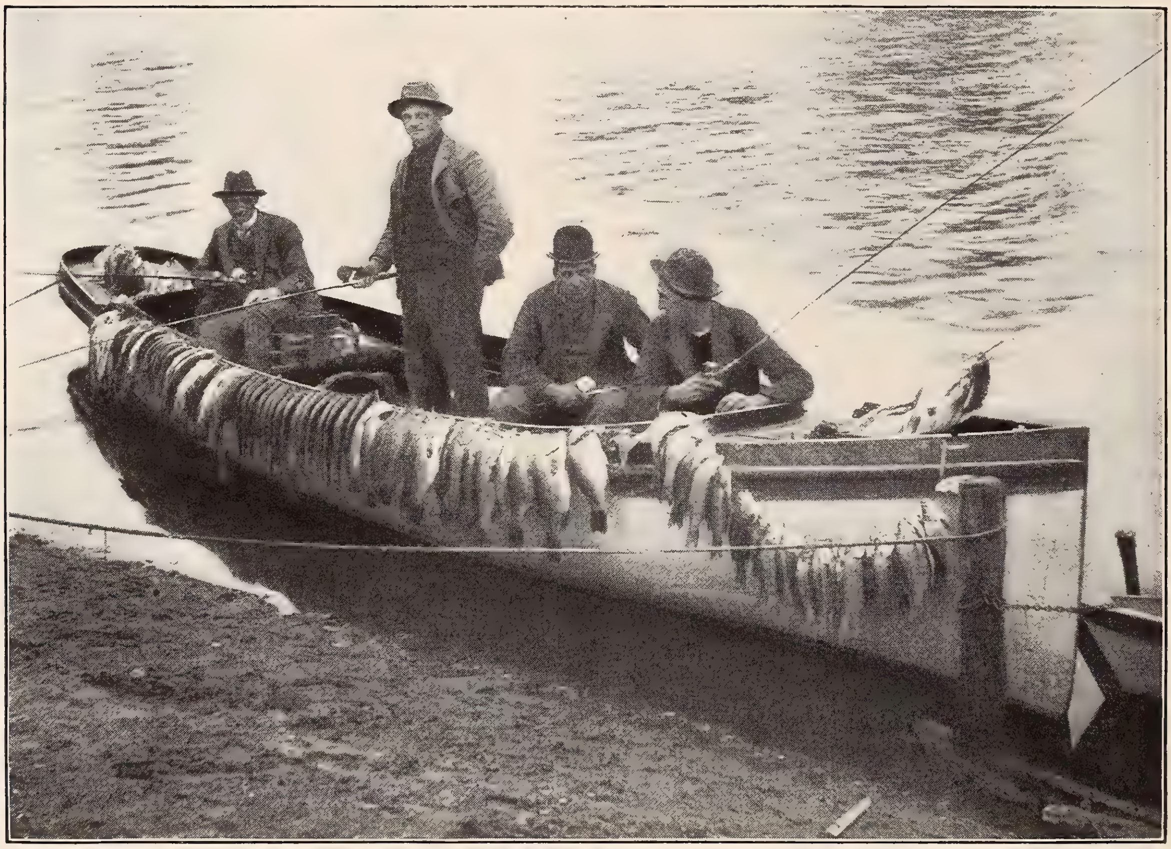
Katrine—I was reading this morning of a man who has cooked his own breakfast for 15 years.

Max—He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done.—Die Bombe.

WISCONSIN FISH HOGS.

The old style vulgar fish hog picture shown herewith, was recently printed in the Evening Wisconsin, of Milwaukee, and underneath it was the following caption:

> Above is a photograph of a fishing party consisting of Peter Hoop, Fred Dobinski, Elmer Davenport and Elmer Wightman, of Berlin, on their return from a 5-hour trip to Winneconne on the 6th of June, during which time they caught 200 white bass, 47 black bass, 31 pickerel and 18 pike.



BERLIN, WIS.

I wrote these men asking if the number of fish was correctly reported, and Elmer Davenport replied that it is correct. The man in the bow of the boat seems to be the only half way decent shoat in the herd. He appears to be ashamed of his part in the dirty work and has turned his face away from the camera. I hope he may now feel so thoroughly ashamed of his part in the making of this record that he may never be seen again in the company of bristle backs.—EDITOR.

Mrs. Bouncer—Ah! Professor, dear, there you are. I hope you enjoy good health?

Professor—Of course I do, when I can get it.—Moonshine.

ALASKAN HUNTING.

Many more people write me in regard to shooting in Alaska than I can find time to answer individually. As most of them are RECREATION readers, I take this method of replying.

To obtain 2 weeks of shooting in the best game section of Alaska will cost 3 months of time and not less than $500 a man, with plenty of hardship, and more mosquitoes, thrown in. The game to be had is bear, moose, caribou and mountain sheep. The best time to start is about June 15th, returning before the middle of September. The route is from Seattle to Illiamia bay, on Cook's inlet, and over the McKinley mountains to the hunting ground; thence down the Kuskokwin river, over the Yukon portage, down the Yukon river to St. Michael or Nome, and by sea to Seattle. My charges are $5 a day and all expenses from date of engagement to my return to Seattle. I am already engaged for the present year.

L. L. Bales, Alaskan guide,
Seattle, Wash.

Teacher—What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round?

Bright Boy—Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square.
—Boston Transcript.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a real sportsman

CAMP COOKERY.

Muskogee, Ind. Ter.

Editor RECREATION:

Last fall I spent 5 weeks on a hunting and camping trip with a party of 4, and most of that time acted as cook. We started with a large box of provisions, including bread and cake, but as our stock got a soaking the second day out, we were compelled to learn to cook over an open fire. For a time we existed on burned biscuits, half baked biscuits and batter cakes as thick and moist as pies. After many failures I learned to regulate the heat in the Dutch oven, and then cooking was a pleasure. Our utensils were:

4 white enameled cups, saucers and plates; the saucers were not used, however.

2 granite pie pans, small enough to go in the Dutch oven.

6 tin teaspoons.
4 knives and forks.
2 large, heavy spoons. I was sorry they were not of wood.
1 quart pan.
12 quart pans. These we used as vegetable dishes at meal time.
1 pancake turner.
1 short, sharp knife.
1 butcher knife.
1 large iron kettle.
1 Dutch oven.
1 frying pan, with long handle.
1 tin milk pan.
1 coffee boiler.

We had several half-gallon lard buckets, in which we packed soda, salt and various small parcels. We made some cloth bags in which to pack parcels of coffee, sugar, beans, etc.

When moving camp I found it convenient to cut slices of bacon in the morning and mix some cornmeal with salt and baking powder. Then at noon we did not have to unpack the large boxes.

As nearly as I can remember our supply of groceries consisted of these items:

Bacon, 12 pounds.
Coffee, 8 pounds.
Sugar, 7 pounds.
Navy beans, 2 or 3 quarts.
Condensed milk, 3 cans.
Cornmeal, 75 pounds.
Flour, 25 pounds.
Salt, 4 pounds.
Pepper, 1-2 ounce.
Butter, 10 pounds.
Yeast, 3 cakes.
Apples, 1 peck.
Sorghum, 11 gallons.
Soda, 1 package.
Baking powder, 1 pound.

Sometimes we got a few potatoes, and sometimes sweet or sour milk. Once we bought some eggs, and I made a cake. We ate it, for we were hungry, but it was not a genuine success.

We had squirrels, quails, ducks, wild turkeys and venison, which our hunters killed, but between times we used a great deal of bacon.

Our easiest and most satisfactory *menu* for all occasions was: Fried bacon, gravy, batter cakes, coffee.

Cut the bacon in thin slices and fry it crisp and brown, but do not let the edges burn. Take out on a plate and pour off almost all the grease. Make the gravy by adding ½ cup of flour and 1 teaspoonful of salt to the remaining grease in the frying pan. Stir well, add 2 cups of water and let it boil up once.

We had but one frying pan, so I used a tin pail for a gravy boat, and washed out the frying pan to make the cakes in.

Use the bacon grease to grease the frying pan for the cakes. For batter cakes, here are several rules to suit various conditions and tastes:

No. 1.

1 quart sour milk.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 teaspoonful soda.
Sufficient corn meal or flour to make a thin batter.

The cakes are nicer the thinner they are made.

No. 2.

1 quart water.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
1 teaspoonful salt.
Corn meal or flour.

No. 3.

2 cupfuls corn meal.
1 teaspoonful salt.
Water enough to make it wet, but not a thin batter as for the other rules.

An egg or 2 improves batter cakes, but is seldom found in a camper's outfit.

Biscuit.

1 quart flour.
2 tablespoonfuls grease.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
1 teaspoonful salt.

Mix thoroughly, then add water enough to moisten almost all the flour, leaving a little dry flour in the bottom of the pan to keep the fingers floured while moulding the biscuit. Make the biscuit about the size of an egg; lay them on a pie pan, and put in the oven. Do not bury the oven in coals;

put only a few under it, and half a shovelful on top. The biscuit should have sufficient heat to bake them in about 20 minutes.

Coffee for 4.

7 tablespoonfuls ground coffee to 5 cups of cold water. Let it just boil up thoroughly and add 1-2 cup cold water, which will settle the grounds.

Beans.

Soak 1 pint of beans over night in 3 pints of water. In the morning drain them, and put them in the kettle with 1 teaspoonful salt, 1-4 teaspoonful of pepper and a small piece of bacon. Fill the kettle 2-3 full of water and boil 3 hours, or until tender, and mealy, adding more water if they become dry.

To Fry Game.

Wash carefully, cut in convenient pieces and lay in the frying pan with sufficient grease to keep from sticking. Turn often, and salt when nicely done.

These are plain dishes, but will prove palatable to healthy hunters. Another time I will tell how to prepare more complicated dishes, such as stuffed squirrel, light bread, roast duck, deviled meat and apple dumplings.

Mrs. Archie Atwood.

SENATOR SMITH WOULD HELP THE GAME BUTCHERS.

Albert Lea, Minn.

Editor Recreation:

I greatly desire to aid and encourage you in your chosen work, in which I am deeply interested. As prosecuting attorney of this county for 8 years, I successfully enforced the game laws, secured many convictions (there were no acquittals) and established a wholesome respect for the game laws in this community. In order to do this I offered and paid liberal rewards out of my private means. I also organized a gun club with a large membership and induced the club to offer and pay rewards for assistance in game protection. During a portion of that time Samuel F. Fullerton was executive agent of the State Commission and enforced the game laws with energy, vigor and intelligence. During the 2 years previous to 1901 we had no encouragement from the State Commission; but with the change of administration the first of this year Mr. Fullerton was restored to his former position, fortunately for the interests at stake, and we are no longer ashamed to show our heads above water.

While I was on my Northern trip last fall my eyes were opened as never before to the grand preserves of big game within this State, and to the open, notorious and wholesale violations of the game laws. From the time we left home until our return we did not see a warden, and our licenses were never called for going or coming, during the trip of over 900 miles. Two of us came by rail over 400 miles with 5 deer in our possession, but it did not seem to be anybody's business to ascertain how or where we got them, or whether we were residents or non-residents, although the license fee differs from 25 cents for residents to $25 for non-residents.

I enclose a clipping from the St. Paul Pioneer Press, which has always consistently advocated the preservation of our forests and game. Fortunately, the bill of Senator J. H. Smith, described in one of the enclosures, can not possibly be enacted, but it illustrates the character of the individual offering it, and he should be given his just deserts in Recreation.

Contrasted with this measure we have passed a law prohibiting the sale of all kinds of game birds in this State. This should also be extended to game animals. Of course this man Smith did not support the bill. This is the only practical means of preserving game, and until the sale is prohibited, all other measures must necessarily prove abortive. There is no more reason why a man should be permitted to make his living by slaughtering birds and animals that he did not raise or have a share in propagating or protecting than there is why he should be permitted to prey on the flocks and herds of private individuals and have his depredations paid for by the State. Close the market, stop the sale, and the law will be self-enforcing. The pot hunter will sell his gun, kill his dog, and perchance undertake to earn an honest living; and the game hog will naturally slink into the pen you have so diligently provided for him, where he can be isolated, fumigated and disinfected at leisure.

My attention was particularly attracted to the article in March Recreation, "How to Stop Hounding," a subject which has received but scant attention, and for which no practical remedy has been previously suggested. From personal experience I know the remedy suggested in the above mentioned article can be made effectual. Last season our party of 5 made an extensive hunting tour through Itasca county, this State. Our first objective point was the Big Fork country. From Grand Rapids to the Big Fork we frequently heard hounds running deer. Our laws make it lawful for any person to kill hounds found running deer, and we took pains to make it understood wherever we went that we should kill any hound found running at large. It is marvelous the way that threat got abroad. While traveling during the day and when making camp at night we usually heard hounds running deer, but in the morning they were as silent as the tomb. Our stay in the Big Fork country was brief, but while we stayed the hounds were silent. We spent about 2 weeks within 25 or 30 miles of Grand Rapids, hunting deer. The day we located our permanent camp for the season we heard hounds running deer, and they did not cease until dark; but during the afternoon an *attaché* of a pot hunter's camp came our way and we told him any hound that came in range of our firing line would be killed. No hounds were afterward heard in that country during our stay, and some of the pot hunters left abruptly without leaving name or address. We were in a natural deer country, but at first the animals were scarce and hard to find. A few days' freedom from hounds, however, caused the deer to return to their accustomed haunts, and the hunting improved from day to day, so that at the end of our stay deer were much more numerous than when we arrived on the scene. Henry A. Morgan.

Following is the clipping to which Mr. Morgan refers:

Senator J. H. Smith introduced a bill in the Senate yesterday repealing 5 sections of the code, leaving it in such shape that it is valueless. The bill eliminates the section of the law making it a misdemeanor to have in possession game taken outside the State, when there is a closed season against such animals in Minnesota. It also repeals the section making the possession of contraband game prima facie evidence of a violation of the law, the section requiring common carriers to notify the commission of contraband shipments and the provision for arrests and convictions on such evidence, the section providing that all reference to having in possession game, birds or fish shall mean all parts of their flesh or meat, and the important sections allowing persons to take game and fish for scientific purposes, and to possess them when domesticated or grown in private hatcheries or preserves. This would knock out private trout ponds as well.

In addition to these changes, Mr. Smith adds a section allowing any person to kill game at any time on his own land, land leased or lawfully occupied. This section is contrary to the supreme court decision holding that the fish and game of the State belong to all its people and should be protected for their use.

The new section proposed by Senator Smith's bill is the most vicious thing that was ever aimed at our game laws.

STOP SPRING SHOOTING.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

Mr. Charles H. Smyth, Wichita, Kan.:

A subscriber has sent me a newspaper clipping stating that you and a friend killed 174 ducks on a recent trip. He calls attention to the fact that you are a member of this League, and pertinently inquires why you should set so bad an example for others outside of the League. As you doubtless know, the League as a body is radically opposed to spring shooting, anywhere and everywhere, and we are working hard all the time to secure the enactment of laws in all the States to prohibit this. It is unfortunate, therefore, that you or any other League member should engage in this kind of alleged sport at this late day. Please see marked paragraph in the circular herewith, containing report of the annual meeting of the League. I trust you may never again kill a bird in the spring when on its wav to its nesting grounds, and should be glad to hear from you on this subject. I hope you will accept this reminder in the kindly spirit in which it is tendered.

G. O. Shields.

The marked paragraph in my annual report is as follows:

Wisconsin has the honor of being one of the few States which have laws on their statute books prohibiting spring shooting. Unfortunately, an effort is being made by the market hunters and game dealers of the State to have that law repealed. The League, through its chief warden, Mr. J. T. Drought, of Milwaukee, is making a vigorous fight against these forces and we hope to be successful in defeating the effort of the game dealers and market hunters.

ANSWER.

I am in receipt of your letter and note carefully what you say. Spring shooting is practically the best that we get in this country. Our fall flights go through rapidly, and the time is short. If you gentlemen have the good of the game bird at heart, you will use your influence and efforts to stop the wholesale slaughtering of the birds in the South, on the Gulf, during November, December and January, for market purposes. There they are killed by thousands. You will also take up the matter of the robbing of the ducks' nests in the North, where carloads of wild ducks' eggs are annually shipped out. The birds come to us the latter part of February in splendid condition. I do not approve of any killing after the first of April, and have never practiced any myself. It is true that 2 gentlemen and I killed 174 ducks, but we were 3 days doing it. That is 19 ducks to a gun for a day's shooting. It is not a wholesale slaughter, as you seem to wish to intimate in your letter. I pride myself on being a sportsman. I have always discouraged the breaking of the game laws and the killing of any bird except a game bird, and those only in season.

Charles H. Smyth.

Mr. Chas. H. Smyth,
Wichita, Kan.

I hand you herewith copy of a circular I have sent to my subscribers in Texas. This is only one of the efforts the League has made to induce the Southern States to stop spring shooting. We are doing everything in our power to build up the membership in the South, so we may be strong enough to secure the needed amendments to the game laws. I also enclose copies of my annual report. This expresses the sentiments of all the progressive sportsmen in the whole country, North and South. Unfortunately, there are thousands who do not agree with us in this, but we hope they will all get into line.

Following is a copy of the circular enclosed:

To Texas Sportsmen.

As you are doubtless aware, the Eastern market for wild ducks, geese and brant has been largely supplied for the past 50 years from Carrituck Sound, N. C.; but the market hunters have finally succeeded in practically exterminating the great clouds of wild fowl that formerly wintered there. These vandals are now looking for new fields to conquer. I am told that 2 of the most notorious butchers of the lot have gone to Corpus Christi, or Aransas Pass, to continue their slaughter. They have prospected the coast, have found the place they were looking for, and have written back to certain of their kind in North Carolina to come to Texas at once. They report millions of ducks there, and say the Texas shooters know little about how to slaughter or ship them; so the thoroughbreds from Carrituck sound are likely to have a walk-over. Strange to say, your State has no law prohibiting the exportation of water fowl, though you have a non-export law on some other kinds of game.

Do you not now think it time to have your laws amended, so as to prohibit the shipment out of your State of all wild fowl? If not, your coast will soon be devastated as that of North Carolina has been.

My information comes from one of the old-time market shooters in North Carolina, whom I have known for many years. He has long been sick of his job, and has revolted at the slaughter that has been carried on there. He would have quit it long ago, but that he knew his neighbors would keep on until the finish, and he has argued that he might as well have his share of the blood money.

I have no personal interest in preserving the game in your State, or anywhere else; for I don't expect ever to do another day's shooting. I am doing this work solely because I love the birds and the wild animals, and because I dread to see them exterminated.

Now, why don't you and all your friends join the L. A. S. and help me in this work?

G. O. Shields, President.

CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK OF A GAME WARDEN.

(Denver Post, Aug. 16.)

Pretending to be an agent of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, Game Warden Harris has just completed a piece of detective work that resulted in the confiscation of buffalo bones and hides valued at $5,000. The men charged with wantonly killing all but 2 of the last herd of buffaloes in Colorado are under arrest, and Warden Harris intends to prosecute the case vigorously. Yesterday at Buena Vista he caused the arrest of F. W. Bartlett, who is accused of doing the killing; C. Bartlett, his brother, a taxidermist, who had the remains in his possession, and C. E. Webb, another taxidermist, who is said to be implicated in the matter. The men, being confronted by the sheriff and an overwhelming force of game wardens, submitted to arrest without resistance, merely saying the buffaloes had been killed 6 years ago.

For years it has been known that a herd of buffaloes were roaming in Lost Park, and the various game wardens guarded them as carefully as possible. The herd gradually dwindled, however, and when Warden Harris came into office he was told that it consisted of but 3 cows and 2 bulls. He urged his deputies to make frequent reports on the whereabouts and the condition of the buffaloes. The first report he received after issuing these instructions was to the effect that one of the bulls had died and another had been killed.

Warden Harris set immediately about investigating the matter. After much difficulty and voluminous correspondence he succeeded in getting the Bartletts to admit they could obtain some valuable specimens. He wrote them from various cities and always described himself as an agent of the Philadelphia gardens. At length the taxidermists agreed to sell the skeletons and hides of 3 buffaloes for $3,000. They sent Harris an accurate description of the specimens. One was a magnificent bull, standing 5 feet 7 inches high; another was a cow, 5 feet 2 inches in height, and the third a calf. In their eagerness to get the money the men admitted that the calf and cow had been killed within the last year.

Last Tuesday, Warden Harris, after notifying his game wardens to meet him at Buena Vista, set out for that place. As soon as he arrived there he began personal negotiations with the taxidermists. He told them he would not buy until he had the official taxidermists from the Philadelphia gardens see the specimens. After some hesitation, the Buena Vista men agreed to let another man beside Harris inspect the goods. Harris explained he would have to wire to Denver for his taxidermist, and this caused a delay of 24 hours.

Yesterday the "taxidermist from Philadelphia" arrived at Buena Vista. He was one of Harris's game wardens. Another warden had told the sheriff he was likely to be wanted, and that officer was on hand.

The men were exceedingly cautious, however, and said it was time for Harris to show he meant business. Harris displayed a bank book and a roll of bills, which seemed to represent several thousand dollars.

The Bartletts then took Harris and his "taxidermist" to a rear building and showed the specimens. They were getting nervous, and Harris was drawing his money to pay for the specimens, when the sheriff and the other game wardens broke down the door and arrested C. Bartlett and C. E. Webb. F. W. Bartlett was caught some distance out of town later in the day. Game Warden George B. Fravert of Leadville was Harris' principal assistant.

The minimum penalty for killing a buffalo is 2 years in the penitentiary, and heavy fines are also discretionary.

I am in receipt of a letter from Game Commissioner Harris, in which he says he intends to prosecute these buffalo thieves to a finish. Every nature lover in the land will wish him God speed.—Editor.

BIRDS INCREASING UNDER LACEY LAW.

I note considerable increase in summer ducks this year. Owing to the universally high tides, the ducks bred in thick inaccessible swamps and marshes and but few were killed. For the past 3 years this fine bird has been decreasing rapidly, but the favorable weather conditions this season have apparently given them a fresh start.

Three seasons ago feather hunters stripped our beach of nearly all gulls and shore birds, 60,000 skins being shipped from our county alone. Fortunately the

Lacey law broke up this business, and it is pleasing to note that there are once more plenty of birds on our beach. Old residents claim this is due to the heavy rainfall of July, and to the prevailing high tides, but I am of the opinion it is the result of the protection of the Lacey law. When there is no money in shooting, people kill only enough to eat, and I have no doubt that were the sale of game prohibited entirely birds would increase so there would soon be enough for all. As it is, anyone who could shoot a little could this season kill all the beach birds he wanted, though but few took advantage of it owing to the great swarms of mosquitoes.

Northern sportsmen contemplating a Southern trip would do well to pass over Currituck county; try Dare county, and take in Ocracoke island. The laws are much more liberal South of Currituck county, as non-residents are not allowed to shoot here afloat. About 400 men shoot for a living in this county, and there are but few market shooters South of here. Game is correspondingly plentiful to the South.

The feather hunters who cleaned up our beach never got farther South than Bodie's island, and all the country between there and Morehead is practically virgin hunting ground. Ocracoke island has always been noted as a hunting ground, but it has hitherto been practically inaccessible. Now I understand the N. & S. Co. is building a new pier there, and that it is to run a boat there regularly. Dare county is the best place on the Atlantic seaboard to shoot curlew and other large shore birds. Residents claim that in the season the duck and brant are unrivalled. The vicinity of Beaufort and Morehead is said to be headquarters for English snipe and woodcock; while duck shooting may be had in Bogue sound.

A. S. Doane, Waterlily, N. C.

CITIES CAN ENFORCE DOG TAX.

Will you kindly inform me, as the representative of the Middletown Gun Club, what the dog law of this State is? The sportsmen here and members of the Gun Club have for several years past paid the municipal license, $1.10, and have also kept their dogs off the streets. The authorities seem to have fixed about $500 as a proper yield from this source, and after having collected about that sum they do not care if 10,000 dogs run at large. This year, so far, only about 14 owners have taken city licenses. What we want to know is whether the authorities can compel us to pay a license fee if we keep our dogs on our own premises, and whether in case dogs are found on the streets, officers have the right to kill them. We do not object to paying fees, but insist that if one dog owner pays all ought to pay. Please give us any information you can on the subject. James H. Gale, Middletown, N. Y.

I submitted the foregoing letter to Hon. John S. Wise, counsel for the League of American Sportsmen, and append his reply:

Under the laws of New York, municipal corporations have a right to impose a tax on dogs. The municipal ordinances of each town determine the amount. If only 14 owners have taken out city licenses, that is neglect of the officers and not a defect of the law. Undoubtedly the city authorities can claim the tax, even if men keep their dogs on their own premises. That is a municipal police regulation. Because a man pays a license tax on a dog, it is no reason why he should allow the dog to run about the streets. Several decisions of this State hold that an owner who allows his dogs to run at large is responsible for the injury the dog does, and I unhesitatingly say that the power of city authorities to kill vagrant dogs is within the police powers of the municipality. Mr. Gale is certainly right in contending that if one owner pays all ought to pay; but the fact that some do not pay does not relieve others from the obligation. The remedy is to inform on those who have evaded the law or failed to pay the tax; and if any officer entrusted with levying the tax, or collecting it, or catching stray dogs shows neglect or favoritism, he ought to be punished by proper proceedings against him.

TWO IOWA JUDGES ON THE RACK.

Judge N. M. Hubbard, Sr., of Cedar Rapids, and Judge Trimble, of Burlington, were arrested at Ledward, Kossuth county, for violating the game law. Judge Hubbard is a noted Iowa politician and solicitor for the Northwestern road, while Judge Trimble is counselor for the C., B. & Q.

When arrested the 2 aged sportsmen [?] were in a restaurant and were waiting for the prairie chickens they had shot to be cooked. Deputy Game Warden Riley swooped down on them, seized 5 half picked prairie chickens and took the judges into custody.

The men were taken to Algona and charged with violating the game law. Judge Trimble admitted the chickens were his. Judge Hubbard acted as his attorney, and argued long and ably to convince Justice Clark that a day was ended as soon as it was begun, and that inasmuch as they had shot the chickens August 31 they were violating no statute.

Justice Clark took the case under advisement and the judges were released on their own recognizance. They went North to shoot more chickens September 1, having served notice of appeal from any adverse decision that might be rendered.—Ames, Ia., paper.

I have heard of all kinds of pleas being faked up by lawyers on behalf of criminals, but I reckon this one of Judge Hubbard is a little the rottenest excuse ever invented. On the same hypothesis Monday begins at one minute after 12 o'clock

Saturday night, for Sunday certainly begins at 12, and if a day ends as soon as it begins, then Sunday is dead and out of the way at 12.01 a. m. So men may shoot, fish, swear, dig potatoes, swap horses, or lick their wives at any time on the day we call Sunday without violating any law of God or man as to the observance of the Sabbath. Again, if a day is ended as soon as it is begun, so is a century. Then the 20th century must have ended at 12.01 a. m. Jan. 1, 1901, for the almanackers tell us it started at midnight of Dec. 31, 1900.

Likewise, if a day is ended as soon as it is begun, why not a human life? Then, on Dogberry Hubbard's line of reasoning it would seem that he and his distinguished pal should have been buried 50 or 60 years ago. And I'll bet 10 to one every true sportsman in Iowa is wishing that they had been.—Editor.

MR. BJORKSON WANTS DECOYS.

Meester James Brown:

Bill Jones he say you bees a good faller and dat you keep some tame wild ducks what you put in de water when you goes shootin. Bill he say dey jabber and splash and call odder ducks, and a faller can yust ploog dem like tunder. Aye tank aye would like some of dem ducks if you don't want much for dem. Aye vant von he duck and von she von, and if dey don't geet shooted and dey like each odder, aye might geet more bimeby, eh?

Aye are not use to shootin, but aye tank aye could kill ducks what sit still. Aye would like dat fun. Aye could kill dem all if dey wait long nough.

When aye geet dem ducks aye take dem where dey bees no odder fallers huntin. Lass year aye was up at Yuniper lake and hide in de reeds. Bimeby long come a duck and light in de water. Aye was yust goin to shoot heem when up jump some fallers on de odder side and holler "Look out, Dutchy!" and fire dare guns bang, bang, bang, yust like a fort-o-July in dis country. Aye like a leetle yoke myself, but aye tank dey might shoot my legs without callin von Swedenman "Dutchy." Yah, aye tank dat bees a mean yob, by yimminy! When aye goes to Yuniper again aye make a blind of cordwood.

Let me know by return cars for how much aye can have dem ducks and aye will come and geet dem. Aye tank Bill would take some, too.

Bill bees a good faller, eh? He say when you was at Spring lake makin a blind, you fall in the water what was tain foots deep and he pull you out heemself. He say you loss your gun and shells and you standin as a sport. Dat was when you foots slipped, eh? But it bees too bad you loss you gun and shells.

Don't forgeet to tell me 'bout dem ducks.

Erick Bjorkson.

ENFORCE LAW PROTECTING ROBINS.

I enclose a clipping from the Beaver Falls *Tribune*, which proves that Squire Piper is made of the right kind of clay, and that the L. A. S. has done something toward rousing public sentiment, the most powerful enforcer of the game laws. I wish we had such men as the Squire in every community where game laws are violated.

N. F. Covert,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

The clipping to which Mr. Covert refers is as follows:

> Jacob Pulaski, a resident of Beaver Falls, has changed his opinion as to the right of killing robins. He was arrested by Constable Barton, charged with having killed a robin. When he was taken before Squire Piper and heard the charge read to him, he expostulated and said he would kill all the robins he wished, as they stole his cherries and mulberries.
>
> Squire Piper looked pityingly at him and said: "Mr. Pulaski, we will fine you $10 and costs, this being your first offense, but should it occur again we will have to give you the full extent of the law."
>
> Pulaski stood bewildered a moment and then produced the $12.60 necessary to release him. He concluded that robins at such a price were dear.

There are many other men who ought to have a taste of Justice Piper's medicine. There was one at Richfield, Mich., named Fred Hamlin, who also made a boast, some time ago, that he would kill all the robins he found around his cherry tree. A neighbor of his informed me of that statement and I wrote Mr. Hamlin, questioning him.

I asked him to think the matter over and in case he decided not to violate the law to pledge me that he would not do so. I have not heard from him, and have therefore arranged with some League members in his neighborhood to prosecute him in case he kills a robin. In that event I trust he may land before a justice who will give him as good a lesson as Judge Piper gave Pulaski.—Editor.

HOTEL MEN SHOULD LEARN.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Manhattan Beach Hotel,
Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

G. O. Shields, President League of American Sportsmen, New York:

I have before me your letter in relation to the game laws of this State, of which at the time you kindly sent me copy. If there has been any recent legislation, either Federal or State, amending or affecting this law, I should like very much to have copy of the same. Will you kindly favor me with information bearing on the subject?

T. F. Silleck, Manager.

ANSWER.

Mr. T. F. Silleck, Manager, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.:

I hand you herewith copy of the New York Game Laws as revised for 1901. I do not recall at this time that any change has been made in the opening or closing dates for selling game, though there may have been a change made on one or 2 species. You can readily determine this by examining the book. I am required to discuss the laws of all the States nearly every week and can not possibly carry such data in my head.

I wish all you hotel men could be made to understand that refrigerated birds are not fit to eat at any time of the year and that you might be induced to quit handling them altogether. I have published several articles from distinguished physicians and food experts showing that such birds are more or less injurious to health, and have reported several cases of serious poisoning from eating them. You can always get fresh poultry, and a sensible man would rather have a fresh spring chicken any time, which you probably serve at $1, than a frozen woodcock or grouse, for which you charge $2 or more.

G. O. Shields.

CALIFORNIA NEEDS NEW GAME LAWS.

You have my best wishes for the success of your fight against market hunters and game hogs. Had we, in the West, a magazine like RECREATION, it would accomplish more for game protection than all our wardens. They hold their positions through political influence, and can't tell a mudhen from a quail. All sportsmen realize that something must be done for the further protection of game. We hope to have our Legislature make laws prohibiting the sale of game for 2 years, and forbidding, at least for one year, the shooting of ducks and quails. Game is scarce within any reasonable distance of San Francisco, and a poor man can have no sport afield, as he can not afford the time and expense needed for a trip to good shooting grounds. If our papers would roast the people who can not be satisfied with reasonable bags, and try to have good men appointed as wardens, California might hope for the restoration of good shooting; not otherwise. That they are not likely to do, so is proven by the following, which was printed, without comment, by a journal purporting to be devoted to amateur sport:

> Coronado correspondence under date of the 22d inst is as follows: "The 4 hunters who went to Otay lake Tuesday returned at 11 o'clock this morning with 597 birds Of the 597 ducks, 475 were large birds, canvasbacks and redheads. The hunters were Captain Sedan and A. B. Daniels, of Denver; John Markel, of New York, and E. S. Babcock, of Coronado. These birds were all killed on Wednesday, with 12 gauge guns. The killing of such a quantity is no waste, as every bird is used by the hotel, some immediately and some after being placed in cold storage. The hotel keeps pot hunters in the field constantly. The total fish catch yesterday was: Halibut, 125; rock cod, 60; silver smelt, 100; lobsters, 50; blue codfish, 1; croakers, 66; total, 402."

W. H. M., San Francisco, Cal.

FIELDS SHOULD REFORM.

You have already done more toward game protection than all other agencies combined, but every true sportsman wants you to do still more. Fred Fields, of Williamsport, boasts of having killed 137 ruffed grouse. Give him a more appropriate name in RECREATION. What we need is proper legislation for the protection of game. What right should any person have to kill 100 or even 50 pheasants, in one season, when there are not enough to go around at one apiece. What could such a game hog do with his killing if we had a law prohibiting the sale of game? Possibly he could eat it, hog fashion. Pennsylvania has miserable game laws, and even such are not enforced. Our legislature is now about to pass an act prohibiting the killing of hawks and crows, while pheasants and quails may be slaughtered by the hundred, and by a single individual. Our legislators need education on this line, and we hope you will bring the subject forcibly to the notice of your Pennsylvania readers. With millions of acres of forests which are capable of maintaining millions of deer, we have only a few deer left. If something is not done at once, the last deer will be hunted out with hounds. We need a closed season of 5 years to give the deer, the noblest of all game, a start again.

J. L. H., Williamsport, Pa.

No man has a right to kill so many ruffed grouse in one season. However, game hogs do not consider the question of right or wrong. They merely crowd in and devour everything in sight. Fields is one of them.—EDITOR.

A DISASTROUS OMISSION.

In a special from Springfield, Ill., to *The Chronicle*, of Chicago, it is stated a great many errors have been found in laws passed. Among others, quails and woodcocks have been omitted from the list of protected birds. Continuing about the game this special says:

> Senator Henry Begole, of Bellville, who fathered the game law in the assembly, came to Springfield for the purpose of investigating a report that the amended law failed to offer protection to quails. He was astounded to find that no mention of these birds or of woodcocks was made in the law. When he traced up the bill he discovered that they had been omitted from the measure when it passed. The error, if it was an error, was incomprehensible to Senator Begole. During the consideration of the game law in committee, quails

were the principal subject of contention, a dozen or more suggestions were made for their protection, and not a meeting was held without a discussion of the subject of quails. This was true, too, when the bill was before the House and the Senate, and the most important amendments to the bill submitted had to do with the extent of the open season for quails.

It is not possible to trace the responsibility for the omission of quails and woodcocks from the body of the bill, for there appears to have been no change made in the draft of the measure after it left the joint fish and game committee. Neither is it possible to say whether the omission was by design. The fact that several States have recently forbidden the killing of quails for a number of years makes it probable that quail hunting will be profitable in this State if it is unrestricted; but it is difficult to conceive of legislative skulduggery in the interest of pot hunters. It is probable, therefore, that the quails lost their legal protection through an honest error. The fact that quails will be unprotected will create consternation among the sportsmen of the State, for 2 years of indiscriminate and unhampered quail killing will exterminate the bird in Illinois. After the first day of July, when the new law goes into effect quails can be killed at any and all times and the slaughter of the birds is certain to be great.—*The Packer.*

GAME ALONG THE GREAT NORTHERN.

On the way here I saw 3 big wolves along the track of the Great Northern railroad, just before entering the mountains. I also saw numerous flocks of pinnated grouse and sage hens. There are ducks on all the ponds, and on the open prairie I saw a big porcupine doing his best at a hundred yards dash. He traveled in undulating bounds. I noticed game laws and forest fire warnings tacked up in conspicuous places all through this section of country. The notices are printed on cloth and nailed to trees in the midst of forests; on fences and telegraph poles on the prairies. It would be a good idea for the authorities to adopt in our Eastern States. The game laws here are somewhat respected. There are sheep on the East side of the mountains, within a few miles of the lake, and goats on the West side of the lake. A party of men and women climbing the mountain a day or 2 ago put up quite a herd of goats and a band of 30 moose within 2 days' journey over the mountain trail. Silvertips, black bears and mountain lions are plentiful. There are several varieties of trout in the lake and streams. They take bait, fly and spoon. This is a grand country. Get off at Belton, Great Northern railroad, drive through a beautiful primeval forest to the lake, take steam launch to camp and hotel. There is snow on the mountain tops and several glaciers are accessible. It is 7 miles to the nearest one.

Dan Beard, Belton, Mont.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Enclosed you will find a little lesson to print in RECREATION for the use of game hogs. If the rabbit had not earned his freedom when he entered his little abode, then I lose my guess. No doubt the men had a ferret with them, but they did not have a chance to use it. It was also a fool with a gun, as he threw it down cocked. The rabbit did a good job. What do you think of it?

Alfred C. Fox, Chicago, Ill.

At Parkersburg, W. Va., Fred Fries, a boy of 15; his father, Peter Fries, and Chris Riech, went out for a hunt. They walked a mile or 2 into the woods, when a rabbit was started. The dog stayed between the hunters and the rabbit till the rabbit's burrow was reached. The boy reached the burrow first, threw his gun, which was cocked, on the ground, and, securing a long pole, began punching into the hole where the rabbit had disappeared. The rabbit, tiring of his trying position, leaped from the hole so suddenly as to startle the boy and confuse the dog. The first bound landed the rabbit's foot on the trigger of the gun. The force was sufficient to discharge the gun, and the load of shot entered young Fred Fries's left thigh. The range was short, and the shot went into the boy in a bunch, making a wound that required a bandage to prevent death from hemorrhage.

Fries may consider himself mighty lucky that the shot did not cost him a leg or even his life. He will have sense enough next time to let down the hammers of his gun before he throws it on the ground.—EDITOR.

TWO MOOSE IN ONE MORNING.

Last fall, my 2 brothers, our friend Mr. S. and I, went on a hunting trip in Nova Scotia. Arrived there, we met our old friend, the Indian guide, and were soon in the woods. Our first camp was on the shore of a large lake. Next morning we were up at 5 and paddled to a bay at the head of the lake, where we waited under cover about 10 minutes. Suddenly there was a cracking of branches and a large bull moose, followed by a cow with a calf, came to the water's edge. As the wind was blowing from them to us they did not wind us. They were 200 yards away, but coming closer every moment. We waited until they approached within 50 yards and the bull halted. At that moment my eldest brother fired. The bull started away like an arrow, but soon fell, the wound being a mortal one. He was hauled into the guide's canoe and we went on up a small creek. Soon we noticed tracks on the shore, and farther on saw a moose retreating into the forest. We went ashore and trailed him. Presently we came on a young bull. I fired and hit him squarely in the chest. He went on his knees and a moment later rolled over. We hauled him back to the canoes, and, having loaded him on one of them, started back to our camp.

J. S. Martin,
Jersey City, N. J.

YUKON TO PROTECT ITS GAME.

Being a great lover of outdoor sport I admire your magazine very much. You may be surprised to learn that copies can be bought of our newsdealers here. I cheerfully pay $1 for each copy.

The enclosed clipping from the *Klondike Nugget* may be interesting to some of your readers, as it will let them know that some steps are being taken to protect our game.

W. H. Seebohm,
Dawson, Yukon Ty.

The clipping to which Mr. Seebohm refers is as follows:

The committee appointed by the Yukon council to look into the status of the game situation decided to present a favorable report to the council requesting that those having game on hand be given an opportunity to dispose of it, but to prohibit any further game being brought in for disposal. On the 29th of last month a report was obtained from all the meat markets in town as to the quantity of game on hand, and it aggregated 5,225 pounds of caribou and moose and 1,029 ptarmigans. Most of this has been disposed of by this time, leaving only a small balance on hand at the present time. On the 24th of last month one party had a *cache* of 10 tons a short distance up the Klondike and there were several other parties with smaller quantities; but it is understood these have all been brought to town and disposed of. What is left is included in the quantity as reported on the 29th, so there will be little if any left up the creeks to spoil. The police are going to take a systematic record of all game in the market fortnightly, so as to apprehend any which is brought into the market during the closed period.

GAME NOTES.

I like your bold, independent style, and think you have a noble purpose in view—the preservation of game. Public sentiment has not been sufficiently roused as yet on the subject of preserving our wild birds and animals. It is worse than useless to have laws enacted unless they are enforced, and they will not be enforced unless public sentiment favors such action. It is, therefore, manifestly of most importance to educate the public mind in this direction until there is a demand for such laws. A law prohibiting the sale of game in all the States would be of most benefit, next to the laws regulating the close seasons, and would be comparatively easy to enforce. I hold that the poor man has as much right to share the recreation afforded by field, forest and stream as the rich, and therefore doubt the wisdom of placing a special tax on guns. Still, I think you deserve great credit for your efforts, and I congratulate you on the success you have achieved.

J. E. Sandford, Henderson, Tenn.

You would please a constant reader by publishing pictures with descriptions and cost of the different types of log cabins throughout the woods of this country. Perhaps some of your readers will be willing to give their experiences in this line to one who wishes to build rustic cabins in which to live 3 months of the year.

R. C., Princeton, N. J.

ANSWER.

I have published several plans of log cabins within the last few years and have one other in hand now, which I intend to print in an early issue.

T. H. Wicks, an architect, of Buffalo, N. Y., has published a book entitled "Log Cabins and How to Build Them," which shows many good designs and gives specifications for building them.—Editor.

Whenever I can hit a game hog I do it. I have upbraided many a violator and have sworn that if I ever come across such people in my outings, with sufficient evidence to convict them, they will be strictly up against it, no matter who they are. The game in this State is doomed. There are but few bucks left. Last year I rode over 75 miles of country which 3 years ago was full of elk and deer. We saw but one deer in 4 days' travel.

J. E. Miller, D. D. S.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ferd Heim, the millionaire brewer of Kansas City, is an enthusiastic duck hunter, and has bought a section of land containing a lake where ducks stop to recuperate. Every year Mr. Heim goes to the shooting ground about the middle of March and remains there until the first of April. He returned from his last trip more enthusiastic than ever.

"What would you say if I told you that Sprengel and I, in a day's shooting, bagged 125 ducks and 40 geese?"—Topeka Daily Capital.

I should say you were a pair of dirty, low-lived pigs, and that you both ought to be locked up for at least 6 months.
—Editor.

There are at least 2 sportsmen in the Black Hills who can not be called game hogs, W. V. Doyle and Henry Swindler. Having heard that a mountain lion had been seen near Reno, they procured enough artillery for a Boer army and proceeded to storm the surrounding kopjes. After tramping over the hills half a day, tearing their clothes and suffering many hardships they finally located their lion, which turned out to be a little cur dog.

Subscriber, Lead City, So. Dak.

I have an antelope head which measures as follows: From center of head, between the horns, to tip, 18 inches; from center of head (between the horns) to top of turn, 14 1-2 inches; from prong to prong, 13 inches; spread at turn, 14 1-2 inches; circumference of horn at base, 6 3-4 inches. How does this compare with other big heads?

A. C. White,
Rocky Ford, Colo.

It is a good one, and in fact among the best, but hardly the record.—EDITOR.

Will you, through RECREATION, tell a number of your readers how to train bloodhounds? We have a pack, but do not understand training or starting them.

Subscriber, Fort Wingate, N. M.

ANSWER.

I can not spare time or space to give this information. Read the "American Book of the Dog," and "Breeding, Breaking and Training." These can be furnished through this office.—EDITOR.

Homer, Alaska, Aug. 22.

I have just returned from a trip of 60 days in the wilds. Was very successful. I killed with my own rifle 17 head of big game, and we collected 250 small mammals and birds. Am going out again at once into another range of mountains.

Andrew J. Stone.

ANSWER.

No, Mr. Stone is not a game hog. He is collecting skins, skeletons and information for the American Museum of Natural History, as well as writing and photographing for RECREATION.—EDITOR.

Several residents of Westville recently saw a flock of 25 or 30 wild pigeons. They remained in the neighborhood several days. The men who saw them know wild pigeons, as they killed many in their younger days. None of them had seen a flock in 10 years.

F. V. Martin, Westville, Ind.

The new California game law is one of the best; game can not be sold at any time, the bag of individuals is limited on indigenous non-migratory game, and some migratory birds have a close law on them during the only season they visit our State.

John C. Cracknell, Oakland, Cal.

In reply to A. C. Ludington's query in June RECREATION, I shot a buck 3 years ago which was similar to the one he described. The third antler was situated a little above the left eye, was about 3½ inches long and was still in the velvet.

E. H. Howard, White River, Colo.

We have a new game law in Missouri which prohibits the sale of any game for 5 years. May be it will be enforced and may be it will, like our old law, be persistently and almost openly broken.

Will H. Schmare, Sedalia, Mo.

Kansas recently passed some laws which I think are good. Two of the clauses put a close season on plover and make it unlawful to seine any kind of fish.

T. L. N., Emporia, Kan.

An old doe and her fawn are enjoying quiet solitude here. We are keeping our eyes and ears open and will protect them from molestation.

E. G. Fadden,
Noyan, Que.

A large deer crossed the creek recently near my house. Several were killed here last fall, mostly by hounding.

A. R. Williams, First Fork, Pa.

There are a number of pheasants in Ontario county, and the farmers take good care of them.

H. C. Young,
East Bloomfield, N. Y.

Game was plentiful here last season. I saw a bull moose while fishing recently.

Arthur L. Slipp, Woodstock, N. B.

Game never wintered so well here as it did last winter, especially deer and grouse.

F. O. Walker, Rumford Falls, Me.

The man who quits when he gets enough, with plenty of game still in sight, is a gentleman.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder every one guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.—Life.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

I am sorry to inform you that we have among the L. A. S. here a full grown fish hog in the shape of a recently appointed Territorial Fish Commissioner, Mr. Jean Allison. Mr. Allison caught 71 trout the first day of last open season, while his companion was sportsman enough to quit at 25. You have a place for such animals as Mr. Allison, in RECREATION, *the* only sportsman's paper on the earth, and I hope you will roast him as he should be roasted.

No. 953 L. A. S., Jerome, Ariz.

To the foregoing I replied:

I have written Mr. Allison direct, asking him if the report you give is correct. I wish to get his own admission if I can. I wish to be well fortified before attacking any man. If I find Mr. Allison guilty, I shall give him what he deserves.

Mr. Allison did reply to my inquiry as follows:

I am sorry to say the report that I caught 71 trout in one day is only too true, and I find many of the L. A. S. boys criticise me. Foster, the author of "Scientific Angling," draws the line at a full creel, and, following his example, I did not stop until mine was filled. I will tell you how it happened, and promise not to be in line again with Messmuck, who says, in "Fishing with the Fly," by Orvis and Cheney: "I am afraid to say how many trout we had at the fiuish, but I know we packed 300 pounds in ice, to take home with us; and gave away as many more to the captain of our steamer, thereby calling down on our heads the earnest blessings of passengers and crew."

Like Messmuck I have for years made a practice of bringing in fish for neighbors and friends. I have spoiled these people, and while getting the blessings of a favored few, I am now up against the real thing, and am to be stuck, scalded and bristles scraped, to the criticising public. However, I shall not be guilty again. My friends must "tread the dangerous path alone" and expect no more trout from me. One close shave is enough.

Before I close, however, I want to tell you how it happened, and probably some readers, at least, will sympathize with me.

An old gentleman and I had planned for months a 5 days' trip to Oak creek, 25 miles by wagon road and a 12 mile trail to pack over. The morning we started we were joined by 2 young men, who had never fished for trout and could only stay one day on the creek, while my friend and I were to stay 3 days. By daylight we were fishing, and up to noon the 2 young men were discouraged and were afraid they would not be able to take home any trout. With that feeling of pity for the boys of "fishermen's luck," I fished hard and caught the number mentioned that we might have a hearty trout supper and give the boys fish to take home; also that I might send some in to my family. The trout were nearly all small, 7 to 10½ inches, the 7 inch predominating; so, in weight, the 71, for the purposes stated, were not a slaughter. The only slaughter was that I showed the bristles in catching the number in one day.

Years ago 100 trout were no unusual catch, and would not be now. We had no limit, and the L. A. S. was not in the field then. Fifty-nine is the most I have allowed myself to catch for over 3 years. This time I thought I had 60, so I put up my rod and walked home along the stream for 4 miles, where a line had not been wet that season. We had 6 in camp and I had to supply most of the fish. The next day I did not fish.

And now, begging pardon, I shall watch for the other fellow, who is sure to do the same thing, and I trust it will not be recorded from Arizona. Jean Allison,

Jerome, Ariz.

WHY EASTERN LAKES ARE DEPLETED.

Mr. Chas. A. Morrell, Nyack, N. Y.

I am informed that you and a friend recently caught 71 pounds of fish in Rockland lake. Will you kindly tell me if this is true, and if so, will you give me full particulars? G. O. SHIELDS.

To the foregoing letter Mr. Morrell replied:

August 30th Mr. T. B. Bohr, of Spring Valley, and I made what was considered, for Rockland lake, a good catch of bass. Enclosed clipping from the Nyack Evening Star will give you all the information you probably desire. If it is your idea to make note of this catch in RECREATION and you wish an illustration, I can send you a flashlight picture. Chas. A. Morrell,

Nyack, N. Y.

The clipping enclosed by Mr. Morrell is as follows:

Messrs. Charles A. Morrell, of Nyack, and Theodore B. Bohr, of Spring Valley, recently caught in Rockland lake 65 pounds of black bass and 6 pounds of pickerel. Eight of the bass weighed 4 pounds each, and the rest were of good size and weight.

No, thank you. I do not care for the picture. It would not be interesting, except as emphasizing your greed and that of Mr. Bohr. You say the catch is considered a good one. I consider it a bad one, and all decent readers of RECREATION will agree with me in this. Unfortunately, there is no law in this State limiting the number of bass or the number of pounds of bass each man may take in a day; but no real sportsmen would ever think of taking more than 15 or 20 pounds in a day. Rockland lake is fished to death, as are all the other lakes in the Eastern States. Many a man goes there, fishes half a day or all day and gets 2 or 3 fish, or, possibly, none at all. It happened that when you and Mr. Bohr went the bass were biting vigorously, and you evidently kept on as long as you could get a rise. You should have been willing to quit when you got enough and to have left some for other people, even if the fish were biting. Any man can keep on fishing or shooting as long as the fish bite or there is game in sight, but it takes a true sportsman to quit when he gets enough.—EDITOR.

MARKS HIMSELF GUILTY.

INTERVALE, N. H.—Mr. Cyrus A. Hawes, of Boston, who is a visitor here, took from Walkers pond 67 bass, each averaging one pound. Later he took from Echo lake 43 bass.—Exchange.

I wrote Mr. Hawes regarding this report, and following is his answer:

You will find excellent black bass fishing at Walker's pond, near Conway Centre, N. H. I do not know who your informant could be to tell you of 67 bass in one day's fishing. I never take more fish than I can use in the house.

C. A. Hawes, Intervale, N. H.

This not being definite I again wrote to Mr. Hawes:

You have not answered my question. I do not know how big a house you have nor how big a family, nor how many boarders you keep. If you have a good big ice box you might use 500 bass before they would spoil. Should be glad to have you tell me frankly whether this report is correct, no matter who furnished it.

To my last letter Mr. Hawes replied as follows:

Had I received a courteous note in the first place I should have been glad to reply. As your first inquiry was similar in tone to your last I do not care to continue the correspondence.

C. A. Hawes,
Boston, Mass.

If there is any lack of courtesy in either of my notes to Mr. Hawes, I fail to realize it. I did not deem it necessary to make a profound salaam to him and beg his pardon for troubling him, or to cover a page or even half a page with apologies or explanations as to why I addressed him. I wrote him a brief, businesslike note, stating that I had been informed he had caught 67 bass and asking him if the report were true. There was nothing in that letter at which any gentleman could take offense. Neither could any gentleman be justly offended at my having omitted to say anything else in that connection. The fact that Mr. Hawes refuses to answer my question and that he takes offense at what he calls my lack of courtesy is proof to me that he is guilty of the charge, and readers of RECREATION will judge him accordingly.—EDITOR.

SHOULD HAVE 10 YEARS.

Mr. L. M. Karstetter, Greenburr, Pa.

Dear Sir—I am informed that you recently caught 18¾ pounds of trout in one day, and that you sold them to a hotel man in your town. Will you kindly inform me whether this report is correct?

G. O. Shields.

Dear Sir—I caught 38½ pounds of speckled trout this season. The first day, fishing in Elk creek, I took 8½ pounds, 93 in number, near Millheim, Pa. The next trip, fishing in a creek near Gamar, Clinton county, Pa., I took 20 trout in one day, weighing 4½ pounds. Next trip, same place, I took 112 trout in 2 days, weight 17 pounds. Six of them measured 14 inches and over.

G. M. Karstetter,
Greenburr, Pa.

I wish I had a dictionary with a lot of meaner words in it than any I can find in Webster's, in order to express my opinion of you. I might coin some words, but you would not know what they meant. I wish the Legislature of your State had long ago enacted a law that would authorize the Sheriff of your county to have a branding iron made, bearing the words "fish hog," and to arrest you and burn that legend into your forehead, so it would last as long as you last. You say that in one day you took 93 trout that weighed 8½ pounds. The average weight of those fish would be about 1½ ounces each, and some of them must have been nearly 6 inches long. No one could blame a water snake or a skunk for eating trout of that size, if he could get hold of them, but a man who will go out and kill baby trout, such as these, and then boast of it, and get his local newspaper to talk about it, and then even try to get the editor of a sportsmen's magazine to pat him on the back, deserves at least 10 years in State's prison at hard labor. I hope the law makers of all the States may one of these days get down to business and make proper provision for such degraded beasts as you are.—EDITOR.

SAVING THE MEAT NO EXCUSE.

Dr. W. A. Wise, the well known Portland dentist, who has just returned from a visit to Tillamook bay, reports having had some royal sport fishing for trout in the South fork of the Nehalem river. Fishing is still excellent in that stream, and Dr. Wise brought a supply of fish home with him, put down in brine.—Portland Telegram.

I wrote to Dr. Wise for confirmation of this report and append his reply:

Mr. Sibley, manager of the Truckee Company, and I put in one day with the fly on the Nehalem river, fishing out of a boat, and caught 69 fish, mostly sea trout. Fifty of these we salted down and I brought them home with me, to use this winter. The kind of fish we caught were Mountain, cut-throat and sea trout. These average in weight about 1 1-2 pounds; length, 8 to 10 inches. W. A. Wise.

You say you and your friend caught 69 trout in a day and that the average weight was 1 1-2 pounds. This would mean over 100 pounds of fish, or an average of over 50 pounds for each man. This is at least 3 times as many fish as you should have caught. Gentlemen fish for sport, not for the meat barrel. If you want fish to salt down for the winter, why not go to market and buy them? Or why not hire a market fisherman to catch them for you? Either would have been a much more manly or sportsmanlike method of obtaining your winter's meat than to descend to the level of a pot fisherman yourself. There are many who like to fish or shoot as long as they can raise a scale or see a feather. If they make a big killing, they try to exonerate themselves by carrying the meat home and salting it down or giving it away to their friends; but the greed crops out all the same.—EDITOR.

FISHING IN LAKE NOQUEBAY.

This year I spent my vacation at Menominee, in Northern Michigan. While there I went on a fishing trip with a friend. We crawled out of bed at 4 o'clock, swallowed some coffee and sprinted for the train, which carried us about 20 miles West, to Ellis Junction. From there we walked about 7 miles to Lake Noquebay. We arrived safe in spite of the mosquitoes.

At the lake we rented a boat, and the owner told us the best places for fishing. We trolled about half the morning and caught nothing but snags. Then we tried still fishing, and the other fellow caught 3 little perch, about 2 inches long, which, of course, were thrown back. I was more fortunate because I caught nothing, and didn't have the trouble of taking such things off my hooks.

About noon we decided to go back and started for shore, my friend trolling while I supplied the white ash breeze. When we were about half way across he caught something that he called a fish. As he wasn't exactly an expert with light tackle, he got rattled. He began to yell louder than any Indian ever did, and to yank on my 6-ounce rod in a way that made my hair stand. I finally quieted him, and by that time the weeds had cleared out of the gear, so we went on to shore.

We had a hot walk back to Ellis Junction, and took the train for Menominee, where, of course, we heard all about the big fish that everybody else had caught in Lake Noquebay. F. R. Chapin,
Chicago.

BASS THUMPING IN JAMAICA.

In reading July RECREATION I was much interested in an account called "Thumping for Bass," by A. M. Mann, whose veracity has, he says, been doubted. Allow me from my own experience to bear witness to the truth of his statement. In the Island of Jamaica, which lies in the Caribbean sea, this mode of bass catching is common, especially in a little summer resort called Passage Fort, lying between Port Royal, the entrance harbor, and Kingston, the capital of the island. The old black fishermen excel in this peculiar manner of catching bass. I have repeatedly gone out, when a young girl, with fishing parties to enjoy this peculiar sport, and I have seen bass jump, not only by ones, but by dozens, into the little Dorea. These fish are sold to the visitors and officers' families stationed at the garrison at Fort Augusta. This thumping is done by striking the short paddle against the gunwale of the boat, from side to side, a small lantern hanging on the bow. Many an hour have I sat by the window of our house and watched these little boats quietly gliding up the channel, where the Rio Cobra empties itself in the channel, heard the tum tum of the paddle and seen the lights dotting the waters on all sides. Then the next morning I have gone down to the fisherman's cottage on the Salina and secured some choice bass for breakfast. Dark nights are nearly always selected for this style fishing. Most certainly bass can be thumped.

A. L. P. Taylor, San Antonio, Tex.

STILL TOO MANY.

I understand you had occasion to look up a record made by Fred J. Seguin, of this city, but that you did not roast him because you were satisfied the report was a hoax, which I know it was. However, the will of Sequin is good to catch any number of fish. He was trout fishing July 12, in State Line creek, Foxboro, Minn., and caught in one day 78 trout.

He did not think he had done anything out of the way. He is every inch a fish hog.
A. B. R., West Superior, Wis.

I wrote Mr. Seguin, asking him if the report was correct, and he replied as follows:

It is true I caught 78 trout, but it did not take a day to do so. I made the catch in about 3 hours. I thought that was enough for one catch and quit. Could easily have caught 200 by fishing the whole day. I suppose you think the number is too great, but it is hard to quit when they are coming so easily.
F. J. Seguin,
West Superior, Wis.

Any man or any boy or any fish hog can keep on fishing as long as the fish keep on biting, but it takes a gentleman and a real sportsman to stop when he gets enough, even though he knows he could fill another big basket if he kept on. This is the true test of sportsmanship. I trust you may decide hereafter to conform to the unwritten law which governs sportsmen, and that you may never take more than say 10 pounds of trout in any one day.—Editor.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH HOGS.

Enclosed clipping appeared in the Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph* of June 7, 1901. If true, these men should be classified as game hogs. Note their titles, Drs. and Hons. I approve of your treatment of such and place their case in your hands. I trust you may effect a cure.

These men may be "enthusiasts on fishing," etc., but they do not seem to wish their fellow sportsmen, who may try their luck later, to find any fish. Self appears to be their motto.

John E. Bates,
Pittsburg, Pa.

The clipping enclosed by Mr. Bates is as follows:

Dr. W. F. and Joseph M. Beyer, the Hon. R. C. Winslow and Geary Snyder, all of this place, were in Clinton County last week fishing for trout. They fished 4 days and brought home about 500 trout. According to their own admissions. Joe Beyer, who is an enthusiast on the subject of snatching this beautiful species of fish from the pure water of the gurgling streamlets, where it lives, and inserting it in a little basket, where it dies, frankly confessed to having caught the largest trout ever allured from Kettle Creek. It was a foot long! So he says. Other people are said to have seen the same fish.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

I wrote these men asking if the report were correct, and Mr. J. M. Beyer replied:

It is true. My 3 friends and I caught 500 trout in 4 days.

J. M. Beyer,
Punxsutawney, Pa.

NOT GUILTY.

I wish you would write to Judge Reed and C. B. Guth and ask them about their catch. I am told they caught about 300 bass in 2 days.
F. C. H.,
Reynoldsville, Pa.

I complied with this request and Judge Reed answered as follows:

It is not true that a friend and I caught 300 bass in 2 days. We caught 62 each in 2 days, which is the largest catch we ever made. I caught 36 the first day and 26 the second day. My friend caught 33 the first day and 29 the second day. These bass averaged 1-2 to 3-4 of a pound each in weight, which is a fair average of all the bass caught in the Sinnemahoning, the stream we were fishing in. The bass are numerous, and I do not consider our catch at all unusual or extraordinary. I spent 8 days in all, fishing in that stream last summer, and my average catch was about 20 bass a day. Others claim to do much better, but I am entirely satisfied with a catch of 20 in one day.

John W. Reed, Brookville, Pa.

That is all right, Judge. Apparently 20 pounds a day to each rod on your best days. If all men were as reasonable in their fishing, I should not have so many enemies as now.—Editor.

A LETTER FROM MAJ. DALEY.

To the Editor of the Courier:

Sir—I wish to correct the false statement contained in an editorial of the Bear River Telephone.

This editor says that Major Daley, wife and son were guilty of making hogs of themselves by catching over 400 trout in one trip, South of Bear River. I deny that there were taken 400 trout by the 4 rods which composed the party, instead of 3, as stated. My son and a friend, with an Indian and canoe, my wife and myself, with 2 Indians, constituted the party. The tally for the 2 days was, as near as I can remember: My catch, 85; my wife, 63; total, 148; with 2 I caught Saturday morning coming up the turnpike as we glided along when, if I had been as hoggish as the editor would try to make me, I could have filled a basket, for the fish were jumping all around. Those 150 were cleaned, carefully packed in wet moss, and brought home; and I have no doubt were much enjoyed by the 25 families that shared them with us. As Mrs. D. fished with bait, she caught all large fish, and with the help of my landing net, got them on board the canoe; so the 2 days' catch was a record breaker for a lady. My catch of 87 was not large, as I put back all small fish from the start, as I always do. On one occasion I remember carefully unhooking 5 and letting them go over the side of the canoe, and bagging the sixth, the first of 6 considered fit to take home. The catch of the second canoe was 179 to 2 rods in 2 days, which, added to our catch, making in all, with 11 they caught Saturday morning, coming up the turnpike, 335 fish brought out for 4 people on a trip of 4 days, with the help of 3 Indians. My catch of 150 trout was a splendid one and I am proud of it.

John Daley.

Digby, N. S., Courier.

SELF-CONFESSED FISH HOGS.

Enclosed find clipping from the Bangor Daily News; and this in Maine, with all its fish and game laws!
S. L. A.,
Bangor, Me.

The clipping mentioned in the foregoing letter is as follows:

Up Lincoln way they have some good trout streams and some men who know how to catch the fish. Recently S. H. Clay, I. F. Clark and E. S. Clay, of that place, made a 3 days' trip to Passadumkeag river and brought home with them 388 trout. One morning they caught 90 before 10 o'clock.

To my inquiry as to the truth of this report I received the following replies:

My 2 friends and I caught 338 trout in 3 days, and the last day we caught 97 before 10 o'clock a. m.
S. H. Clay,
Lincoln, Me.

We caught in 3 days 338 trout of good size. We caught 97 one morning before 10 o'clock. This is the truth. We fished on the Passadumkeag stream.
I. F. Clark,
Lincoln, Me.

A RECORD COWARD.

Newburg, N. Y.—Charles Goben, Jr., of Lake Mahopac, was on trial at that place yesterday, charged by Mr. Brady, of the League of American Sportsmen, with having caught and kept 3 black bass under 10 inches in length. The evidence on the part of the prosecution was strong, and it looked like a conviction until the defendant took the stand. When reference was made to the 3 small fish he turned to his wife and said:

"They were the 3 you caught, weren't they?"

Mrs. Goben admitted it, and the jury found a verdict of no cause of action. Suit could be commenced against the woman, but the League will not press the matter further.—N. Y. Herald.

This is one of the most contemptible cases of hiding behind a petticoat that I have ever heard of. No decent man would ever have been guilty of so scurvy a trick. Goben should now borrow a suit of his wife's clothes, put them on, black his face and sneak out of the country as a chicken-stealing negro girl. He is not fit to live among respectable people.—Editor.

AN ELGIN FISH HOG.

Your letter to Mr. James Lane was turned over to me, as he had not time to answer. Enclosed find clipping from Minocqua Times, which will give you his catch.
H. Selleck, Minocqua, Wis.

James Lane, of Elgin, Ills., broke all previous fishing records last Tuesday at Squaw lake, when he captured 21 muskalonge, the largest weighing 30 and the smallest 5 pounds, 2 bass and one pike. He brought the catch in yesterday afternoon, and it was photographed. Mr. Lane is now admired and envied by all the tourists in the city. Thos. McGregor acted as guide.—Exchange.

Admired and envied by all the tourists, eh? Well, he will be hated and shunned by all true sportsmen hereafter. Wisconsin is sadly in need of a branding law. She has thousands of miles of what were once good fishing waters, but they have been sadly depleted by just such ornery whelps as this Lane.—Editor.

MAINE LAWS TOO LIBERAL.

Though away from home 8 days on my spring fishing trip, I caught all I wanted in 2 days and stopped fishing. Our lake fishing has been exceptionally good this year. Our fish laws are wrong. I saw some New York men who had bought licenses for $1, each allowing them to send home 10 pounds of fish. When they went home each took 25 pounds more. That was according to law, but I see neither justice nor reason in it. There is a petition in circulation asking that this thing be stopped. Our fishing interests are worth 10 times as much to our State as our hunting interests.

NIBBLES.

Samuel P. Monroe, justice of the peace and a special fish and game protector of Old Lyme, was bound over to the superior court yesterday on a charge of illegal fishing. The necessary bonds of $150 had not been furnished.

Monroe was arrested at the instance of E. H. Geer, fish and game commissioner, who alleges that he caught the justice and a companion, A. R. Crittenden, violating the law by capturing 32 shad in a net Saturday night. The penalty for shad fishing between sunset Saturday and sundown Sunday is a fine of $100 with forfeiture of boat and gear. The 2 men were notified to appear in court, but when the commissioner went to Old Lyme to prosecute the cases he was unable to find either of his men. The penalty is so large in case of conviction that it is thought both men have run away rather than face the music. Monroe's case is a particularly aggravated one, as besides being the trial justice of Old Lyme, he is a special fish and game protector, and it was his duty to prevent or detect violations of law.—Middletown, Conn., Triumph.

Trout were plentiful in our streams last season. Two prominent citizens of Pine City, Minn., attorney Robert Saunders and Prof. Blankenship, superintendent of schools, report a one-day catch of 520.
L. Johnson, Sturgeon Lake, Minn.

I wrote Mr. Saunders and Professor Blankenship, asking if this report was correct, and Mr. Saunders replied:

Three of us and a guide did capture 507 trout just after the opening of the season. The condition of weather, water, etc., were exceptional, however, and the trout were small.
Robt. Saunders,
Pine City, Minn.

The recent haul of 4 members of a notorious gang of gillnetters here, and the large fine and workhouse sentence for each of them, will no doubt put an end to this nefarious work that has been going on nearly 20 years. During the last year one man was shot dead, another badly wounded and others repeatedly and heavily fined, until now they are ready to quit for good.
W. S. Jones, Akron, Ohio.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Anybody can keep on shooting all day, but it takes a gentleman to quit when he gets enough.

DISAPPROVE OF PETERS.

Nappanee, Ind., April 28, 1901.

Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I see by May Recreation that you have discontinued your ad in that magazine on account of adverse criticism of your goods. I call that unsportsmanlike and I think you will lose instead of gaining friends by such a childish act. It is indeed a poor shell that can not stand a little criticism. As for myself, I know your shells sometimes jam in a repeating shot gun. Although I never wrote them up, from this time on I shall use no more Peters shells. Furthermore, I shall try to dissuade others from using them, for you have tried to injure as good a sportsman as America has to-day.

Respectfully,
Ed. J. Bowers.
Jackson, Wyo.

Peters Cartridge Co.

Gentlemen:—Your action in withdrawing your ad from Recreation on account of the criticism your cartridges received in the April number thereof certainly looks as though you did not want the charge investigated. As secretary of the Teton Guides Association (an organization of about 30 of the best guides to be found in N. W. Wyoming) I will say we endorse Mr. Shields and will stand by him in this matter.

Respectfully,
S. N. Leek.

I was much surprised at the letter from the Peters Cartridge Company in May Recreation, withdrawing their ad. Their excuse is flimsy. I read Mr. Radcliff's article, of which the secretary complains. Mr. Radcliff simply gave his experience with the Peters shell, which he or any other man or woman has a right to do, when writing for a magazine or newspaper; and the official of any company who will take the stand that the secretary of the Peters Cartridge Company did, has, in my judgment, a brain too narrow for his position. His communication to you, withdrawing his ad, will weaken his cause, and strengthen your own with the shooting fraternity throughout the country.

I am an amateur shot, and own the finest double shot gun Parker Brothers can make, for which I paid them spot cash. I have shot various kinds of loaded shells in this gun, among them some of the Peters shells. They were the poorest shells I tried. I understand the Peters people have improved their shell, and there was room for it. I have never had a poor shell from either the Winchester or the U. M. C.

Herman Holmes, Medina, Ohio.

For years I used Peters' cartridges and bought them by the thousand, as I spend all my spare time in target shooting. I shall not use another while the Peters people continue to play baby over that article about their goods in your magazine. I think all true sportsmen, especially members of the L. A. S., should refuse to patronize such a supersensitive concern. The very reason I bought their wares was because of their being so highly commended in Recreation, and I am not the only one who looks at their baby act in this light. I live within a stone's throw of 7 sportsmen who, since their infantile comedy, have refused to buy Peters' goods. I have not the pleasure of knowing their secretary, but I judge he is either a very young or a very old person. No up-to-date business man would be guilty of such a silly conduct. I wish Recreation and its editor unbounded success.

A. C. Goode, Winchester, Ky.

I took the advice of Recreation readers and bought a Winchester take down repeating shot gun. It has a 32-inch full choke and a 28-inch modifier choke barrel, and am satisfied I have the best thing going in the gun line. I would not advise anyone to use Peters' cartridges. They are hard to eject, and in other respects are not so good as U. M. C.'s or Winchesters. Until the Peters Co. has materially improved its goods it is well they are out of Recreation, the best magazine in the world for sportsmen.

F. L. Hamblen,
Jersey City, N. J.

I note the action of the Peters Cartridge Co. on the appearance in Recreation of a mild criticism of their goods. Were I in your place I certainly should not publish altogether one-sided reports on firearms, ammunition, etc. However good a product may be it has some imperfection, generally, and nothing is so flat and uninteresting as constant praise of an article's merits with nothing said of its demerits. Those manufacturers who invite criticism show they believe they have superior goods, and that true merit will win in the end.

J. E. Sanford, Henderson, Tenn.

I wish to have my say in regard to the Peters Cartridge Co.'s shells. Last fall while on a trip to Virginia, I used Peters' shells. In one day I had no less than 20 misfires. At that time I blamed my gun, but have since found out it was the shells. I sold the gun and got a Baker, which for shooting can not be excelled.

R. B. Schroeder,
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

The Peters Co. make a great mistake when it refuses to advertise in RECREATION because an occasional user of their shells does not like them. RECREATION is the most popular magazine published in the interest of the lovers of the rod and gun.

Uncle Dan,
Orient Point, N. Y.

I think the Peters Cartridge Co. must be in their second childhood. You may be sure they will get none of my trade.

Harry Cook, Bon Ami, La.

LAFLIN & RAND SMOKELESS ALL RIGHT.

Jersey City, N. J.

Editor RECREATION:

I note in April RECREATION Mr. Davis says he can not get good results with buckshot in the 30 U. S. over 8 grains of Laflin & Rand smokeless. The reason is plain. He uses too much powder. If he would try a Tatham or Leroy O buckshot set in the muzzle of the shell, with 6½ grains of Laflin & Rand's Sporting Rifle smokeless, I will answer for the results, unless his rifle is defective. The O Tatham or Leroy buckshot is 32 in diameter and consequently fits so tightly that it must be knocked into the shell with a mallet, perfectly flush with the muzzle. Run any good bullet lubricant around the edges of the shot and you will have a load fully as accurate as, and much less powerful than the 32 shot. The short range cartridge, as loaded by the factories with their special bullet, is most inaccurate; in fact, it would be difficult to devise a much worse combination.

B. B., of Rockford, Ill., asks what rifle would be most desirable to take into the Northwest. If he wants a modern small bore, the Remington-Lee Sporting model is, in my opinion, superior to any other. Its action is simple and strong, it is fully as accurate as any magazine rifle shooting the same cartridge, and it is much lighter, weighting only 6¾ pounds with 26 inch barrel.

Mr. Brown requests information about the Davis, Syracuse and Baker hammerless guns. The first I know nothing about. The second is as good as any gun in the world for the money, and Mr. Crosby's scores at trap answer for the third.

One of your correspondent's advises shooters against using Peters' shells in the Winchester shot gun. I have never seen any trouble caused by them. In fact, Peters' Ideal 3¼-1¼-7½ hb. and a Winchester shot gun worked entirely too well one day to suit me. I shot a 50 target race, my opponent standing at 16 and I at 19 yards. I was beaten by 2 birds. I shot my Pidgeon gun and load, but with No. 7½ Tatham bh. shot. Would have used my regular target load but as the wind was bad and my position was 3 yards behind the regular distance, I thought the extra ½ drachm of Dupont desirable.

I wish to say a word for H. C. Squires' hand loaded shells. I had some of them loaded with my pidgeon charge and sent to the Dupont Powder Company. to have velocity taken. They showed an average velocity of 900.6 feet a second at a distance of 40 yards from muzzle, with an average variation of only 10 feet a second and a pattern averaging only 5 pellets variation. The variations are the slightest I have ever heard of, and the velocity is most wonderful at 40 yards with No. 7 shot. The load I described in my article on shot guns in April RECREATION.

Jack Pattern.

OTHER ADS. FOR MARLIN.

Since I have been up here I have read some amusing things in RECREATION. Among these is a report that Marlin had brought a suit against you for publishing articles that said mean things about their rifles. This is the most foolish thing they ever did. It seems to me if you would request professional hunters, in the West, by which I do not mean tenderfoot hunters who never killed anything but a deer or 2, to give their experience with the Marlin on all kinds of game, it would be the worst advertisement Marlin ever got. They would better keep still about their rifles and let those buy them who will. As far as I am concerned, I think the Marlin is the poorest thing ever made in the shape of a repeating rifle, and they ought to be prosecuted for turning out such a fake. I ought to have brought suit against them 15 years ago, when I was almost killed because of one of their old 40-60 model rifles. I got into a fight with a big grizzly, and after the third shot the carrier threw a cartridge up through the carrier spring, and I could not get it in or out. I was using U. M. C. factory cartridges. I had my jaw, leg and arm broken in the deal and finally succeeded in killing the bear with a knife. I have used every model and sized rifle Marlin ever made in a repeater and none of them is worth a cent. They will shoot fairly well if you can get them to work, but you never can tell when they will work. In my time I have known 5 different hunters who were killed because their Marlin rifles would not work, and whenever I read of or see a man who uses a Marlin rifle, I put him down as either inexperienced with a gun, or a fool.

Last winter I ran out of Savage cartridges and borrowed a 30-30 Marlin. I went out after moose, and jumped a bunch. At the second shot the magazine clogged. I went home and quit hunting until I could get cartridges for my Savage. I would rather go out after game with an ax than with a Marlin. This year I am going to try a 30-40 Winchester, although I like the Savage very well.

Jack Burke, Hot Springs, Wash.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Jackson, }

Personally appeared before the undersigned authority, J. W. Brady, who, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that in the fall of the year 1897 he purchased a new Marlin rifle of 38-55 caliber, which he used portions of the 4 seasons since in hunting deer in Florida. That not more than 400 cartridges were fired from it. Deponent further swears that in attempting to fire this arm rapidly the cartridges would sometimes jam or clog, or fail in some way to be carried into the barrel chamber so as to be discharged.

J. W. Brady.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this April 22, 1901.

Simeon Walker,
[Seal] Notary Public.

PENETRATION OF 25-20.

Several writers replying to my letter about the penetration of the 25-20 cartridge, claim that the penetration as given in former issues of the Winchester catalogue was an error which has since been rectified. In former issues the penetration was given as 9½ boards for the repeater with 24-inch barrel, and 6¼ boards for the single shot with 28-inch barrel. In the last issue it is given as 9 boards for both. I think the error is in the last catalogue. It is generally claimed that the longer the barrel the greater is the penetration. If that is so, the single shot, with an advantage of 2 grains powder and 4 inches of barrel, should give greater penetration than the repeater.

F. W. K.,
Shamokin, Pa.

ANSWER.

The Winchester people say penetration given in the last edition of their catalogue is correct. The weight and kind of powder used in the 25-20 W. C. F. make up for the difference of powder load and length of barrel of the 25-20 S. S.—ED.

BEST GUN FOR VIRGINIA.

In August RECREATION someone at Butte, Mont., asks regarding a good field gun for use in Virginia. I have hunted in all the Middle States and the gun I use in the field is a 23-inch Remington, cylinder barrels, weight of gun 6-13, with Heikes hand protector.

I have used almost every size and weight of gun, and find this arm by far the best. I am not nearly so tired at night as those of my companions who use heavier guns. I find mine much easier to handle in brush. Have carried it 4 seasons and would not sell or trade it for any gun I have ever used in the field.

Harry E. Dill, Dayton, O.

Northwest, Butte, Mont., will find a 12-gauge, 30-inch gun, weighing about 7 pounds and 10 ounces, the right thing for general shooting in Virginia. Use 3 drams of powder and one ounce No. 8 shot for quails; No. 6 for grouse; No. 5 for turkeys.

H. S. Botele,
Washington, D. C.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW MODEL.

Would not a rifle built to the following specifications be a light, handy, and at the same time effective weapon: Caliber, 30-30 or 38-55; Winchester model '86 action; round barrel; half magazine, take down; double set triggers. If, as appears from the Winchester table, a long barrel gives less penetration than a shorter one, the barrel of this gun need not be over 24 inches. By making as light as possible an action of smokeless steel, and adding the weight so saved to the barrel, the latter could be made heavy enough for steady holding without materially increasing the weight of the arm. A set trigger would prove an aid to those unable to draw and hold a steady bead. It is claimed an octagon barrel does not expand evenly to the shock of discharge, and therefore is not so accurate as a round barrel.

Small Bore,
Kelsey, Mich.

TRY FOREHAND AND SAVAGE.

I would advise G. A. Mero to visit the Forehand Arms Co., Worcester, Mass. They make a strong, hard shooting gun. I have their grade 1, 26-inch, 12 gauge hammerless. Have no trouble in killing a fox at 10 or 12 rods. I have had the gun 5 or 6 years and have given it hard usage, yet it is as tight as when I bought it.

To A. A. S., Louisville, Ky.: I believe the Savage .303 is the best rifle made. With the 6 different cartridges you can obtain almost any desired result. The miniature cartridge is all right up to 150 yards. I load my own shells. They cost about 30 cents a 100. The soft point bullets will smash a hole through anything that a 45-70 will, and you don't have to lug 7½ pounds of iron. If the 45-70 and 45-90 men would give the .303 Savage a trial, the factory would have to run nights.

F. S. Talmadge,
Springfield, Mass.

SMALL SHOT.

For the benefit of L. G. S., of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose letter was published in September RECREATION, would say I have fired my .303 Savage rifle about 1,000 times during the year, mostly at the target. It has never failed me at any time. I consider the Savage one of the best rifles on the market to-day. This is the first time I have ever heard complaint as to the Savage not working, but have heard of other rifles balking up to the limit.

Will K. Briggs, Athol, Mass.

In reply to L. G. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., would say I prefer the Winchester 30-30 to the Savage .303. I have used the former over 3 years and fired about 1,000 shots with it. Never yet has the action failed me or a cartridge missed fire.

C. S. Stiles, Warren, O.

Have been experimenting on woodchucks with my Winchester 40-65-86, having shells loaded with 65 grains of King's semi-smokeless and a hollow bullet with the copper tube left in. One chuck was hit in the neck, the bullet going through him lengthwise. He was torn to pieces. The distance was about 65 paces. Another was shot through the mouth and the head and down below the shoulder and blown to bits. As to accuracy, the load is all right up to 375 yards. Last fall I shot a buck through the neck with a 32-40 hollow point. The bullet began to mushroom as soon as it entered the flesh, and nearly severed the head from the shoulders. I believe the hollow bullet is at least 50 per cent. more effective on game than a metal face, soft nose or plain lead bullet is.

H. P. Pettit,
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Laflin & Rand's shotgun powder is the cleanest, quickest and strongest I have ever used. After shooting it all day, just run an oiled rag through your gun barrels and they will be as clean as a mirror. Forty-two grains of Laflin & Rand will put No. 6 shot at 200 feet clean through most sea birds.

If more information in regard to Marlin rifles is wanted I can give it from my own experience. I would suggest to the Marlin people that instead of wasting time in lawsuits, they spend it in perfecting the action of their gun. I don't believe that if they advertised widely the next 10 years they can make up what they have lost by not advertising in RECREATION the past year.

W. H. Jenness,
Roslindale, Mass.

I noticed in RECREATION an article questioning the statement of another writer that he had, with a full choke Ithaca gun, 3 drams of powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 8 shot, put 400 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. I have just received a $60 grade Ithaca, an exceedingly handsome gun. Its right barrel will put 400 No. 8 shot out of 1⅛ ounces, in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, and will put practically the entire charge into a 40-inch circle at the same distance. In justice to the Ithaca people I feel bound to make this statement. They dealt most liberally with me. My gun was made with 3⅜ inches, for which some makers would have charged $10 extra. The Ithaca Co. made no extra charge.

Walter Lusson,
Ardmore, Pa.

In August RECREATION a writer asks: "Which is the better gun, the Ithaca or the Winchester, and why?" I have used both, and for anything but duck shooting prefer the Ithaca, because it has 2 barrels. My Ithaca has one cylinder barrel; the other is full choked. The first I use for close range, the other at long range. The second barrel I use also for target shooting. Another and important reason why I prefer the Ithaca is that reloaded shells can be used in it; also shells which have become slightly swollen from dampness. Again, I can fire 2 shots from a double gun faster than I can from a pump. Moreover, in appearance, a double gun has great advantage over any repeater. My gun is a 12 gauge, 30-inch, 7½ pound No. 1.

After giving it a careful test for pattern and penetration, I consider Robin Hood the best smokeless shot gun powder on the market. It is a bulk powder, does not require any special loading, wadding or shells, and is guaranteed perfectly safe to use in any gun fit to shoot black powder. It is remarkably quick, entirely smokeless, odorless, and its recoil is almost imperceptible. It will not injure the bore of gun any more than black powder. If any sportsman gives the powder a trial I am sure he will use no other. It is manufactured in Swanton, Vt., and by writing to the factory all information relative to it can be obtained. I am glad to see it advertised in RECREATION.

H. Lester, Northampton, Mass.

I shoot a 12 gauge, '97 model, Winchester repeating shot gun, with fore end action, and much prefer it to a double barrel gun. The repeating shot gun is no more a game hog's weapon than is the repeating rifle, and neither are such unless in the hands of a hog. In April RECREATION C. A. Radcliff says not to use Peters shells in the Winchester repeater. I have used Peters New Victor in my repeater and never had any trouble, even when firing as rapidly as I could work the slide. I shall try more of the Peters ammunition when I have the opportunity, since what I have used has been so satisfactory.

L. B. Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Pa.

When you get your matches wet, rub off what moisture you can with your finger, being careful not to touch the brimstone; then rub the match through your hair. In 3 minutes you will have a dry match.

The 32-20 loaded with Dupont shotgun smokeless shoots well and does not cost so much as No. 1 rifle powder. Dip the scoop heaping full, then tap and level; pour into the shell and tap that. That settles the fine powder to the head. Use Winchester shells, as the U. M. C. loads blow off; but U. M. C. 32-40 shells stand reloading better than Winchesters.

G. E. Young,
Wenatchee, Wash.

A number of friends in the Order of Elks read RECREATION with me at our rooms. All of us use the 22-15-45. The 30-30 and other high-pressure guns are much talked of, but they can not be used in populous districts. The 22-15 is extremely accurate. A squirrel's head at 75 yards is not an impossible shot with that cartridge. It is good for geese or cranes at 300 yards and always kills. I shoot it in a Stevens 4½-pound gun, and prefer it for hunting as against a 25-20 Maynard, which I also own.

Dr. W. L. Kenney,
St. Joseph, Mo.

I am a constant reader of RECREATION and admire the stand it has taken against the wanton destruction of game. All modern guns and ammunition will do good work in capable hands. The choice is a matter of taste. I am satisfied with a 16 bore Ithaca. It certainly compares favorably with many higher priced guns. I think the Peters Cartridge Co.'s shells, loaded with King's semi-smokeless, are perfection in cleanliness, velocity and killing power; nor do I find them liable to misfire.

H. Surry,
Seattle, Wash.

In August RECREATION G. H. Robbins, of Hero, Mont., speaks favorably of the 45-70 and 45-90 guns for big game. Has Mr. Robbins ever tried the Savage .303? I have seen all 3 used with the best results. I have also seen some remarkably good work done with a 7 mm. Mauser carbine, but do not like the action. Go for the game hogs. We have several of the porkers here, but thanks to C. H. Davis, our game warden, they don't do so well as they wish to.

Patsy,
Kane, Wyo.

In January RECREATION T. J. Wilbourn asks for information in regard to reloading 25-20, 25-21 and 25-25 cartridges. I prefer the 25-20 repeater for small game. In reloading I use 18 grains of ffg powder with wad and the 77 grain bullet, standard point. Lubricate with beef tallow and do not crimp. Bullets cast from lead pipe are hard enough. I can reload 25-20 shells at a cost of 25 cents a 100. No 22 cartridge can compare with the 25-20 in killing power.

G. C. Prescott, Plymouth, Wis.

Tell H. F. L., of Washington, D. C., that the '92 model Winchester 25-20 is a good gun for quail, squirrel and rabbit hunting; also for woodchucks. I have used the single shot Winchester 32-40, Stevens 25-20 and 22, also Winchester '90 model 22, and others, but have never found a rifle that has given me better satisfaction than the '92 Winchester 25-20. In reloading I use Dupont's FFG rifle powder.

Clifford Merrifield,
Rivesville, W. Va.

I carefully read the Gun and Ammunition Department of RECREATION. I had hoped by so doing to obtain information on which I could depend; but I find each contributor praises his own gun at the expense of all others, and no 2 can agree about ammunition. I live in Northern Minnesota, among the deer and moose, and know that a 38-55 is not equal to a 30-30 for moose. It is, however, a good deer gun.

C. H. H.,
Eveleth, Minn.

I cannot agree with A. A. Grexel, that the shot gun should be barred from use in shooting small game. I am not a pot hunter, but I could not think of laying the shot gun aside for the rifle. Think of hunting snipe or woodcock with a rifle! Which is the better crimper, the Ideal or the B. G. I. Co.'s No. 3? Will Winchester Blue Rival shells give good results if loaded with medium charges of Dupont smokeless?

Lee Boomhower,
Geneva, O.

I am using a Stevens Favorite, which I thought a marvel of cussedness until I put Lyman sights on it. Now it is a nail driver. It would pay most manufacturers to spend more time sighting their guns. I have used a 38-55, a 38-40 and a pump shot gun—all Winchesters. All were good, especially the pump. Will someone tell me a good way to take leading out of a rifle barrel?

A. F. Wallace,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Answering W. A. D., Binghamton, N. Y., I have a friend 70 years of age who all his life has handled guns, both afield and at the trap. He is now using a 12 gauge with 22-inch barrels. In duck shooting he can hold his own with it against long barreled guns. He thinks a short gun will do as good work with nitro as a long one, but that the reverse is the case when black powder is used.

W. L. A.
Bristol, Conn.

In April Recreation Mr. Anderson claims to have had trouble with various Winchesters. Surely it could not have been trouble with the action; the Winchester action is simply perfection. As for shooting, the Winchester can not be beaten. I use a 30-30 Winchester, 26 inch octagon barrel. It is a good shooter, but I think I should prefer a 38-72.

D. C. Hoisington, Amsden, Vt.

For small game use a 160-grain bullet, 1 to 10 tin and lead, and 12 grains of Laflin & Rand sporting smokeless. For large game use the Winchester or U. M. C. soft nose bullet and 28-grain Laflin & Rand 30-caliber smokeless powder. You will get more satisfactory results than from factory ammunition.

W. W. Schmidt,
Las Cruces, N. M.

What is the matter with the Marlin people that they don't advertise in Recreation? I am sure it would pay them 1,000 per cent. on their investment.

Where can I get soft pointed bullets for a Mauser rifle? I should like to hear from someone who has used them on big game.

M. A. Wilson, Lexington, Va.

To anyone who desires a double purpose cartridge I would recommend the 25-11-67 R. F. to be used in the Stevens Ideal No. 44 for target and small game. Get shells made by the U. M. C. Co.

Charles Linkhart,
Port William, O.

I should like to hear through Recreation from someone who has had experience with the Parker, 16 gauge, hammerless $80 shot gun. Does it carry as well and is it as durable as other makes?

John S. Miller, Jr.,
Bartlett Carry, N. Y.

A friend in Minnesota made a remarkable shot with a No. 4 Remington rifle, long rifle cartridges. He struck a hawk twice at over 60 rods. The second shot killed the bird.

Alwyn Jackman,
Portage, Wis.

I am about to buy a shot gun and would like the opinion of some of your readers as to which is the best medium-priced gun.

A. G. Burg,
Livingston, Mont.

One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain oxford don, whose scholarly abstraction frequently landed him in difficulties.

Dining out one night, he suddenly became immersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left-hand neighbor, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hands on the table, palm down and fingers closed.

Suddenly the professor awoke from his brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw reposing to the left of his plate, and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked:

"My bread, I think!"—Exchange.

A yearly subscription to Recreation is one of the most practical and useful Christmas presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. Recreation teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read Recreation. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

A PLEA FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

PROF. LAWRENCE BRUNER, in Nebraska University *Bulletin.*

The fact that insect depredations are increasing in extent each succeeding year makes it plain that something must be done to prevent it, and that quickly. We have found to our sorrow that although we are continually making increased efforts to destroy these pests, our efforts avail but little, and the destruction of our crops goes on. What, then, is to be done? How can we be released from this ever increasing struggle for existence?

The answer is plain. Heed the advice of the naturalist who has made a study of the life histories of the various other living creatures in the world about us.

In his desire for bird protection the naturalist is not prompted by sentiment alone; far from it! Although from the sentimental standpoint solely the friend of birds would have sufficient grounds for making such a request.

"To appreciate the beauty of form and plumage of birds, their grace of motion and musical powers, we must know them." "The ease with which we may become familiar with our feathered neighbors robs ignorance of all excuses." "Once aware of their existence we shall see a bird in every bush and find the heavens their pathway. One moment we may admire their beauty of plumage, the next marvel at the ease and grace with which they dash by us or circle high overhead." The comings and goings of our migratory birds in spring and fall, their nestbuilding and rearing of young, their many regular and beautiful ways as exhibited in their daily lives, stir within us impulses for kindness toward the various creatures which share the world with us. "But birds will appeal to us most strongly through their song. When your ears are attuned to the music of birds, your world will be transformed. Birds' songs are the most eloquent of nature's voices: the gay carol of the grosbeak in the morning, the dreamy, midday call of the peewee, the vesper hymn of the thrush, the clanging of geese in springtime, the farewell of the bluebird in the fall—how clearly each one expresses the sentiment of the hour or season!"

But if we can not take up the subject of bird protection from the humane standpoint, if we have no chord of sympathy or sense of honor remaining, are we willing to adopt business principles in our dealings with the birds?

Quoting from a paper by Professor S. A. Forbes, who has done much in the line of bird study in their direct relations to man, we have the following: "Excluding the inhabitants of the great seas, birds are the most abundant of the vertebrata, occupying in this great sub-kingdom the same prominent position that insects do among invertebrate animals." This position of the 2 groups in their respective divisions of the animal life of the globe can not be due simply to chance. There must be some connection between them. What is it?

It is needless here for me to state that the insect life about us is numerous and varied. We all know this to be too true. Nearly, if not quite, nine-tenths of all animal forms belong here, while the individuals of many kinds are incalculable. We know also that their powers of reproduction are wonderful, being limited only by the quantity of food available, etc. Now, the disproportionate number of birds, on the other hand, with their "universal distribution, the remarkable locomotive power which enables them readily to escape unfavorable conditions, and their higher rate of life, requiring for their maintenance a quantity of food relatively enormous," give to them a significance which few seem ever to have realized.

Briefly told, the economic relation of birds to man lies in the services which they render in checking the undue increase of insects, the devouring of small rodents, in destroying the seeds of noxious weeds, and by acting as scavengers on land and water.

Those who have studied the subject carefully have estimated that a loss of nearly $400,000,000 is sustained annually by the cultivators of the soil from insect ravages in the United States and Canada. This does not include the damage done to ornamental shrubbery, shade, and forest trees, nor to the grasses growing on our prairies. "But if insects are the natural enemies of vegetation, birds are the natural enemies of insects."

"In the air swallows and swifts are coursing rapidly to and fro, ever in pursuit of the insects which constitute their sole food. When they retire, the nighthawks and whip-poor-wills take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which would escape day-flying birds. Fly-catchers lie in wait, darting from ambush at passing prey, and with a suggestive click of the bill returning to their post. The warblers, light active creatures, flutter about the terminal foliage, and with almost the skill of a humming-bird, pick insects from the leaf or blossoms. The vireos patiently explore the under sides of leaves and odd nooks and corners, to see that no skulker escapes. The woodpeckers, nuthatches, and creepers attend to the trunks and limbs, examining carefully each inch of bark for insects' eggs and larvae, or excavating for the ants and borers they hear within. On the ground the hunt is continued by the thrushes, sparrows, and other birds that feed on the innumerable forms of terrestrial insects. Few places in which insects exist are neglected. Even some species which pass their earlier stages or entire lives in the water are preyed on by aquatic birds."

In nearly every case where the food habits of our birds have been carefully studied, do we find that the good done far exceeds the possible harm that might be inflicted by our birds. Allowing 25 insects a day as an average diet for each individual bird, and estimating that we have about 1 1-2 birds to the acre, or in round numbers, 75,000,000 birds in Nebraska, there would be required 1,875,000,000 insects for each day's rations.

Again, estimating the number of insects required to fill a bushel at 120,000, it would take 15,625 bushels of insects to feed our birds for a single day, or 937,500 bushels for 60 days, or 2,343,750 bushels for 150 days. These estimates are low when we take into consideration the number of insects that various of our birds have been known to destroy in a single day. For example, the stomachs of four chickadees contained 1,028 eggs of cankerworms. Four others contained about 600 eggs and 105 mature females of the same insect. The stomach of a single quail contained 101 potato beetles; and that of another upwards of 500 chinch-bugs. A yellow-billed cuckoo shot at 6 o'clock in the morning contained 43 tent caterpillars. A robin had eaten 175 larvæ of bibio, which feed on the roots of grasses, etc.

Birds, like all other animals, feed on that food which is most readily obtained; hence, the insectivorous kinds destroy those insects which are most numerous, the injurious species.

Estimating that there is a single grasshopper, katydid or cricket to each square yard of surface, it would require at least 650,000 bushels of these insects to cover the State. Not taking into account any of the myriads of other insect forms nor the rapid rate of reproduction which is going on among them, these alone would be nearly one-third enough insect food for our birds during the year. This being true, it is plain that at least twice as many birds could find the proper insect food in our State each year.

A perusal of the various works that have been written on the economic relations of birds to man will support the statement that, if we were deprived of the services of birds, the earth would soon become uninhabitable.

In addition to the actual good that birds do, as recorded above, in the destruction of noxious insects, many of them are engaged at least one-half of the year in hunting out and devouring the seeds of various weeds and other, to us, useless plants. Such is the mission of the various sparrows, snowbirds, finches, and longspurs which often occupy our fields in flocks of thousands during the winter months.

If, after ascertaining such truths as the above regarding birds, we continue to slaughter them, it is not due to thoughtlessness on our part. We do it wilfully and maliciously. The schoolboy may thoughtlessly rob a bird's nest or kill a bird or 2. It is the duty of the teacher and parent alike to teach him better, to show him how wrong it is to destroy life uselessly. It is especially their duty to prevent the destruction of birds. If each schoolboy in Nebraska were to rob a nest of say 5 bird's eggs, what would be the result? Yet the making of bird-egg collections is getting to be such a fad that almost every boy enters into it more or less zealously at some time or other. Some single collectors in a single season take 500 or more eggs. This should be stopped. We can study birds and their nests without destroying either. A live bird is more interesting than a dead one. An egg left in a nest where it will in due time become a live creature is of more interest than an empty egg shell.

We, as citizens of the United States, pride ourselves on being highly civilized and humane. We are in some directions, in others not. We also claim to be intensely practical and business-like in everything. Are we?

HOW AND HOW NOT TO HANDLE SKUNKS.

Mr. R. Macnaughton,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Sir: I saw your reply to an inquiry in Recreation, but should like some further data.

Have you been in this business?

How many young will each female skunk bear in a year?

Will all, or nearly all, live?

Should the males be kept away from the females all the time?

What is the proper time to put males in with females?

Will the skunks live on animal food, such as horses and cattle and refuse from slaughter houses?

Should more than one male be put in at one time with 15 females?

Is there much odor if skunks are properly handled?

What is skunk oil worth?

Will skunks swim?

I have an island in a lake. Can I let the skunks run at large on this island in summer?

Should I build a pen and put boxes in the ground for them to live in in winter?

Is it necessary to feed in winter?

Do you consider skunk farming a profitable business?

We have lots of wild skunks, and I can get all I want for $1 each. Should I pick black skunks for breeders?

Will they run to black if I start with black ones. Would you advise taking scent sack from young?

Will it be safe to keep 100 females together?

What is your method of killing when wanted for hides?

Would you advise me to give up a $50 position and go into the business? I have plenty of land and feed, such as slaughter house refuse. Is it necessary for the skunks to have vegetables and cornmeal?

L. F. Judkins, Fife Lake, Mich.

ANSWER.

Your questions have nearly all been fully answered in at least 2 issues of RECREATION, but as the subject is an important one and the business profitable, your inquiries deserve further answer.

I have been successful in raising skunks in confinement, and I treat them as I would tame cats or poultry.

Skunks should do well on an island where vegetation is abundant in summer, and where they could be got at and fed readily in winter. If the water freezes, however, they could escape in winter. They will not take to water voluntarily in summer. They grow tame quickly and give no odor unless startled or attacked.

If they are exposed to fright or to any interruption, they should be doubled yarded; that is, a yard of poultry netting to keep them in, and another about 10 feet without, to keep dogs, people and other animals away.

Your best plan would be to fix up something on a small scale, near your house, as though you were going to keep poultry, and content yourself with, say 50 females and 2 to 5 good males. On no account should you give up your $50 job, but stick to that and crowd in the skunk experiment until you find whether you succeed. If you do, then go ahead or quit.

Raising skunks is like raising hogs. There is too often a meaningless disgust and contempt for the business. Hardly one of my neighbors has any luck with brood sows, or likes them; but I have 20 sows that do wonders, and that are actually admired. So with the raising of skunks.

Vegetables, stale fish, poultry that dies and garbage are best for them. They do not need any kind of grain. Slaughter-house refuse I know nothing about, but if the skunks were fed wholly or largely on it it would probably bring on paralysis or other diseases.

In captivity several litters, of 4 to 6 each, can be produced each year.

Endeavor to have them full grown and mature to kill during January and February, for the fur is then at its best. Before January it is liable to be "hairy," and after February it loses lustre and fineness and becomes dead and woolly. To kill them, catch in any simple box trap and drop trap in water barrel. Do not kill by poisoning, for, while quick and handy, it destroys the lustre of the fur and its durability.

Skunk oil, if made with reasonable skill, sells readily at good prices, at any drug store, and is a safe and valuable remedy for many ailments, especially rheumatism and anything benefited by liniments or ointments.

Ramsay Macnaughton,
Pittsfield, Mass.

In answer to Mr. Hoopes' questions regarding skunks: The male skunk, like the tomcat, will kill the young kits, but Mr. Hoopes can safely let the males and females run together before the young are born, or after they are large enough to protect themselves. I advise him to leave them together all winter. They will choose their own breeding season, which in their wild state is in the late winter, about the time the snow commences to go off.

They average in the wild state about 4 or 5 females to one male, and bear about an average of 8 young to each female, according to the age of the mother. They will eat almost anything and live in the winter often on old dead horses, etc.

After snow comes watch for soft nights, for then is when they run. In the morning track them to their holes and either dig them out and catch them with a net on the end of a pole, or set a common box trap made of a light barrel. Make arrangements for 3 or 4 skunks, as there are often that many in a hole in the breeding season.

Balance the trap across a stick or log so the skunk can walk in the open end, but when he gets back to the bait it will tip up with him and stand on end. Or catch the skunk with a steel trap.

There need be no smell connected with your skunk farm. Skunks are easily tamed and only use their scent bag in self defense. If they are not frightened or hurt they may be handled freely without annoyance or danger. It is claimed their bite will cause rabies, and I do not doubt it is poisonous, as they eat carrion; but they are gentle and sweet tempered and there is little risk in handling them. Be sure they have snug, dry quarters. Make dens for them out of old shoe boxes, etc. Cover the boxes with earth and roof them to keep dry. Besides the value of their hides, skunk oil, made from their fat, is valuable, being used as a medicine for membranous croup and worth about $1 a pint. A fat skunk has a much nicer pelt than a poor one. Go to the nearest hide buyer and find out who brings in skunk hides to sell, and I'll wager whoever does will get you all the live skunks you want for $2 apiece.

C. P. J., Portland, Ore.

NOTES ON THE BEAVER.

I am surprised at the ignorance of some people about beavers. In April Recreation a trapper calls the beaver the wildest and most cunning animal of this day. He may have hunted beavers, but has never observed them. I have studied the beaver carefully for several years in their native haunts and give below some notes from my journal:

July 15—Have seen beavers almost every day for the last month. One afternoon about 4 o'clock I saw 5. They had cut down a tree which had fallen into the water, while some of the limbs were about 3 feet above. Two of the beavers sat in the crown of the tree, and 3 of them were in the water most of the time. I watched them about 15 minutes at a distance of about 10 feet. Would never have believed beavers could climb as these did if I had not seen them.

July 19—A boy 12 years old shot a beaver at the above mentioned tree, but could not pull it out of the water on account of its weight. I found the carcass 100 yards below, 3 days later. The boy said he saw 6 beavers together when he shot the one, at 5 o'clock p. m. The remaining 5 left the pond.

July 24—They now live about ½ mile up the river and about 200 yards from my cabin. They can be seen almost any time after 3 o'clock p. m. in good weather. Have seen beaver in daytime until about the middle of November; from that time only after sundown.

July 5, 1900—Yesterday I saw 11 beavers at one place, and about ½ mile farther on 6 more. Time, an hour or 2 before sundown.

July 15—See beavers every day. They seem to know me now, for the old ones swim past at 10 yards or less without diving, though the young ones are a little shy yet.

July 20—Yesterday a young beaver not much larger than a muskrat was outside the den at 10 o'clock a. m. Tried to catch him but could not get nearer than 5 feet.

July 29—E. B. shot one beaver early in the morning while hunting ducks.

Sept. 2—This morning, soon after sunrise, I saw 6 beavers swim past at 10 yards. They all dived as they came opposite me and came up about 30 yards away. They had not seen me before in the morning. There are no beaver dams in the Musselshell, but several in the creeks that run into it. I was informed last spring that one fellow trapped 19 beavers at the place where I made my observations, last winter. If this goes on the beaver will soon be exterminated. If a game warden would watch the country between Musselshell P. O. and Roundup P. O. he could round up some of the law breakers. There is no reason to call the beaver wild. On account of being persistently hunted he is getting shy, but it is the same with all other animals. I do not think much skill is required to photograph a beaver. I wish I had a picture of the 5 before mentioned, 2 of which were in the branches of the tree they had cut down.

July 24, 1901—Since above was written I took a stroll down Flatwillow creek, where I am now camping. Did not think there were any beavers here, but one mile below camp there are two dams, and about 100 yards from camp I saw a beaver working on one of them. I could not get nearer than 50 feet on account of the noise my shoes made, but observed him carefully from that distance. He paddled around the dam for a quarter of an hour pressing the mud, but never coming fully out of the water. Time 5 o'clock p. m., and the sun high.

Joseph Brunner,
Flatwillow, Fergus Co., Mont.

DO DOES LEAD?

To Mr. Sperry's question as to whether does usually lead in a bunch of their species, I answer that they do, as a rule; but there are distinctions to be made.

With deer, an unalarmed bunch is always led by an adult, fawnless doe, if there is such a one in the band. In case of alarm the buck will be first to run, regardless of the others, to save his own skin. The does, yearlings and fawns usually follow him, and he thus becomes, for the time, a leader, merely because he is the biggest coward of all.

With antelope, the head buck is never found in the lead unless he suspects the presence of wolves. Then he will take the lead, and I have often, when the wind was favorable, brought a bunch within 10 yards of me by hiding and imitating the bark of a wolf.

Bunches of grey wolves consist of the mother and her pups. They keep together until about March 1st. The mother usually remains on high ground and, like the buck deer, leads the retreat when danger threatens, to save herself. Dog wolves run singly or in pairs, away from the bunch. They cover a wide extent of country; while the dam and pups remain in the neighborhood where the latter were bred.

I have had no experience in America with native elk, but from what I have seen of imported specimens in the old country I presume their habits are similar to those of European elk. With the latter the buck never leads, and, moreover, remains apart from the band the greater portion of the year.

I have studied the habits of game for 16 years, but only 3 years of that time has been spent in this country.

B., Petaluma, Cal.

ARRESTED FOR KILLING EAGLE.

Please note enclosed clipping. Can nothing be done to stop this killing of eagles? If it is to be kept up many years we might as well have the Dodo for a national bird. I had the impression many years ago that it was against the law, but as it is constantly going on, and as I have never heard of a case where the offender was punished, the law, if in existence, is apparently not enforced. However, RECREATION is now a powerful aid in matters of this sort, and if nothing can be done in the way of law against these people, will you not write an article condemning the act, so there may be an influence at work which will later bring good results.

L. S. Brown, New York City.

The clipping enclosed is as follows:

> VERONA, N. J.—A golden eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip, the first one ever seen in this part of the State, was recently shot by Albert Brady at the upper end of Verona Lake.

I wrote Mr. Brady, asking for confirmation of this report, and he replied:

> You were correctly informed as to my shooting a golden eagle which measured 7 feet from tip to tip. It was at Verona, on the grounds of the Verona Lake and Park Association. I saw him sitting in a tree. As he saw me going toward him he flew and I shot him in one of his wings. He fell into the lake, so I jumped in a boat and had to hit him with the oar twice before I could kill him.

I subsequently learned that State Fish and Game Warden C. M. Hawkins, of Roselle, assisted by Deputy Percy Johnson, of Bloomfield, secured enough evidence to cause the arrest and conviction of Brady. I am sorry there is not a law in New Jersey that would send him to jail for 10 years.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

There are 11 species of wild mammals inhabiting the New York Zoological Park that are not in confinement. Those which are not being kept in check by traps, for the protection of the bird collections, are increasing rapidly. Of chipmunks there are hundreds; gray squirrels and red squirrels are beginning to feel that they are at last secure, and are daily becoming more confident. Muskrats infest all the ponds, often to the detriment of the waters. For the minks and weasels, which are the deadliest enemies of the birds, traps and exhibition cages are always ready, and several have been caught.

The antelope herd, of 8 individuals, in the Zoo Park, is in good condition. All the Western hoofed animals are like infants of the human species—their second summer is a living terror until safely passed. At present a special effort is being made to gradually accustom the antelope to Eastern grass. The supply of fresh grass is carefully regulated, and during the early spring it was denied altogether. At present some of the bucks are so vigorous that their sharp horns are not only troublesome to the keepers but even dangerous.

Can any reader of RECREATION give me any information regarding the raising of frogs? I understand there is a good demand for frogs' hind legs at high prices, and should like to know where I could obtain some good breeders. I understand New Jersey breeders are best.

Ira V. Woodbury,
Beverly, Mass.

The train had recommenced its journey to Bedale.

"What did the porter say was the next station?" asked one passenger of another.

"Excuse me," said passenger No. 2, "you mean what is the next station; it's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong. Is is was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Now you're getting ridiculous," said the second speaker, irritably. "What was is, and what is is. Is was is, or is is was?"

"Don't be foolish! Was may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was. If was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was, then——"

"Shut up, will you. I've gone by my station already."

And there was silence a while.—London Answers.

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Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie.
Oneida,	J. M. Scoville,	Clinton.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond.
St. Lawrence,	Dr. B. W. Severance,	Gouverneur.
"	A. N. Clark,	Sevey.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Central Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill.
"	A. S. Temple,	Whitehall,
"	J. E. Barber,	Dresden.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville.
"	Chas. Seacor,	57 Pelham Road, New Rochelle.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners,
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis.
Onondaga,	James Lush	Memphis.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan.
"	Seymour Poineer,	Branch Port.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling.
"	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
"	W. S. Mygrant,	46 Elton Street, Brooklyn.
"	P. A. Geepel,	473 Grand Ave., Astoria, L. I.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
"	Wm. S. Mead,	Woodstock.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.
Herkimer,	D. F. Sperry,	Old Forge.
Rensselaer,	Benj. McNary,	Bath.
Oswego,	J. E. Manning,	154 West Utica St.
Putnam,	H. L. Brady,	Mahopac Falls.
Schuyler,	G. C. Fordham,	Watkins.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
"	Samuel Waklee,	Box 373, Stratford.
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.
"	D. J. Ryan,	188 Elizabeth St., Derby.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk,	Orlando McKenzie,	Norfolk.
"	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.
"	S. W. Fuller,	East Milton.
Suffolk,	Capt. W. J. Stone,	4 Tremont Row, Boston.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
Mercer.	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
"	Roland Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
"	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
"	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
"	Calone Orr,	Hibernia.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.
Monmouth.	Dory-Hunt,	Wanague.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Jefferson,	John Noll,	Sykesville.
Perry,	Samuel Sundy,	Lebo.
Warren.	F. P. Sweet,	Goodwill Hill.
Juniata,	Clifford Singer,	Oakland Mills.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict	Pleasantville.
Potter	Ira Murphy,	Coudersport
"	Wiley Barrows,	Austin.
Crawford,		
"	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
"	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
"	J. B. Lamb,	Buel.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Butler,	F. J. Forquer,	Murrinsville.
Allegheny,	S. H. Allen,	Natrona.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
"	W. R. Keefer,	"
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	Granere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.
Carbon,	Asa D. Hontz,	East Mauch Chunk
Cumberland,	J. C. Gill,	Mechanicsburg.
Wyoming,	Cyrus Walter,	Tunkhannock.
Tioga,	E. B. Beaumont, Jr.,	Lawrenceville
Lycoming,	Jas. J. Brennan,	Oval.
"	B. D. Kurtz,	Cammal.
Montgomery,	Walter Lusson,	Ardmore
Bradford,	Geo. B. Loop,	Sayre.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Berrien,	W. A. Palmer,	Buchanan.
Cass.	Thomas Dewey.	Dowagiac.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill.
King William	N. H. Montague,	Palls.
Smythe,	J. M. Hughes,	Chatham Hill.
King & Queen,	R. D. Bates,	Newtown.
Louisa,	J. P. Harris,	Applegrove.
Henrico,	W. J. Lynham,	412 W. Marshall Richmond.
East Rockingham,	E. J. Carickhoff,	Harrisonburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.
Big Horn,	E. E. Van Dyke,	Clark.

LOCAL WARDENS IN TENNESSEE.

Sumner,	W. G. Harris,	Gallatin
Stewart,	John H. Lory,	Bear Spring.
Robertson,	C. C. Bell,	Springfield.
Montgomery,	P. W. Humphrey,	Clarksville.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEBRASKA.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Hall,	E. C. Statler,	Grand Island

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cheschire,	S. C. Ellis,	Keene.
Sullivan,	G. A. Blake,	Lempster.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VERMONT.

Rutland,	Wm. J. Liddle,.	Box 281, Fair Haven

LOCAL WARDENS IN ILLINOIS.

Rock Island,	D. M. Slottard,	12th ave and 17th St.. Moline.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OKLAHOMA.

Kiowa and Comanche Nation,	A. C. Cooper.	Ft. Sill.

LOCAL WARDENS IN IOWA.

Clinton,	D. L. Pascol,	Grand Mound.
Pattawattamie,	Dr. C. Engel,	Crescent.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WASHINGTON.

Okanogan,	James West,	Methow.

LOCAL CHAPTERS.

Albert Lea, Minn.,	H. A. Morgan,	Rear Warden
Angelica, N. Y.,	C. A. Lathrop,	“
Austin, Pa.,	W. S. Warner,	“
Boston, Mass.,	Capt. W. I. Stone,	“
Buffalo, N. Y.,	H. C. Gardiner,	“
Cammal, Pa.,	B. A. Ovenshire.	“
Carbon Co., Pa.,	E. F. Frey,	“
Coudersport, Pa.,	I. L. Murphy,	“
Cresco, Iowa.,	J, L. Platt,	“
Davis, W. Va.,	J. Heltzen,	“
Dowagiac, Mich.,	W. F. Hoyt,	“
Evansville, Ind.,	F. M. Gilbert,	“
Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	W. L. Waltemarth	“
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	Hunter Wood,	“
Indianapolis, Ind.,	Joseph E. Bell,	“
Jerome, Ariz.,	Dr. L. A. Hawkins,	“
Johnsonburg, Pa.,	W. J. Stebbins,	“
Kalispell, Mont.,	John Eakright,	“
Keene, N. H.,	F. P. Beedle,	“
Lake Co., Ind.,	Dr. R. C. Mackey,	“
Loganpsort, Ind.,	E. B. McConnell,	“
Mechanicsburg, Pa.,	Dr. J H. Swartz.	“
New Albany, Ind.,	Dr. J. F. Weathers,	“
New Bethlehem, Pa.,	Isaac Keener,	“
Penn Yan, N. Y.,	Dr. H. R. Phillips,	“
Reynoldsville, Pa.,	C. F. Hoffman,	“
Rochester, N. Y.,	C. H. McChesney	“
St. Paul, Minn.,	O. T. Denny,	“
Schenectady, N. Y.,	J. W. Furnside,	“
Seattle, Wash.,	M. Kelly,	“
Syracuse, N. Y.,	C. C Truesdell,	“
Terre Haute, Ind.,	C. F. Thiede,	“
The Dalles, Ore.,	C. B. Cushing,	“
Winona, Minn.,	C. M. Morse,	“

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St.. St. Thomas, Ontario Sporting goods.

THE LEAGUE DID IT.

The League of American Sportsmen has given attention especially to securing better protection for big game and wild turkeys, and its efforts have contributed to the passage of bills providing a close season of 3 to 10 years for antelope in 6 States; for elk in 5 States, and for mountain sheep and wild turkeys in 2 States.

It has supported the principle that protection can best be secured by restricting the sale of game and limiting the amount of a day's or a season's bag. The influence thus exerted was largely instrumental in securing the passage of numerous laws embodying these features.

The sale of all kinds of game has been prohibited by some States, and that of certain species by others. As a result of efforts in this direction three kinds of game—antelope, elk and prairie-chickens—have been practically removed from the markets, except in States where their killing is still permitted.—Philadelphia *Record*.

The League of American Sportsmen, which has an organization in every State and the majority of counties, is to a considerable degree responsible not only for the better protective laws, but for the aroused public sentiment in favor of game protection and for the Lacy act passed by Congress. The organization deserves the fullest credit for what it has accomplished.—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

And the O. D. G. H. predicted when the League was organized that it was not likely to accomplish any important achievements. The editor of that antique sheet should guess again.—Ed.

WANTED: 1,000 MORE.

Mr. W. S. G. Todd, of Coleridge, Cal., has recently done a splendid piece of work in the interest of game protection. Some weeks ago he wrote me that he was making an effort to get a lot of his friends into the League, and that he would send me some applications later. Sure enough, they came in due time—13 of them. That is said to be an unlucky number, but the old adage does not hold good in this case. The most remarkable thing about Mr. Todd's work is that none of these men live in his own town. He says he has done a lot of work on the Coleridge contingent, but that the so-called sportsmen there are not sufficiently advanced in the matter of game protection to be willing to put up a dollar each for it; so Mr. Todd made a trip some time ago to Boulder Creek and interviewed a number of sportsmen there on the subject of joining the League. After his return home he continued to work on them by mail until he secured the 13 applications, and now sends them in, with his check to cover. This is another proof that results can be obtained in this work whenever the right man goes at it and sticks to it. Oh! for 1,000 such men as Todd.

LEAGUE NOTE

Mr. S. W. Fuller, local warden of the L. A. S., of East Milton, Mass., has convicted 5 men for violations of the fish and game laws of that State, and has been paid rewards from this office of $10 in each case.

FORESTRY.

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford of the same institution.

It takes thirty years to grow a tree and thirty minutes to cut it down and destroy it.

WHAT IS FORESTRY?

Some violent attacks have lately been made on the New York State College of Forestry, it being charged with recklessly denuding the Adirondack tract which the State has placed at its disposal for purposes of experiment and demonstration. This unwarranted attack seems to make it timely to discuss again the question "What is Forestry?"—a conception which it seems difficult to inculcate in the minds of our people. This may best be done by repeating the letter which the Director of the College wrote to the Watertown Times, in reply to a request for a statement of the facts in the case, as follows:

"The introduction in the United States of forestry methods in managing forest properties has been delayed by just such misconceptions, misstatements and misdirected attacks as characterize the lucubrations lately published in various newspapers regarding the doings of the College of Forestry in the Adirondacks.

"Cornell University was, by the State, invited to establish a College of Forestry, in which professional foresters were to be educated, and at the same time there was given to it, as an experiment station in charge of the College of Forestry, a tract of land in the Adirondacks, from which the lumbermen had culled the pine and spruce. On this tract the College was to show how such a culled hardwood forest might be managed under forestry principles.

"Forestry, in simplest terms, means no more nor less with reference to wood crops than agriculture means with reference to food crops. It is a business which is concerned in the production of useful material, the most important and most widely used material, next to food materials. It is, then, entirely utilitarian. It is not concerned, at least directly, with the beauty of trees or with the shelter for game, although these aspects may be incidentally looked after. Also incidentally and more prominently must the influence of a forest cover on soil and water conditions be kept in view. This latter interest is directly important to the forester himself, since he must keep his ground in satisfactory productive condition, if he expects to be successful with his crop. The forester, then, looks on the forest as a crop, and that involves reaping as well as planting. He is a logger as well as a sower; he uses the axe as well as the spade and dibble. He uses the axe even more than the planting tools, for under certain conditions he may, by judicious management in the cutting of the old crop, secure the new crop by the seeds falling from the old trees before he removes them.

"This is the difference between the lumberman and the forester. The lumberman simply reaps nature's product, takes the best trees, the best cuts, and leaves the rest in possession of the soil for nature to do with it as it pleases, either to let it grow up to weeds and brush or to recover the soil, in due time reproducing another crop. The forester has the obligation when he reaps to provide systematically for a new crop; not the chance volunteer crop of nature, but one of economic value, of species that are most useful, in larger quantity and better form, and in shorter time than nature, unaided, could or would produce.

"If the College of Forestry were only logging its tract as the lumberman does, it would, indeed, be remiss in doing its duty; for reproduction is the keynote of forestry, replacing the harvested crop by a crop, if possible, superior in composition. This can be accomplished in more than one way, and the choice of method depends on many considerations which have reference not only to the condition in which the forest manager finds the forest property that he is to manage, but also to the condition of the finances which are to back him in this business of forest cropping.

"Where the lumberman has culled the desirable kinds and left the inferior, or comparatively less valuable ones in possession of the soil, as is the case in most parts of the college tract, it stands to reason that, if the former are to be re-established, it can only be done by reducing the latter and replanting artificially those we would wish to be most prominent in our new crop. Where the desirable kinds are still present, a new crop may be reproduced from the seeds of these, gradually removing the old trees as the young crop needs light. The College of Forestry proposes to use both methods, separately and in combination, taking advantage of any volunteer growth present, leaving the young saplings of hardwoods, conifers and older seed trees where desirable, and planting in pines and spruces to fill up the natural reproduction.

"The operations of the College last year extended over an area of less than 500 acres, of which it is estimated about 300 need planting. Owing to the unfavorable winter, operations were delayed, so that planting ground could be made ready only to the extent of 105 acres, which were planted. The nurseries established contain now material sufficient to plant 500 acres next spring, if the means for doing this planting can be had. Burnt and waste lands have also been planted, so that some 255 acres are now planted. In fact, if counting numbers, the college has, so far, planted 100 trees for every 4 trees cut. These are as many as its scanty resources permitted. It is, therefore, following the main precept of forestry to reproduce the crop. The charge that it is cutting down to mere saplings is truly puerile, for, while there would be no impropriety in doing this, provided the crop were properly replaced, there is no market for such saplings. This story comes probably from the observation that small brushwood has been cut and bundled as an experiment, to see whether it could not be made useful.

"The lumberman, it is well known, cuts and utilizes only the logs, and those of the best trees and kinds, leaving a large part of the trees he has felled on the ground as *debris,* to feed the fires and prevent young growth. The forester is forced, by the mandates of his business, to utilize as much as possible not only the poor trees, but all that is in a tree; not only the logs of the best, but of the weed trees as well, and the cordwood and the brush, if he can; or else he may have to burn the brush later. Thorough utilization, instead of the wasteful one which the mere logger practices, distinguishes the forester's work. Unfortunately, there is no market for this inferior material, that a satisfactory silviculture requires to have removed. The College of Forestry is at least trying to satisfy, as far as possible, this requirement.

"The charge that the logging operations are carried on for the financial benefit of Cornell University is even more puerile, for, if there were any profits to be derived from the sale of the crop, the State has carefully guarded against having them applied for any other purpose than the one in hand, namely the running of this demonstration or experiment station and the replacement of the crop. It is absolutely impossible for Cornell University to make any profits from the College Forest, since all returns are at once turned over to the State Treasurer for the purpose aforesaid. As a matter of fact, the finances of the college experiment station are not such as to make anyone who knows them envious. Much more work in planting and improvement generally would have been done if finances permitted; that is, if the State had appropriated a more liberal working fund, such as had been asked for. Any business man knows that a certain working capital is required to carry on a given business; if this is below a certain figure, the business can only be carried on in a lame way and at a disadvantage.

"This is the condition of the College Forest management; it is trying with an insufficient capital to earn what is necessary to pay for the administration and the improvements, including planting. A lumberman, logging these hardwoods, would find it difficult to make a satisfactory margin; a forester, who is obliged to log with more care and to replace the crop he has cut, necessarily works under greater financial disadvantages, and, so far, it has only been possible with great economy and care of the finances to secure any margin which can be applied to the forestry work.

"The wise policy for the State, if it wished this experiment in forest management properly carried on, would have been either to make provision for annual appropriations for its conduct or to provide a sufficient working fund on which to run the experiment as a business. In my last annual report I stated that the modest fund of $50,000 was asked, but only $30,000 was allowed, which would hardly suffice to carry on a logging operation. To place the experiment on a proper basis, to permit the development of means of transportation from all parts of the property, which alone would make possible the method of gradual removal and reproduction by natural means, a working capital of not less than $150,000 should be placed at the disposal of the management.

"It remains, then, to state that the College of Forestry is doing what it is set to do. It may be of interest to inquire whence the opposition to its procedure comes. There are those who have used this property as a hunting ground, and naturally desire to preserve it as such for their own personal benefit. They are opposed to the change from old timber to young plantation, which only in years will again give them a hunting ground. Again, there are those who consider it a sin to cut a tree, overlooking that their houses could not be built and their homes furnished without the utilization of the forest. There are those who mistake the situation and think it is the State's Forest Reserve that is being cut over. Moreover, as they have made up their minds that forest preservation is only to be had from non-use, the forest preservation practiced by the college, which lies in the philosophy that all life is efficiently preserved only by reproduction, does not appeal to them. There may also be those who know only one way of treating a forest, and hence, differing as doctors do, criticise the method of artificial reproduction by planting, which the college is in part forced, in part has chosen, to follow. These recognize only the culling process, which the lumberman has practiced with the softwoods, as legitimate; and advocate even that the State practices it in the Forest Reserve on its virgin lands, and culls out the valuable spruce in order to make the reserve of financial use.

"While, no doubt, the gradual removal system has some advantages, it means, when applied to hardwoods, which can not be transported by water, the development of an extensive system of railroad transportation, which requires funds such as the college has not had at its disposal.

"In conclusion, I repeat that the College of Forestry is doing what it was instituted to do. It is harvesting from an area from which the valuable part has been already removed, the old, decrepit hardwood crop which is rotting and becoming less and less valuable, and is replacing it by a young, vigorous crop of better composition. It is doing this by trying to make the old crop pay for the new; that is, carrying on the experiment like a business venture. It bespeaks the support of all broad minded men who see beyond their own selfish pleasures and recognize the economic value of our forest resources, and of a rational use and reproduction of the same."

PROTECTING CALIFORNIA FORESTS.

Pasadena, Cal.—Forest Supervisor E. B. Thomas says that about 25 fires were started in the San Gabriel forest reserve last season, but in almost every case they were checked in their incipiency, and little damage resulted to the covering of the mountains. Twenty-five rangers are employed in the reserve, an increase of 10 over last year, and they are maintaining a strict patrol of their territory, one of their duties being to keep a record of every person who passes through or to the interior of the reserve. These persons are cautioned by the rangers to be careful in the building of camp fires, and in no case to leave such fires burning after abandoning a camp. Flagrant disregard of this admonition has involved a party of 3 men in a serious difficulty. They were cautioned by the rangers in the customary way, but on leaving camp neglected to quench their fire. As the names of the men were known, warrants were issued against them and are now in the hands of the United States Marshal for service, and the men will soon be taken into the Federal court, for trial. The extreme penalty for the offense charged is one year's imprisonment or a fine of $1,000, placing the offenders in a serious dilemma.

Another order recently issued forbids the carrying of shot guns into the government forest reserve. The enforcement of that order is a source of much discomfiture to hunters, but it is considered necessary for the protection of the forests. The reason for the order is the danger from ignited gun wads, which fall into the brush and smoulder sometimes for hours before breaking into flames. A fire was started in this manner but a few days ago near Monrovia, and only the prompt action of the rangers prevented a destructive conflagration. Persons carrying shot guns are informed by the rangers that such firearms must be relinquished to the government agents; failure to turn them over barring the hunter from the reserve.—California Paper.

Little trouble is found by the rangers in enforcing these regulations. Intelligent persons recognize their justice, but an obstreperous individual is encountered occasionally, and harsh treatment becomes necessary. All rangers wear government badges, making their identification positive, and their word is law in the reserve.—California Exchange.

Forest protection means a great deal to the people of Southern California, and they are beginning to realize it; also that forest protection means game protection. A few days ago I asked one of the forest rangers about deer and small game. He said deer were fairly plentiful, but hard to hunt unless one knew their range. Mountain quails, great big fellows, with beautiful long plumes, are plentiful, and as shot guns are barred from the Forest Reserve, these birds ought to do well. Trout fishing was not good this year. The heavy rains washed the young fish out of the mountain streams and several previous dry years had not improved matters in the fish line. Right below my house is a gulch, well wooded, with a small stream. Valley quails have always resorted to this place, and I have noticed with satisfaction that they have increased from a few to several large coveys. Dove shooting is not at its best, but I think it is because there is so much feed they are spread out more. I shoot them with a rifle. It is far greater sport; besides the bird has a chance.

The 303 Savage always goes with me on my hunts, and its deadly little voice means business. Game is better protected than it has ever been before. You know how California is about anything of real importance to its own welfare. Just before the deer season opened—that is, the first of August—our game wardens caught a number of hunters with deer, and had the law-breakers convicted, but I do not know how it turned out. Our game wardens are alert just before any game season opens, but what happens between times is easy for anyone who lives in this region to imagine. Some of our game wardens are all right, but at best they are a poor lot.

G. L. W., San Diego, Cal.

FOREST FIRES AND STATE OWNERSHIP.

In the "Report on Forests of New Jersey," by the State Geologist, he states "some system of protection must be adopted if ever these terrible forest fires are to be stopped," and also that "in the southern part of the State the necessity of public protection is imperative if there is to be any production of timber or lumber in that part of the State."

In other words, part ownership of forest areas by the State is as much a necessity with us as with the old countries, for, as the State Geologist says, "any system of protection against forest fires to be thoroughly effective must be under the control of the State and a forest system with State control necessitates either State ownership or the relinquishment of rights of private ownership, which is not to be expected in our country." He then points out that the great pines district of southern New Jersey, a compact body of timber land, would make a most valuable State forest reservation, which under an efficient system of control would eventually become self-supporting and more, and he continues: "The control of the forests by the State is a subject of great public importance and demands the careful study of the wise legislator in order to avoid the error of excessive paternalism in government on the one hand and the reckless and riotous excesses of individual liberty and license on the other side."

That State ownership is desirable, has been recognized now in a practical way by the Federal Government in establishing forest reservations—some 42 reserves of over 47 million acres—in the Public Timber domain, by the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and by the Canadians. In Germany, where only one-third of the forest area is owned by the State and where interference with private ownership rights owing to historic development is less objectionable than with us, the States have come to the conclusion that after all, safety lies only in State ownership, and hence they have for some time entered upon a policy of adding to the State forest reserves by purchase and exchange, not only to check danger from fire—for the forest fire laws are there strenuously enforced like any other laws—but to prevent the deterioration of soils and forest growths and to make every foot of soil do its duty by producing some value instead of weeds.

In Prussia, where the government exercises hardly any control over private forest ownership and owns less than one-third of the forest area, $3,500,000 were spent during the decade 1882-1891, in purchase of waste or poorly wooded lands, 30,000 acres of State farmland were exchanged for 17,000 acres of timberland, and 80,000 acres of unproductive waste land were reforested, at an expense of a quarter million dollars annually. That and why this change of ownership is desirable is also illustrated by the experiences of France, which spends a million dollars annually now because it neglected to enter upon this policy earlier. The letter of Prof. Clark, referred to in another place, also throws a side-light on this kind of State activity.

PROGRESS IN FOREST RESERVATION.

A further step toward the creation of the National Appalachian Forest Reserve, for which such active propaganda was made last winter, is the cession by the State of Tennessee to the United States of a strip of forest and mountain land twenty miles wide along the eastern border of the State; and of similar tracts by the States of North Carolina and Virginia. It would seem that now all that is necessary is to have an enabling act passed by the next Congress and an appropriation to take charge of this Reserve.

Such administration should be placed in the hands of the Bureau of Forestry in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, where now the management of all the forest reservations of the Federal Government should be.

Congress as usual needs forgivenness for things left undone that it should have done, one of which was action on the bill for the purchase of the Calaveras Groves of Big Tree; the bill did not come before the House owing to the disapproval of Speaker Henderson

On the other hand the Legislature of California voted $250,000 in 5 annual instalments for the purchase of the Redwoods in the Santa Cruz mountains for a public park, thus saving for the admiration of a future generation a body of trees, which for their size and antiquity, are famous in all parts of the world.

"What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher.

"That which joins together," was the prompt reply.

"Give an illustration," said the teacher.

The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed.

"The marriage service," she said at last. —Chicago Post.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

DIET OF BICYCLE RACERS.

In connection with investigations regarding nutrition carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture, studies have been made on the effect of muscular work on the consumption and utilization of food. A recent bulletin reports studies carried on by Messrs. Atwater and Bryant. The subjects were 3 of the contestants in a long-distance bicycle race at Madison Square Garden. The race lasted 142 consecutive hours. During that time the chief contestants took only such rest or sleep as was absolutely necessary, working on an average 5-6 of the whole day and sleeping but little. Of the 3 contestants, C. W. Miller, Frank Albert and H. Pilkington, who served as subjects of the investigation, the first 2 were experienced and held out to the end; the third withdrew on the fourth day of the race. During the first 72 hours he rode 863 miles. Miller won first place; Albert, fourth place. The amount of food consumed by Miller was determined by his trainer, in accordance with experience gained in similar contests, and consisted of simple foods, mostly liquid or semi-liquid. They included among other things, raw eggs, milk, koumiss, bread, rice pudding, oatmeal, fruit, beef extract, etc. No water was drunk during the contest. No alcoholic beverage—unless the small quantity of alcohol in koumiss entitles it to that appellation—was used. Considerable quantities of coffee were consumed after the first day, but no other stimulant or beverage. Miller's tremendous endurance is shown, not only by his riding 2,007 miles during the week, but perhaps even more strikingly by the fact that the fatigue and strain produced no sign of either physical or mental weakness.

Albert's food was much more varied than Miller's, and he was permitted by his trainer to eat more. His labor was not so intense and severe as Miller's, since he rode about 185 miles a day less and did not have such close rivals for his position in the latter part of the race as did Miller. Nevertheless, the feat of riding 109 of 142 consecutive hours and covering 1,822 miles in that time is sufficiently remarkable. His condition at the end of the race was apparently as good as at the end of the first day.

The digestibility of food and the income and outgo of nitrogen were also studied. The average amounts of nutrients in the food eaten per day by the 3 men are shown in the following table:

	Protein Grams	Fat Grams	Carbo-hydrates Grams	Fuel value Calories
Miller............	169	181	585	4770
Albert.............	179	198	859	6095
Pilkington........	211	178	509	4610

As shown by previous investigations, the average nutrients in the daily diet of a number of families of American mechanics were: Protein 103; fat 150; carbohydrates 402 grams, with a total fuel value of 3,465 calories. The commonly accepted dietary standard for a man at severe work calls for 177 grams protein and 4,500 calories.

It will be seen from this table that the bicycle racer's dietaries are high both in protein and energy. On the other hand, they did more than 2 ordinary days' work in one. Taking into account the nitrogen metabolized in excess of the amount supplied by the food, we may say that the total protein metabolized was about twice as much as the available protein of the food of the average American mechanic or professional man, and the average energy about 50 per cent. greater.

These experiments would seem to favor the following inferences:

That trained athletes undergoing unusually severe exertion demand a largely increased supply of easily digested food of such kinds as agree with the subject, and that the availability of such food is not greatly affected by the loss of sleep and almost continuous muscular exertion.

That under such circumstances the metabolism of nitrogen as well as that of energy is increased; body protein being drawn on unless the food is very abundant.

That trained athletes appear able to lose relatively large amounts of body nitrogen without any apparent ill effects.

It is conceivable that equally severe and prolonged exertion might perhaps be undergone without increased metabolism of nitrogen provided the supply of fuel material was sufficiently abundant. This question, however, can be settled only by experiments in which the diet is under control.

LIMITED DAILY RATIONS.

In "Food and Diet" Dr. Pavy relates the following:

Some extraordinary instances of subsistence on a quantity of food so small as almost to excite suspicion with regard to its accuracy are to be found recorded. A well known case, remarks Dr. Carpenter, is that of Thomas Wood, the miller, of Billericay, reported to the College of Physicians in 1767, by Sir George Baker, in which a remarkable degree of vigor is said to have been sustained for upwards of 18 years on no other nutriment than 16 ounces of flour made into a pudding with water, no other liquid of any kind being taken. In nutritive value 16 ounces of flour will represent 1.72 ounces of nitrogenous matter, 0.32 ounce of fat and 11.28 ounces of carbohydrates.

A more striking instance still is that afforded by the case of Cornaro, a Venetian of noble descent, who lived in the 15th and 16th centuries, and attained an age upward of 100. He became impressed with the conviction that the older a man gets and the less power he possesses the less should be the quantity of food consumed, in opposition to the common notion that more should be taken to compensate for his failing power. He, therefore, at about 40 years of age, resolved to enter on a new course, and betake himself to a spare diet and scrupulously regular mode of life, after having, as he says, previously led a life of indulgence in eating and drinking, and having been endowed with a feeble constitution and "fallen into different kinds of disorders, such as pains in my stomach, and often stitches, and spices of the gout, attended by what is still worse, an almost continual slow fever, a stomach generally out of order, and a perpetual thirst." He also did all that lay in his power "to avoid those evils which we do not find it so easy to remove. These are melancholy, hatred, and other violent passions, which appear to have the greatest influence over our bodies. The consequence was, that in a few days I began," he adds, "to perceive that such a course agreed with me very well; and by pursuing it, in less than a year I found myself (some persons perhaps will not believe it) entirely free from all my complaints. I chose wine suited to my stomach, drinking of it but the quantity I knew I could digest. I did the same by my meat, as well as in regards to quantity and quality, accustoming myself so as to contrive matters so as never to cloy my stomach with eating or drinking; but constantly to rise from the table with a disposition to eat and drink still more. In this I conformed to the proverb which says that a man, to consult his health, must check his appetite. * * * What with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I ate as much as weighed in all 12 ounces, neither more nor less. * * * I drank but 14 ounces of wine." On this scanty allowance Cornaro tells us he perseveringly subsisted; and he lived in possession of all his faculties to write a series of discourses at the respective ages of 83, 86, 91 and 95, directed towards urging others to follow a similar course. These discourses, which are imbued with vigor and vivacity, and contain many shrewd remarks on the subject of living, seem to have excited considerable attention at the time they appeared, and for many years afterwards.

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF FOODS.

The value of food is determined not alone by its composition, but also by its digestibility; that is, by the amount of it which the body can retain and utilize as it passes through the digestive tract. The term digestibility as frequently employed, particularly in popular articles, has several other significations. Thus to many persons it conveys the idea that a food agrees with the user, *i.e.*, that it does not cause distress when eaten. The term is also commonly understood to mean the ease or rapidity of digestion, and one food is often said to be more digestible than another because it is digested in less time. However, the term digestibility is most commonly understood in scientific treatises on the subject to mean thoroughness of digestion. The digestibility of any food may be learned most satisfactorily by experiments with man, although experiments are also made by methods of artificial digestion. In the experiments with man both food and feces are analyzed. Deducting the amounts of the several nutrients in the feces from the total amount of each nutrient consumed shows how much of each was digested. The results are usually expressed in percentages and spoken of as coefficients of digestibility. From a large number of experiments with man it has been calculated that on an average the different groups into which food may for convenience be divided have the following coefficients of digestibility:

Foods	Protein	Fat	Carbo-hydrates	Mineral matters
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Animal foods........	98	97	100	75
Cereals and sugars...	85	90	98	75
Vegetables and fruits.	80	90	95	75

Making use of these figures, the digestible nutrients furnished by any food may be readily calculated. Thus a table of the composition of foods shows that sirloin steak contains 16.5 per cent. protein. One and one-half pounds would therefore contain 0.2475 pound protein, or in round numbers, 0.25 pound ($1.5 \times 165 = 0.2475$). As shown by the coefficients of digestibility quoted above, 98 per cent. of the protein of animal food is digestible. Therefore, 1.5 pounds sirloin steak would furnish 0.245 pound digestible protein ($0.25 \times 0.98 = 0.245$). The digestibility of the several nutrients in a given quantity of any food may be calculated in a similar way.

BOOK NOTICES.

TWO NEW ANIMAL BOOKS.

This may be called the wild animal age. Never in the history of the world have people in general manifested so much interest in the study of wild animals and birds as today. This is shown in various ways. One index of it is contained in the large number of books being written and published devoted to this interesting and important study. Three such books have come to my desk within the past 2 weeks. One of these is entitled "The Outcasts," and was written by W. A. Fraser and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, of New York. In this book Mr. Fraser tells, in his usual natural and interesting way, the story of an old buffalo bull and a half-breed dog. These animals lived some 20 years ago, in the time when buffalo were plentiful in the. Western Canadian provinces. The bull, which Mr. Fraser has christened Shag, had grown old and had been driven out of the herd by the younger, stronger and more active males. In his lonely wanderings he was joined by the dog, whose name is A'tim. His mother had been one of the nondescript dogs owned by the Cree Indians and used for sledging. His father was supposed to be a coyote, and on account of his mongrel origin he was repudiated by both races. This placed the dog and the buffalo on a plane of common sympathy. They talk over their troubles, they sleep together and feed together whenever and wherever anything good can be found for either to eat. Their story is pathetic and tragic and will be eagerly followed by thousands of nature lovers. The book is beautifully illustrated with a series of full-page drawings by Arthur Heming, and retails at $1.25.

Another of these books is by Maximilian Foster, and the title is, "In the Forest." It deals almost wholly with stories of moose, caribou, bear, buffalo and smaller animals. It has 19 full-page drawings by Karl Rungius, all of which are done in his masterly style, and every student of animal nature should have a copy of this book even if he should never get time to read it. Any person with a taste for the study of nature can revel in these pictures, and any one of them is worth twice the price of the book. It sells at $1.50, and is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The 3rd book referred to above also treats of wild animals, and of this I shall have something to say in a future issue of Recreation.

"Kim" is just out in book form, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. It is doubtful if many people read it in its serial publication. It does not begin with a rush and enthrall the reader with the opening pages. It must be untied slowly and carefully, like a great bale of Oriental stuffs, wrapped and wound and sealed; but Mr. Kipling is once more writing of his own people, of the land and the scenes he loves. As the bale is unrolled the rich, magically woven Eastern tapestry comes slowly into view, with its gleams and fragments of color, its lights and shades, its blending of gorgeous dyes, its harmouious combining into one sumptuous whole, which shows the master hand at the loom. "Kim" has not a strongly dramatic motive, and by so much it lacks being a great work; but it is a wonderful piece of craft, a magic picture of Oriental life, painted by an artist who handles his materials with the skill that conceals technique. "Kim" has not the swift touch and the intense humor of Kipling's short stories; but his admirers will be glad he has written it; glad he has once more " 'Eard the East a-callin'."

L. H. Smith has written a book entitled "A Sportsman's Taxidermy and Photography." The title indicates so thoroughly the nature of the work that it is not necessary here to go into details on that point. Mr. Smith is an old-time sportsman, naturalist, dog fancier, and a well known writer on these various topics. The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs of mounted birds, animals, hunting scenes, fishing scenes, etc., and contains many valuable hints on collecting, mounting and photographing. It is published by the Sportsmen's Review Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Sport Indeed" is the title of a book written by Thomas Martindale and published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 103 South Fifteenth street, Philadelphia. It is a collection of hunting stories, and is devoted to moose, caribou, deer hunting, brant and quail shooting, trout fishing, etc. Mr. Martindale is an interesting writer, and is full of the spirit of his subject. This book will make a valuable addition to the sportsmen's literature of the day, and should be in every sportsman's library. The price of this book is $1.60.

"Why not honor the poet while he is living? Why wait until he is dead before organizing clubs to find out what he means?"

"Well, I suppose the longer we wait, the less likely we are to find out."—Life.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1900.	1901.
January ...	$379	$723	$3,205	$3,903
February ..	256	693	2,151	3,267
March	300	1,049	1,919	3·710
April	342	645	1,570	2,760
May	292	902	1,377	2,303
June	307	770	971	2,016
July	345	563	854	2,000
August	306	601	1,262	2,245
September .	498	951	1,464	1,940
October ...	438	969	1,842	2,227
November .	556	1,054	2,060	
December .	652	1,853	4,742	
	$4,671	10,773	23,741	

Last year's figures for October were hard to beat but you see we have raised them $385, and still the good work goes on.

ANOTHER SQUEAL.

Here is a copy of a letter just received:

Ledru Guthrie,
Attorney-at-Law.
New York, Nov. 1, 1901.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
23 W. 24th St., City.

Dear Sir: My friends have been libelled and disgraced by your article on page 360 of November Recreation, and I have been instructed by them to begin an action against you for damages. Judge Fisk will be here in January, at which time I want to take his testimony. I will call on you the first time I am up town, and see what you want to do about it. Perhaps we can settle it out of court, but I am informed the article is a lie, as to number caught, time consumed in catching and as to kind caught. No true sport can stand for such journalism.

Yours truly,
Ledru Guthrie.

ANSWER.

I should be glad to have the readers of Recreation look at the fish hog picture on page 360 of November number and then write me whether or not the men shown therein have been libelled. Later this question will probably be left to a jury to determine, but I should like to know, meantime, how my readers view it. The men shown in the picture disgraced themselves by taking the fish, and still further by having themselves and their loot photographed. They squeal now because they realize the truth. They should not have been so eager for notoriety. A man frequently gets more than he wants of a certain thing.

Mr. Guthrie says: "No true sport can stand for such journalism."

"True sport," eh? If Mr. Guthrie calls such slaughter as that true sport, he is as seriously in need of the civilizing influence of Recreation as the other fellows are.

CUT IT SHORT.

He who was Ernest Seton-Thompson has done a wise act in dropping the last section of his name, and is hereafter to be known to the readers of Recreation and to the few other people in the world, as Ernest T. Seton.

There are some thousands of other men and women in the world who would earn the gratitude of all busy people if they would follow his example, in a measure. In some cases this could be accomplished by simply writing initials instead of stringing out Christian names. The courts have decided that a man's name is his own property and he has a right to do as he likes with it; but when he asks busy people to waste time, and ink, and type, and paper, in reading or writing out or setting up and printing 3 or 4 names, that is different. Some of the people who are lying awake nights trying to devise ways and means of making people talk and write and print their long names should consider some of the illustrious examples of the past. Suppose, for instance, that U. S. Grant, R. E. Lee and J. G. Blaine had always written their names Ulysses Simpson Grant, Robert Edward Lee and James Gillespie Blaine, and suppose these men had insisted on other people wasting time to spell out these names or talk them out. These men would never then have been known and honored and revered as they are. They cared nothing about their names. They were doing great things, and they left it for people to talk about them or not, as they saw fit. The name cranks should remember that 2 of the greatest men America ever produced habitually wrote their names G. Washington and A. Lincoln. They were too busy doing great things and thinking great thoughts to fool away time in even writing out George or Abraham. If the would-be great people of to-day would condense their names, people would speak them oftener and remember them longer than they will in their present continued-in-our-next shape. The world will be glad to forget these people whose names have taxed their minds and their memory so seriously, as soon as the owners thereof are dead.

COULDN'T HIT A DOG.

A New York policeman recently entertained a big crowd on Eighth avenue with an exhibition of wild shooting. He had cornered a so-called mad dog in a doorway and was standing over him so no one should be bitten. A man came along and asked the officer if he wanted a gun. He said, "No, I got one." Then he drew his revolver and said, "I will shoot him through the heart and put him out of his misery." He stepped up within 3 or 4 feet of the dog, fired 4 shots at him and never touched him. Then the policeman turned to the man who had spoken to him and said, "Where's your gun?" The neighbor replied, "I do not mean a revolver; I mean a shot gun. It is at my house, around the corner." The man offered to go and get his gun, but the policeman said, "Never mind." Then he hit the dog on the head with the revolver, knocked him down, jumped on him with his big feet and trampled the life out of him.

The dog was probably no more mad than the policeman was. He doubtless had apoplexy, indigestion or some other disease from which dogs frequently suffer; but the average city dweller knows but one disease for a sick dog. That is rabies, and whenever a dog appears on the street suffering from any trouble, no matter what, the cry of "mad dog" is raised and the poor brute is pursued, shot, clubbed or trampled to death, as in this instance. If such must be the fate of every sick dog, then it would seem that Chief Devery should at least train his police officers in the use of the revolver to such an extent that they could hit a full-grown dog at a distance of 3 feet at the first shot.

A HERD OF SIDE HUNTERS.

Another side hunt has been pulled off in Massachusetts. This time the contestants were residents of Charlemont and Conway. A Springfield paper states that Deputy Sheriff E. S. Haskins and Albert Veber chose sides and that there were 30 contestants on each side. The hunt kept up 2 days, and among the game hogs who are said to have participated in the dirty work are mentioned T. M. Totman, "Capt." D. F. Bond, Gordon Johnson, Solomon Pease, "Capt." J. M. LaChapelle, Hy. Taylor, Hy. Dodge and John Bushnell. It is said that the Haskins herd made a score of 7,360 points and that the Veber herd scored 6,740. Bond's herd of Conway swine made a score of 22,500 points and LaChapelle herd 70,200.

It is strange that the decent sportsmen of Massachusetts and one or 2 other New England States in which these barbarous slaughtering matches are still indulged in, do not secure the passage of laws to prohibit them. Nearly all the States of the Union have laws prohibiting prize fights; yet prize fighters and their gang are gentlemen as compared with the vulgar, illiterate and unprincipled wretches who participate in side hunts.

The San Francisco Examiner prints a statement to the effect that many miners in the Sierra Nevada mountains have declared war on deer hounds and that the men kill them wherever and whenever they can find them running deer. This is a radical remedy for the evil, but it is certainly an effective one. There are few deer left in that range of mountains, owing to the persistent work of pot hunters, game hogs and sheepmen, and it is eminently proper that the men who are best fitted to protect the few remaining deer, should do it in their own forcible and effective way. I congratulate the Sierra Nevada miners on the adoption of this plan and hope they may not get tired until they perforate the hide of the last hound that goes into the mountains.

The Annapolis (N. S.) *Spectator* states that Charles Gillis, William Durling, George Durling and John McGill, of Dalhousie, were fined $50 and costs each for killing moose out of season. The offenses were committed in March last, and these men have been evading the officers of the law since that time, but were finally captured by Carman O'Dell, the game agent, who was assisted by W. E. Palfrey. The men were unable to pay their fines, and each went to jail for 50 days. Hereafter they will wait until the legal season before killing moose.

T. W. Horne, of Philadelphia, killed a moose in Maine before the opening of the legal season, and buried it in the mud. The Hon. L. T. Carleton got on Mr. Horne's trail, rounded him up and made him pay a fine of $500. I understand Mr. Carleton has a large collection of horns of various kinds in his office, but he doubtless considers this Philadelphia specimen the most valuable of the lot. In fact, this impetuous moose hunter would seem to be a regular cornucopia for the State of Maine.

Game Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, writing to a friend recently, said:

> I received a telegram this morning from Benson saying that a deputy out there had captured some fellow who had shot 9 prairie chickens. Those chickens will cost him $10 apiece. Besides, his gun and 2 dogs were seized, and will be confiscated. He'll discover, I think, that it would have been much pleasanter and much cheaper to wait until September 1st. His case is a fair sample. We'll see that every man caught shooting out of season pays roundly for his fun.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

SOME IMPORTANT FIGURES.

The American News Company's original order for October Recreation was 21,500 copies. I knew this would not be enough to supply their demands, so I gave them 22,000 copies September 24th. On the 27th they sent in for another 500 copies. October 3d they sent for 500 more; October 7th for 700 more, and October 8th still another 500, making a total of 24,000 copies the company has ordered and received. These people are not anxious to pay freight on magazines from New York to various cities all over the United States unless needed to supply the demands; hence they had calls for all of these 24,000 copies of October Recreation. They return unsold copies, and these average 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. a month. If Paddy Marlin or anyone else doubts this statement, let him write Mr. Carr, Assistant Manager of the American News Company, who has authority from me to give any inquirer full information on this subject. Or if any doubter will call here or send a representative to my office, I will show him the News Company's orders and receipts for these 24,200 copies. I will also show him post-office receipts, dated October 9, for 211 sacks of mail weighing 19,338 pounds, on which I paid $187.05 postage. At the same time I shall be glad to show any such inquirer my subscription lists, on which there are 34,000 names and addresses. If any man is critical as to the genuineness of this list, I will allow him to copy 500 names at random from the list and he may write these people and ask them if they pay cash for Recreation, or if it is sent them free. The proof of the pudding is in the eating it, and any man who calls here will be given a big wad of Recreation pudding.

REMARKABLE SHIPMENT OF QUAILS.

Bloomfield, N. J., May 9, 1901.

Mr. Chas. Payne, Wichita, Kans.:

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that the 500 quails you shipped for me to Dr. Bertil Buhre have arrived at their destination, Stockholm, Sweden, in most excellent condition. Dr. Buhre reports that only 10 birds died in transit and that the remainder were in excellent condition, healthy and lively. On a previous steamer sailing a fortnight earlier than the Hekla, several large consignments of live quails were made by shippers in Nebraska and Virginia on orders from prominent sportsmen of Sweden. Those all arrived in deplorable condition. In one shipment of 300 birds, only 15 arrived alive, and those in such weak condition that they were not expected to live. Out of another shipment of 160 only 12 arrived alive. As your birds were a month in transit, 20 days on an ocean steamer, and had to be transferred several times on the railroad trains and ferries, I sincerely congratulate you on this most remarkable result, which must be attributed to the great care you exercised in selecting your birds and to the most excellent and practicable crates you shipped them in. Your directions were also explicit, "How to Care for Birds While in Transit," and I took great care to see that they were followed.

Thanking you for the trouble you have taken, and wishing you success, I am,

Henning G. Taube.

A NEW PARTNERSHIP.

Mr. H. L. Jespersen has made a partnership arrangement with Mr. W. W. Hines, who has been with him as a salesman for some time past, and the firm name hereafter will be Jespersen & Hines. They are located at 10 Park place, and are carrying a full line of sportsmen's goods, which they advertise in Recreation regularly. One thing that every shot gun man should know of this firm is that they are making a specialty of loading shells by hand. Machine-loaded shells are all right for people who want them, but there are others. Many of these want every shell loaded by hand. They want every charge of powder and every charge of shot carefully weighed and measured. They want every wad to be just the same as every other wad in the lot, and they want each kind of wad carefully placed where it belongs. Mr. Jespersen is a careful, conscientious, painstaking business man. He is a German, and served his apprenticeship in Germany, where system and method in any trade or in any line of business is given much greater attention than in most American houses. His early training is now turned to careful account, to the advantage of every one of his customers; and it is therefore to the interest of every one who uses hand-loaded shot gun shells to consult Jespersen & Hines when placing an order. They will treat you right. When you order goods from them, please mention Recreation.

A ROYAL SOUVENIR.

Mr. Geo. T. Bell, G. P. A., Grand Trunk Railway, has recently issued a book entitled "Through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec." This is one of the most beautiful examples of the printer's art I have seen in a long time. It is truly an *edition de luxe,* and it is a perfect delight to ramble through the pages and revel in the richness and luxury that characterizes the work from beginning to end. The book is a souvenir of the tour through Canada of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. It tells the story of their triumphal journey in detail and gives, in addition, a vast amount of information about the towns and cities on the line of the Grand Trunk. What is more to the purpose of RECREATION readers is, that it gives a vast fund of data as to the lakes, rivers and forests reached or penetrated by the Grand Trunk System. The book is illustrated with 18 of the beautiful photographs which have become famous in the Grand Trunk's advertising system during the past 3 years. It would pay you to have a copy of this book, and you can get it by simply asking for it and mentioning RECREATION. Address, Geo. T. Bell, G. P. A., Montreal, Canada.

"IT'S ALL IN THE LENS."

The Turner-Reich convertible anastigmat lens has many good points to commend it to the attention of those who are interested in photographic objectives. The Turner-Reich was the first anastigmat lens invented and controlled in this country. They are reasonable in price because no foreign royalties or import duties are paid on them. With a working aperture of F. 7.5, they have an absolutely flat field and freedom from astigmatism. Even illumination of the image and remarkable depth of focus are valuable qualities which are supplemented by a large light circle in proportion to their focal length. All lenses in each combination are cemented, so there are no air spaces or unnecessary reflecting surfaces in their construction. The former is a vital point for consideration, as a lens with air spaces between the combinations is liable to become unfit for use at any time it is subjected to a change of atmosphere. The Turn-Reich lens is manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y., who have for many years enjoyed an enviable reputation for the high quality of their lenses.

CHANGE IN SIYTY-NINE YEARS.

I have just seen 2 pictures, one entitled, "DeWitt Clinton and Train—1831," and the other "Empire State Express—1900." The fomer shows the primitive locomotive, DeWitt Clinton, belonging to the New York Central Railroad drawing a train of 3 old Concord stage coaches at its top speed of 15 miles an hour over the 17 miles of track which constituted the New York Central system 69 years ago. It is most comical. The latter exhibits the Empire State Express going 65 miles an hour with its splendid train of rolling palaces on a part of the same system, now grown from 17 miles to 10,453. The road's equipment in 1831 was one engine and 3 made-over stages; to-day it is 3,580 locomotives, 185 sleeping and parlor cars, 3,600 passenger, baggage, mail and express cars and 150,400 freight cars. This equipment carried over 52,000,000 passengers in 1899 and more than 103,000,000 tons of freight. Something of a contrast.—New York Press.

IMPORTANT TO DOG OWNERS.

Read the ad. of the Polk Miller Drug Co. in this issue of RECREATION. The company makes a peculiarly valuable line of dog remedies, inasmuch as they are only intended for the more frequent ailments with which dogs are afflicted. Any one owning a dog, therefore, will find it to his advantage to keep a small assortment of these preparations on hand to use in case of emergency. Mr. Polk Miller, president of the company, has been a lover of the canine race all his life, and has made a thorough study of dog diseases. Whether you order his preparations or not it is always a pleasure for him to reply to any letter asking information on the subject of dog diseases. A letter addressed to the company at Richmond, Va., will receive his personal attention. Send 3c in stamps for a copy of the revised edition of his book on "Dogs, Their Ailments; How to Treat Them," which includes a pedigree blank, for which no charge is made.

FLASHLIGHT PICTURES OF DEER.

J. H. Mering, 1521 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa., has issued an illustrated catalogue of the wonderful flashlight pictures of deer, made by Geo. Shiras, 3d. These pictures have been commended so often in RECREATION that it is not necessary to say anything further as to their merits. It should be good news to sportsmen and naturalists that this entire series of pictures has now been issued in the form of bromide enlargements, ranging in size from 12x17 to 34x43, and that they are sold at reasonable prices. No such opportunity has ever been offered to secure pictures of wild game in its native haunts, and when entirely unconscious of the presence of man, as is offered in Mr. Shiras's collection. The catalogue is sent out gratuitously and every man and woman interested in the study of nature should have a copy of it. When writing for it, please mention RECREATION.

PUTMAN OF MINNEAPOLIS.

I have just discovered that the ad of H. J. Putman & Co. appeared in October Recreation without the address of the firm having been given in large type, as intended. However, it is given on the pictures of several envelopes which the youngster is emptying out of a Putman boot. Furthermore, every person who has traveled in the West knows that Hennepin avenue is in Minneapolis, and every person who has ever worn a Putman boot or shoe knows it is made in Minneapolis. Those who have not been so fortunate should make note of the fact, now, that the Putman factory is at 36 Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., and should write at once for a catalogue. Putman boots and shoes are exactly as represented. A pair of them will stand any kind of rough usage to which sportsmen may ever have occasion to subject them, and will keep his feet dry.

Education has always hitherto been regarded as the peculiar privilege of youth. If anyone was compelled to leave school insufficiently trained for the work of life his case was commonly supposed to be beyond remedy. Hence, until the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., were established, no attempt had ever been made to reach men and women engaged in earning a living with an organized course of study intended to fit them for higher efficiency in their chosen pursuit or to train them for another. The Schools are now doing this important work for thousands in middle life and beyond. Such as these value educational opportunities most highly and know exactly what they want. Success that comes after many years is the best.

The C. P. Goerz Optical Works are now ready to fit their new plate attachment to the No. 3 Eastman Folding Pocket Kodak, so that both plates and films can be used where heretofore films alone could be used. The advantages of using a plate attachment of this description are that pictures can be focused on the ground glass, that all kinds of plates can be used, whereas there is only one kind of film made; also the saving of the cost of material, plates costing about one-half and being much easier to handle, the difference soon paying for the cost of the attachment. Write for furthere information to the C. P. Goerz Optical Works, 52 East Union square, New York City, and mention Recreation.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Ct., is now ready to take orders for its new straightline re- and decapper, which, it is claimed, will re- and de-cap any and all shot gun shells with center fire holes, whether of domestic or foreign manufacture, brass or paper, from 10 to 28 gauge, without any extra parts except a bushing for each gauge. It makes no difference what the shape or size of the shell may be on the inside, or what the thickness of the head, or what primer may be required.

The company has issued a circular describing and illustrating this new tool, which will be sent to all who ask for it. Please mention Recreation.

New York National Exchange Bank,
No. 90 Broadway, New York,
Mr. J. R. Buckelew, No. 111 Chambers St.,
New York:

Dear Sir—The Collan Oil I purchased last spring has been put to severe test on the golf links during the summer, owing to the unusually wet season. It has exceeded my expectations. Shoes treated with it seem to exclude water to a greater extent that when treated with any other dressing I have been able to obtain. I anticipate much comfort from its use on my trip into the woods this fall.

Frank S. Hyatt.

The Ithaca Gun Company, Ithaca, N. Y., is building a new shop which is to cost $20,000. The building is to be 90 feet long, 2 stories high, and will give place to a large plant of new and improved machinery. Fifty new men will be employed, and the company expects to turn out 20,000 guns a year from the time the new shop opens. These people are 2,000 guns behind their orders at this time. And they carry a full-page ad. in Recreation regularly. Some of the other manufacturers of sportsmen goods who find it difficult to get business enough to keep their men going should make a note of this.

Doctors Phillips & Wrean, Penn Yan, N. Y., have on hand a large number of first class pedigreed Belgian hares of well known strains, such as Champion Fashoda, Lord Lurgan, Lord Noble, Sir Styles, Banbury Mystery and others. These men breed nothing but first class stock and sell nothing but the best. Their prices are always as low as any one can afford on good stock and they guarantee all the animals as represented. I have 4 of the Penn Yan hares at the Mashipacong Club, and they are splendid animals. You will make no mistake in ordering from these people.

D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 2 South street, New York City, make a pantasote overcoat that is a boon to sportsmen. It is light and rolls up into a small package, but can be made to cover the biggest man in the business, from head to foot, and will protect him from an all-day rain. It is one of the most welcome and useful articles I have ever taken with me to the woods. Every sportsman should have one. Write Abercrombie and he will tell you how to measure yourself. Please say you saw it in RECREATION.

I have recently received from the Derby Homing Office Lofts, Arlington, Md., 10 pairs of homing pigeons which were liberated at the Mashipacong Club. They were carefully crated and came through in fine condition. Judging from my experience with Mr. Bell, the manager of the company, I can cheerfully commend him to any reader of RECREATION who ma-- be interested in the breeding or handling of pigeons.

I have lately received from the Standard Belgian Hare Co., Richmond, Me., 4 Belgian hares, which are among the best of a large number we now have at the Mashipacong Club. Dr. C. W. Price, the president of the Standard Company, is an expert in the matter of breeding and handling hares, and judging from my experience with him I can cheerfully commend him and his hares to any one interested in this industry.

Sept. 4, 1901.

Messrs. Hemm & Woodward,
Sidney, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I received the Wick Plugs sent me some time since, and find they are just the thing to prevent gun barrels from rusting. My barrels keep perfectly bright and free from rust after adjusting the well oiled plugs. Respectfully yours,

J. G. Hall, Wagon, I. Ter.

Folmer & Schwing Mfg. Co., 404 Broadway, N. Y., have recently issued a catalogue of Graphic cameras and other photo goods, which contains a great deal of information and advice of material value to amateur photographers. It would be well for every reader of RECREATION who uses a camera to write these people for a copy of the catalogue. Please say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

At the Sea Girt national shoot Union Metallic Cartridge Company ammunition was again in evidence. The Massachusetts revolver team, which made a record score; Thomas Anderton in the Re-entry Revolver Match, also Re-entry Pistol matches; and R. S. Hale, in the Novice Revolver match, all used Union Metallic Cartridge Company factory loaded ammunition in winning their events.

A. M. Dunham, Norway, Me., builds web snow shoes to order, and does it right. I have a pair of them in the office, and while I have not had an opportunity of testing them on the snow, I have examined them carefully, and see they are built to stand active use and abuse. If any reader of RECREATION wants a pair of snow shoes he should write Mr. Dunham for them.

The Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., is planning to put up a new building, 300 feet long by 50 feet wide, and 3 stories high. This will be of brick, and will be fitted with the latest and best machinery known to the world for the manufacture of guns. The Savage people hope when they get this new plant equipped to be able to keep up with their orders.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company has issued its annual "Game Laws of the United States and Canada" for 1901. This complete little book is too well known to require comment. It will be sent to sportsmen who write to the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport, Ct., and enclose stamp for postage.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check, in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

HAYNER'S
PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER.

4 FULL QUARTS

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For $3.20

SAVES MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS,
PREVENTS ADULTERATION.

CAUTION
See that each bottle bears our signature over the cork
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION!!
None Genuine without this label
DOUBLE COPPER DISTILLED
ABSOLUTELY PURE
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS,
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

HAYNER'S DISTILLERY WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1866

We have enjoyed 34 years' continual growth, until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure whiskey at the lowest possible cost.

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration.

If you want pure whiskey, read our offer:

WE will send four full quart bottles of HAYNER'S Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. If, after testing it, it is not found satisfactory, return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

SUCH WHISKEY AS WE OFFER FOR $3.20 CAN NOT BE PURCHASED ELSEWHERE FOR LESS THAN $5.00 PER GALLON. .·. .·. .·.

REFERENCES—Third National Bank, Dayton; State National Bank, St. Louis, or any of the Express Companies.

Write to Nearest Address

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

226-232 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio
305-307 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

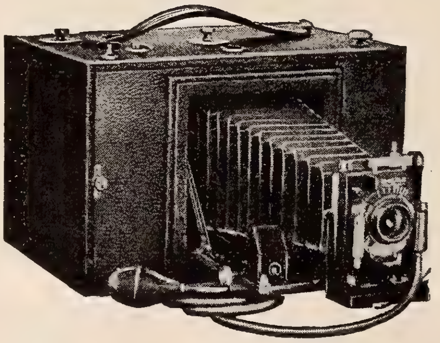
Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for **20 quarts** by freight prepaid.

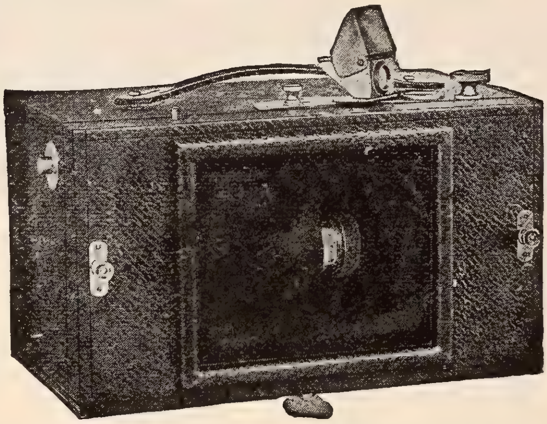
I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

The Standard Panoramic Camera

Al-Vista. Style 5 F

With this camera pictures can be made 5 x 6 and 5 x 12. There are two fronts. With the panoramic, pictures can be made on film with the revolving lens. With the other (front shown) regular 4x5 plates are used. With this camera the best features of film and plate work are possible.





Al-Vista. Style 5 B

This is one of our most popular sizes. It takes a large, fine view, 5x12, giving room for the best landscape work. Uses the regular 5-inch daylight loading film cartridge, which can be had of any supply store. Brilliant view finder, good lens.

Our Co-operative Plan

gives one a chance to purchase one of our high-class cameras on monthly payments of $2.00. We wish anyone interested in this plan to write us, and we will gladly furnish the fullest information. You may have the camera to use while paying for it, which certainly will prove its quality and our good faith. We sell direct from the factory to the consumer—a method which gives the most satisfactory results.

Multiscope & Film Co.

136 Jefferson Street Burlington, Wis.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

CAMERA STUDIES.

W. J. Cotterell, in the Camera and Dark Room.

Since starting photography I have always carried a small book in which I jot down all kinds of photo notes. I then try the new formulæ, receipts and dodges, and if found serviceable transcribe them, with any improvement I can suggest, to a larger book, where they are sorted and indexed.

A paste, which is the best, home-made article in that line I can find and superior to many of the manufactured articles, is made as follows. Mix about 4 ounces of wheat flour evenly with 8 ounces of water. Boil about 12 ounces of water, adding to it 15 grains of salicylic acid. Pour in the flour and water slowly, stirring all the time, and set away to cool. This will not discolor prints and will be found a most satisfactory paste for photographic and general use.

Photographing flowers is one of the most interesting branches of the art an amateur can take up. The best flowers for photography are those that are pale pink, yellow, white or variegated. Reds, browns or dark colors do not answer well. Pick out those that have an irregular form, such as chrysanthemums, lilies or poppies. Avoid as much as possible all formal arrangement and have the flowers in one plane as nearly as possible. By this I mean have all flowers the same distance from the camera to bring them equally in focus. The lighting is as difficult as the grouping and can only be learned by practice.

Avoid all sunlight and have a good side light from a North window. Do not place the flowers too near the window, as you are likely to obtain harsh effects. Use slow orthochromatic plates and a color screen for red and yellow flowers. Stop down well, using F22 or even F32. Give a long exposure, 30 to 60 seconds, and develop with the developer you can handle best. My favorite developer for this work is pyro-soda. I use a small quantity of soda to commence with and as the image appears I add soda until I get all the detail possible. Unless you desire to be known as an impressionist, detail is necessary to your pictures. If you are a fuzzy typer, just keep the flowers moving during exposure and the result will be superb but hazy. For a background use a plain gray or dark material set back out of focus and at an angle. The average photograph is not improved by tinting, but flower studies in some cases give exceedingly pretty effects when so treated. Take, for instance, a bunch of lilies with just the center tinted yellow. Nothing approaches photography in colors so closely.

The pyro developer I use is a formula recommended by the United States Government as follows:

A.

Water	16 ounces
Sulphuric acid	15 minims
Bromide	30 grains
Pyro	1 ounce

B.

Water	16 ounces
Sodium sulphite	4 ounces
Sodium carbonate	1 ounce
Potassium carbonate	1 ounce

For use take for normal exposures: A, 2 drams; B, 1 ounce; water, 4 ounces.

For over exposed plates: A, ½ ounce; water, 4 ounces; 10 per cent. bromide, 15 drops. Soak in above 2 minutes, then add slowly one dram of B at a time until development is complete.

For instantaneous and under exposed plates: B, 1 ounce; water, 4 ounces. Soak in the solution 3 or 4 minutes. Pour the solution off and add to it A, 1 dram; 10 per cent. bromide, 2 drops.

If a little common sense is used with the above, many a plate can be saved that would otherwise be thrown away as useless when developed in a one solution developer. If you know your plate is over or under or correctly exposed, act accordingly. If you have any doubts on the matter treat it as over exposed and the small number of failures will surprise you.

Pinhole photography is an interesting pastime. If your lens board is removable, make a piece of wood to fit it. In the center of this cut a hole about half an inch in diameter. Over this fasten a thin sheet of brass or copper, in the center of which your pinhole is to be made. The best pinhole is made with a No. 9 needle and will give an opening of about 1/50 of an inch in diameter. The focal length at which you will obtain the best results from an opening this size will be about 6 inches. In other words, when your plate is 6 inches from the opening or pinhole, you have the sharpest possible picture. It is not necessary to focus, and the amount of light on the ground glass being small it is difficult to compose your picture.

To expose, the best way is to calculate what time you would give the same picture using your lens at f16. We will say ¼ second. One second at f16 is about equal to

6 minutes for a 1/50 inch opening; therefore your correct exposure on that particular picture would be ¼ of 6 minutes or 1½ minutes. Pinhole pictures give good detail in the foreground, the middle distance is soft, and the extreme distances come out with an atmospheric effect that is remarkable, all lights and shades being blended into a delicate gray. Try one on a quiet, bright day and you will be surprised.

The advantages of a hydrometer for measuring chemicals in photography are beyond dispute, and if once used you will wonder why you ever bothered with scales and weights. Here is a simple means of making up baths by hydrometer for any chemical. Suppose we take as an example the following formula to be mixed by hydrometer:

Sodium sulphite, 6 ounces; sodium carbonate, 4 ounces; water, 32 ounces.

Find by experiment how many grains of chemical correspond to one degree on the hydrometer and make a note of the same. Then make saturated solutions of each chemical in stock. Ten grains of sulphite and 5 grains of carbonate correspond to one degree on the hydrometer. The saturated solution of sulphite registers 36 degrees. $36 \times 10 = 360$ grains per ounce of water. Carbonate solution registers 2A. $24 \times 5 = 120$ grains per ounce of water. 6 ounces $= 2880$ grains and $\frac{2880}{360} = 8$ ounces the quantity required. Four ounces $= 1920$ grains and $\frac{1920}{120} = 16$ ounces. Therefore we take:

Saturated solution sulphate......	8 ounces
Saturated solution carbonate....	16 ounces
Water	8 ounces

and get the formula exact.

PHOTOGRAPHING FLOWERS.

E. W. JACKSON.

Many amateurs give up photographing flowers after a short space of time. How does this come about? Principally because photographers, as a rule, simply place their subjects before a dark background, generally a piece of black velvet, and expect to see a charming and lifelike representation. Nearly always, the result is a great disappointment. If photographers only knew it, no inconsiderable part of the charm of the flower lies in their own inner consciousness. If the camera did what we expect of it, all would be satisfactory, but who ever saw a flower photograph that reproduced one-tenth of the delicate fragility and tender beauty of a rose, or, indeed, any flower? Do what we will we can hardly prevent our subjects from having a stiff, constrained look, very different from what we hoped for. I suppose it is impossible to overcome this difficulty.

While many condemn altogether the use of accessories with flowers, it seems to me that by using them we may to some extent overcome this difficulty we are speaking of. By contrasting the free and unconstrained lines of nature with artificial and conventional objects, such as vases or other receptacles, may we not emphasize the beauty and delicate grace of the flower? And may not the background have its share in making a pleasing picture? It is a temptation, no doubt, to use a dark, plain background. Theoretically, nothing shows up a flower so well, but in viewing the finished print we can not help but note the harsh contrast and want of delicacy, only too unlike the flower itself.

The numberless people who take an interest in botany would find the camera useful to record the specimens they gather. In photographing flowers for botanical reference we have to proceed on a rather different plan than where our aim is merely pictorial. We require for this, thoughtful representations which show the manner of growth of the plant; how the flowers are borne on the stem; the relative positions of the leaves; if furnished with stipules or other appendages. In some plants one side of the leaf is different from the other. In such cases both sides should be photographed. In short, as much as possible of the structure of the plant, giving special attention to its most typical features, shold be clearly shown.

To make floral photography a success, we must have a real love for flowers and plant forms. It has been well said by an artist, referring to the art of drawing and painting flowers, "We can not reproduce a beauty we do not feel;" and this statement applies, I think, equally to photography. Flowers are full of the most graceful and subtle curves, with beautiful gradations of light and shade. When we realize these, then only do we succeed in interpreting them aright.

Color must not attract us, as, of course, photography can not reproduce it; and in grouping our subjects we should avoid too great contrasts as to light and dark flowers. The required exposure for dark flowers and perfectly white ones is so different it is next to impossible to have both properly exposed when placed in juxtaposition if we are to retain the delicate half tones in light flowers. Obviously, one plan to get over this difficulty is to place the darkest flowers nearest the window, or wherever the light comes from, and *vice versa.* Isochromatic plates are, of course, a necessity for floral photography. If doubt exists in any mind as to the merits or demerits of these plates over ordinary ones, a trial and comparison of the 2 will at once remove it. In my own practice I use also a medium colored yellow screen, and give as long exposure as possible. There seems to be a sort of imperceptible shrinkage always taking place with flowers when they are placed in vases, and the slightest movement of air will, of course, cause vibration, especially when the flowers have long, thin stems. Wiring the stems has been recommended to avoid this vibration, but I have not found it necessary. As to the size of stop to be used in the lens, theory says a large stop will give roundness, but as we generally have to place the camera near our subject, and as fuzziness is not desirable, a small stop is often requisite to bring all into focus. The matter of development is important. A thin, soft negative is most desirable, if we are to avoid a chalky appearance of the high lights, and it is better to under develop than to lose all the soft gradations of tone which add so much to the beauty of a flower study.

A charming method of photographing wild flowers would be to take them growing in their habitat, with their background of wood or hedgerow. It is clear, in that case, a perfectly still atmosphere would be an advantage. Much originality would follow this method if successfully carried out.

As the character and beauty of a flower often lie partly in its stem and foliage, we should endeavor to make the most of these. Foliage is often too dark to come out well with white flowers; one is nearly sure to be under or over exposed. A pretty effect is obtained by using a transparent receptacle of some kind with the stems of the flowers showing through it. The reflection may be used to give variety to the foreground, often a weak part in a composition.

After we have obtained a satisfactory negative, we have to consider the no less important matter of what printing method we shall use. There are many kinds of printing paper to choose from. First of all, we may exclude any papers with glossy surface. A few flowers have shiny petals, but even those would not be faithfully represented by, say, glazed P. O. P. A matt surface seems in harmony with the grace of a flower, and is a desideratum if it be found necessary to touch out any appearance of spottiness or any distracting high lights.

URANIUM TONING.

Recently the president of the West Surrey Photographic Society, Mr. J. T. Price, gave the members a demonstration on the above subject. He attributed the increased popularity of bromide printing to the improved papers on the market, while it seemed but natural that there should arise a wish for color, such as carbon printing and other processes gave. This, he said, could be obtained easily and in great variety, and that much he proposed to show them—the pictorial application he left to each member's taste and ability. He personally did not care for the hot hypo and alum bath. To him it seemed tedious and the effects hardly worth the time taken.

He recommended uranium toning pure and simple. The bromide print must be clean and free from hypo and iron in any form, therefore not developed with ferrous oxalate, and the dishes and hands must be clean also. He said he made a solution of nitrate of ammonia, one drachm by weight, to 8 drachms acetic acid, and an exactly similar but separate one of ferricyanide of potassium. Both keep well. For use he took ½ drachm of each, and added to 2 or 3 ounces of water. Then, having taken a wetted print, he carefully pressed it between hard blotting paper to insure its being evenly damp, and laying it at the bottom of the dish, flowed the solution over it as in development.

It was now essential that the dish should be constantly rocked to insure even lines. The change commenced at once, and being of the nature of an intensification, the lecturer pointed out that it was well to have highly developed bromides, unless special effects were desired. In 5 or 10 minutes all the ranges of brown were gone through; then the red tones began to appear and in 20 minutes a deep red was arrived at. At any stage the process could be arrested by blotting off or washing. The last required care, and was best done by laying the print face downward in gently running water till the high lights were clear enough, and then blotting off. It was quite possible to wash the whole off, especially if a little ammonia was used. By the same means local reductions might be effected.

Many modifications of the red uranium-toned print were shown; for instance, by reducing with Howard Farmer's reducer the black under-tones were taken out, and even then further lightened by a bath of weak ammonia water, and a near approach to the Bartolozzi reds obtained.

When a red print was flowed over with a solution of water, to which a few drops of perchloride of iron were added, a blue-green tone appeared, the addition of acetic acid giving a bright blue, which, after 10 minutes' action, was voted by the members equal to Reckitt's.

As to permanence, he had a uranium-toned print in a black envelope (one of those in which he bought his bromide paper) with a piece cut out of the center, lying in a window, exposed to sun and air for several months, and while the envelope was bleached to dark gray, the print showed no change.

The lecturer also showed how to obtain blue or blue-green tones on bromides without previous uranium toning. This was to take ½ drachm of ammonia citrate of iron, of equal strength, and add to one ounce of acetic acid and one ounce of water. The washing and drying was the same as with uranium toning, and modifications by the use of a brush dipped in weak ammonia water could be easily made.—The Professional Photographer.

FOR THE TYRO.

Various guides to photography advise the marking of trays and bottles holding chemicals with something that will be permanent, yet none tell just what to use. I thought of oil paints, but had none at hand, and finally solved the difficulty by using some gold paint I chanced to have. It shows up plainly in the half light, and withstands the action of chemicals. Experience has taught me that besides a thorough cleaning of trays when put away, it is wise to clean them again just before using. Salt does this well and quickly; rub it over dry, scouring briskly with a cloth, and the changed color of the salt will show the efficacy of its use. Another use for salt is after toning prints. Those who use the combined toning and fixing bath will find an after bath composed of one ounce of salt to 30 ounces of water will give added depth of tone, and, what is more, insure permanency.

If your camera takes 2 sizes of pictures and you can afford only one printing frame, by all means get the larger size. You can use it for smaller negatives by first putting in a piece of clear glass, a spoiled plate, cleaned, will do. Lay your small negative on that and print as usual.

Spoiled plates are easily cleaned by letting them stand a while in a pan of warm water, then wipe them dry and clean with a soft cloth. Someone advises the use of bichromate of potash, ¾ pound, and sulphuric acid, one ounce, to one gallon of water, for cleaning spoiled negatives, allowing them to stand all night in the mixture. That is unnecessary trouble and expense. Besides, it is nasty stuff to use. The clear hot water will act as effectually and more quickly.

Backed plates are almost a necessity in outdoor work, preventing halation, general haziness, and chalky contrasts in the finished picture. Of course backed plates may be purchased, but are somewhat expensive. A photographic authority advises the amateur to back his own plates. This is done with fresco painter's black, or distemper color, which is mixed to a smooth paste with absolute alcohol and honey, and applied with a swab of cotton just as the plates are put into the holders. When about to develop the plates wipe them off with a soft cloth. If the backing sticks in spots it will do no harm.

If, however, the amateur hesitates to undertake that process a good substitute may be found in the black paper used for packing between plates. This, being just the size of the plate, is ready for use. Put it first into the plate holder, the plate next, with smooth side to paper. The paper can be used again and again, and there is no possibility of a mistake in trying it.

Maude E. Hymers, Pontiac, Mich.

TONING OF BROMIDE PRINTS.

It is often desirable to change the tone of bromide prints, and a number of processes have been devised for accomplishing this. One of the best is that recently described by Mr. Ferguson in a communication to the Royal Photographic Society. Mr. Ferguson has been experimenting in this direction ever since 1895, and has at last perfected a process which is claimed to give fine results with bromide paper or glass transparencies. In this process the toning action is brought about by the use of ferricyanide of copper; this is formed by adding 75 parts by weight of sulphate of copper to 66 parts of ferricyanide of potassium, both having been dissolved separately. On adding the 2 solutions a greenish-gray precipitate is formed, which, however, is not very stable and is difficult to separate by filtering. It is best separated by decanting the liquid and washing with water. After several changes of water, most of the remaining sulphate of potassium solution is removed.

The ferricyanide of copper is now to be dissolved in order to form the toning bath. Mr. Ferguson, after a number of experiments, found that citrate of potassium was by far the best solvent, although the oxalate may also be used. To make the toning bath, 10 per cent. solutions of neutral citrate of potassium, sulphate of copper and ferricyanide of potassium are made; it is best to use distilled water. The solutions are mixed in the following proportions:

Citrate of potassium, 10 per cent. solution	250 parts
Sulphate of copper, 10 per cent. solution	35 "
Ferricyanide of potassium, 10 per cent. solution	30 "

Add the sulphate to the citrate, mix, and add the ferricyanide, when the ferricyanide of copper formed remains in solution. The solution may be used in various strengths, but it is preferable to dilute it to 1-20. The prints, which have been developed somewhat stronger than usual, are washed carefully after fixing, and placed in the bath, being kept in movement. In a short time a warm black is obtained, which soon passes to brown, then purple, and finally to red tones, with a diminution in intensity of the image. Positives on glass may be also toned by this bath. Mr. Ferguson states that remarkably fine colors are obtained by this toning process, and recommends it to all persons who wish to vary the ordinary tone of bromide prints.—Scientific American.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

An under-exposed negative that shows but a faint detail of the image, the shadows being as clear glass, is useless for printing purposes, but may be converted into a good positive by bleaching in mercury or bromide of copper. When washed, dried and given a coat of black varnish, it has all the appearance of a collodion tintype positive.

Discolored platinum prints, in which the whites have yellowed in consequence of the whole of the iron salt not having been removed, may be restored by immersion in a bath made by dissolving ½ ounce of sodium carbonate and 300 grains chloride of lime in 8 ounces of water.

Negatives should not be allowed to wash over an hour, as the gelatine becomes so dissolved that uneven drying may result. In stacking up negatives for drying, an equal play of air should be allowed, as if a portion gets dried long before the rest there will surely be a marked difference in the density. Where a negative has been splashed with water, it should not be dried without wetting the whole surface, for the same reason.

Gelatine prints are given a beautiful matt surface by squeegeeing on sheets of ground glass. Care must be taken to avoid air bubbles, which cause shining patches. If these appear, the print must be again soaked, and it may be found necessary to bring print and glass together under the surface of the water.

Here is a good and easily made intensifier: Sulphate of copper, 100 grains; potassium bromide, 100 grains; water, 10 ounces. Have the negative free from hypo and immerse in the solution until bleached, wash well and re-blacken with any developer. The ingredients are cheap.

Wood, for covers of fancy boxes, may easily be sensitized so it can be printed on from an ordinary negative. Make a salting solution of ammonium chloride 10 grains, gelatine 20 grains and water 10 ounces. The wood, which should be well seasoned, with a good surface, is supported at the extreme corners on blocks of glass, and placed face downward in the salting solution about 5 minutes. Dry in the light; sensitize by similar immersion 5 minutes in a 45-grain bath to the ounce of nitrate of silver, and dry in the dark. Print, fix and tone as ordinary paper. The silver bath may be used repeatedly until exhausted, giving it an occasional sunning to precipitate impurities. This will also answer for paper or cloth, in which case use half the quantity of gelatine.—Exchange.

STARCH PASTE.

The best paste for mounting pictures is properly made starch paste. It is cheap, yet at the same time is the best. It is easily made, therefore no more need be prepared than the batch of prints requires, although it may be preserved by addition of a drop or 2 of oil of cloves or carbolic acid, and it sticks with unyielding tenacity if properly made.

The one condition necessary for this state of things is the mixing. You must get that right, otherwise the paste will be worse than useless. The starch should first be made into a stiff, but smooth paste, with about as much cold water as starch. After well mixing, it should be allowed to stand for a few minutes, until all the starch has settled to the bottom. Then pour off as much water from the top as you possibly can. To every drachm of starch one ounce of boiling water should then be added as quickly as possible. Stir until the whole is clear and transparent. Allow to stand until it has set into a stiff jelly, when it is ready for use.

Having previously cut the print to the size required, it should be mounted while damp. To make it so, a wet sponge may be applied to the back until it is limp, which will take a few minutes. Put on the mountant with a stiff brush, rubbing it well into the paper, being particularly careful in covering the edges. Place in position on the mount, and cover with a piece of plain paper; not printed, as the ink would soon come off on the damp gelatine surface. Squeegee out, commencing from the center, all excessive paste, being careful not to leave air bubbles between the photo and the mount. Remove the paper, and with the damp sponge wipe off all the excess of mountant, starting from the print itself, as, if you should go the other way, the chances are the film would turn up around the edges.

With the dampness having hitherto been all on one side of the mount, and the action of the contracting print itself, the mount will curl on becoming dry. To counteract this, it should be well damped on the back with a wet sponge and dried in a fairly warm room with weights placed at each corner of the mount.—Camera and Dark Room.

SEPIA TONES ON BROMIDE PAPER.

By using the following formula, rich brown and sepia tones can be readily obtained on bromide paper. The tones produced are believed to be permanent, and not subject to the bronzing in the shadows which occurs in bromides toned in uranium. Make up the following sepia toning bath: Hyposulphite of soda, 10 ounces; ground alum, 2 ounces; granulated sugar, 2 ounces; boiling water, 70 ounces. Dissolve the hypo in the water first, then add the alum slowly. When all is dissolved the solution should be milk white. This solution should not be filtered; it can be used repeatedly. Ripen the bath by allowing it to stand over night. The ripening process can be hastened by heating the bath up once or twice to about 130 degrees Fahr. and then allowing it to cool. If the bath is not sufficiently ripened, there will be a tendency to scratch the prints a trifle. The best results are obtained by using the bath hot, or as warm as the emulsion will stand —say 130 degrees to 140 degrees Fahr. In this bath enameled bromide prints will tone in 10 to 20 minutes. The print should be fixed, then immersed in a cold toning bath, and then transferred to the hot bath. After toning rinse in a tepid solution of water, 70 ounces; alum, 2 ounces; then wash thoroughly. The object of the final alum bath is to prevent blisters, and it need not be used unless they occur.—Photography.

INTENSIFYING FILMS.

As a rule, film negatives more often call for intensification than glass negatives. The most sensitive film can not compete in rapidity with the fastest plate; and, in addition, the average film user knows less about correct exposures than the average plate user. Hence, there are far more under exposed films than plates. There is no reason why many of those under exposed films should not be transformed into negatives of excellent printing quality by the aid of such an intensifier as crescofylma. But the amateur must pay strict heed to one matter, and that is the complete removal of hypo from the film before it is immersed in the intensifier. Of course, this applies to plates as well, but not with the same force. Unless a film has been thoroughly washed before intensification it is almost certain to be utterly ruined by small and large spots of greater density than the general intensification.—The Traveller.

SNAP SHOTS.

On an exceedingly hot day I developed 7 plates and on 5 of them the hypo solution had no effect whatever. Thinking that was possibly due to the temperature, I developed another plate, using ice in the solutions. I obtained a perfect negative. Later, profiting as I thought by experience, I used iced solutions on 8 plates. Three of them the hypo failed to clear. Please tell me what caused the trouble.

H. L. D., Bath, Me.

ANSWER.

You are probably using a brand of plates requiring a comparatively weak solution of hypo to fix rapidly. If you will make a saturated solution of hypo and then add 1/3 its bulk of water, your plates will fix as they should. The next brand may require full strength, but the kind you are now using evidently do not. I have no doubt I could name the ones you had this experience with, and you will find the remedy prescribed effective.—Editor.

Birds are made to take their own pictures by the ingenious apparatus of O. G. Pike, an English photographer. A bait of fat is placed on an electrical wire, which is so connected with a camera that when the bait is removed the camera shutter is released, giving an instantaneous exposure of the sensitive plate. An excellent portrait of the song thrush is among the interesting results that have been shown. The arrangement may be used with other timid creatures, and for getting pictures of nocturnal animals the electrical wire can be made to ignite a little magnesium as it releases the shutter, giving a strong light at the instant of exposure.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

To cure buckled mounts, place the mounted print face downward on a flat surface and wet the back of the mount evenly all over, being careful not to allow any moisture to get to the front. The thicker the mount the damper it should be. Cover with a sheet of blotting paper, then with a board, on which place a heavy weight. When dry, the mount will be perfectly flat.—Photography.

Uranium nitrate	150 grains
Silver nitrate	15 grains
Distilled water	¼ ounce
Methylated alcohol	¾ ounce

Dry in the dark, print deeply, wash in weak nitric acid and then in water and iron. This gives a dark brown image, which can be toned in a weak gold bath.—Photographic Times.

In the September number F. Goodrich, of San Antonio, Tex., asks if it is possible to form one great camera club of readers of Recreation who love photography. I think that is a good suggestion, and I hope all readers who are interested will give their views on the subject.

O. H. Hill, Colorado Springs, Col.

A

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Christmas.

Amid the festivities of Christmas-tide one often finds the greatest charm of picture taking. The children, the children's tree, the visit at the old home, the flash-light at an evening gathering, the merry sleighing party, the home portraits of one's friends—all these offer subjects that have a personal interest, that one cherishes more highly as the years go by.

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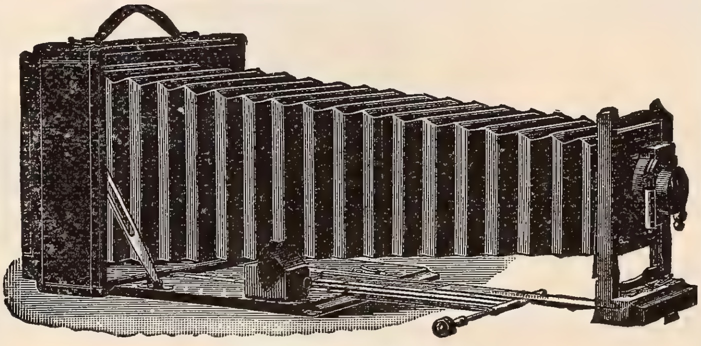

SERIES VII. LONG FOCUS.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BO-PEEP.

O, little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find em;
Oh, leave 'em alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.

Now, if little Bo-Peep had watched her sheep,
She wouldn't have had to rue it;
Alas, what a shame! that a maid with a name
So pretty as this could do it.

But little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And that is the truth of the matter;
So all of the sheep of little Bo-Peep
Concluded that they would scatter.

So little Bo-Peep lay down in the deep
Rich grass, and the blossomed clover;
While the wind in the trees, and the hum of the bees,
Sang a lullaby over and over.

Said little Bo-Peep, "I will only sleep
The tiniest little minute;"
But a wee little head, on a clover bed,
Has lots of queer notions in it.

For little Bo-Peep went fast asleep,
And that is the truth of the matter;
And she slept away the livelong day,
Till the dog came barking at her.

Then little Bo-Peep commenced to weep
For her sheep—but she couldn't find 'em.
"Oh, leave 'em alone and they'll come home,"
Said the wind, "with their tails behind 'em."

So little Bo-Peep saw her lambkins leap
Again over the waving heather;
And they stood by the door of the fold once more,
All huddled up close together.

Alas! Bo-Peep, from your pretty sheep,
That a wink or two could sever,
She had let 'em alone and they had come home.
But they had no tails whatever.

—C. M. S.

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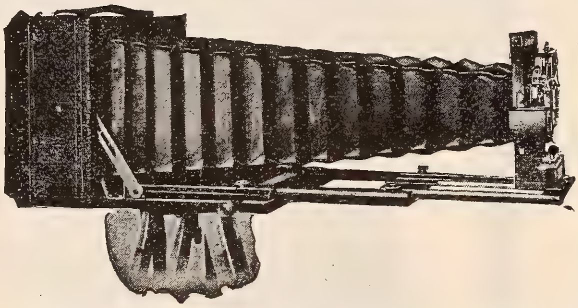

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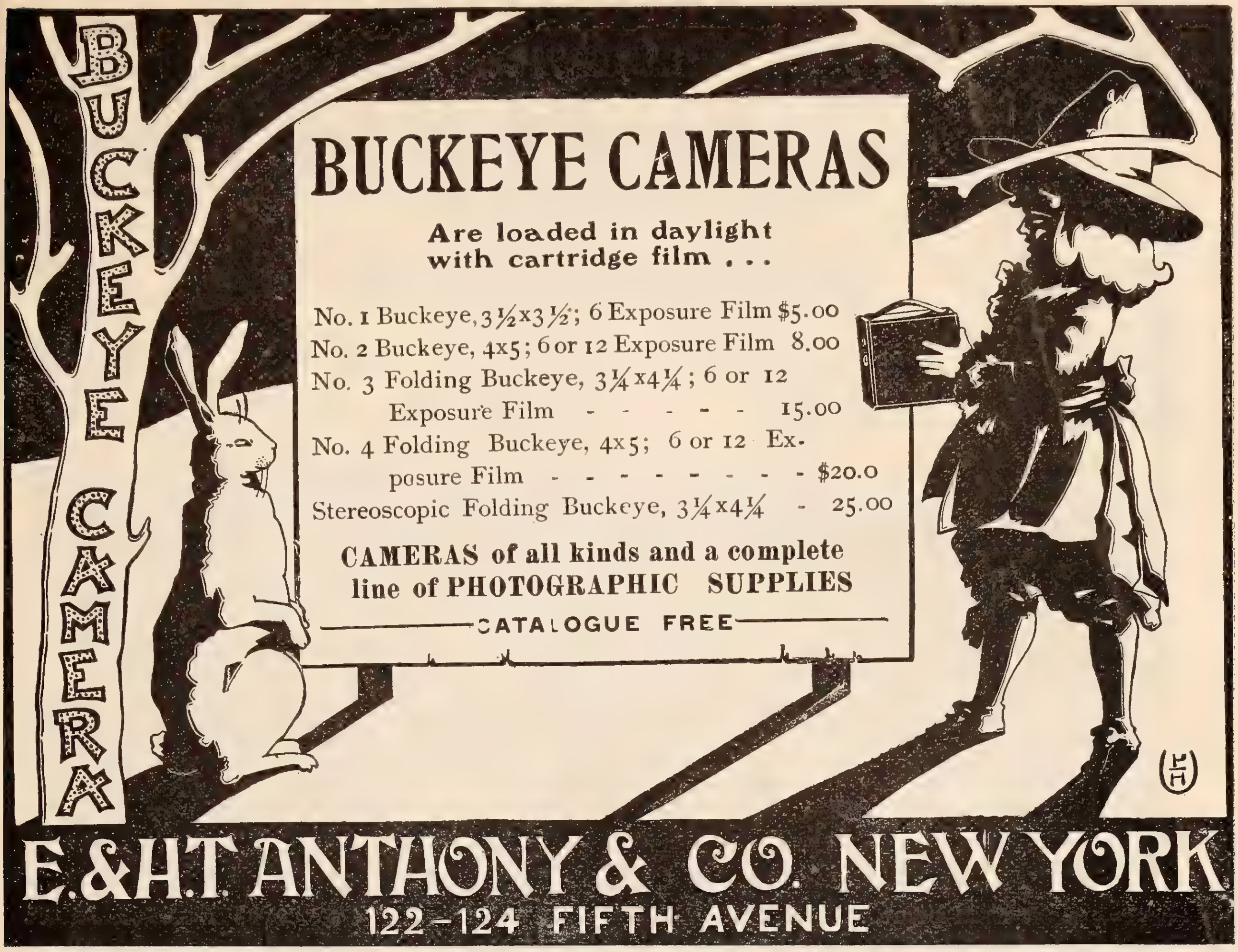
A FAIR EVENING'S SPORT.

Billy McMullen, Claude Merideth, Charley Milliken and Frank Wilkerson went dove hunting yesterday and had splendid luck. They didn't start until 2 o'clock in the afternoon and bagged 116. This is the best of the season up to date.—Bowling Green (Ky.) Times-Journal.

In regard to our little dove hunt, I must acknowledge that the report is true as to the number bagged. We also killed others which fell in a pond where we were unable to get them. We consider 116 doves a fair evening's sport. W. McMullan,
Bowling Green, Ky.

Instead of calling it a fair evening's sport I call it a disgraceful evening's slaughter. Only in the Southern States and in California do men who claim to be sportsmen kill doves. A Northern sportsman would be ashamed to be found with a dead dove in his game pocket, and I trust the benighted sportsmen of the South and of California may soon get their senses and take the same view as to the killing of these harmless and beautiful birds.—EDITOR.

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Everyone knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.



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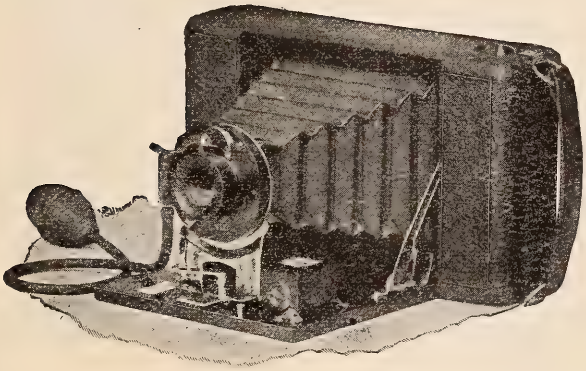

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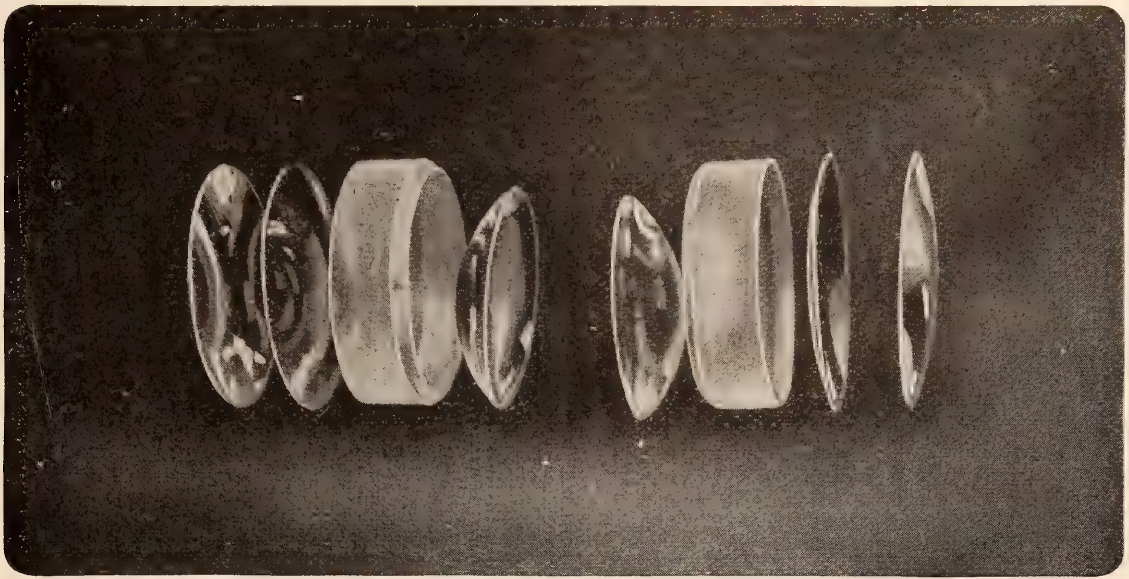

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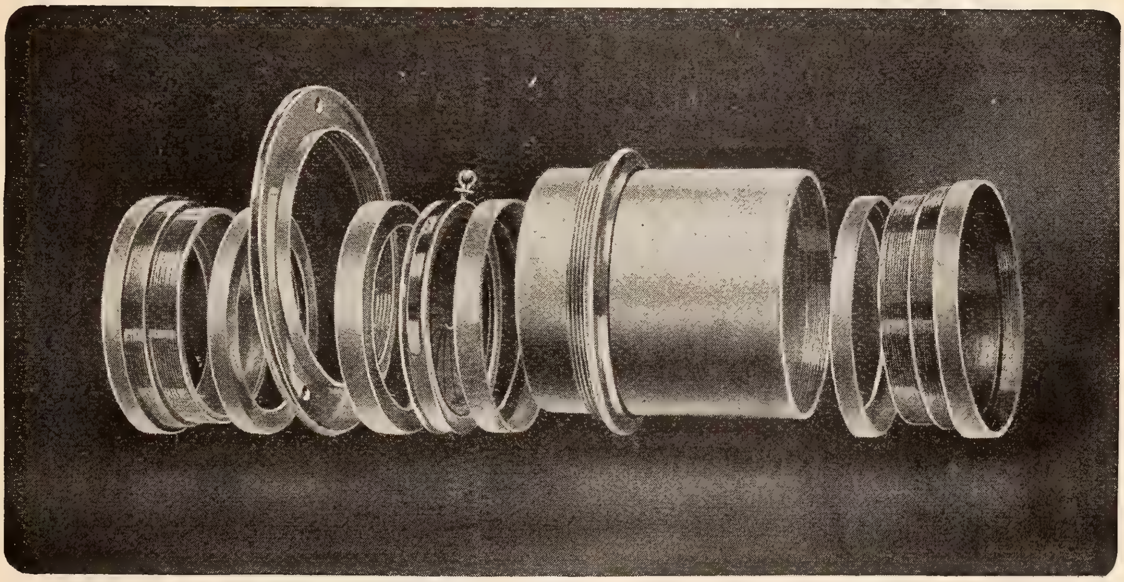

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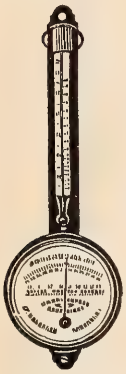

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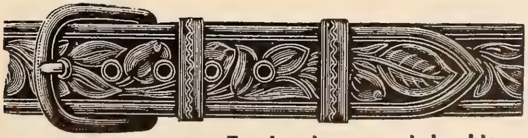

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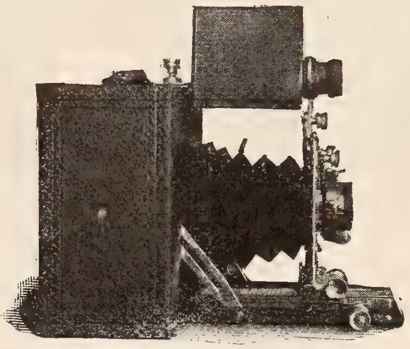

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As a special inducement to introduce the "POST" we have decided to supply a limited number of them in EXCHANGE for the old style at a merely nominal cash difference. Our offer enables you to rid yourself of your old pen and have the BEST.

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WRITE US

Post Fountain Pen Company,
114 WEST 14th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The following clippings have been sent me by various subscribers in different parts of the country:

Deputy Game Warden J. H. Jones is right after the game law violators, and Oscar Hanson, Secretary of Fergus Falls Gun Club, is the latest victim of Mr. Jones' untiring vigilance. Mr. Hanson was charged with selling prairie chickens. He appeared in Justice Cowing's court and turned over $20 and costs. The sale of game is prohibited throughout the year, the intent of the law being that each hunter shall shoot only enough birds for his own use, and possibly some for his friends.—Fergus Falls, Minn., Journal.

George W. Mattingly and James Collins, 2 young men who were arrested by Officer Blake with 9 dead squirrels in their possession, forfeited $18, $2 for each squirrel, in police court yesterday. This is the first case under the new law, and according to the regulations the officer receives one-half of the fine.—Washington, D. C., Post.

The world do move. Reports come to me every day of convictions of game law violators in various States. The time will come in the near future when all would-be lawbreakers will conclude it is not safe to take chances, and they will quit.—Editor.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Harrington & Richardson shot gun you sent me as premium. It exceeded all my anticipations. I have for some time held to the theory that one can never get something for nothing, but it seems to be disproved in this instance.

Eugene P. Abbott, Frankfort Hill, N. Y.

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HAVE ONE FITTED TO YOURS

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100 shares, par value	$100	present price	$15
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To every man who earnestly desires to become informed as to his true condition and will write fully, Dr. Richardson's new book, together with a professional opinion of his case, will be sent free. Write name and address carefully and enclose ten cents in postage if book is to be sent sealed. The book is fully illustrated with half-tone engravings, and contains one hundred and ten pages.

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EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7 x 7, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a 4 x 5 Weno Hawk-Eye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8.

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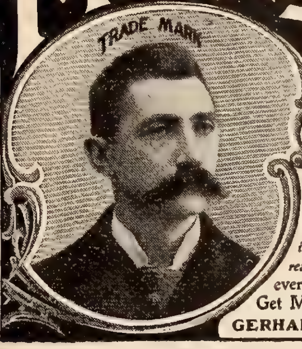

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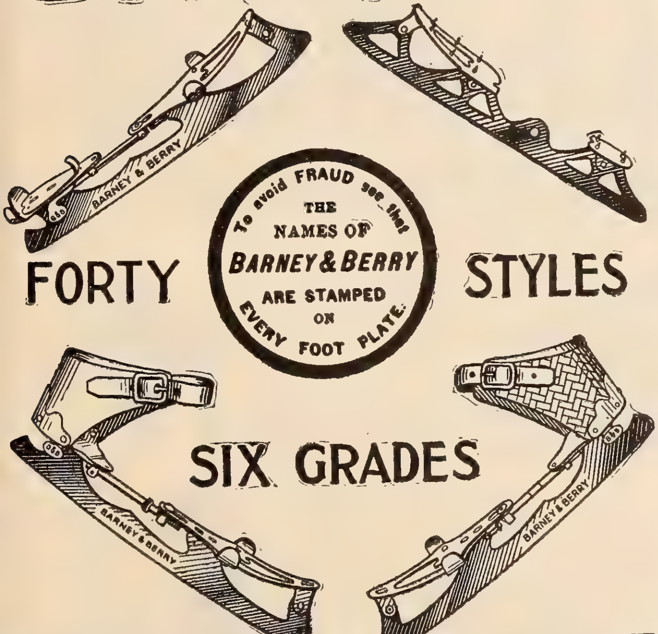

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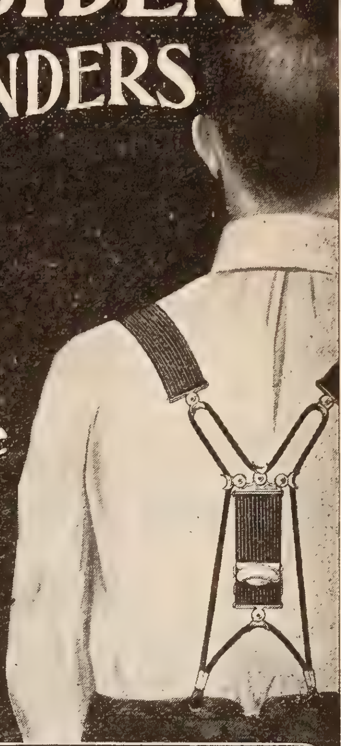

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I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

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Each Applicant Should be Given a Receipt by the Person to Whom Payment Is Made.

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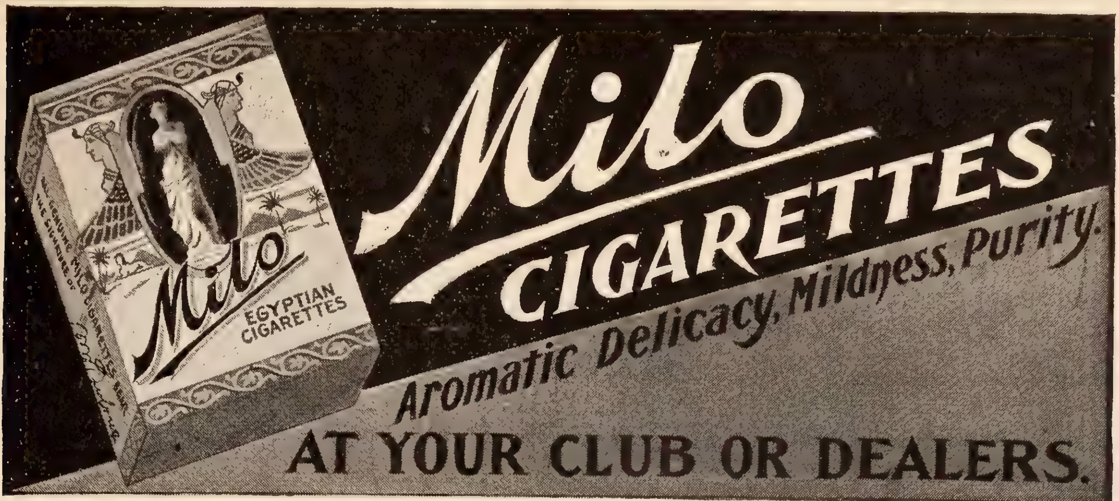

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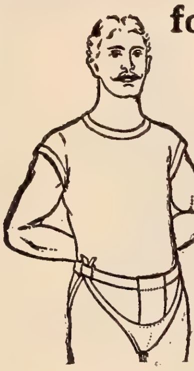

Pat. Feb., 1901

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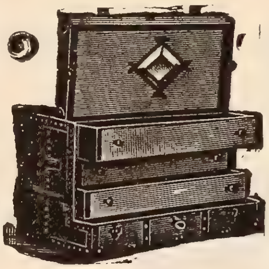

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The STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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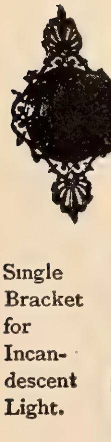
Buffalo Skulls

With Polished or Unpolished Horns.



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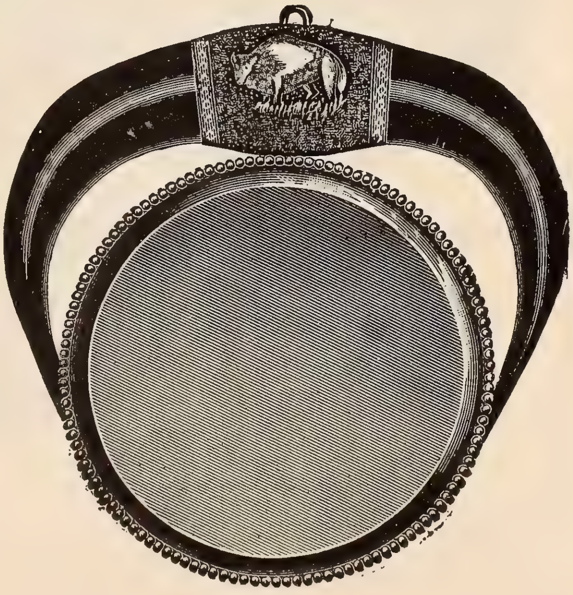

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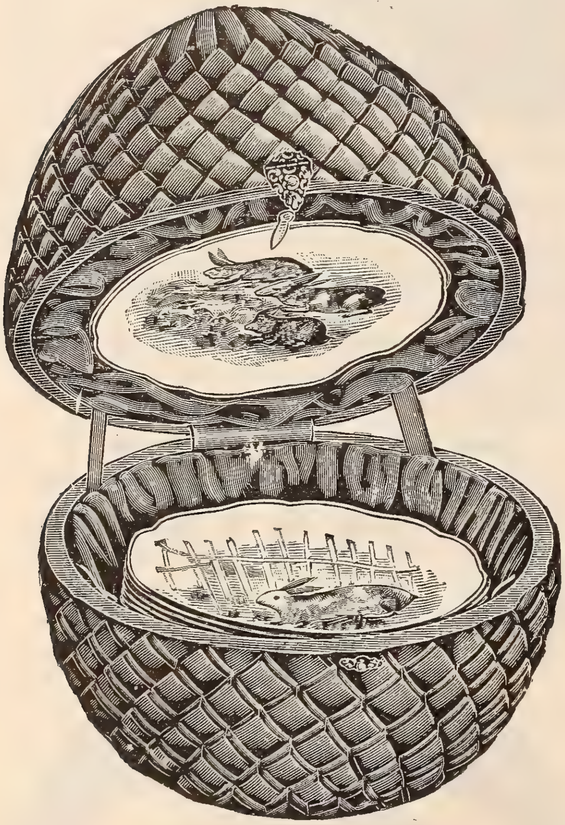

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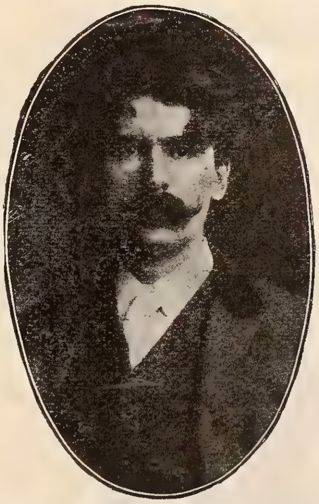

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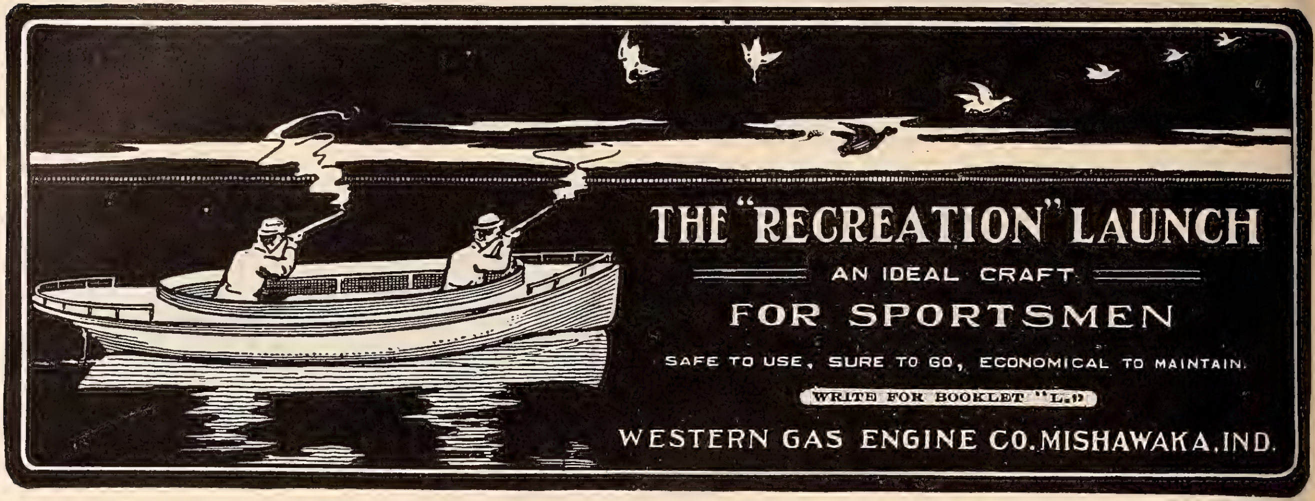

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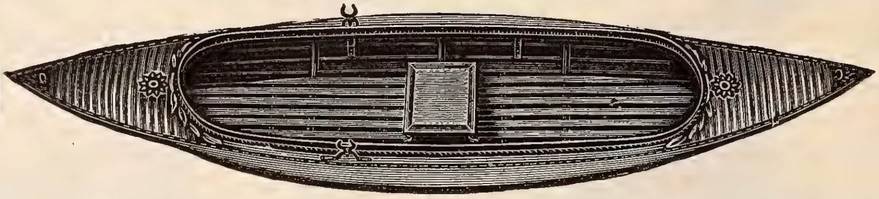

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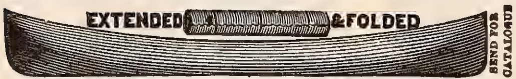

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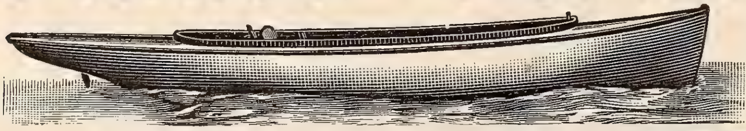

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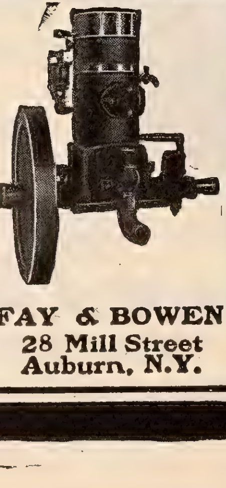

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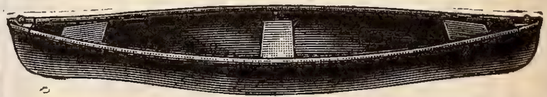

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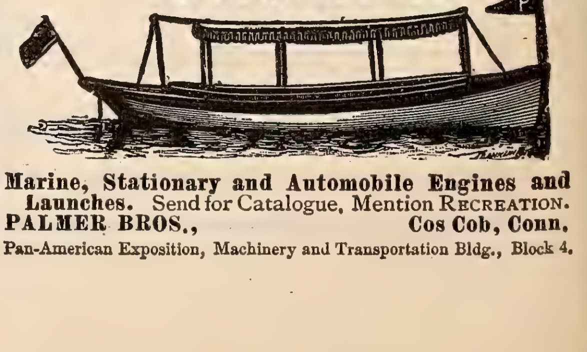

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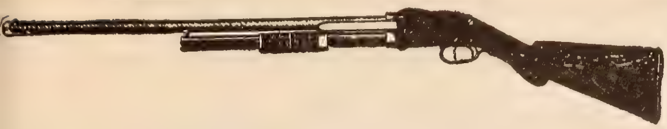

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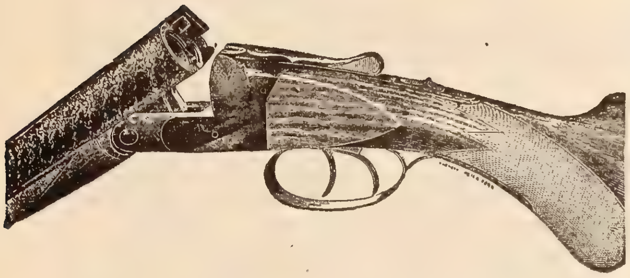

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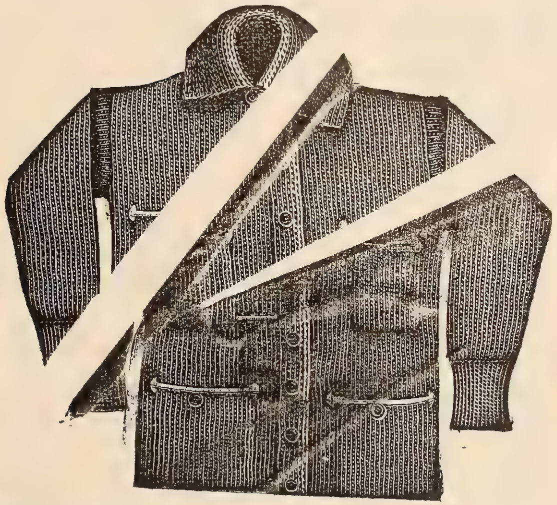

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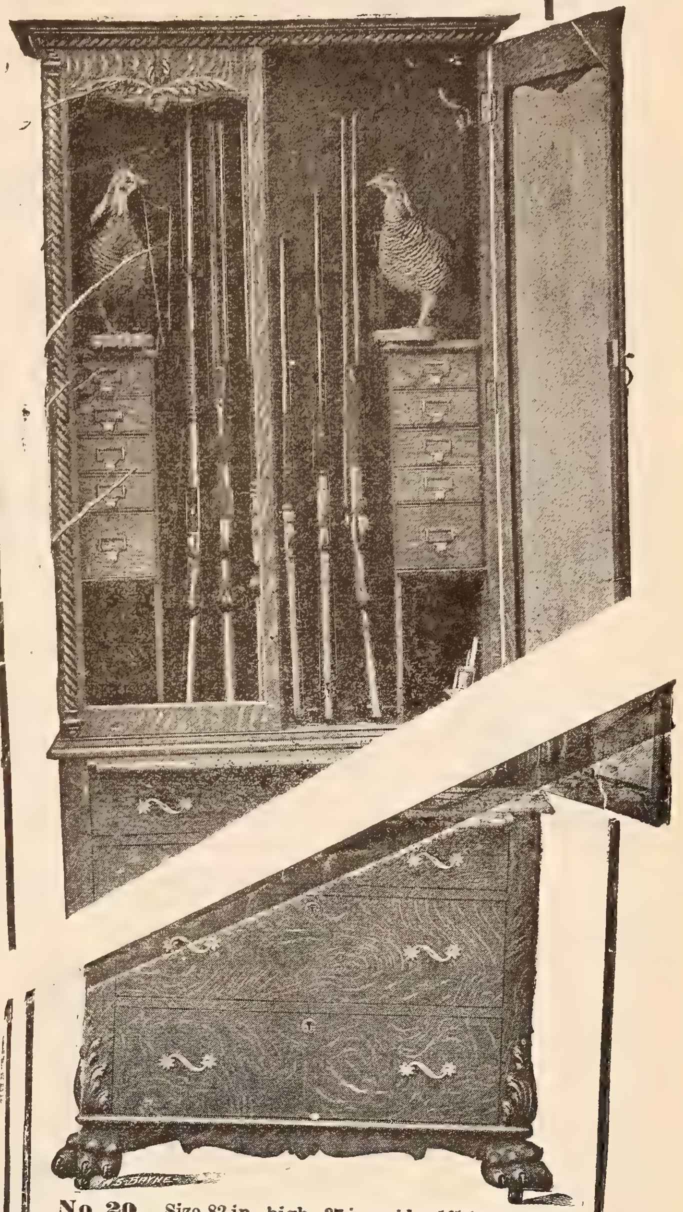

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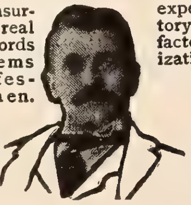

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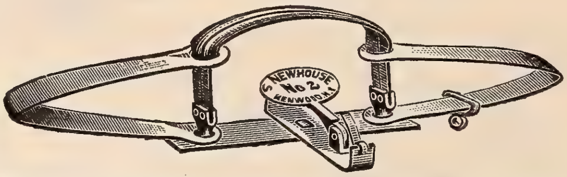

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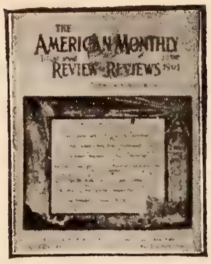

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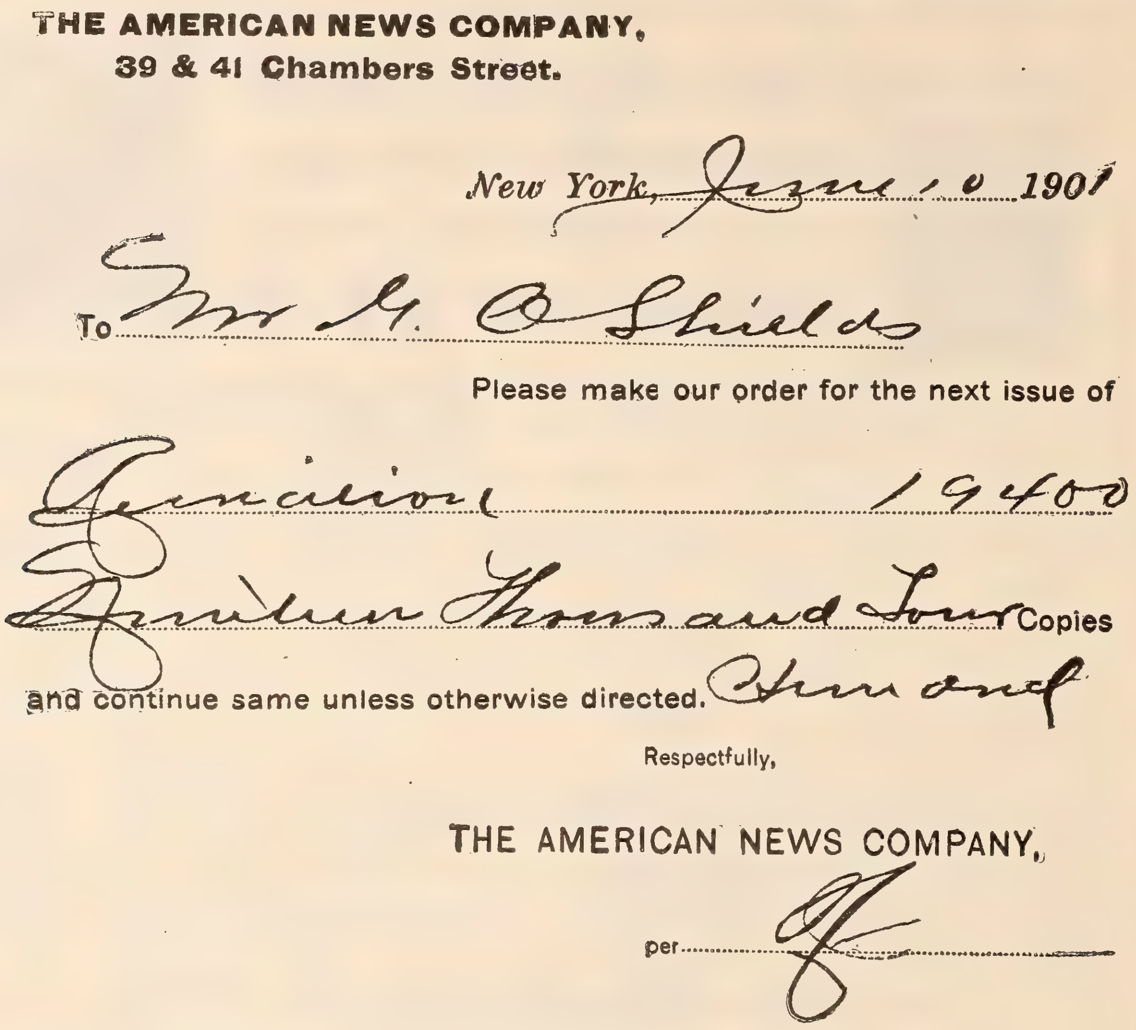

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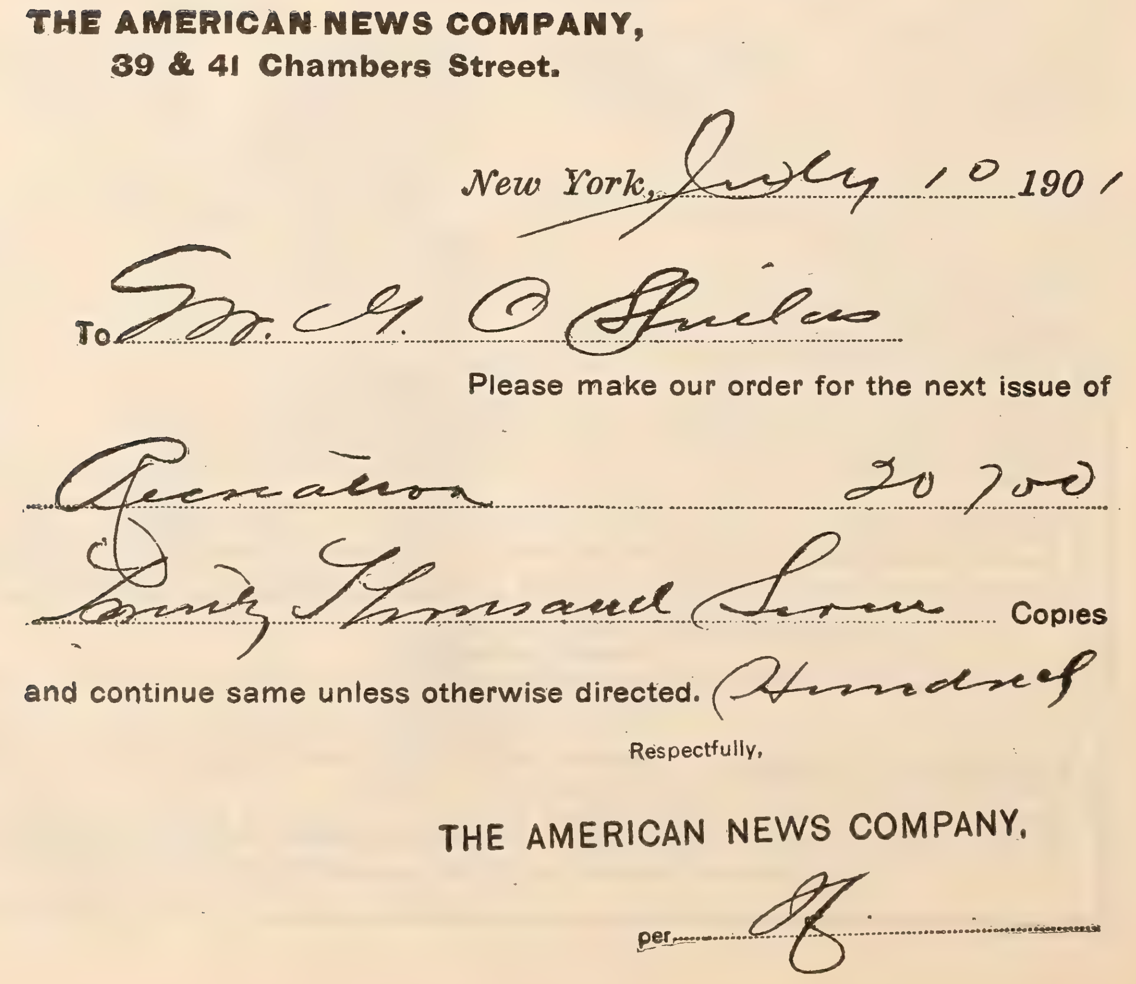

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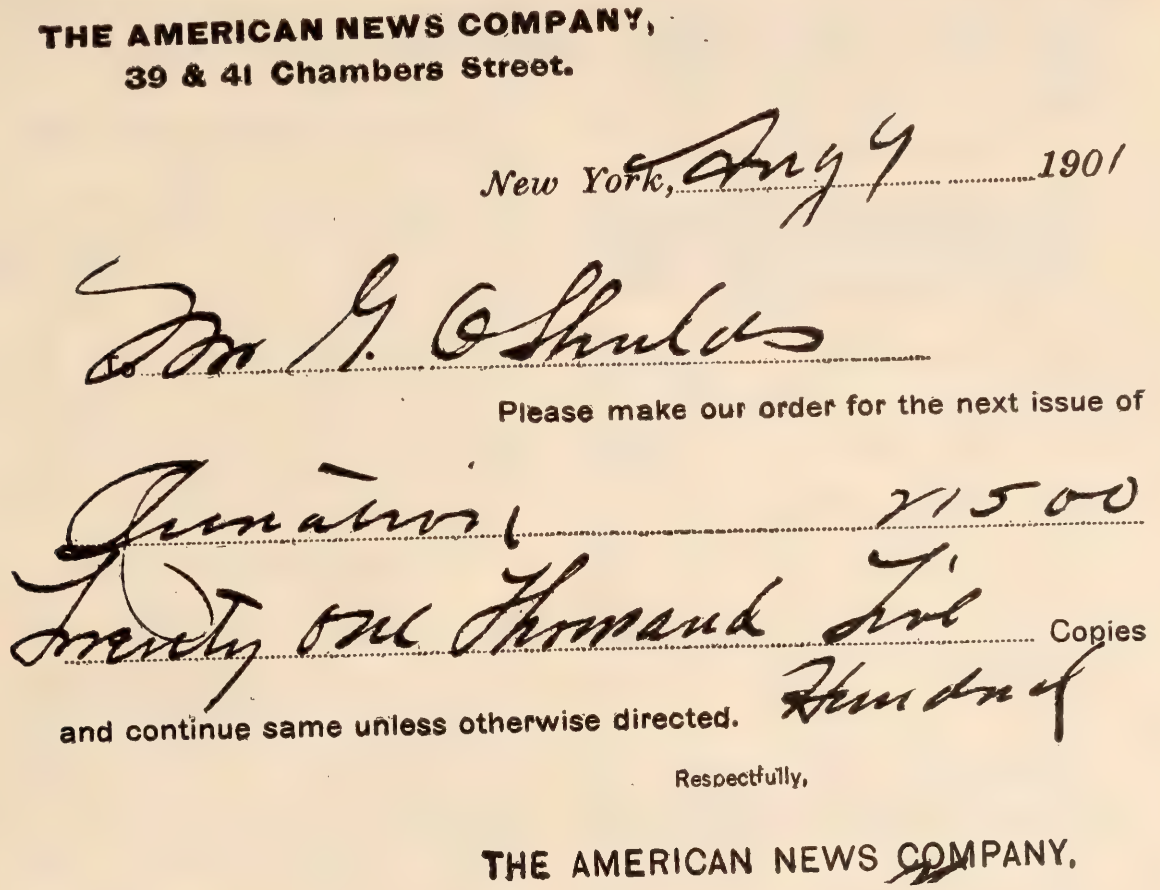

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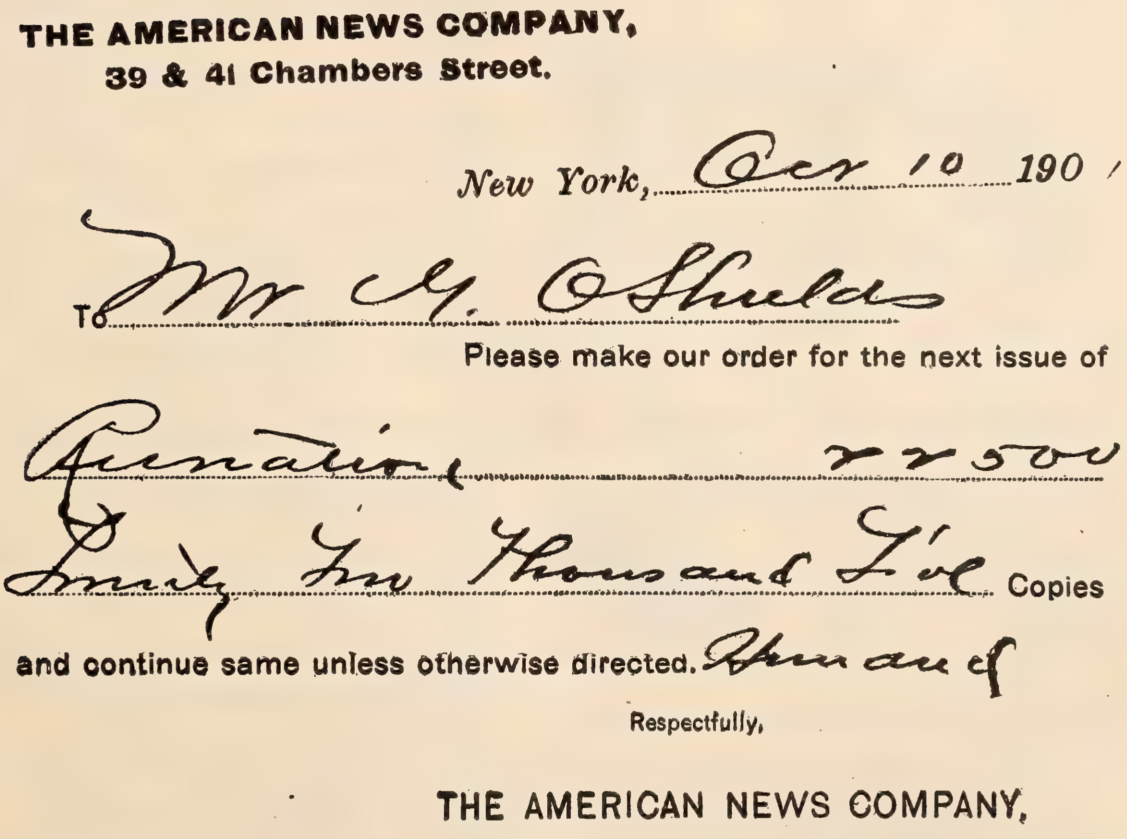

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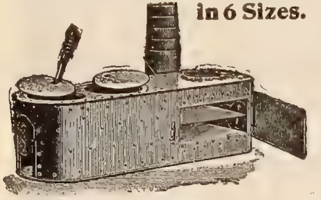

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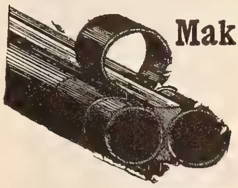

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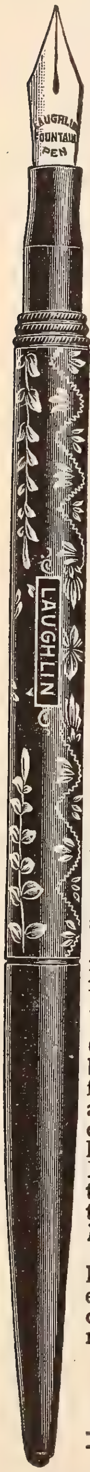

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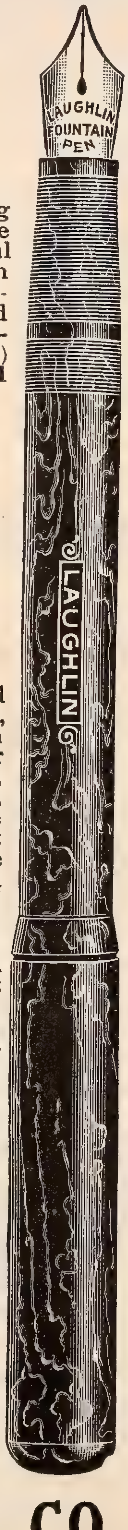

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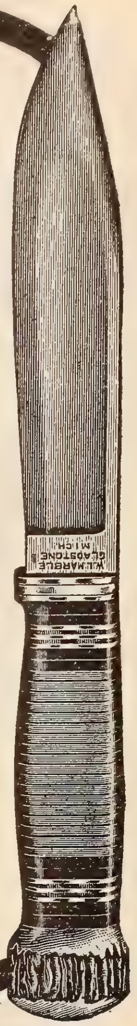

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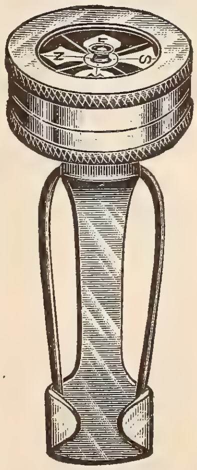

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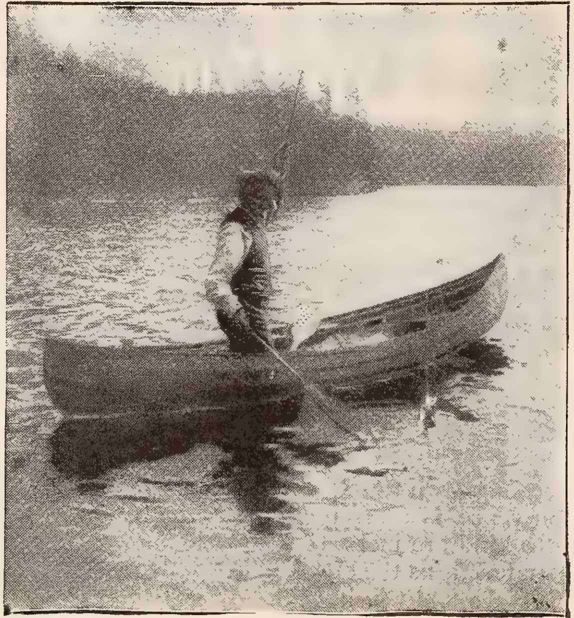

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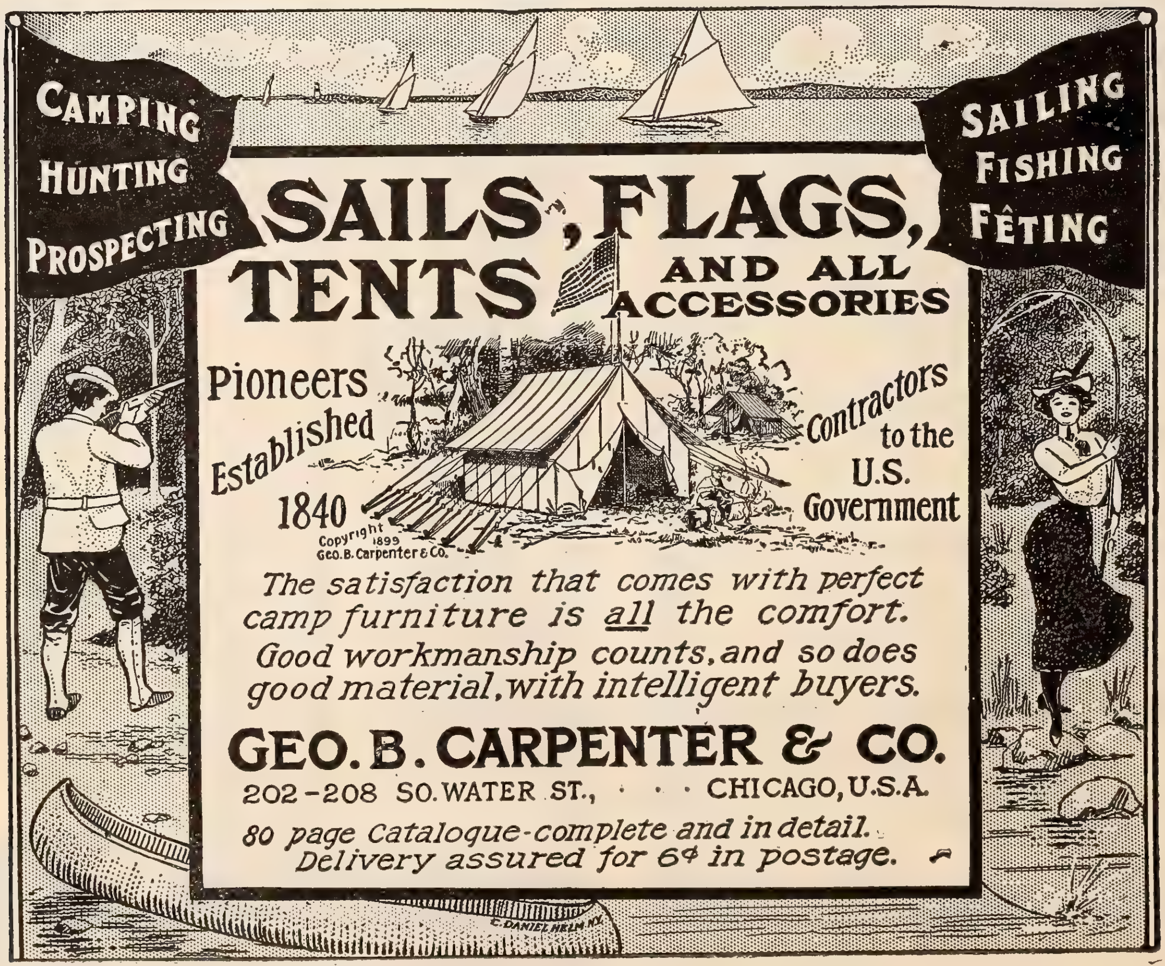

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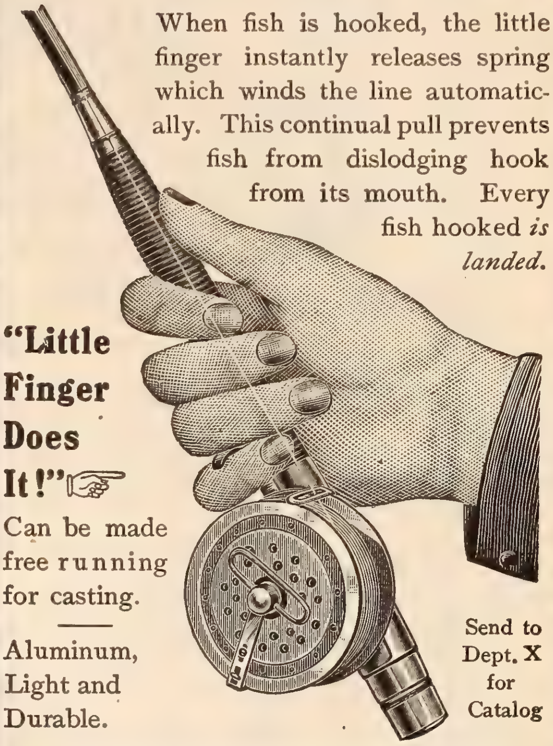

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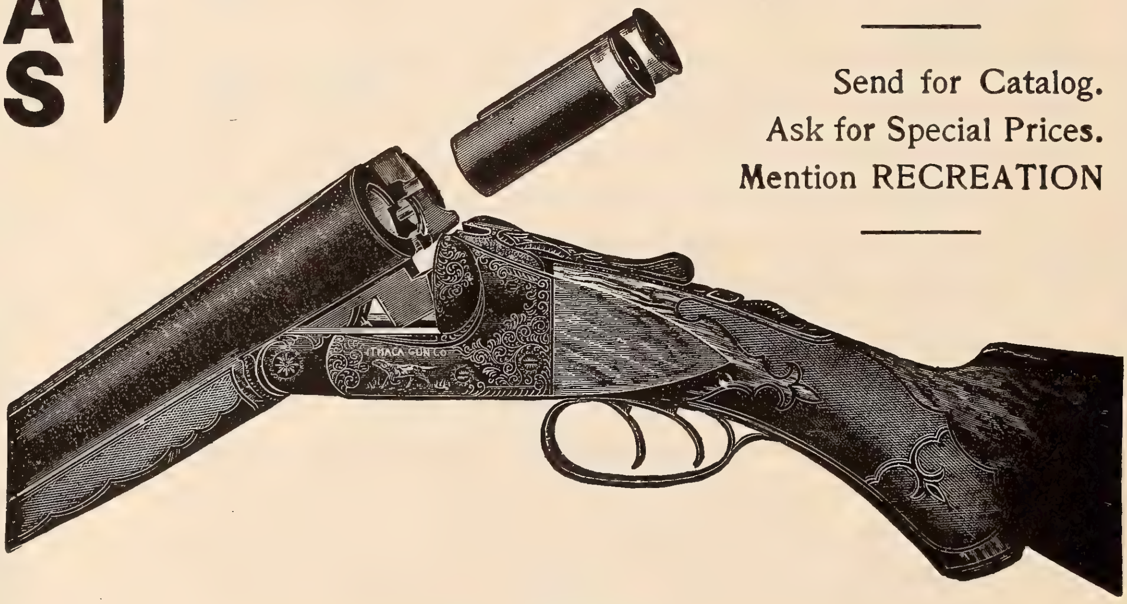

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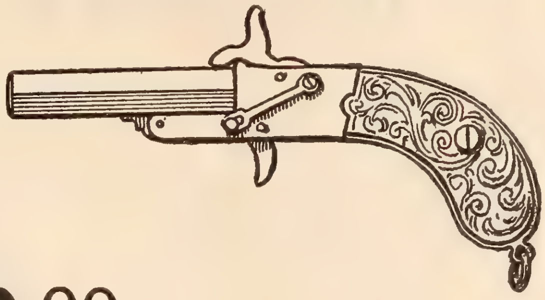

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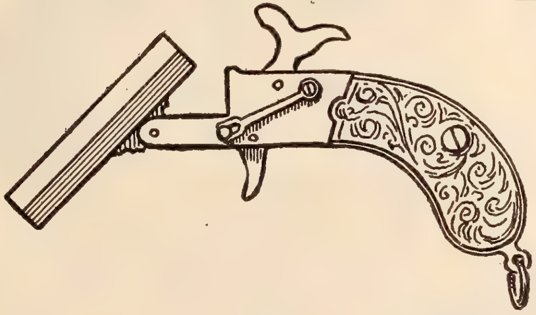

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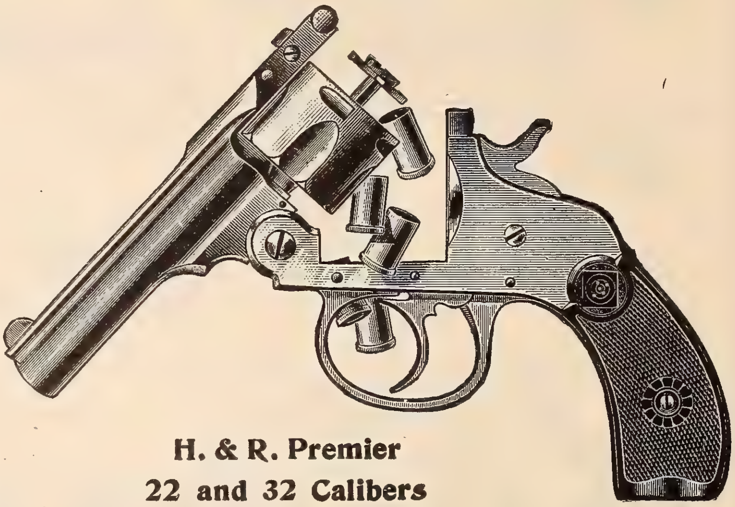

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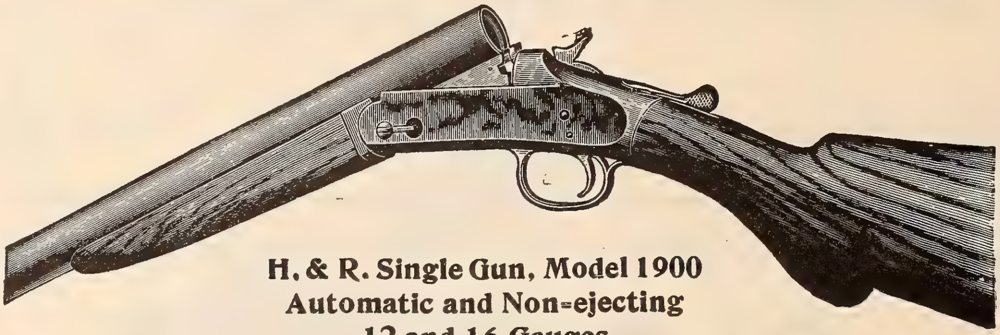

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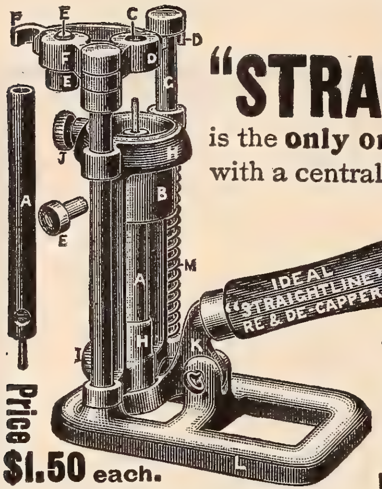

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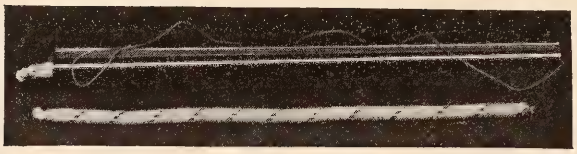

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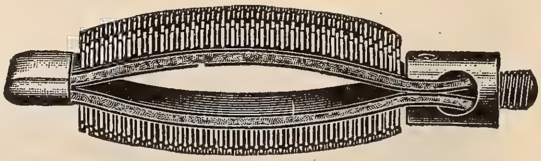

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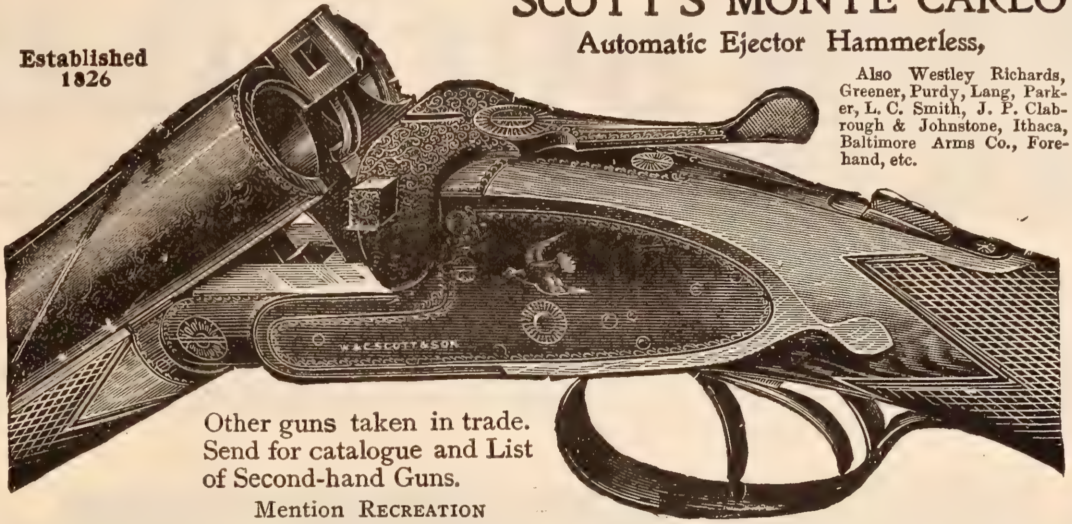

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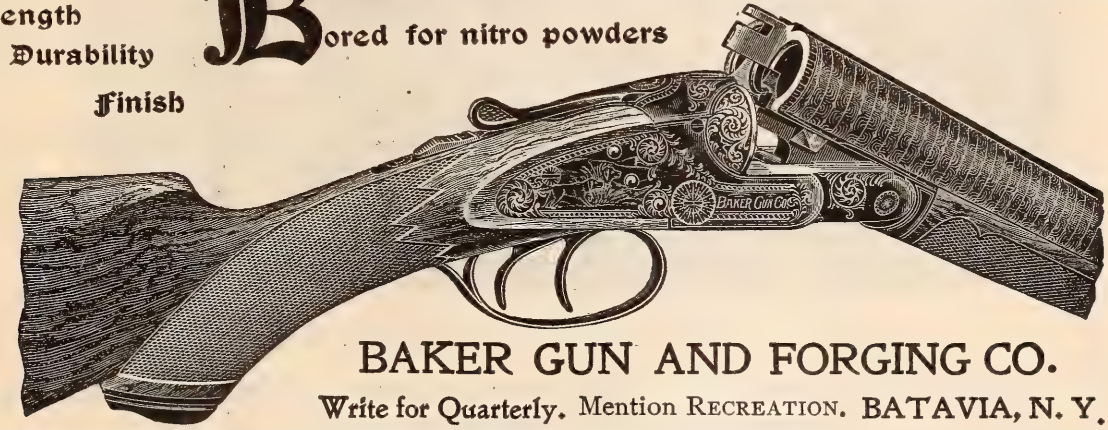

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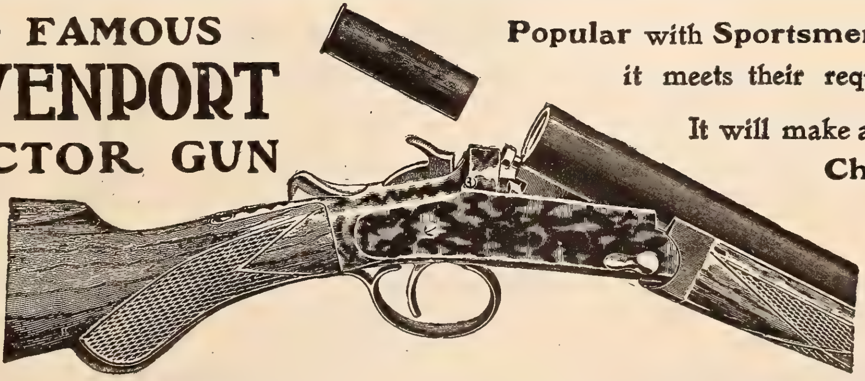

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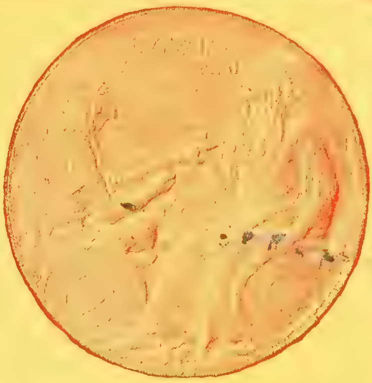

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